



## Why I bought a Pension Bond from Confederation Life



"As a business woman, I realized that, no matter how efficient I am now, there will come a time when I must stop working. So, while I am now earning a good salary, I have bought a Pension Bond from the Confederation Life Association. Then, when I must give up work, I know that I shall have an income guaranteed for life.

"My Confederation Life Bond has many valuable features, but the Monthly Income Total Disability Benefit particularly appealed to me. If I become totally disabled through an accident or sickness, then, six months after such disability, the Confederation Life will waive my premiums and pay me a monthly income.

"The haunting fears that I had of what was going to happen to me, when I couldn't go on working, are ended for ever. I know the Confederation Life will take care of me, and that 'Peace of Mind' is, I think, my greatest comfort of all."

Business women are invited to write for particulars of Confederation Life Association Pension Bonds with total disability benefits. They will find them most attractive.

## Confederation Life

Head Office Association Toronto  
Branch Office: Reed Block, Timmins, R. C. MORTSON, Manager

### Laughing at the Sault's Sudden Moral Qualms

An editorial in The Sudbury Star on Monday says:—

"The crown attorney of Sault Ste Marie has issued a warning that all car raffles, lotteries and other games of chance in that city must end by November 1. The step, it is announced, is being taken on instructions from the attorney-general's department at Toronto, which had received complaints by reputable citizens and merchants of the Sault that these unlawful acts were being perpetrated.

"In the meantime, according to press despatches, 53 Canadians drew horses in the Irish Free State Hospital sweepstakes, and stand a chance of winning prizes on the Cambridgeshire race, which is to be run at Newmarket, England, October 28. But, the despatches state, "only ticket numbers and noms de plume of the lucky Canadians were made public on account of the Canadian legislation forbidding lotteries."

"That is to say, identification is made solely by ticket number or fictitious name to give the holders an opportunity to dodge the snarls of the law, which nobody worries about.

"Sudbury has in its time had plenty of raffles and lotteries. The only pertinent observation made about the matter has been that there were too many of them. People were not so much concerned in the legal or moral aspect

of the undertakings, but they were becoming peeved over the countless requests to "buy a ticket on a car." There is nothing at hand on which to base the assumption, but it is presumed that the citizens of the Sault may be getting touchy on the same point, and not that they are so terribly shocked over the violation of the law. In the case of the Dublin sweepstakes, the public is not pestered; in most cases the buyer seeks the seller, attracted by the long chance of big winnings. (The writer knows this to be so, having both bought and sold sweep tickets.)

"As has often been said, it is human nature to gamble, and it seems that legislation is not going to prevent that urge any more than it does many others. There are horse races, stock markets and other means of gambling, all within the law, and various sweepstakes take millions of dollars out of the country, little of it returning. So that making much ado about a few local lotteries appears like discrimination. The main thing is that the individual should be protected to a certain extent against being continually harassed by canvassers. That grates on the public more than the holding of any quails over the legality of the thing. But the thrill of winning much for little provides something in the nature of compensation."

Windsor Star:—We are sorry Viscount Elibank takes this rather gloomy view of the trade arrangements worked out at the Ottawa Conference under Mr. Bennett's direction, but glad to note his acknowledgment that a foundation has been laid soundly. We assume he believes steps may be taken to iron out the wrinkles and place the agreements on a more mutually satisfactory basis. All the complaints heard from time to time serve to prove that the former Prime Minister was the right man in the right place so far as looking after Canada's interests was concerned.

## Inspiring Address at Cenotaph at Woodstock

Comrade W. R. Jackson, Chaplain of Princeton Branch Canadian Legion, Delivers Impressive Address at Visit of Ladies' Auxiliary Delegates to Woodstock Cenotaph. Published by Special Request

The delegates from Timmins to the recent convention of the Provincial Ladies' Auxiliaries of the Legion at Woodstock were so impressed with the inspiring address delivered on the occasion of the visit of the delegates to the cenotaph that the full text of the address was secured and brought back to Timmins. By special request of a large number of ladies of the Timmins Ladies' Auxiliary of the Legion The Advance is publishing this address herewith. It was delivered by Comrade W. R. Jackson, chaplain of the Princeton Branch of the Canadian Legion, and was as follows:—

They shall not grow old  
As we that are left grow old.  
Age shall not weary them  
Nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun  
And in the morning,  
We shall remember them.

We are gathered as citizens of the greatest Empire the world has ever known to re-dedicate ourselves to the high causes for which the nation stands and for which our comrades died.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," so sang John Milton. And while the exultant notes of the battle song may pass, their echoes may still serve to inspire men's souls, and to speed them on the paths of progress.

It has been said that in this world one had better live and work for the things that pay. Patriotism does not; ideals do not; fine enthusiasms do not; and it is saddening to find that the spirit of sacrifice we witnessed during the years of war has gone from our midst. But it is in these solemn acts of remembrance to those who made the supreme sacrifice, be it never forgotten that we owe the safety and fullness of our lives to-day. We must not talk as though all sacrifice was in vain, nor to forget that in the mystery of God's working, the world progresses, however slowly, through sacrifice. Calvary is the supreme illustration of this, and it runs through life in every part and throughout the ages.

Time passes, memories fade, a new generation grows up, and with that new generation comes the awful peril that a tragedy which we older people thought had passed should return again to the world.

The years since the war have been years of disappointment. Old fears and suspicions are stalking the sheepfold and the world to-day, inflaming and embittering the thoughts of men, and probably the position of the world is worse today than at any time since the war ended. And you yourselves may do much if you think in terms of peace, and not in terms of conflict. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and no modern philosophy has ever disproved the fact so pitifully and truly stated in the proverb.

Sometimes I think that we are letting the dead down—that we are betraying their trust. My comrades who made the supreme sacrifice hoped for a new world. Theirs was to be a war to end war. Armies and armaments were to be destroyed for ever, and the Reign of Peace would dawn.

They hoped for a new land. Men answered the call so nobly, so well, giving their all, that you vowed their claims to a better standard of living must be faced and met.

They hoped for a new church. The war brought men together. They lost sight of differences of sects, and there was spread abroad a deeper sense of the spirit of sacrifice.

They hoped for a nobler self. The thought of death brought men nearer to God. We vowed that we would be better men if God would, bring us through. God has kept His part of the bargain. Have we kept ours? Hopes of a better world, a nobler nation, a more Christ-like church, a finer self—such were the thoughts that moved men to sacrifice.

I wonder if we could call our dead to life, to judge the value of their sacrifice, would there come from that great army who died, a note of hopelessness—"Our hope is lost." Or would it be a shout of exultation—"Our hopes have lived and live for evermore!"

In your home there is a photo of some loved one who answered the call of King and Country. Perhaps, there is a letter, badly written, from somewhere in France, with words spelled incorrectly. From a monetary point of view these are worth nothing, but love has made them priceless. They would scarce light a fire, yet they have kindled in your heart a fire that is unquenchable.

Time does something to take the sting out of all wounds, but thank God it does not destroy old memories. And anyone who does not recognize their sacrifice and is unwilling to commemorate it is not worthy to bear the standard of this or any Empire. The Empire of home! The Empire of love! The Empire of God! How often have these empires been lost by failure to regard the small but significant things of life?

The men whose memory we are honouring to-day died sacrificing themselves for a new world. Is it possible that we, their heirs, may betray the world? It has happened before. It may happen again. I have travelled over tracts of country which were once a flourishing countryside. I have seen cities that were once full of life, the centre of the world's learning, the centre of culture and beauty, the metropolis of trade. Generation after generation have lived and died to make them world-known and great. Then there came a generation, careless, cal-

when we face up to the challenge of these words: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things will be added unto you."

Stanley Baldwin said: If our war dead could come back to-day, there would be no more war. They would never let the younger generation tackle what they did. You all tasted the bitter cup of war but they drank to the dregs. And if Europe and the nations of the world can find no other way of settling disputes than by war, when even now in France we are finding and burying bodies who fell 20 years ago, then the world deserves to perish.

Those of you who saw the film "Cavalcade," beheld the dignity of the beginning of the century and the madness of the close of the first 20 years. You saw in that picture, sitting on a piano in a night club, one of the characteristic modern products, a painted and much worn-out female singing "Twentieth Century Blues":—"They are getting me down! Nothing to live for! Nothing to die for!"

Would to God there was something to live for! Is there no duty worth living for? No cause worth dying for? No faith in friendship? No task that matters? Nothing in the day, nothing in the night? Nothing to love, nothing to hate, no destiny to shape our ends? Do you desire peace to come upon the earth? Our work cannot do it for us, because many of us toil in huge corporations where we are known by numbers and not by names. Our governments cannot do it for us, for increasingly we are cogs in a party machine. Our civic life cannot do it for us, for we are moving steadily into great ant hills, where we live and die, unwept, unhonoured and unsung. But the God whom I serve, and covet for you, is not a God who counts us by numbers but a God who keeps back of us and calls us by our names. God has brought us to this memorial to-day to a higher level of life, to breathe a purer air, and to a wider outlook.

Here we have paused for a few moments to think of those far away. "But alone our spirits will be here. You will not see us! Our Master, Lord and Captain has guided us here. One will dedicate a wreath. All of you will salute us. And we give thanks for now we know we are not forgotten, for our loved ones remember, and are ever

### HAPPY SMOKES

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mindful of the sacrifice we made. In our graves we shall rest peaceful for now we know that to live in the hearts of those we love is not to die."

You, my sister comrades, are about to leave this memorial place, to return to your duties in the world. This world of ours is a big place, a beautiful place, a wicked place. Its loveliness is corrupted by a race of men who are selfish and sinful. It is a world of opportunity and a world of romance. If you resist it in God's name it may despitely use you. It may take away your livelihood. It may hang you upon a cross to die.

At any rate know that if you surrender and let the world have its way with you, there will come a time when you will say with all bitterness, "It were better had I never been born."

You go from here, some of you to fall, some to triumph, but all to struggle in the battle where men and women

are proved, and upon whose issues depend Heaven and Hell.

So, my sisters, let us look to the hills where the sure things dwell, where things do not change with the years. But above all to that hill of God where hangs upon a cross one whom a dying world rejects, and in whose hand is a broken reed, an emblem of our failure, and His Kingship, and in whose hands lies the destiny of nations and mankind.

Carry on! Carry on!  
Fight the good fight and true!  
Believe in your mission!  
Greet life with a cheer!  
There's big work to do,  
And that's why you're here!  
Carry on! Carry on!  
Let the world be the better for you!  
And at last when you die,  
Let this be your cry,  
Carry on, my soul, carry on!

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1937 Permits available November 2nd save the purchaser of a new car or truck the expense of 1936 registration.

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