

Indians Work for the Mines in Far North

Adaptable for Certain Lines of Work Connected With Mining.

(From "Grab Samples" in The Northern Miner)

The Indians of the Sachigo River region are beginning to take an interest in mining. Officials of Sachigo River Gold Mines report that they have tried out the natives on sorting of ore and that they have proven to be quite satisfactory. Apparently this almost purely mechanical task suits the temperament of the Indian who normally cannot be held to a mining job.

One sorting is a boring business and white men get terrible dull p on it. They will resort to any device to vary the monotony of picking. At Alaska Juneau where about two thousand tons a day are discarded from the picking belts it has been found impossible to keep white men on the job and the company has imported Filipinos who seem admirably adapted to the work.

In various fields in Canada the Indian gets employment in the mining industry but invariably it is some sort of surface work, such as freighting. At God's lake in the days of that operation Indians were engaged to deliver gravel to the mill site from a point down the lake. The arrangement was on a contract basis and the mine management found that the native men showed a tendency to let the women do the work while they drew the reward. The gravel was delivered in canoe loads and while the man of the tepee was willing to paddle he apparently did not like the idea of shovelling, bagging or packing.

The Indians of that region were quite primitive when the miners came and had old fashioned notions about the dignity of certain types of labour.

Farther to the west Island Lake mines employed Indians for wood cutting and found them satisfactory. This was another contract job, with the natives working when they felt like it and laying off—when the spirit moved them. The management found that by congregating the natives right on the island, providing them with cabins and feeding them direct from the stores of the mine, the efficiency of the men

A couple of seasoned Eastern pros-

pectors went to Great Bear Lake several years ago and were cabinated together for a winter. One of them was unfavorably affected by the darkness, the cold and the loneliness, while the other who had a superior sense of humor remained cheerful. The very exuberance of the one was an additional annoyance to the other. As the winter wore on with few visitors and no chance to get away the morose individual went definitely haywire. He came right out and accused his partner of trying to poison him. He would not eat anything that the other cooked and there developed the spectacle of two men up near the Arctic Circle cooking their separate meals in a little two by four cabin. Finally the more stabilized prospector hit on a solution of their difficulty which was daily becoming more acute. He proposed to his mate that they compose their differences temporarily and that they settle the whole thing when they got out by a knock down and drag out fight. Meanwhile he suggested, they needed each other in their battle against the cold and darkness. But once they got into the clear they could battle the whole thing out. The other seized upon this as an ideal arrangement. Eventually, months later, a plane picked them up and flew them out to Edmonton where they promptly proceeded to get lit. All during the southward passage the uppermost thought in both of their minds had been the impending battle. So it was not strange that, with a cargo of stimulant aboard, they should revive their grievances. In one of the hotels they stopped on the act and onlookers report that it was a classic. After it was all over and the bandages had been adjusted they shook hands and resumed their long standing friendship.

If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

Here are two poems by Kay Bailey—each entirely different from the other. One deals with people; the other deals with their thoughts. One centres about character; the other is chiefly descriptive.

Hire Versus Hiring

(By Kay Bailey)

The MASTER:

"Two references at least I need—give names of folks who'll guarantee you are a person fit indeed to do a job of work for ME. It is my custom to inquire; the obvious risk I would not take when seeking servants out for hire, I'm paying neither fraud nor fake?"

The SERVITOR:

"No doubt you are quite justified and I will make but one request: Just name two men who plied for you, and I will do the rest?"

Find if you gave civility or snapped your orders out with scorn. Do you admit ability or bully workers night and morn?

Do you parade Dictator power of Master; making slaves obey, resenting the insults you shower upon them for the wage you pay?

Or have you earned the high respect of underlings who toil for you? The veriest stranger will detect if you are on the level too!

You'll know if I have not returned to-morrow, that your hesitation precluded all I since have learned about a putrid reputation!"

At Day's Ending

(By Kay Bailey)

Into the night alone, just as this dying sun shall disappear,

Soon shall we be gone and leave the trials which perplex us here.

For this has been ordained, even as were love and laughter, ecstasy and tears

On waves of life sustained through the crescendo and the cadence of the years.

Here quietly in the dusk, to ponder on

the marvels of Creation:—

This body, mere husk grown serc (as garnered sheaves in consummation).

This night, this day; all the to-morrows that are yet to be;

This Universe whose spaced way is surely marked and timed unto Eternity . . .

"efforts to compensate may involve a domineering attitude which has as its unconscious motive the hiding of all signs of the feeling of inferiority. Falling in these efforts, the individual turns away from reality, invents various excuses and advances reasons for not participating further."

"A complex," they read, "resulting from ideas repressed from the conscious mind shows its presence through the activity and behaviour of the individual. Its manifestations are often very subtle, the reasoning ability of the individual being used in a skilful attempt to rationalize his behaviour. For example, an overzealous reformer dominated by a complex is not inclined to interpret his activities in terms of his own repression, but too often to disguise them quite unconsciously in unquestionably lofty words . . ."

Lofty word . . . This country has unquestionably heard enough lofty words from its Prime Minister on the subject of the Flying School that the Statute of Westminster forbids. But that doesn't prove a complex. That doesn't prove anything. Mr. King's lofty words never do.

And it doesn't matter anyway. Itch or complex, this is no time to indulge it. This is a time for the Prime Minister of Canada to put away childish things and act his age. A man whose house is next a fire does not as a rule keep the fire brigade lingering outside the front door while he discusses their status under the law of property.

A man whose farm is threatened by flood does not, if he has any sense, turn away the levee-building gang with the haughty reminder that they are trespassers.

If the Prime Minister of Canada does not know that these are not safe times for parading the sovereign vanities of a 7-year-old Statute he is about the only adult west of the Ottawa River who does not.

It is evident and it has long been evident to all but this country's politicians that the peoples of the British Commonwealth are in a tight place and all in it together. It should begin to be evident, even to a politician, that the sooner we all park our petty national consciousnesses and start working together the sooner we'll all get out of the tight place and the more of such valuable as freedom, justice, mercy and peace we will each bring with us.

However, if it would make Mr. King happier, a compromise might be arranged. Canada could demand the right to establish a sovereign training school for the Canadian Navy on the Serpentine in Hyde Park.

It looks as if someone from Sault Ste. Marie had recently moved to Sudbury and was supplying outside newspapers with startling items of news.

First, there comes the story of three big bad wolves chasing a gentle deer and the deer escaping a rushing locomotive by a matter of inches, and then the train promptly and properly ran down and ran over the three wolves. Next comes a mate for such a story. The latter is to the effect that Dr. H. C. Nash, president of the Sudbury hockey club while fishing near Cutler on Monday heard a most unearthly noise. Turning around, the story says, he saw a small snake trying to swallow a large frog. The frog made strong protest against any such proposition. Indeed, it was the frog that was making the row that was so evident. Dr. Nash, so the tale proceeds, waited until the frog had fully disappeared, then he took a stick and smacked the snake on the neck. Here is the trouble: the story says that the snake was too engrossed in the frog to know that it had been severely swatted on the head. In any event, if you trust the story, the snake's head fell off, and the frog simply jumped out of its narrow quarters and soon got as far away as possible from the place where it seemed frogs stood excellent chance of being called Jonahs. The snake died, the commonon died, but the frog simply croaked.

The one hoary joke which has it that 'love' is the tenth word in a telegram has now been laid away in moth-

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STILL PURSUING THE SPY RING



United States Attorney Lamar Hardy, and his daughter, Micheline, are pictured on the S.S. Normandie as they sailed from New York for Europe. The young lady is going to Europe for a vacation, but the attorney is going to run down several "definite leads" in his inquiry into the widespread ramifications of the Nazi spy ring. Sensational new disclosures were promised. He will not visit Germany where 13 persons who are under spy indictment are said to be living.

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Re-captured After Week of Hardship

Escaped from Burwash to be Tormented in Bush.

A decade or so ago, the editor of a popular humorous magazine conceived the plan of conducting a contest by telegraph which he named "Scotchograms."

It was a game designed to test the skill of the writer in the use of euphonious words and its purpose

was to make a telegraph message convey more words to the reader than were actually written.

Tonight Walker has escaped custody. Each time he has been captured. Tonight he rested in his cell in the isolation block at Burwash Industrial Farm, a week's growth of beard on his face, bedraggled and exhausted after wandering the bush for seven days and nights with blueberries as his only source of sustenance.

He will appear in District Police Court at Sudbury to-morrow on a charge of breaking jail and escaping lawful custody.

Six miles from the limits of Burwash last evening, a man emerged from the thick bush and asked a settler where he might find the road. The stranger said he was lost. Recognizing him as a fugitive because of his blue prison garb, the settler directed him to the road that led back to the industrial farm, though Walker didn't know it. Then the settler went to the nearest telephone at the C.P.R. station and notified the prison authorities. Guards were not long in picking up the missing man.

"He offered no resistance," Superintendent Powell told The Globe and Mail. "He was pretty weak when our men reached him. He was hungry and badly bitten by flies. His clothing was torn. He was not exactly glad to be back in custody, but he appreciated a chance for food and shelter."

Shortly after 3:45 a.m. on Monday morning, July 4, Walker fled Burwash thanks to the aid of a companion, Patrick McKenzie, 20.

McKenzie cut the bars of his own cell with a hacksaw and then wedged through the bars of Walker's cell door and the bars on the window of Walker's cell. After pushing Walker through the aperture in the cell window, McKenzie found that he could not squeeze his 185 pounds through the same opening, and had to stay behind. Yesterday he was sentenced to two years in Kingston Penitentiary for asisting Walker to escape.

Last March Walker ran from a gang at Burwash, but was recaptured the same day. For this attempt two more months were added to his term of from 24 to 27 months by Judge Edmund Proulx at Sudbury.

Before coming to Burwash, Walker had fled from the Hamilton City Jail only to be recaptured. He has served about 15 months of his original sentence.

In the principal pipe band contest eleven bands competed. In addition to the Canadian National Railways Pipe Band from Montreal the competitors were: The Ford Company, Detroit, Michigan; Chrysler Corporation; The Toronto Scottish; 48th Highlanders, Toronto; The Toronto Police; two bands from the 91st Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, Hamilton, Ontario; Niagara Falls and the Windsor and Essex Scottish.

Toronto Telegram.—News is very interesting these days. When you tire of the deadlock in Spain, you can read about the padlock in Quebec.

In the drumming contest a section of Canadian National drummers consisting of Drummers Jock Smith, Charles Graham and A. Boyle were awarded second prize.

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SCOTCHOGRAMS" NO Longer Necessary, Says Official

From away back in the 1850's when a professional jokeshift hung a pair of muddy boots on a telegraph pole and pretended they had just been received by that new-fangled device called the telegraph, writers, cartoonists, radio jockeys and others have twanged the telegraph wire to produce smiles and chuckles that have contributed their bit to the colour and zest of living.

The one hoary joke which has it that 'love' is the tenth word in a telegram has now been laid away in moth-

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R.J. SCOTT

ZIKAMAMA, KNOWN AS IRON TAIL, WHOSE PROFILE HAS BEEN ON THE UNITED STATES FIVE-CENT PIECE, THE "BUFFALO NICKEL", IS TO BE SUPPLANTED WITH ONE PORTRAYING JEFFERSON ONLY FEMALES OF THE GIANT TURTLE ARE EATEN

SCOT'S SCRAP BOOK

THE GASOLINE CONSUMED IN THE UNITED STATES IN ONE YEAR WOULD FILL A ROUND LAKE FIVE MILES IN DIAMETER TO A DEPTH OF FOUR FEET

CURIOS ST. HELENA STAMP PORTRAYS KING GEORGE, WITH A RING IN HIS NOSE—CAUSED BY AN ERROR IN THE PRINTING