

**FOR SAFE DRIVING**

**Perfect Grip**

**GUTTA PERCHA TIRES**

**Timmins Stamp Club Column**

**The Homing Pigeon**

Of all the methods of communication used by man, one of the most interesting is the homing pigeon. The use of pigeons to carry messages is as old as Solomon, and the ancient Greeks used them to convey the names of Olympic winners from city to city. Before the invention of the electric telegraph, stockbrokers and financiers kept themselves in close touch with the latest market quotations by this means and a New York newspaper once "scooped" its rivals by interviewing celebrities on incoming transatlantic liners and then rushing the copy to the editor via pigeon post before the ship docked!



Homing pigeons have proved invaluable in wartime and rendered conspicuous service during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, when Paris was completely surrounded by besieging armies. More than 350 birds were sent out of the city in balloons, and a good percentage of them managed to return safely in spite of gunfire and the trained falcons that the Germans sent up against them. Needless to say, these French military pigeons did not carry letters in their beaks, as is the case with the purely allegorical pigeon shown on the Paraguay stamp above! The messages were first photographed and then greatly reduced by microphotography, so that literally thousands of separate letters and even entire newspapers could be enclosed in a small goose-quill attached to the bird's tail-feathers!

The mysterious instinct that causes the pigeon to return to its nest is not entirely innate. The birds are put through a rigorous training period as soon as they are four months old and at first are taken only short distances from their loft. These distances are gradually increased and in Belgium the sport of pigeon racing has been developed to such a high degree that the birds often cover 500 miles in a day. It is said that a homing pigeon attains a velocity of 30 yards a second, and their splendid courage in flying through every kind of obstacle—storms, fog and shellfire—is well known. The longest distance ever flown by a homing pigeon is from Algiers to Paris—about 1100 miles!

**The Griffin**

A Postal Zoo has the remarkable advantage of including many strange and outlandish creatures that you could find nowhere else. What other zoo,

for example, contains a specimen of that grotesque and terrifying monster, the griffin? Even the circus steeper knows him not, yet every stamp collector can get a fair idea of his general appearance from the Hungarian postage stamp that is shown above.

Since these ferocious animals have long been extinct, it is difficult to get any accurate information concerning them. The last griffins were apparently seen during the 14th century by that famous mediaeval forerunner of Baron Munchausen, Sir John Mandeville, who describes them as follows:

"Men say that griffins have the body upwards of an eagle and beneath of a lion and this is true. But there is one griffin that hath an even greater body and is stronger than eight lions or a hundred eagles. For this griffin will fly to his nest carrying a great horse, or two oxen yoked together as they go to the plough. He has talons so large and long as though they were horns of great oxen, or of bulls or of kine, so that men make cups out of them to drink from; and of their ribs and the feathers of their wings men make bows full strong to shoot arrows and darts!"



Griffins were well known by the ancient Greeks and according to the historian Herodotus they inhabited the desolate steppes between Mongolia and the Black Sea. Here they were said to stand watchful guard over immense quantities of gold and precious stones. A race of one-eyed men called the Arimaspians waged constant war with the griffins and occasionally made off with some of their treasure, which found its way westward to Greece and Persia. It is only fair to state, however, that some skeptical scholars claim that this interesting story was invented by prospectors and traders in order to keep up the price of gold!

**The Swan**

On this pleasing postage stamp from Australia we are able to acquire one of the most interesting specimens in the Postal Zoo—a bird of matchless grace and beauty—the black swan.

For centuries this majestic bird, and more particularly his better-known cousin the white swan, has attracted the admiring attention of mankind. He has been the subject of songs and poems and has inspired that beautiful musical composition "Le Cygne" by Saint-Saens and in turn the celebrated

Dance of the Dying Swan, made famous by that greatest of dancers, the late Anna Pavlova.



In ancient times the wild swan was hunted for his economic value. His soft and fluffy down was prized as stuffing for cushions and pillows. Quills from his wing feathers were used in making pens, and as containers for carrier pigeon messages. The meat of the young swan or cygnet was considered a great delicacy.

In modern times, however, wild swans are few and far between, and the domesticated swan is raised purely for his ornamental value. No pond or lake, in private estate or public park, seems quite complete without at least a pair of these exquisite creatures, gliding to and fro over the surface of the water, eliciting "ohs" and "ahs" from strolling couples and providing a favourite target for amateur photographers.

Many legends have sprung up about the swan. In ancient Greece swans were venerated as sacred birds and emblems of the goddess of the moon. An old Russian belief was that children who looked upon a swan killed by a hunter would quickly die. In early England, no subject might own one of these regal birds except by special permission of the king. Most persistent of legends is that the swan sings melodiously when it is about to die, and from this ancient fable comes the modern expression "swan song" applied to the last work of a poet or composer produced just before his death. The philosopher Socrates remarked gloomily that "men should imitate swans, who perceive the advantages of death and sing with joy as they approach its pleasures."

About a century ago, when Western Australia was settled, the Black Swan became its official emblem, appearing on its coat of arms and many of its postage stamps, until the various states of Australia merged into the Commonwealth. In 1929 the postage stamp shown above was issued by the Commonwealth of Australia to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the settlement of Western Australia; and appropriately it portrays the emblematic black swan.

While the writer was preparing this article, he was impelled by a kind of low economic curiosity to wonder "What do swans cost, and where do you get them?" Inquiries of the somewhat startled proprietors of local bird stores brought forth the information that most swans are raised in Holland, although some are bred in California; that a pair of white swans may be had for about \$50, while the rare black swans list at about "Per pair, \$250." The writer thereupon looked up the catalogue value of his Australian black swan and, finding it to be exactly 5c, decided that a Postal Zoo was the best kind to have after all.

**The Boar**

The creature that we see galloping across this postage stamp from North Borneo is altogether different in character from his domesticated cousin, the common hog. The wild boar, in fact, is one of the most ferocious animals and is considered even more dangerous to hunt than a bear. Hunting the boar was formerly a favourite sport among the European nobility, and gave rise to the old English ceremony of bringing in the boar's head for Christmas dinner.

All male members of the pig family, including the well-fed and sluggish porkers to be found on almost every farm, are called boars, but the domestic boar (like the bull) is used for breeding purposes only. Those important meat products, pork, bacon, ham and lard, come exclusively from sows and barrows. Wild boars are of little commercial value, although their tusks are sold as a rather poor substitute for ivory and are highly prized by the natives of North Borneo for decorative purposes.

The wild boar has ceased to be an important game animal in Europe, but boar hunting is still pursued by British cavalry officers in India under the unromantic name of "pig-sticking." In pig-sticking the boar is followed on horseback and killed with a long spear. It is a dangerous sport and great care must be taken to select a horse that is fast, alert, and able to reverse his course quickly, for the boar when at bay will turn in his tracks and charge desperately. His unflinching courage and short, saber-like tusks make him a formidable opponent, and many a would-be pig-sticker has himself been badly "stuck" before winning the coveted trophy of a wild boar's head!

**Interesting Showings on the McBine Porcupine**

L. C. McMahon, director of McBine Porcupine Gold Mines, Porcupine district, advises that recent work has uncovered some interesting showings north and west of where previous drilling cut a 50-foot ore zone in which a 30-inch section assayed \$10.55. June 1 option payment on the Magee, Skyner and Hennessy ground has been made and as there is but one more payment of \$1800 due within a year, management expects treasury will be amply financed to undertake diamond drilling program shortly.

Sudbury Star:—This is also the season of the year when your neighbour goes out to dig in his garden and throws back to you all the rocks and junk you threw over to him last fall.

Sudbury Star:—The new gold strike in Clergue township, near Montclair, may prove to be the spark that some are anticipating, to put life into the mining market.

**Men who Open North Help Whole Country**

Should Not be Viewed with Envy or Ill-will.

(From Globe and Mail)

Time was when the man who converted a dormant natural resource into a liquid national asset, pouring out its riches in employment, new towns, new optimism; created riches for himself and others without robbing any one; made prosperity grow where none grew before, was looked upon as a public benefactor and the recipient of the respect and admiration of his fellows.

Particularly was that true of the western prospector and mining operator and, in later years, to some though lesser extent, in the earlier experiences of their eastern prototypes in the new silver and gold fields of Ontario since, thirty years ago, in West rolled back North to a new empire of far-flung Eldorados.

The great mines of California, of Nevada, of Arizona, of Montana, of Idaho, of Utah, of Colorado, of British Columbia, all had their public heroes: Mackey, Flood and O'Brien, Marcus Daly, Senator W. A. Clark, F. Augustus Heinze, Senator George Nixon, Senator Tasker L. Oddie, George Wingfield, Ed. Stratton, Daniel C. Jacklin, Patsy Clark, John Finch, Colonel W. B. Thompson, Charles Sweeney, Byron N. White, Colonel A. E. Humphreys, Oliver Durant and Senator George Turner, to mention but a few. Each and all helped to make one or more mines produce where none produced before, and each and all passed on with the respect and gratitude of those they had enriched by their initiative, faith and courage. They were not begrudged that part of their newly created wealth retained for themselves.

Times have changed. The qualities that another generation admired, that made a western empire, built great cities and prosperous towns, conjured up a network of transcontinental railways, conquered desert and mountain, brought human happiness to silent wastes, are in the discard.

Men with initiative enough to leave the ruck behind, and brave the dangers and hardships of pioneering adventure, are now largely regarded as public enemies fattening upon wealth that should be distributed among those without imagination, initiative or intestinal fortitude. Forgotten is the fact that a national resource, no matter how rich, is of no value until it receives the creative human touch, and that creative power is given but to those of courage willing to brave hardships against great odds. Forgotten is the further fact that but one in a thousand or two wins.

Across the line and even in this young country calling loudly for men who dare, it has become fashionable to brand the successful as eminent royalists, malefactors of great wealth, oppressors of the mythical ill-fed, ill-housed one third. In vicious mob reasoning facts are ignored. The value of the services of these pioneers to country and humanity are forgotten in turgid thinking. Even a part of the press, happily small, has used them as targets for ingrowing envy.

No men ever rendered greater service to a country than those prospectors and operators who have cracked open Canada's North and thus tapped a stream of virgin wealth, ever growing greater and placing this Dominion well up among the most prosperous and happiest people on the face of the earth, with a certain future of even greater things.

In her own best interests, Canada should combat this unjust spirit of envy. The wealth these men use for themselves is but a drop in the bucket compared to their contributions to their country and their fellows. What little they do use for themselves should be theirs to do with as they please. Even that little they cannot take with them, and each leaves a heritage of incalculable benefit to us all—real wealth and, above all, the incentive to accomplishment, the spirit of independence and live-and-let-live of the pioneer fathers—for the good of ourselves and of country.

**Hitler Now to Build Motor Cars at \$398**

Also a Few Words About Some Other Birds.

The following is from the latest "Grab Samples" column from the current issue of The Northern Miner.

**Hitler's \$398 Cars**

Hitler proposes to build \$398 motor cars and put every German on wheels. Mass production, he says, will enable manufacturers to turn out a satisfactory machine at this price. He claims he wants to remove the dividing line between classes and give the proletariat a chance to ride as well as the wealthy.

The announcement has been interpreted abroad as a sinister one. Other Europeans fear that Der Fuhrer really has in mind the motorization of his troops. Every soldier his own chauffeur. This sounds more like comfortable warfare. One can imagine the marching orders: "Troops will report at 8 a.m. at the crossroads with full gas tanks, tires at 30 pounds. Rations, bedstead, tent, rifles, machine guns, gas masks, flame thrower, wife and children in the rear seat."

**About Birds**

The pleasure of listening to bird song is considerably dimmed if the occasion happens to be five o'clock in the morning. When poets write of aural ecstasy they invariably fail to specify that it comes at some reasonable time of day, say four in the afternoon. Actually birds can constitute a nuisance as flagrant as the open cut-out of the motor-

**SPECIAL Friday and Saturday SPECIAL**

**69c This Certificate Worth \$2.31 69c**

This certificate entitles the bearer to one of our Genuine Indestructible \$3.00 YACUUM FILLER SACKLESS FOUNTAIN PENS. Visible ink supply. SEE the ink! A LIFETIME GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN. Sizes for ladies, men, boys and girls. These pens on sale on days advertised only!

Plunger Filler—Zip, One Pull, It's Full. Transparent Barrel—You See the Ink.

This Pen holds 200% more ink than any ordinary sack fountain pen on the market! You can Write for Three Months on One Filling! No repair bills! No Lever Filler! No Pressure Bar! Every Pen tested and guaranteed to be unbreakable for life. Get yours NOW. THIS PEN GIVEN FREE, if you can buy one in the city for less than THREE DOLLARS! This certificate good only while advertising sale is on.

ALSO \$1.00 AND \$1.50 PENCILS TO MATCH, 3c.

**GOLDFIELDS DRUG STORE**  
OPPOSITE PALACE THEATRE. PHONE 648. LIMIT 3 Pens to Each Customer.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER—THIS PEN WILL BE \$3.00 AFTER SALE

cyclist who goes to work via our street at half past six.

There is a flock of crows which has a rendezvous each morning on a big elm just outside the house. One old crow arrives at about five and starts calling up the rest. Apparently the others live out around High Park because a considerable time elapses before the first answering calls are heard in the distance. The raucous communications continue for about a quarter of an hour, gradually converging on the call-bird. Then a sort of general conference ensues. There is a lengthy discussion as to where the flock should go that day. The listener hears the news of planting at various localities for miles around. He gets news of farmers that have guns, of scarecrows that have recently been erected, of small boys that go hunting on school holidays. Saturday, the crows agree, is a risky day to be around in plain sight.

Sentries are appointed for the day, the flight is arranged after considerable argument. Most days it is agreed to fly northeast, for some reason. There must be good crop pickings out that direction. Recently a crow with a stutter has joined the gang that assemble in Lawrence Park. Its c-c-caw, c-caw, c-c-caw seems to disturb the sensibilities of the other crows, which scold it and sometimes imitate it. They do not seem to understand what it is trying to say and to be suspicious of its remarks.

A robin sits outside the window and carries on a lyric conversation just after daylight with a relative that must

live somewhere about two concessions south. The music is more pleasant than that of the crows but it is equally sleep destroying. The chanting continues for some minutes, by which time all the other little birds in the neighbourhood have been aroused and join in the hullabaloo. The atmosphere fairly bubbles with the competitive chorus. A little later the lone oriole puts all the rest to shame with his liquid music.

The starlings are fairly silent in the morning. They do a little chattering amongst themselves and frequently imitate some other songsters. These bandits of the bird kingdom are more interested in stealing the robins' breakfast than in joining in a chorus. Sometimes they appear in a sinister flock and camp on the lawn, going over it with a fine tooth comb for any little edible, hopping about awkwardly and quarrelling. Presently they depart for the country, to come back in vast flocks in the evening when they assemble in tree groupings making a terrific din far into the darkness.

Morning noises are not confined to the birds. The milk men have long had a big share in the contribution of racket. Six of them, one after the other, visit the street. Some of them drive rubber soled horses and rigs but others have outfits that clatter and bang, adding to the echoing din. One driver has a horse which has three rubber shoes and one steel one. The effect to the would-be sleeper is that of a man with a single leg and crutches. The single clop was so mysterious that it had to be personally investigated.

Then the mail collector arrives in his car, bangs the door, rattles the mail box, bashes it shut, crashes his car door again and is off with a grinding of gears. He is shortly followed by the motorcyclist who really starts off the morning traffic uproar in handsome style. Just why motorcycle drivers are allowed liberties that would be rigidly denied a motorist is not clear. All the babies on the street wake up when this hero advertises the fact that he is about to climb a hill. And the babies get everyone else up.

Globe and Mail:—On his honeymoon tour in Europe, United States Secretary of the Interior Ickes refuses to be photographed without his hat on. As the groom is well on in the "sixties" there probably is a reason for this—a scanty reason perhaps but good enough.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF POWER CORPORATION OF CANADA

**Canada Northern Power Corporation, Limited**

Common Dividend No. 36

Dividend of 30c per share being at the rate of \$1.20 per annum, has been declared on the 20c par value Common Stock of CANADA NORTHERN POWER CORPORATION LIMITED for the quarter ending June 30th, 1938, payable July 25th, 1938, to shareholders of record at the close of business on June 30th, 1938.

By order of the Board,  
L. C. HASKELL, Secretary,  
Montreal, May 31st, 1938.

**PERSONAL LOANS**

**THIS BANK** is regularly making personal loans to salaried men and women, to wage-earners, to business and professional people and executives.

The terms are simple, the interest rate moderate, and there is no service charge.

The Manager at any office of the Bank of Montreal will be glad to have you call and discuss your financial requirements with him.

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ESTABLISHED 1817  
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**ITS MEMBERSHIP** includes one out of three Canadians.

It pays out \$500,000 every working day to families throughout Canada.

It extends its benefits to more than half the population of the Dominion.

It has Two Billion Dollars of its members' funds invested in Canada's homes and farms, industries and utilities, municipalities and governments—a greater financial stake in Canada than any other single enterprise.

It safeguards the savings of millions of Canadians and enables them to guarantee financial security for themselves and their families.

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