



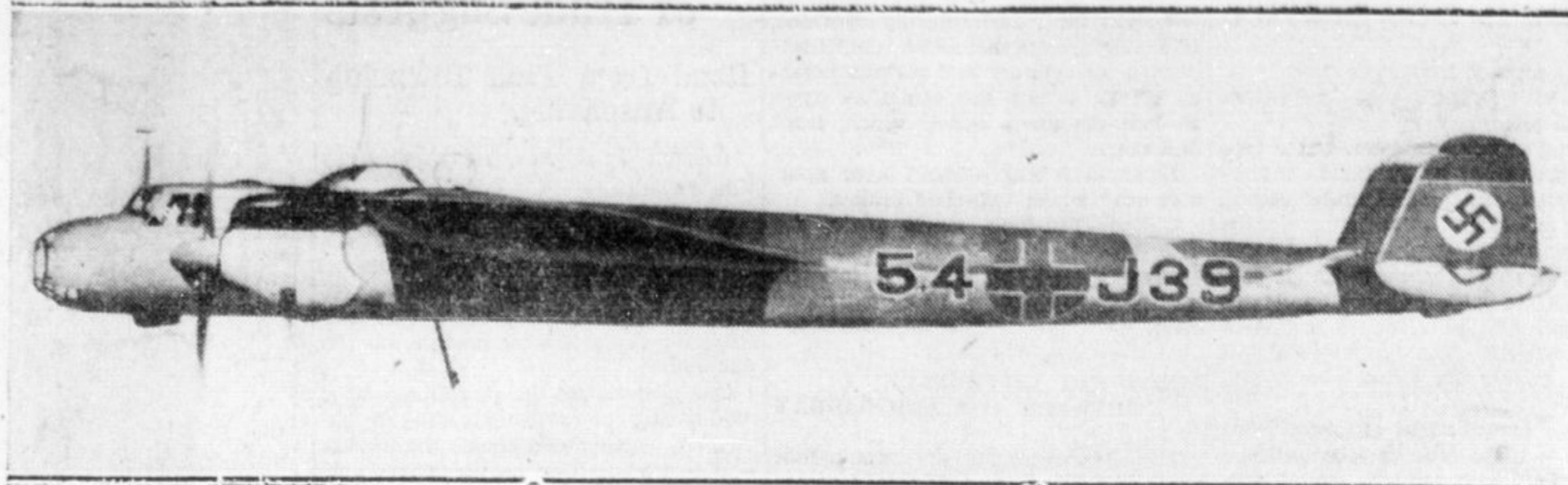
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This German bomber, with an abnormally long body, is the latest addition to Germany's air force. It is all-metal, is fast-moving, and able to twist and turn like a wasp.

Gold Industry Kept Canada on Even Keel

Hon. Chas. McCrea Tells of Value of Mining to the Dominion and Refers to Future.

From 1910 to the end of 1936 gold production of Ontario amounted to more than \$800,000,000 and when the depression came it was the mining industry and especially production of gold that enabled Canada to withstand its effect with the degree of stability it did, Hon. Chas. McCrea, former Ontario mines minister, told the Canadian Club of Sarnia in an address last week.

Mr. McCrea estimated between \$86,000,000 and \$90,000,000 of gold would be mined in Ontario this year and that the mineral wealth production of the province, including metal and non-metal production, would approximate \$200,000,000.

Total metal production since 1910 amounted to \$2,000,000,000, which included \$800,000,000 of gold. He compared production in Ontario, which he said had consistently increased year by year, with production in the Yukon which altogether had approximated only \$192,000,000.

Invested in mining operations in the province was capital of \$400,000,000. Dividends paid up to 1936 in gold were \$235,500,000; silver \$100,000, and other metals \$195,000,000. Mining dividends in 1936 alone were \$53,000,000 and this year they would be substantially higher he said.

Value Greater Than Field Crops
In 1934-35 and 1936 the mineral production of the province had a considerably greater value than that of field crops, Mr. McCrea said.

In the main the prosperity of any province or country was measured by the wealth crop of its basic industries. The potential mineral wealth of the province and of the country as a whole was inestimable.

There would be generation upon generation of people in the province digging gold out of its rocks in the future, Mr. McCrea said, after a member of the audience questioned him as to what would the future of Ontario be when its gold was exhausted. Ontario's mineral wealth was practically inexhaustible, he added.

Regardless of the stock market the mining industry would continue to its inevitable development, he believed.

Mr. McCrea traced the history of mining and termed the pre-Cambrian shield of Canada, extending from Ontario to Great Bear Lake, one of the greatest in the world.

"Some people think that all the gold

has been discovered but such is far from the case," he said.

He described the start of the mining industry in the province from the time of the old Cobalt mines which alone paid \$100,000,000 in dividends.

Promotes New Industry
"This extraordinary development of mining furnished Canada with a new national industry—that of manufacturing mining equipment which at one time was nearly all imported," Mr. McCrea said.

He touched on the development of the International Nickel Company and the discovery of radium in the Great Bear Lake district. This discovery, he said, helped bring down the price of radium from \$70,000 a gram to between \$25,000 and \$30,000.

Referring to the part Hydro played in the mining industry, Mr. McCrea said speaking apart from politics he considered the Abitibi Canyon project one of the "greatest standbys" for the supply of power to Ontario mines.

Convicted of Having Part of Moose in His Possession

Convicted in Cochrane police court last week by Magistrate E. R. Tucker on a charge of having part of a moose in his possession, Albert Proulx, of the Township of Brower, received sentence of a minimum fine and costs amounting to \$26.75.

Stated by the court to be a technical offence, the accused was shown by Game Warden L. A. Dent to have had in his possession a part of a moose hide and that he had admitted having shot the moose last January. Corroborative evidence was submitted by the warden's son, while the accused man, in his own defence, could only state that he did not remember his admission.

Unable to pay his fine, the alternative sentence of one month in jail was taken. A charge of having stolen goods in his possession knowing same to be stolen was dismissed when police were unable to prove to the court's satisfaction that the goods were known to have been stolen.

Despite T.N.T. and Bombs, Grows Lilies

Some of the Oddities in the Life of One of the World's Most Influential Men.

A writer in The Simcoe Reformer last week gives the following particulars of one of the world's most influential men—

They Bring Him T.N.T. and Bombs But he Still Raises Lilies

Who is the most powerful man in the world today? Mussolini? Stalin? Hitler? That, of course is a matter of opinion. But one thing is certain. The most powerful man in the world of finance is J. P. Morgan, Dictator of Wall Street, High Mogul of the World of Stock and Bonds.

Yet as a person, he is almost totally unknown. It would hardly be an exaggeration to call him a man of mystery. He shuns publicity, and his hatred of photographers amounts to phobia.

When angered, he is blunt to the point of indiscretion. In fact, he is so outspoken he has been called "the most undiplomatic man in America."

Six feet tall, with two hundred pounds of dauntless physical courage, he is utterly without fear. For example one day a maniac forced his way into Morgan's house whipped out a gun and threatened to shoot. Morgan might have dodged through a nearby door, but he didn't. Instead, he walked straight toward the gleaming pistol. Instantly there was a crack of an explosion. Morgan staggered. The bullet had plowed into his abdomen. He staggered, but he kept on coming. He leaped upon the madman, wrenched the pistol from his hand. Then Morgan collapsed and fell to the floor unconscious. He was rushed away to the hospital. Death had missed by a fraction of an inch.

Nowadays, it is almost impossible for an ordinary mortal to approach the mighty King of Gold in his office at 23 Wall Street—that low, squat citadel of high finance which is known simply as "The Corner." The sight-seeing guides never fail to point out the spurs on the face of that building—sole reminder today of the hideous disaster of 1916 that wiped out the lives of forty people, injured two hundred more and destroyed two million dollars' worth of property.

It happened precisely at one minute past noon. Happy, carefree crowds were pouring out of a thousand offices and no one paid any attention to a decrepit old horse and wagon that stood opposite Morgan citadel.

Suddenly there was a blinding sheet of caffron-green light. Then a blast—a terrific explosion—that rocked the mighty skyscrapers on their very foundations. A bomb had burst—a bomb loaded with a hundred pounds of T.N.T. A hail of deadly shrapnel swept the street.

A thousand windows were splintered to bits, a storm of broken-glass rained down to the pavement. Awnings twelve stories above the earth suddenly burst into flame.

Men maimed, bleeding, and dying ran shrieking through the street only to fall headlong in death.

The sirens of fire engines and the screaming of ambulances added to the bedlam of panic and fear.

And when the chaos was cleared away, all that remained of the horse and wagon that had brought the bomb was a bit of wheel, two horse shoes,

and a few nuts and bolts. But Morgan, at whom all this was aimed, was in Europe at the time. He determined to capture them no matter what cost.

A reward of fifty thousand dollars was offered. The New York police, Federal agents, Secret Service men, private detectives, started one of the biggest manhunts in history. The search led all over the earth. Departing ships were watched—and so were the Canadian and Mexican borders. The underworld of New York and Chicago and a dozen other cities were combed for clues. A king's ransom was spent in the search; but it ended in futility. A score of years have passed since then—and the mystery still remains a mystery.

Two armed detectives now keep constant vigil in front of the Morgan offices and the roof of his low building is covered with heavy iron screening to protect it from bombs which might be hurled from neighbouring skyscrapers.

In the inner sanctum of that solid unostentatious building stretch two rows of docks, one behind the other, like seats in a school-room. At these desks work the eighteen Morgan partners—and at the very back of them all, like a schoolmaster supervising a class at examination time, sits Morgan, the head of the firm.

No other private banking house in the history of the world has played so important a role in the feverish affairs of nations. Not even the Medicis of Florence or the Rothschilds of Europe have enjoyed such far-flung prestige. The Rothschild saved Europe from Napoleon; but Morgan, more than any other single financial force, made the Allies victorious in the bloodiest war this troubled earth has ever known.

J. P. Morgan is as much at home in the pea-soup fog of London as he is in the roar and soot of New York. For years, while his father was living, he was head of the English branch of Morgan Co., and when he came back to Wall Street he introduced the English custom of having tea in the afternoon.

He is one of the greatest pillars of the Episcopal Church in America, yet he corresponds regularly with Pope Pius XI in Rome. And when he visits the Vatican, he and the Pope sit for hours discussing—what do you suppose?—rare manuscripts written in Coptic, the medieval language of Egypt. Mr. Morgan's private library houses many illuminated manuscripts written by the old monks five hundred years before Columbus discovered America. He has priceless folios of Shakespeare and a copy of the Gutenberg Bible. That one book alone is probably worth a fifth of a million dollars.

J. P. Morgan is famous for his knowledge of Shakespeare and the Bible; yet he dearly loves to settle down to a good detective story even as you and I.

He adored his wife, and since her death in 1925 he has kept her room exactly as she left it. She succumbed to that mysterious disease known as sleeping sickness, and all of Morgan's millions were powerless to save the woman he loved.

Extremely fond of flowers, she belonged to a garden club which required its members to cultivate a garden with their own hands. And even today, J. P. Morgan—one of the world's richest men—puts on his overalls and hoes the weeds and ties up the vines in the garden which once belonged to his wife.

Detroit Free Press.—Successful men seldom hand their friends the brand of advice they use themselves.

Arrested on Charge of Drunken Driving

Car Driven by Thomas Daly Crashes Into Telephone Pole on Cedar Street.

Thomas Daly, aged 28, of 155 Pine street, north, was arrested on Friday night on a charge of being drunk in charge of an automobile.

Daly lost control of his car on Cedar street near the New Method Laundry. It crashed into a telephone pole, and it is alleged very narrowly missed a man and a woman on the sidewalk. The machine was badly damaged by the impact but Daly was not injured. He will appear before Magistrate Atkinson in police court on Tuesday.

Some Facts About Dalton and Dalton & Dwyer Lines

The size of the Dalton and the Dalton and Dwyer Bus Lines is shown by the following facts:—

- Number of men employed, 46.
- Number of drivers, 20.
- Number of buses, 24.
- Number of taxis, 15.

TRIPLETS HAVE FOSTER-MOTHER



When triplets were born to Peggy and Mick, the London Zoo's Indian leopards, keeper Leslie Flewin took them to his home at Brent (London) for a cat to foster-mother; Peggy devoured her last triplets. The foster-mother, "Kitty" is shown cuddling her leopard cub charges, as Rene, keeper Flewin's daughter, knits by the fireside.

From One Old Timer
To Another

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Jack Dalton

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