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## FRANK BYCK

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### Val D'Or Editor Goes up in the Air

Comes Down to Earth Again to Give Description of His Sensations

Editors often go up in the air. Sometimes the public gets the benefit, but seldom do the readers learn all the why and how about the "up in the air" business. Some days ago the Val d'Or News editor went up in the air. When he got back to solid ground he told all about it in his own original way. Here is the story from The Val d'Or-La-maque News:—

Once in a while a newsman gets a break. He either gets on a tractor caravan at Amos and in the ensuing 12 hours of bumping about the Amos-Val d'Or highway finds the disadvantages overcome by the fact that he meets a Mr. LaFrance from La France who gives him a story. This week, we found ourselves in Montreal on Friday morning at 9 o'clock and two and a half hours later we are in our office in Val d'Or. Only possible by air and on this particularly interesting and fast flight we were looked after by Dominion Skyways, with Pilot Frank Young doing

things at his massive instrument board. And when we say he was doing things we mean just that. He used his feet on the rudder pedals, his hands on the wheel, his ear to the radio and his eyes, of course, always on the course.

Gone are the old fashioned days of the delayed start. A whirr of the starter and the Custom's Waco cruises down the stretch of the Fairchild Harbor. Leisurely, we turn and head into a brisk northwest wind. As briskly we hike over Montreal with our clock waving hands to us at 8:50 a.m. Another five minutes and we are at 2000 feet, with gloomy and harsh Bordeaux prison on our right. A flip of the switch and Pilot Young is muttering to the Skyways radio station at Rouyn. Good weather ahead, and in spite of the brisk gale that tries to hold us back we are still knocking off two miles a minute. Another five minutes and we check off St. Eustache on the detailed ticked map that our considerate pilot has placed in our keeping. In addition he black plan on the map serves the ground stations so that every fifteen minutes they know just exactly where we are in case of a phone call or a creditor looking for us.

That radio is just about the neatest bit of company that any north country pilot ever twirled. In addition Mr. Young has a Morse set that he buckles to his knee and with it he clicks off other messages to both the St. Hubert station behind us, the C.I.P. station at Bark Lake half way to Val d'Or and of course the base station at Rouyn.

Another ten minutes and we see the paper mill at St. Jerome where the newsprint for the Val d'Or News is

made. Ahead of us loom the first escarpments of the Laurentians. Mont Tremblant, the biggest hump in the entire trip is passed at 9:30 and its 2700 feet of rock and trees is partially hidden in clouds. We duck by to the west and hit Lac Nemoring right on the nose in another five minutes.

Our next observation occurs when we see the railroad and the highway end at Mont Laurier and in another ten minutes we reach the south shore of Bassacott Lake, which is impounded by the Mercier Dam where it meets the Gatineau. Logs are spilled all over this huge body of water and in between radio calls and routine flying Pilot Young describes it as "a bathtub filled with two or three boxes of matches." Tugs were puffing along like toy ships towing bundles of matches, heading for the ever hungry paper mills along the Gatineau and at Hull.

At better than the half way mark now we spot Bark Lake where another watershed is held under control by an insignificant dam that is called Cabonga. It looks so small due to the fact that our ship has been hoisted up to 4000 feet, with the cloud layer just a hundred or so feet higher. The odd rain squall is penetrated without incident and Mr. Young gets a message through from Senneterre to report the weather around Grand Lake Victoria, which we are to sight in about five minutes. We do so from about 30 miles away and Frank's report to Senneterre is an okay. By the time we reach that particular spot, the plane from Senneterre takes off and we see them landing just as we pass the spot 20 minutes later.

Such is the advantage of radio. Almost like dialing in on an automatic phone, Lamay Lake slides by as we start the long drop to Lake Dubuisson. Val d'Or and Bourlamaque sprawl in active disarrangement at our feet and two hours and forty minutes have passed for the entire trip when we tie up at the Skyways dock at Sullivan.

Refreshed, enthused, but with the knowledge that another issue of The News must be produced I shake hands with my genial friend and pilot and leave the pathless highways of the sky to flounder in the throes of another edition. More should be printed about such a trip and we'll do that next week.

We could tell you a lot of things about this interesting and pioneering service that Skyways is doing but Benny "Skyways Folks" Simmons is capable of looking after such details as traffic booster and solicitor for Dominion Skyways in this section.

Stayner Sun:—A liberal-minded man is one who thinks the way you do.

### Private Air Services Set Example for Government

Like many another of the well-written editorials in The Northern Tribune at Kapuskasing, the following article on private and government air services gives food for thought:—

"Across the whole length of the trans-Canada airway there will be 100 landing fields of one kind and another, so that a flyer on the course will always be within fifteen miles of a landing spot. At a height of 8,000 feet it is calculated that at any time an aviator in trouble could manage a landing at the nearest of these fields.

"But the government is still building these emergency fields here and there; the chain is not complete. When they are all finished they will be equipped with four-direction runways, telephone connection with airports, equipment or receiving weather reports, and a resident caretaker.

"While all these elaborate preparations are going on, private aviation services are being launched all over the Canadian map, but all subject to federal license and therefore approval and periodical inspection. They are not waiting for "cushy" conditions made to order, for if they did there would be no flying done yet in Canada. They are out to develop business, and they are building up patronage fast, both in passengers and freightage. They are putting into service the latest models of big machines, capable of carrying as many as twelve passengers with two pilots and a stewardess. Before 1937 is out there will be a lot of these private services shuttling in every direction across Canada, right up to the Northern land frontier on the Arctic ocean.

"It is a complete puzzle to us why the Department of Transport has not followed much the same method, and got the inception of trans-Canada flights going long before this. From whatever small start was made, on exactly the same footing as the private companies have started, they could have steadily improved the flight's getting them on to more or less regular schedules while the public's needs were met.

"Who will be to blame if the official trans-Canada service has to whistle for business when it finally takes the air, while private aviation rivals hold what they have built up?"

Orilla News-Letter:—In New York Dominick Roba complained to police that when two men entered his candy store and held him up, his police dog promptly bit him, enabling the bandits to escape.



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## LIFE INSURANCE

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### Man Sentenced Here Escapes at Burwash

John Robert Foster Given Term for Stealing Part of Cash Register at Connaught, Leaves Prison Farm

Word from Sudbury this week told of the third escape from Burwash inside of 48 hours. The third man to take leave of the prison farm was John Robert Foster, aged 27 years, who was sentenced at Timmins last December to eighteen months determinate and six months indeterminate. John just simply left his team and walked away from the prison farm. The prison officials at Burwash describe Foster as a "quiet fellow." Timmins police would agree with that as he was a model prisoner here and once arrested gave no more trouble, telling all he knew about the case. He was charged at Timmins with the theft of part of a cash register after breaking into a store at Connaught. He told the police all about the case as soon as he was arrested. He even told them of the bad mistake he made in the matter of the theft of the part of the cash register. It was one of those cash registers that are in two parts one having the adding, subtracting and recording features, and the other part the cash compartment. In his hurry and lack of experience with this sort of cash register Foster said he took the wrong part, leaving the cash compartment in the store. When he discovered his "mistake," he threw the piece of the cash register on the railway track in the hope that the train would run over it and destroy it. Instead the police found it and used it as a means of tracking the culprit. As Foster said his fingerprints were on file at Ottawa on account of previous trouble he had been in, and as his fingerprints were also on the part of the cash register he had left behind as well as the piece he had thrown away, he thought he might as well "come clean." So he explained everything to the police. When he came to trial here he pleaded guilty, and his frankness helped him get a lenient sentence. It was felt, however, that the crime was serious enough that he should be given a lengthy enough term for warning to himself and others.

Officials at Burwash found Foster a good prisoner and as a result he was made a "trustie." At the time of his escape he was engaged in a transfer.

He was out with a number of other prisoners on Monday morning engaged in hauling wood. When the other prisoners were brought in the guards noticed that Foster was missing and an immediate search was made for him. The officials believe that Foster took the notion to escape just because two other fellows—Elton McKay and Leo Mayer had taken leave of the farm. Foster was that sort of fellow. Apparently there was no harm in him, but always room for somebody to get some harm into him. The three prisoners—Foster, McKay, and Mayer—escaped within 48 hours. McKay and Mayer went together. They also were trusties and were working in the garage repairing a truck. They took a guard's car and escaped in it. Later the car was found near Coniston. The pair took the markers (possibly with the idea of stealing another car and using the markers on it.)

### Indian Magician Proved to be Very Well Knifed

(Calcutta Statesman)  
Eighteen complete penknives as well as parts of other penknives were extracted from the stomach of an Indian "magician" when he was operated upon in St. George's hospital at Bombay. He is making a comfortable recovery and should be able to resume his profession as a regimental "wizard" before many weeks.

For 15 years this man has been making a very good livelihood by giving performances before officers and soldiers of the regiments stationed in Northern India and before Indian Princes.

One of his favourite methods of entertaining illustrious audiences was to swallow penknives. There was no doubt of his swallowing them, and he had his own method of getting rid of them. About four months ago, however, this method failed on one occasion and he gave a second performance before he had got over the effects of his first mishap. The result was that a dozen penknives were left in his stomach.

When the "magician" was taken to the operating theatre and the surgeon opened his stomach one knife after another was recovered until 18 complete knives lay on the operating table beside the patient.

This consignment of knives accounted for all that the magician has missed during the past four months, but the surgeon kept on exploring the man's stomach and removed the steel sides of two other knives, five flat steel plates, which appeared to be knife centres, three naked knife blades, two steel door keys, four steel hooks, such as are fitted on more elaborate knives, two steel loops (fitted on some knives to attach them to belts) and a number of small steel rivets.

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## BE BEAUTIFUL

By ELSIE PIERCE  
FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT



"Select your face powder with infinite care," advises ELEANOR POWELL, "and be sure to pat it on—don't rub it in."

### Practical Hints About Your Choice of Powder

Powder in its present refinements and delicate colourings, is a product of modern science. But histories of social customs of the ancients describe the use of powder made from grain and applied thickly on the face. The ancients, it seems, dreaded a shine on the nose, even as much as we do today.

From history we also learn how much famous Beauties depended upon their Powder. Anne Boleyn, ill-fated wife of Henry VIII of England, used a formula of three parts of starch and one part of orris root. She depended upon this to such an extent that—the story goes—on the day before her death, she remarked to her ladies in waiting: "It is high time that the headman did his work for I have not a grain of powder left, and the king would doubtless carry his cruelty to the extent of not allowing me any more."

So much for interesting little highlights that history reveals. We are, after all, concerned with the part powder plays in the pictorial scheme for each of us moderns.

Just what do you require of your face powder. What do you expect it to do for you.

#### Requisites of a Good Powder

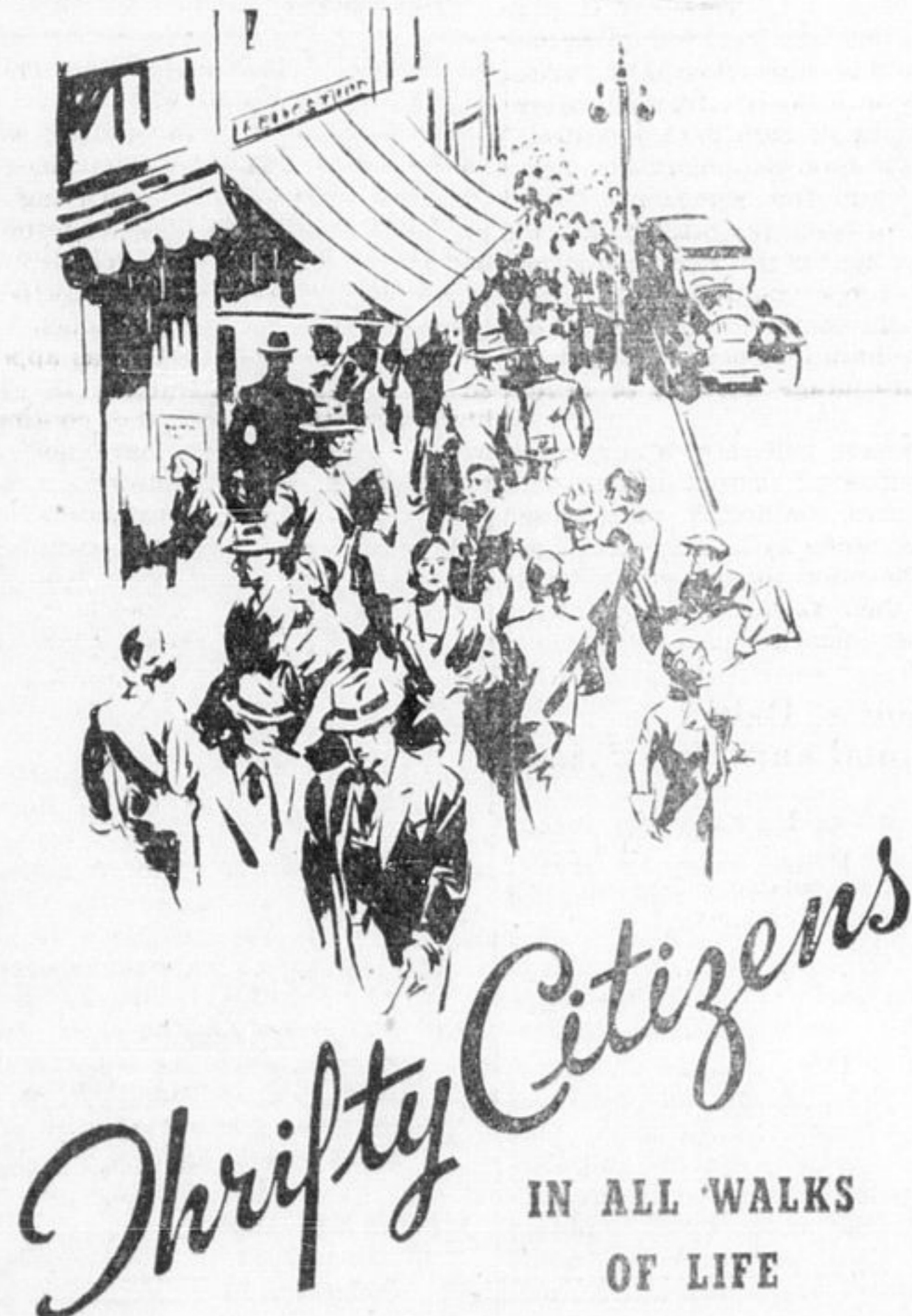
When you select your powder, we take for granted that above all else you make certain that it harmonizes as closely as possible with your natural skin tone. If you cannot buy a box ready-prepared in the proper shade for your colouring, then have the powder

blended to complement the delicate nuances of your skin. And, in considering colour, remember that the light under which you are to appear must be considered. Therefore it becomes necessary to have one powder for bright daylight and another for evening.

But when you buy a powder, colour is but one of the many factors you think about. Texture, for instance, is important. A very fine, silky sort of powder is preferable for the dry, fine type of skin. For the oily type a slightly heavier powder is better; but this does not mean a really heavy, coarse powder for such a powder may clog the pores. Your powder should be "smooth," evenly and perfectly "mixed" and sifted, no lumpy particles. It should adhere to the skin smoothly, evenly, lastingly. Its odor should be ever so faint. If there is a definite fragrance to your face powder, be sure that the scent harmonizes with that of other toilettries and of your favourite personal perfume or toilet water. Conflicting odors, superimposed one on the other make for a heady concoction that is poor taste indeed. Last of all, remember that in order to keep your nose from shining, your powder itself must not shine.

Choose your powder with utmost consideration and care. It is, after all, the last, lingering, lovely touch to your make-up.

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