

Timmins Stamp Club Column

Postal Zoo—The Penguin

Off the southern tip of South America lie the Falkland Islands, sparsely settled and unproductive, and little more than barren rocks rising out of the sea. Fittingly one of the postage stamps of this remote British Colony pictures a whale and a penguin, two creatures that habitually shun mankind and live in the most unfrequented parts of the antarctic.

The giant whale, valuable for his oil, is now fast approaching extermination; but the little penguin has the great good fortune of being without commercial value, and so he still continues to flock every year to the immense rookeries of the Falklands.

There is something irresistibly funny about this strange bird. All white in front, and black behind, with absurd flippers that suggest human arms, he waddles about on his short legs like a pompous old gentleman in formal evening clothes. When vast numbers of penguins assemble along the shore, they resemble a mimic meeting of some exclusive club. Anotole France's famous story "Penguin Island" concerns a priest who mistook a colony of penguins for human beings and attempted to convert them to Christianity.

Penguins are awkward on land but at sea they are in their native element. The short broad feet are stretched out straight behind like a rudder and the smooth flippers become efficient paddles, enabling them to swim even faster than the shark. Penguins have a cruising range of thousands of miles,

swimming always below the surface and coming up every hundred yards or so to breathe. A little bag at the side of the throat acts as a ballast tank, which the penguin simply fills with water when he wants to submerge.



Twice a year the penguins return to make their nests and prepare for the next generation. Through some mysterious instinct they always go back to the same island, the same nest and the same mate, although a few months ago the couple may have been thousands of miles apart. The comical resemblance of penguins to humans is perhaps nowhere more striking than in their courtship and marriage ceremonies. Day after day the young cock penguin struts in lordly circles around the object of his affections, arching his back, throwing out his chest, and showing off his fine black and white clothes. When the female finally yields to his conquering charms, the two solemnly kiss by rubbing their beaks together, and then pledge eternal devotion by rapturously embracing each other with their flippers.

Liberia's Walking Fish
For generations the expression "like a fish out of water" has been used to

describe something altogether out of its natural element, but strangely enough there is a little three-inch fish in Liberia that not only leaves the water of its own accord, but also actually walks about on the land and even occasionally climbs trees! This extraordinary member of the finny tribe is variously known as the walking fish, jumping fish, bonni-fish and mud skipper, and if any skeptic should think this just another fish story, he has only to look at the 50c Liberian stamp of 1918 to see a thoroughly convincing picture of the mud skipper resting high and dry on the bank of an African river.



During part of the year the mud skipper remains buried in the mud, but at the beginning of the rainy season he seems to feel a positive aversion to water and promptly heads for the land, propelling himself over the shallow mud flats with his two front fins like a man on crutches. These remarkable fins, which can be clearly seen in the postal picture, resemble fan-shaped hands mounted on short stalks, and scientists tell us that a joint is slowly forming at the end which in some future generation of mud skipper will probably become a foot!

People who have studied the mud skipper say that he never remains out of water for more than fifteen minutes at a time and always likes to keep the end of his tail moist. Accordingly, the general conclusion is that the fish breathes through its tail. It also has small water pockets near the gills which seem to assist in respiration. Still another strange thing about the mud skipper is the eyes, which are mounted at the top of the head and can roll freely in their sockets, giving the creature a froggish peeped look. The upper part of the eye lens is adapted to seeing while out of the water and the lower part serves for underwater use. The mud skipper might be briefly described as a fish which lives on land, walks on his fins, breathes through its tail, and wears bifocal glasses!

The Seal
Everybody has marveled at the astonishing skill of the trained seal in the circus, who can catch, balance and throw a ball with the tip of his flexible nose. This clever performer is an entirely different kind of seal, however, than the one who is pictured so frequently on the postage stamps of Newfoundland. The trained seal is really a sea lion, found principally along the coast of California, while the Newfoundland seals are what are known as "harp" or "hooded" seals and are not at all talented at juggling. Neither is their long coarse hair of any value for making the expensive sealskin coats, since the fur-bearing seals are found only in the Arctic Circle near Behring Strait.



Nevertheless the Newfoundland seal is of great commercial importance, and "sealing" constitutes one of Newfoundland's major industries. In order to prevent the extinction of the species the sealing season is strictly regulated by law and lasts only from March until May. There is keen competition between the crews of the different ships, and every year over two hundred thousand "sculpins", or seal pelts, are brought into St. John's harbour. These are taken almost entire from young, newborn seals like the "baby whitecoat" who is shown on the postage stamp above. A valuable oil, used for lubricating and perfumery, is extracted from the blubber next to the skin, and the hide itself is made into a leather used for shoes, purses and bookbindings. The flippers are considered a great delicacy, and the return of the sealing fleet is always the signal for a round of popular "flipper parties" in the swank clubs of St. John's.

Seals congregate in large herds and move constantly from one place to another over the barren ice floes in search of new and better fishing grounds. Formerly it was weeks before a sealing ship would sight any seals, but today the herds are easily located by airplane and little time is lost in starting on the kill. The hunting crew, or "batters", are armed with long gaffs with which they knock the young seals over the head, and as the baby seal has been sentimentally described as "a fluffy white muff with large liquid brown eyes," the business is not one for the tender-hearted. The older males, or "dog" seals, may be shot with rifles, since they may weigh as much as a half ton and are liable to show fight.

In spite of the comparatively short season, sealing is a hard life and only lean, wiry fellows with plenty of endurance can last very long at it. The sealers must not only brave the severe winter storms, but they also have to literally cut and blast their way through the frozen ice fields with axe and dynamite. Sometimes the shifting ice pans suddenly close in upon the vessel and crush it to pieces, leaving the shivering crew stranded miles from shore. Often the hunters are lost in fogs and blizzards while they are away from the ship, and all will agree that the \$80 which represents a sealer's average pay for a season is money thoroughly earned.

The Beaver
The first postage stamp issued by Great Britain carried the portrait of Queen Victoria, but the first stamp ever issued by Canada showed a picture of a beaver. Nothing could better illustrate the important part that this in-

Lay Awake in Agony with Neuritis

Kruschen Salts Brought Lasting Relief

Ordinary headaches are bad enough, but they are as nothing compared to the awful pains of neuritis in the head, says this woman. Read how Kruschen completely banished the pain.

"I had neuritis in the head and right arm. I suffered untold agony with my head, and I dare not think what might have happened had it continued. Everybody knows what a headache is like, but it is nothing compared with the awful pain of neuritis in the head. I spent sleepless nights tossing with pain. I began taking Kruschen Salts and after some months of the treatment I have effected lasting relief."—(Mrs.) L. M.

Neuritis, like rheumatism and sciatica, frequently has its roots in intestinal stasis (delay)—the unsuspected accumulation in the system of harmful waste matter, which leads to the formation of excess uric acid.

Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals. Other ingredients of Kruschen assists Nature to expel these dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

distrious little animal has played in Canadian history. The great Hudson Bay Trading Company was built up almost entirely on the widespread demand for his valuable fur, and for nearly two hundred years beaver skins were used by the Canadian settlers as standard currency. When in the 19th century beaver fur was replaced by black silk as a covering for men's top hats, the trade gradually declined, but not before it had contributed greatly to Canada's development as the British Empire's richest dominion.



In spite of his expensive fur coat, the beaver is a modest, inconspicuous creature about four feet long resembling a very large rat. The only remarkable things about his appearance are the broad flat tail with which he slaps the water to warn his friends of danger, and the extremely powerful, orange-coloured teeth with which he can cut down trees five feet in diameter. Scientists say that the beaver's brain shows a rather low intelligence and that they are entirely from instinct, but their extraordinary foresight makes this difficult to believe. No other animal in the world displays such amazing engineering ability as the beaver.

Everybody has heard of beaver ponds, but perhaps not everybody is aware of just why they are made. The reason is simply self-protection. Unable to defend themselves against such savage animals as the lynx and the wolf, the beavers long ago discovered that their safest refuge from their enemies was an island castle. Before founding a colony they first make a large pond by damming up a stream, and some of these beaver dams are said to be as much as 2000 feet long and 14 feet high! They are formed by laying small logs and saplings side by side in the river bed and packing them tightly in between with mud. Often the intelligent beavers leave a spillway in the dam so that too great an area will not be flooded.

In the middle of the pond the beavers construct their home by raising a mound of earth almost to the surface of the water and over this they erect a cone-shaped swelling of interwoven sticks plastered with mud. An airhole is always left at the top for ventilation. Since the only entrance is by a tunnel passing down through the mound and opening under water, a beaver lodge is practically impregnable. And nearby the beavers keep a sunken storehouse of small logs, from which they obtain the soft inner bark that forms their principal diet during the long winter months.

Unthinking people sometimes say that beavers do great damage by destroying valuable forest land, but authorities claim that the beavers are an asset and not a liability. Beaver ponds are seldom occupied for more than a few years, and when the beavers move away, the dams are no longer kept in repair and gradually allow the water to escape. Eventually the pond dries up and there remains in its place a smooth and level meadow which is the natural product of the decomposing vegetable matter in the bottom of the pond. It is estimated that literally millions of acres of the richest farm land in North America owe their existence to the little brown animal that Canada has honoured on her postage stamps.

Why the Name "Silver Coal" is Justified So Fully

Since the appearance of Silver Coal advertising in the columns of The Advance many interested enquiries have been made as to its source of supply and why it is called "Silver."

An exceptionally hard anthracite, mined in French Indo China and shipped 14,000 miles to Canada, Silver Coal is appropriately named and refers to its silver appearance, due to the hardness of the coal. The silver sheen is very apparent in even a single piece held in the hand. Mined from seams up to 30 ft. in thickness—the largest known anthracite veins in the world—Silver Coal is probably one of the purest forms of anthracite yet discovered. It is mined in large lumps, broken and screened into sizes suitable for consumer requirements.

Each Courier—Most of these speakers who say they have nothing to say live up to that remark.

Essay Contest for the School Children

Ontario Federation of Anglers Sponsoring Contest.

In present and previous issues of The Advance there have been references to the contest inaugurated by the Ontario Federation of Anglers in which valuable prizes are to be given for essays by school children on the conservation of fish in the province. The project has the full approval and support of the Porcupine Fish and Game Protective Association and the Troquois Falls Rod and Gun Club. Naturally, it is endorsed by The Advance. The Globe and Mail is giving the plan very complete publicity. The following is the opening announcement as given in a recent issue of The Globe and Mail:

Object of Contest
With the object of interesting school children in the vital need for the conservation of our natural fishing resources, The Globe and Mail, in co-operation with the Ontario Federation of Anglers, announces an Ontario-wide essay contest for public, separate and private school pupils who have not yet entered high school grades.

The subject of the contest is: "How to Keep Good Fishing in Our Streams and Lakes." It will open on April 9 and close on April 30.

Such inroads have been made on Ontario fishing resources through wasteful and destructive practices that organizations, realizing the seriousness of the situation, have decided that an educational programme is necessary to counteract them. In addition to the Ontario Federation of Anglers this contest has the hearty endorsement of the Ontario Department of Game and Fisheries, and the full co-operation of the Ontario Department of Education.

Watch for Special Articles

So little information on the important topic of fish conservation is available for reference that The Globe and Mail has arranged to publish a series of six special articles on this subject, written by prominent members of the Department of Biology of the University of Toronto. These articles will appear in The Globe and Mail every Saturday for the six weeks preceding the opening of the contest. The first article will be published on Saturday, March 5, and the last on Saturday, April 9, the day the contest opens.

In an interview with The Globe and

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Algoma Coke—Welsh Anthracite—Pennsylvania Blue Briquettes—Alberta—Pocahontas—Buckwheat—Nut—Slack and Steam Coal.

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Mail, Dr. H. C. Bliss, Chairman of the Programme Committee of the Ontario Federation of Anglers, responsible for the contest, said: "These articles are written in simple language that every child can readily understand, and teachers should cut them out and use them as a guide in teaching their pupils what to look for in this important phase of nature study. Children intending to enter the contest should also cut out and save these six articles for helpful references in writing their essays."

"They are a really splendid series of natural history stories that should interest adults just as much as children. Written by the leading Canadian authorities, they explain in an entertaining way the fundamental principles of fish conversation. They should act as a stimulus to the students' imagination to apply these principles to conditions in their immediate locality."

Ideas to Count

"In this contest the judges will consider neatness and style of expression," said Dr. Bliss, "but the boys and girls who should win the prizes are those who can think up original and practical ways of how to conserve fish in our streams and lakes. It is ideas we want rather than flowery compositions, so that leaves it wide open for any boy or girl in the age group to be a winner. In their composition we want the children to tell how they believe their ideas could be applied to the lakes and rivers close by their own homes, or in the waters on which their summer homes are situated."

In addition to acquiring much interesting and useful knowledge from

studying the haunts and habits of Ontario's fish, the children should find it a profitable topic, as there will be thirty-one cash prizes awarded by the Ontario Federation of Anglers for the best essays. The first prize is \$35; second, \$25; third, \$20; fourth, \$15; fifth, \$10; sixth, \$5; and twenty-five prizes of \$2 each.

Rules of Contest

The rules of this contest are few and simple:

The subject is: "How to Keep Good Fishing in Our Streams and Lakes."

Essays should not exceed 750 words. Contest is open to all boys and girls 14 years old and under, in Ontario public, separate and private schools, who have not yet entered high school grades.

Essays must be certified as being the child's own work by teacher or parent on the last page of the essay.

Write on foolscap with pen and ink, using one side of the paper only.

Print name, age, and address clearly on each page of the essay.

The contest opens on Saturday, April 9, and closes at midnight on Saturday, April 30. Essays received after May 1 (unless postmarked before midnight, April 30) will not be accepted.

The judges will be chosen by the Ontario Federation of Anglers and their decision will be final.

Send all essays to The Globe and Mail, addressed to the "Anglers' Contest Editor," care of The Globe and Mail, King and Bay Streets, Toronto.

Pembroke Bulletin:—The one thing for a hockey player to aim at is to keep out of the penalty box. It's a poor place to win a game.

CANADA'S CHARTERED BANKS VALUE YOUR GOODWILL

WHETHER you deal with a bank or whether you don't, some time soon—say the very next time you are passing the bank's door—why not drop in and get acquainted? You're sure of a welcome, because the bank manager wants to know you. So find out for yourself what kind of fellow he is. And before you leave, take a good look at his staff.

The head offices are manned and managed by just that sort of man! Every general manager in Canada started in the banking business as a junior in some small branch, and rose from the ranks.

This is your introduction to a series of chats in the course of which you will be surprised at how little of mystery and how much of service there is in the business of banking in Canada.

Canada's chartered banks want your goodwill.

It is only by goodwill that banks make a living—and bankers are your fellow-citizens, the same sort of people as you are.

Of course bankers have heard all the old, threadbare jokes about the banker's glass eye, his delight in humiliating worthy souls who ask for loans—even that grand old chestnut about lending the umbrella when the sun is shining and taking it back when it rains.

So if you think you have a new joke, drop in and spring it on your local bank manager—he'll appreciate it. And if it turns out he's heard it before, he'll still have his sense of humour handy enough to get a chuckle, should you chance to tell him that the banks are being held responsible for the latest storms, or for the loss of the hockey game, or for his own neglect to summon prosperity from just around the corner.

Which should prove to you that your banker is, after all, a very human person. He likes people. All bankers like people. And they want people to like them.

Banks want to be helpful. They realize that they succeed only as the people of the community succeed. Enlightened self-interest? Well yes—but not altogether.

Your local manager will tell you that banks are not stiff-necked; that they do not enjoy refusing loans.

They'd be foolish if they did, for goodwill is the whole core and pith and substance of successful banking.

Use your bank! Get to know the manager. If you know him already, he'd like to know you better.

Talk things over with him. Consult him. He'll be glad to advise you on anything within the scope of his banking knowledge and authority.

He is a part of his community. More than that, he is a good citizen, because he is anxious to be helpful to his fellow-citizens in every permissible way.

You have all sorts of interests in common. Because of the town taxes you both pay, you are really business partners in the community.

Then why shouldn't you know each other, understand each other, better?

He knows that his success as a bank manager depends first upon making himself useful to people, and then upon his ability to get along with them. His whole future is wrapped up largely in those two things,—and well he knows it!

A bank is in business to sell banking service where such service is needed, and where it will do the community most good. So the banker of popular jest, the cold-eyed being who can only say "No", is a man of fiction only.

As we've said before, banks want and need your goodwill. No bank can get along without it. Telling the facts is probably the best method of winning it.

Intelligent people like plain talk. So in the talks to follow we shall be frank in giving you the facts about banks, bank ownership, bank operations, cash, currency, loans and interest. We would like you to read them all.

THE CHARTERED BANKS OF CANADA

Your local branch bank manager will be glad to talk banking with you. He will be glad to answer your questions, from the standpoint of his own experience. The next article in this series will appear in this newspaper. Watch for it.

Dick Jones Earns \$150 a Month..

But He's Worth \$36,000 to His Family

TODAY, throughout Canada, there is a growing realization of the "financial value" of thrifty men to their families and to the nation as a whole.

Consider Dick Jones, for example. He earns \$150 a month or \$1,800 a year. To replace this income, it would require \$36,000 safely invested at 5%.

Dick Jones is typical of tens of thousands of Canadian men, who, out of limited incomes, could not save enough money to replace their earning power, but have been able to do so through Life Insurance. In Canada over Six and a Half Billion Dollars have been provided for this purpose—a great bulwark of financial protection against the future.

These men are the backbone of the nation. Individually, they provide financial protection for themselves and their dependants. Collectively, they are banded together in a great co-operative enterprise whose joint savings, when invested, promote national development and stimulate employment throughout the Dominion.

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