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The Tale of a Shirt

(By "Anonymous" (Without Animus) In serious conclave the council sat. Discussing ways and means and ends! 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'

The mayor spoke—"My worthy friends, The weather's warm, in fact it's hot! We chew the rag, perspire and squirm, Bathed in our sweat! Can we expect Our gentle policemen to be firm And do their duty well and true, Out in the blaze of torrid street? Come now, my friends, let's talk it over; Let's clothe these men in garb discreet!"

A councillor spoke! "It's hotter'n—well, It's somewhat warm, and what you say Is true! Let's rig them out in shirts! We all wear shirts, because we may! I mean we take our jackets off When days are warm, to cool our hides! Why not the police? They feel the heat!"

Poor fellows! They're human! and besides, I'd go one better than the mayor! Take off their pants and give them shorts. Sandals and socks! Should they be cross. Feel irritable, and out of sorts!"

Quoth yet one more—"It seems to me You're searching after something good, But there's a lack of savoir faire In saying which, don't think me rude For I would help the policeman's lot! Once suffragettes attacked their braces!

Think what could be with belts exposed, What agonies and queer grimaces! How could he run a dame to coop, With hands employed to hold his pants? The dignity of law would be disgraced If down they came and showed his scanties!"

But here an interruption came. The ratepayers led by 'Apropops' 'Good taste,' and divers citizenry, Approached the dais, and thus they spoke—

"O, city fathers, wise and great, Why will ye rend these gentle souls, You who control the policeman's fate! These slovenly shirts, by no means neat Should be replaced with something snappy;

A lustre tunic, well made and trim, Will help to make poor Robert happy!"

The heat of day made windows open! And cheery chorus of laughter shrill Of children playing in the shade, To jaded memory, brought pleasant thrill!

With Indian maids and broken bread, The farmer's den, and nuts in May, A dissident note came through the air! Stop, look and listen to what they say!

My love he is a pleeceman!
a pleeceman! a pleeceman!
My love he is a pleeceman!
and he wears a lovely shirt!
O, who would love a pleeceman!
a pleeceman! a pleeceman!
O, who would love a pleeceman
who wears a sloppy shirt!

(Note—The meeting adjourned at the call of the Mayor.)
—Anonymous without animus!

Coroner Makes Apt Comparison in Case

Says Car Drivers Have Similar Responsibilities to Sea Captains

In an inquest at Cochrane last week Coroner E. R. Tucker, chief coroner for this part of the North, emphasized the responsibility falling upon all car drivers. He compared the responsibility of the car drivers to that of the sea captain, but pointed out that unfortunately for the public at large car drivers did not take their responsibilities as seriously as those who are in command of even a small vessel at sea. Reference to the matter is made in the following despatch from Cochrane:

Cochrane, July 12th—Although Cecil Russell, injured in a car smash at Kapuskasing, June 18, had sufficiently recovered to be questioned in hospital, he was unable to assist in the coroner's jury to any extent in their investigation of the accident in which Stanley Towers, North Bay, met his death.

Russell's memory was so affected that he could not recall clearly the events leading to the accident. The jury, however, considered they had sufficient evidence to place the wilful negligence of Kitchener Davidson, also of North Bay, as the cause of the accident, and concurred in the recommendation of Chief Coroner E. R. Tucker that a speed limit should be placed on the 13-foot wide highway bridge where the accident occurred.

The chief coroner also drew a parallel of their responsibilities with those of a sea captain. He outlined the care with which a captain must navigate his ship and the penalties accruing for mishandling of his charge, bringing out that an automobile driver in certain respects, was like a sea captain, having responsibility for the property and lives of others.

The text of the jury's finding was as follows:

"We find that Stanley Towers came to his death at 11.25 p.m. on June 18, 1937, on the highway bridge in the Town of Kapuskasing from shock due to internal injuries received by motor vehicle in which he was riding colliding with the railing of the western end of the highway bridge over the Kapuskasing river at the western limits of the Town of Kapuskasing, through the wilful negligence of Kitchener Davidson, the driver of the car who was driving on a learner's permit and was not accompanied by a chauffeur or a licensed operator. We concur in the recommendation that a by-law be passed by the municipal council limiting the speed on this bridge to a speed of 10 miles per hour, as provided for by Section 27 of the Highway Traffic Act."

Blairmore Enterprise:—Getting along with others is the essence of getting ahead, success being linked with cooperation.

Ottawa Journal:—In June and July the British Government won 10 out of 11 by-elections, with one going to an independent Conservative. It suggests that the public are pretty strongly behind the Government's policy on re-armament and foreign affairs.

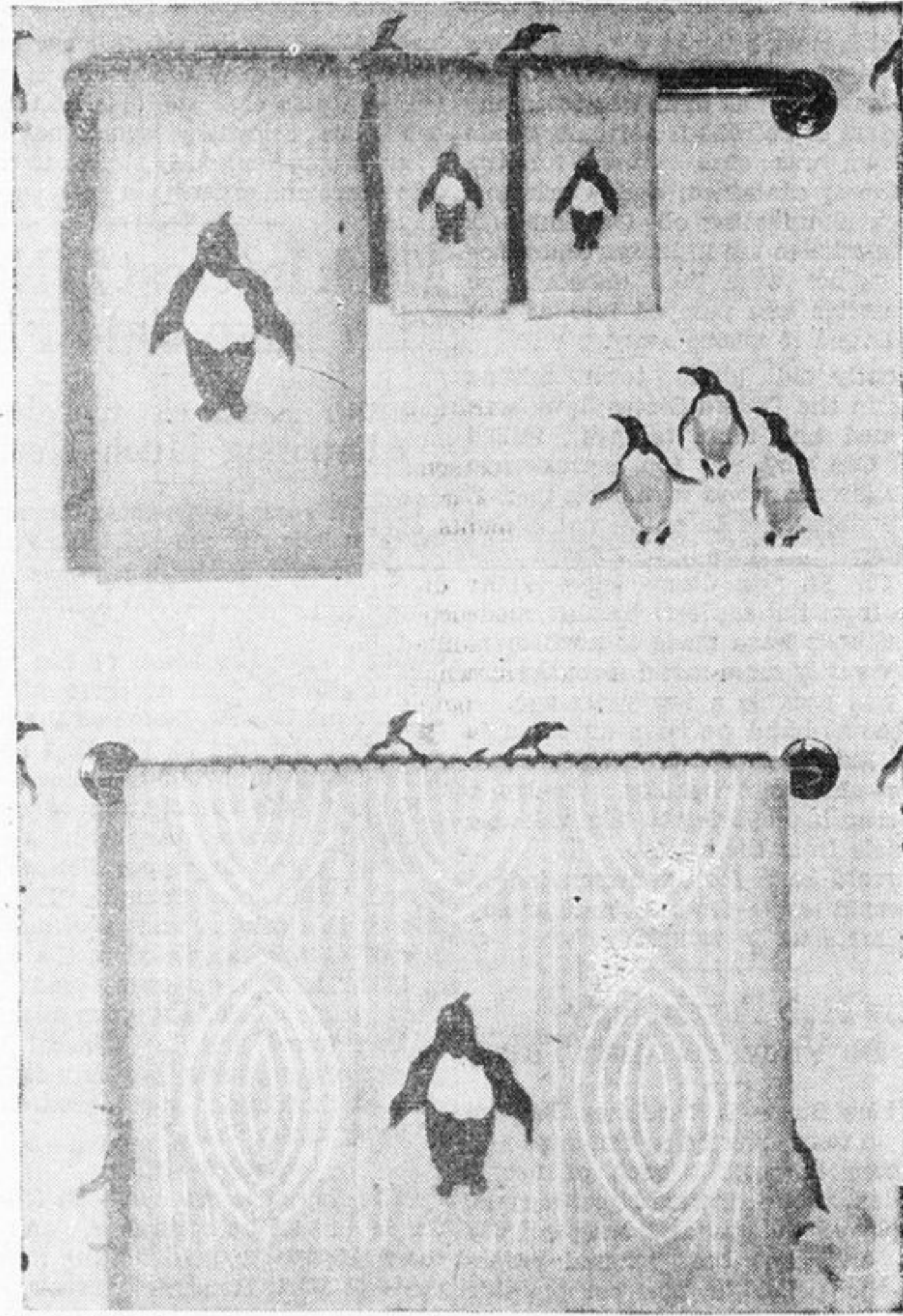
PLEASANT HOMES

by Elizabeth MacRea Boykin

Don't Forget that Anniversaries, as well as Weddings, come in the Summer Months. Suggested Home Gifts for Brides New and Old.



A series of interesting pictures is a decorative and useful gift for either wedding or anniversary. But be sure the subject is one that appeals to the people you are selecting it for. Bird prints are especially nice. This photograph also shows a type of drop leaf table that would be acceptable in many households. A pair of arm chairs that would always find usefulness, book ends and a pewter pitcher—all good ideas for home gifts to new brides or old. The walls of this room are a deep blue-green and so is the rug. The furniture is maple, the flowers yellow to repeat the yellow in the draperies and slip covers not shown in the photograph.



How—hold linen is a traditional gift for brides, and is just as good now as ever—particularly if you add individual flourish such as embroidered motifs on towels to repeat a design in the bathroom wall paper. Here penguins have been pleasantly repeated on bath towels.

We don't think half enough is made of anniversaries, but we can't get all excited over this business about the paper and the brass and the tin anniversaries. Frankly they're not sentimental enough for us! Particularly when they come during the years when a young couple are having their struggles, and need a lot more encouragement than that. So why not just follow the rules for those that have a spot of romance—the silver and golden of course, and the china, glass and linen have their points too. The wooden anniversary isn't a bad idea because furniture comes under that head. But just between ourselves we'd just as soon our friends wouldn't inundate us with brass or tin or paper... all go very well in their places, but we couldn't use a whole anniversary full of them, thank you. We'd prefer pleasantly useful things that we happen to need at the particular time. So far be it from us to advocate ignoring the in-between anniversaries, we just think the presents should be lady's choice.

On the Street Car
On the street car we sat down by a lady that we thought might tell us something interesting. Wearing navy dotted swiss and a big white hat... we decided that she must live graciously and pay attention to the amiable small details of her household. "Some beautiful flower containers," she replied to our question. "Tall fine vases and low wide bowls... tiny little low holders for violets and pansies... and something big and dramatic and worthy of a gladioli." For she turned out to be quite a gardener and has

made a study of the art of flower arranging.
Next we approached a woman sitting in her car in front of the school waiting for her children. Wearing a print dress in red and white and no hat, white shoes... in back of the car we spied a red Japanese parasol.
"Oh, I want rugs, especially bedroom rugs," she answered. "I'd like one about six by eight and another to match about two by five. Something pastel and flowered. We've never gotten our upstairs very well furnished yet—we've spent so much getting the downstairs the way we like it."
We ran across another woman at the post office... we were both getting letters registered.
"I'm dying for a big silver tray—sterling preferred, but I wouldn't turn up my nose at a good plated one. I want it for serving tea and refreshments."
Coming out of the library as we were going in the other day, we met a lady wearing a grey boucle suit with a spray of lilac in her belt. Looking not too young but happy and capable and beloved of some quietly dependable husband with a pleasant droll wit. She smiled and thought a minute when we stopped her.
"Do you know, I'd like to have percale sheets... one or a dozen or a dozen dozen! I've always meant to get them for the whole house, but you know how it is—always something to buy for one of the children or else a roof repair needed. So we're still sleeping on muslin, but I do love percale. I think it feels just like silk, don't you? And wears so gorgeously if you have your own washer."
The next person we stopped had on powder blue linen with a big black straw hat and black buttons and black gloves... awfully smart looking. Thirty-ish, we'd say, and the mother of those two grammar-school-age boys she was taking through the zoo.

"Wedgwood dinner plates," she replied promptly to our question. "I've always longed for some, and I wish I knew how to give my kith and kin a hint to club together and each one give me a plate!"

A saucy young bride of only a year was our next prey... she lived in a very little, very new house and we caught her on the fly as she was sweeping off her front steps.

"A vacuum cleaner with all the attachments," said she. "Oh, I know you're wishing I'd say something frilly and romantic, but believe me, that would add several frills and romances to my life. Not that I'm craving about housework—I kind of like it, to tell the truth—but I want good tools."

Then we ran into a lady in white pique with a coral linen hat and coral gloves... just the sort you could imagine giving smart little bridge luncheons and perfectly charming dinner parties for four or six. And her husband would just have to be good looking.

"A Venetian point tablecloth, nothing more or less!" said she decisively when we queried her about an anniversary present. "I love beautiful table linens. I'd even be grateful for something very sheer and fine in a dollie set too."

At the grocery store we approached a hearty pink cheeked woman around forty, we'd say. You just knew that everybody and everybody's dog would be welcome around her place and that the boy scouts most certainly congregated in her basement game room.

"Chairs... that's what I need and want," she replied with no hesitation. "Didn't we tell you she was hospitable! I just don't see how we go through chairs the way we do. I need new dining chairs all the way around the table. And at least two easy chairs and I could use a bunch of folding chairs in the basement for parties."

But the most practical looking woman of all we met at the dentist's office. She seemed rather weathered, which could have either meant a lot of golf or a lot of gardening, and she had a certainly, a responsible look about her.

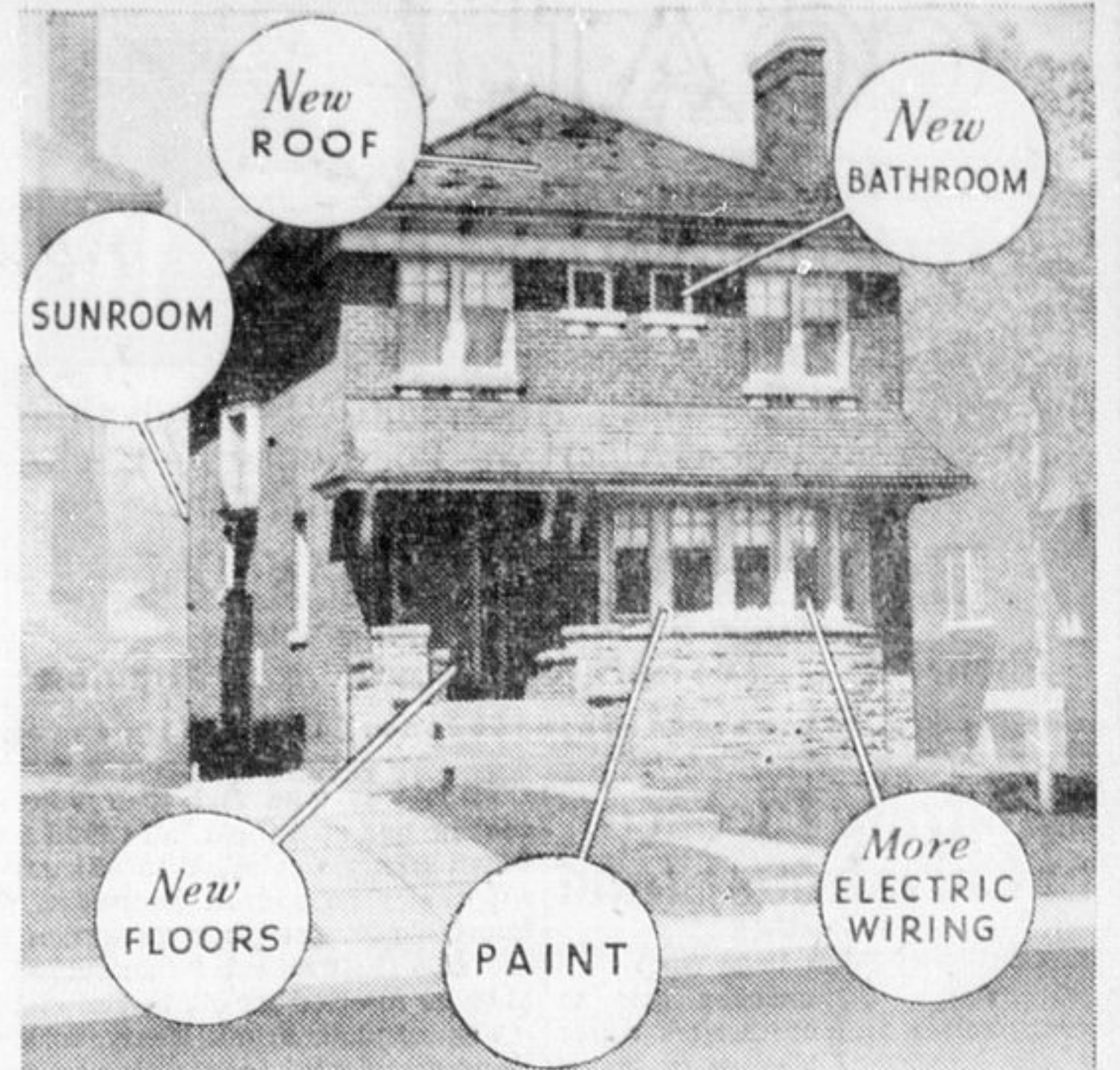
"What would I like for my anniversary?" she repeated. "Something entirely too frivolous and foolish for a woman of my age. But I want it just the same. Have always yearned for one of those dresser sets with all the fancy little bottles and manicure things and a big powder puff box and a lovely hand mirror. I used to want it to be silver, but now I think maybe I'd rather have cloisonne."

We spied a lady in navy taffeta browsing through the furniture department of our favourite store. Nothing spectacular about her, only she was, one felt, doing a good job of raising a family.

"A pair of open shelf cupboards would be my first choice," said she. "Not too heavy looking and maybe Chippendale. I want them to hold my Spode plates. Then in the cupboard spaces below there'd be room for my best linen."

A business bride we encountered then. A smartly tailored girl, who is doing an elegant job of holding a job and making a pleasant home in her small apartment at the same time.
"Things for buffet serving" was what her heart was set on. "That's the way we entertain so we need attractive serving dishes, bright linen and some extra trays. And all modern, if you please!"

These suggestions were all individual preferences—maybe not all what the lady on your mind would like. But we'd advise that you do just as we did—ask a few questions. Be subtle about your inquiries if you're bound to go in for surprises, but don't if you can help it, go out and buy a gift just because YOU adore it. Because she has to live with it. Presents are fun to give



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and to get and we think all occasions for them should be made more of... especially anniversaries.

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Sudbury Must Meet the Challenge to Law and Order

(From Sudbury Star)
Law and order in Sudbury have received a direct and bold challenge. The safety of the men who protect the lives and property of the citizens has been ignored and imperilled.

The shooting of Sergeant Fred Davidson, of the city police force, while in the discharge of his duties early Sunday morning, has aroused widespread dismay and indignation. The incident brought instant sympathy for the officer and revulsion of feeling against perpetrators of the vile crime as well as against gun-toters in general who flout constituted authority.

The immediate reaction and response of the police in initiating efforts to run down the offenders finds moral support on the part of all law-abiding people. Sudbury already has a five-year-old unsolved crime in the despicable murder of Constable Nault; with recollection of this attack fresh in mind, the community cannot afford

to let the criminals in the latest challenge go unpunished. Every aggressive effort possible must be launched and continued in order to track down the pair responsible for the wounding of Sergeant Davidson.

It has been readily admitted that Sudbury is a difficult city to police, and the facilities at hand have not always been entirely adequate. Under the existing conditions there has been a fairly good record established by the crime prevention forces. Violence against law enforcement officers has been infrequent, but there has always existed a feeling of regret that the killer of Constable Nault has never been brought to book. An attack upon an officer of the law, apart from a serious offence against the person of the individual, entails a vital principle; the law is being set at defiance by ruffians who have no regard or respect for society. It is to be hoped that no stone will be left unturned in this case, in order that the negative results in the regrettable Nault affair should not be duplicated. Public opinion will be behind official action in adopting every measure necessary to bring the culprits to justice.

Toronto Star:—Clerks threaten strike? A counter-revolution?



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