

## Big Annual Picnic of Taylor Hardware

North Firm Add Another to List of Picnic Successes.

(From New Lakeard Speaker)  
The fourth annual Taylor Hardware picnic has come and gone. On Monday, Civic Holiday, some three hundred employees and their families or friends were the guests of Messrs W. A. and R. S. Taylor at the latter's summer homes, Twin Lakes; since early Sunday morning they had been arriving from all directions of the compass, by rail, special bus and motor, in readiness for the big doings of Monday. A good many of the Sunday arrivals were billeted at the tender mercies of Mr. and Mrs. John Bucher, but even the good care lavished upon them at the hostelry would not hold them once the dawn of Monday had hardly lit the sky. For a good while it looked as if the traditional "Taylor Picnic" good weather luck was a bygone affair. The downpour of Monday, however, was merely a test of the picnicers' patience and faith, and a gift from above to make sure the roads would not be dusty. With their usual cordiality the hosts and their ladies were on hand to welcome and receive the droves of Taylorites as they drifted into Twin Lakes until the place looked like an anthill of moving humanity. Yes, the kazooos, balloons, fancy hats and tooters were hard at it, adding their touch of holiday spirit and it wasn't very long but the pop, chocolates, ice cream, etc., weakened under the repeated attacks and counter-attacks of the young "uns" and the "uns not so young any more."

Never was the Taylor motto, "A chain of service," better exemplified, however, than when the musical tones of the north's familiar dinner gong hailed all and sundry to revive their energies, already flagging under the strain of the morning's sports, at the pavilion. There, as in the previous years, under the unparalleled catering of the good ladies of Hillview Church, the tables were groaning, literally and figuratively, under the loads of eats; not for very long though; as the banqueters left the hall, the tables were remarkably relieved and the guests were

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

doing the groaning. Could the dear ladies of Hillview want a better tribute to their culinary talents than that chorus of groans; even if the guests did not clap their hands in approval, those same hands fondly caressing their gastric regions betokened the same expressions. In a way it's a good thing we are not able to grow more produce than we do, up north, because it also would have been on the tables. But, then, strength was needed for what the afternoon, reserved in attractions. Baseball scores are still in doubt; the umpires themselves were not quite sure of which side was which and who batted which ball; that's really a minor consideration; the fun is what counted. And the races; it's hard to say whether the running ability of the oldsters will ever improve, but one thing is certain, there's real promise in some of the youngsters. The water sports were to follow after the land sports. However, nature got kind of twisted and the water came from above instead of underneath. And did it ever pour? Dampen the guests; yes, slightly, those who did not get under cover; dampen their spirits? Not at all, that is, judging by the roars of the sing-songs in the pavilion that drowned out the roars of thunder and downpour, and the wash-out of the traditional "Taylor Picnic" good-weather luck. Nothing doing! It held out, as the sun came out more gloriously than ever as the passing clouds went their way. Boat rides, canoes, swimming races and individual displays of water-prowess made quite interesting pictures for those who were just taking things easy in the shade, renewing old acquaintances, talking anything and everything, excepting shop; that was strictly taboo.

And again it was time to strengthen the inner man. And once more the inner man responded triumphantly to the lures of the Hillview ladies' supper attraction.

As dusk was falling, the bonfire smoke curled into the evening air and the community singing filled the air a last effort of fast fading energies pleasantly spent during a glorious day filled with events, one vying in interest with the other. The winners of the contests and sports were acclaimed and received their awards. As if they were even not yet satisfied with the many kindnesses and courtesies extended Messrs W. A. Taylor and R. S. Taylor gathered the crowd into the pavilion and gave their guests the treat of a motion picture show, the films taken by Mr. W. A. Taylor during his recent trip to South America and "around the Horn." Wouldn't one think that, by that time, even the most ebullient youths would have been glad to "hit the trail" for home, some of them 150 or more miles away? Nothing doing. A lively tune on the piano, and away they went into the light fantastic until the wee hours. Another picnic gone and young and old, hosts and guests alike already speaking of next year's function.

There is indeed more to this annual affair than mere fun and frolic, meeting old and making of new friends; all this is merely the means to the end that the staffs at all branches of the firm and its subsidiary companies be made to feel that their services are appreciated and that an ever greater spirit of co-operation be created among all units and personnel of the company with its executives, all in order to fos-

## FLYING PRIEST OPENS COMMUNICATIONS



Father Schulte, German flying-priest, whose parish is 1,500,000 square miles of Arctic and sub-Arctic wasteland, took off from Toronto recently in the ABOVE airplane on a mission which will link the frozen Arctic with civilization by means of radio-telephone. The flying priest declared that by the end of August 10, wireless stations extending from Moosonee to Chesterfield inlet will be in operation. The stations will be for the use of missionaries of all denominations and have been paid for by lectures given in the United States by Father Schulte.

ter and make more true the company's motto: "A Chain of Service" in the North for its host of customers and friends.

That this aim of Messrs W. A. and R. S. Taylor and their gracious ladies was, this year, as in years previous, appreciated at its full value was well expressed by the acclaim and the cheers of their guests at the conclusion of the day of events.

It was a pleasure to see the number of friends of the firm that came and shared in this wonderful get-together; Messrs S. A. Kell and R. Flegg of The Steel Company of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, and Mrs. Flegg; Mr. G. Loeborg of Uddenholm Aktiebolag, the great Steel Works of Sweden; Mr. Frank Watson of Goodyear of Canada and Mrs. Watson; Mr. W. Smith of Canadian Johns-Manville Company and Mrs. Smith; Mr. George Tate of Gypsum, Lime & Alabastine Co.; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kearns; Mr. and Mrs. J. Mulligan and a good many others. The thanks of everyone at the picnic go also to the cottagers of Twin Lakes who so kindly placed themselves and their beats at the disposal of the crowd for trips around the lake.

## Women Share in the Progress of Aircraft Many Big Jobs Held by Women "Behind the Lines"

London, England.—What a difference this trans-Atlantic air mail is going to make in feminine affairs. Fashion drawings will no longer be weeks on the way. Samples of material can go and come in a day or so. It may soon be just as simple to shop in London as in New York and far cheaper for some woven materials and unmentionables.

As for the intriguing bits of news about people and clothes that some folks believe too trivial to cable, they'll reach the papers while they're still circulating

over teacups, though as usual the more serious matters will have the right of way.

When this new record is set and history made, women as well as men are to be congratulated. It is the men who fly the mails, pilot and navigate, but behind scenes women are doing jobs of work in the world's most modern means of transport.

In the airplane factories they fit and dope the fabric wings, weld the small parts, work at automatic lathes and inspect the nuts, bolts and small fittings.

Out at the airports women pilots have increased by almost 80 per cent. during the past six years. As passengers, women now equal men in numbers. Amy Johnson still leads the women fliers, but others have come to the fore in flying services. Mrs. F. G. Miles designs planes, Mrs. Victor Bruce runs one of the few air taxi businesses in England, Mrs. J. Wilson, who in 1929 founded the Wilson Airways in East Africa, now connected with Imperial Airways, was recently awarded the Order of the British Empire. Women's part in the flying game is no longer only one of patient waiting, although that side of flying still remains.

Mrs. Bennett, wife of Captain D. C. T. Bennett who piloted the Mercury, waited at home for news, one of a gallant multitude of brave modern pioneers. Young, pretty, dark and Swiss, she is devoted to her children, a daughter not quite two and a son, Torix Peter, born May 24, the day after his father's appointment to the Mercury had been announced.

**Surprises at Party**  
As this leaves a London typewriter to reach Canada in a few hours instead of the usual a few days, the sun is shining and there is a feeling of holiday in the air, a gay holiday with pay for the first time for many British workers. Talk is of the huge garden party at Buckingham Palace, the royal visit to France and the Queen's new wardrobe. Among club women, conver-

sation is concerned with the difficulties of organizing the women's army and of the speeches at the International Council of Women's Congress in Edinburgh. More than 10,000 loyal subjects dressed in their best attended the garden party, though overcast skies threatened finery. The King was not expected to appear but came, chatted cheerfully to his guests and did not leave until past the appointed time.

Mrs. M. E. Grant, of Victoria College, Montreal, was among those to whom he talked, asking about Canada. The Queen, who, newspapers had predicted, would wear white, appeared in black, filmy voluminous black, with rows of big pearls and a wide-brimmed hat. Among the Canadians she met was Col. J. Fraser, of Ottawa, commandant of the Bisley team, whom she congratulated on winning the Kolapore Cup.

As if in turnabout, Queen Mary wore the softest shade of pink, the two little princesses her favourite shade of grey.

Indian rajahs in their gold and silver costumes and turbans, Ranees in brilliant coloured, filmy saris, Burmese grandees with strange fur cap head-dresses, black skirts and embroidered skirts, stood out in even more than usual contrast to the umbrella-carrying Britishers with grey toppers and rain-coats.

**Colourful Costumes**  
There were the exotic women, such as one clad in trailing purple chiffon with real orchids poised on top of an elaborate blonde coiffure, or another muffled in a cloud of rainbow ostrich plumes, but the majority, including Mrs. Chamberlain, wife of the prime minister, wore sensible street costumes that could take a sudden shower and still survive.

With true British outlook, the fashion papers and fashion editors of daily papers insisted that the Queen's wardrobe for France was to be strictly tailor-made. Seamstresses in her dressmaker's workrooms sewed in delays to finish the complete new outfits necessitated by her mourning.

When the gowns appeared it was found that the fashion predictions were not accurate. Her travelling costumes had the trim lines correct for such occasions, but her evening wardrobe was chosen to be in keeping with the gorgeous backgrounds in which it was seen.

One crinoline gown of white Duchess satin with pannier draperies had a deep silver lace flounce embroidered with diamonds and paillettes. Camellias held the off-the-shoulder décolletage and were strewn over the skirt. Another picture gown was in silver Valenciennes lace mounted on tulle, with silver thread tracery was re-embroidered with silver appliques.

**Heading Women's Army**  
In contrast to such festivity, the women's army in England is being efficiently organized, not without disturbances behind scenes, however. Whitehall officials are having their own troubles over who is to be on the Command. There are women's units which have never completely disbanded since the last war, and members who have kept up activities year after year feel that these should be entitled to some authority in the new outfit.

Titled women who have held honorary posts for a considerable length of time do not want to be pushed aside by efficient business women. Women who have paid highly for well-tailored uniforms worn in the present organizations do not want to discard them. There will be a women's army soon—but a war in the women's army in the meantime.

**Canadian Speaks**  
Miss Mary Craig McGeachy, of Ottawa, and of the League of Nations Secretariat, was one of the principal speakers at the opening session of the International Council of Women Congress and talked of the maintenance of understanding and co-operation between nations. The president, Baroness Pol Boel, of Belgium, spoke at length on resisting attacks on women's hard-won advance.

"In the course of these last years," she said, "there has been a tendency nearly everywhere to try to take from us results already achieved. We need to redouble our watchfulness, be ready to defend what we have achieved, consolidate our gains and plan for new victories."

## Police Guard Rich Gold en Route to Laboratory

The following paragraph of local interest is from last Thursday's issue of The Halleyburian:—"When the Preston East Dome Mine, operating in the Porcupine district, sent a shipment of high-grade ore recently to the Temiskaming Testing Laboratory at Cobalt, the services of two policemen were enlisted as a guard. They made the trip down on the same truck as the rich ore consignment and there was no interruption to its progress towards the laboratory. The shipment consisted of 8,600 pounds, and one authority reports that it was found to have a value of \$5 per pound, or roughly, a total value of \$43,000."

**Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway**  
**NOTICE**  
Change of time will be made, Sunday, August 14th, 1938, affecting passenger service, Nipissing Central Railway. For particulars apply to Ticket Agent.  
A. J. FARR,  
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**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE**  
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He joined the Company four years ago as District Manager at Sherbrooke, P.Q., where his record of service to policyholders and counsel to prospective insurers made him one of the most efficient managers in the Company's sales organization.

Mr. COLLIN B. MOONEY, manager of the Kirkland Lake Agency since January 1935, has been promoted to a more responsible position at the Branch Office of the Company at Vancouver, B.C.

**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**  
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO CANADA  
T. BRADSHAW, President  
D. E. KILGOUR, General Manager

## Describes Going on Leave and Returning

How the Soldiers and Others Viewed the Matter  
(From Grab Samples in The Northern Miner)  
This is the week of the Canadian Corps Reunion in Toronto. For thousands of ex-soldiers the occasion will be equivalent to going on leave in France. The term, "going on leave" is a rather curious one but it has a real significance for those who have, in wartime, enjoyed the experience.

When a Canadian soldier went to France and joined his permanent unit his name was entered on the nominal roll on the date of his attachment. If he came in a draft outfit his name was entered in alphabetical order, so that a man named Adams got a real break over one named Zulich. The difference might eventually mean life or death to him.

As the months rolled on, as men were killed or evacuated with wounds or sickness, the newcomer's name gradually worked its way to the top of the list and finally, some bright day, he was notified by his company clerk that he was due to depart. Nobody, of course, ever refused the privilege of escaping from front line duty for two weeks. In fact, for months before the day the orderly room would be questioned as to the man's status on the leave roster. As the fateful day approached, there was great uneasiness and suspense, as naturally a man continued to do his tours of duty in the line and exposed himself to death or wounds. Many a time a man was killed or knocked out just when he was due to depart whole and healthy.

Leave was rather unpredictable. Warrants came from brigade headquarters spasmodically sometimes in singles, sometimes in groups. It was up to the battalion office to keep the list straight and to notify the lucky men whose numbers had come up. When that happy day arrived the soldier got his warrant, ten francs from the paymaster, a new outfit of clothes and shoes, a draft on London for twenty pounds sterling. Rapidly the trooper collected his dues and took his departure, walking or hitch-hiking out to rail head where he joined a steadily swelling stream of men headed for "Blighty."

No civilian can ever realize what leave meant to the front line soldier. No prisoner ever escaped from jail with the same degree of relief. Riding down to the coast, gradually retiring from the grumble of the guns and crumps of the shells a man felt that he was reborn. That chronic anxiety which rode him constantly in the line was dissipated. A feeling of confidence returned as the miles separated him from the ever-present menace of the plunging projectiles. His taut nerves relaxed. Two weeks to go and no holds barred!

What men did when on leave depended on the individuals. Arrived in London they paraded to the central pay office and collected their twenty pounds. Thereafter they were free to do whatever they liked. Nobody interfered with a man on leave unless he did something outrageous. Usually the troops headed for the nearest tavern and took on a cargo of gods forbidden to them in France where they could

only get poor beer and indifferent wine and where they never had enough money to buy much of either. Everything a Canadian ordered on leave was "double." Barmaids, spotting the Maple Leaf badge, automatically tipped the measure twice. Conviviality reigned where the leave men foregathered, especially on the first few precious days when a man's head was in the clouds.

Some men went on Paris leave, which involved a slightly different technique. When the warrant came a man secured a new outfit and ten francs but no draft. He took his paybook, and, arriving in Paris by whatever means he could devise, he was met by a headquarters guide who took him to a French naval barracks in the city where he was paraded before the paymaster and a medical officer. He got a lecture and the equivalent of \$14 in francs. This amount was assumed to be sufficient to keep him in funds or two days, when he had to return and repeat the performance. The idea was that no soldier could be trusted in Paris with his entire leave money and he was obliged to return periodically to collect more funds from the paymaster. It probably was a good notion, based on the experience of the paymaster with troops previously. In any event, it was not uncommon to see a trooper arrive at the barracks in a taxi without even the fare to pay the infuriated Frenchman. The French marines were frequently called upon to settle disputes and to hold the driver until the soldier got his pay.

On \$7 a day a man could have a whale of a time in Paris, where prices until the very end of the war were reasonable. In fact, it was a hard job to spend that amount unless one went in for buying souvenirs. Meals ran to two francs or so and wine and beer were cheap; nothing else in the drink line was legal for British soldiers, although some of the cafe people solved the difficulty by selling whiskey from a teapot. A good room could be had for a dollar a day and could be shared by as many people as could find accommodation. Above all the French hotelkeeper refrained from asking questions or supervising the conduct of men "en permission." To the Parisian a man on leave was a sort of sacred being whose doings were nobody's business but his own.

There was always the return from leave. This was a most dismal experience. Usually a man was broke, off his feet, sleepy, tired and discouraged. He hated the very idea of returning to the line. He dawdled, as he was allowed a certain number of days of grace for travelling. He finally wound up in his own area, got in touch with his unit and joined. Leave was over, maybe for a year, maybe forever.

North Bay Nugget.—Some country this! Elk imported to Burwash district and transferred to Sudbury district are becoming an over-production problem. And some person suggested restocking our northern forests with jack rabbits!

Sherbrooke Record.—Hon. T. A. Crerar, Minister of Resources, estimates the gross income from Canada's tourist industry last year at \$300,000,000. Certainly it is one of the Dominion's most profitable industries. The Eastern Townships should be getting a bigger share of this trade. We have the goods but we apparently lack, or neglect, the necessary sales talk.

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