

If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

Probably one of the best screen presentations of the year was shown at the Cartier theatre recently, when they brought the new film, "Gunga Din," to Timmins. This exciting picture is based on a poem by Rudyard Kipling, and the film version was worthy of the great author. During its showing in town, the theatre was crowded each day.

Before the actual film, a note flashed on the screen, "Based on the Poem by Rudyard Kipling," and the remarks that followed were both interesting and disappointing. It was a great disappointment to hear several people asking their neighbours, who Rudyard Kipling was, or "Is he a new writer?" For that reason this column to-day is written in honour of one of England's greatest men, and most famous authors—Rudyard Kipling—and to the memory of a man who wrote poems which will live long after the present generation is forgotten.

Gunga Din

(By Rudyard Kipling)

You may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out here,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloom'n' boots of 'im that's got it.

Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' o' Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them blackaced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental blitzi, Gunga Din.
He was "Din! Din! Din!"
"You limpin' lump o' brick-dust,
Gunga Din!"
"Hi! slippery hitherao!
"Water, get it! Panee lao!
"You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf 'e that be'ind,
For a piece of twisty rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment he could find.

When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloom-
in' eyebrows crawl,
We shouted "Harry By!"
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't
serve us all.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
"You 'eathen, where the mischier
'ave you been?"
"You put some juldee in it
Or I'll marrow you this minute
"If you don't fill up me helmet,
Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done;
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o'
'e fear.

If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloom'n' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank
'e rear.

With 'is mussick on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made
"Retire"

An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded
under fire!

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on
the green
When the cartridges ran out,
You could hear the front-ranks
shout,
"Hi! ammunitiun-mules, and Gunga
Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate
should 'a' been.

I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spled me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin'
Gunga Din.

'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' he plugged me when I bled,
An' 'e giv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-
green:

It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefullest to one from Gunga Din.
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
"Ere's a beggar with a bullet
through 'is spleen;
'E's chawin' up the ground,
'An' 'e's kickin' all around:
"For Gawd's saks git the water,
Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet came an' drilled the beggar
clean.

'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died,
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez
Gunga Din.

So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no
canteen;

'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga
Din!

Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarusian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you and flaged
you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man that I am, Gunga
Din!

Toronto Telegram—Even in a land of
milk and honey, we bet some men would
suk because the cows had to be milked.
Guelpi Mercury—From now on
there's no sense acceptin' maps unless
they're sold like coffee—dated.

Strive for Safety During Royal Tour

Figures Show Many Will Not See King and Queen if Others are Careless.

Toronto, April 19.—Officials of the Ontario department of highways were concentrating all their efforts today to drastic reduction in traffic deaths and accidents during the next two months.

Their work was inspired by the recent appeal of Highways Minister Hon. T. B. McQueen for a province-wide decline in highway fatalities and injuries during May and June as a tribute to King George and Queen Elizabeth while they are visiting Canada.

Statistics of the accident recording division of the highways department revealed that unless every motor vehicle operator and every pedestrian in Ontario joined in the current accident prevention plan, some 2,000 people might be prevented from seeing Their Majesties and taking part in the celebration connected with the Royal tour.

Records showed that an average of 100 persons lost their lives each year during this period, and 1,900 others were injured—many of them incapacitated for lengthy periods. The majority of these accidents, it was pointed out, were classed as "preventable" and could be avoided in 1939 by the elimination of three fundamental but easily corrected causes—momentary inattention, excessive speed and impatience.

The department of highways was also planning for safer driving during the visit of the King and Queen on another safety front. Department officials were holding conferences with highway traffic engineers and traffic experts of the provincial police department.

The purpose of these conferences, it was explained, was to map out a series of routes by which motorists would be able to drive in greater safety and comfort to the larger Ontario centres where Their Majesties will visit.

Every attempt was made an official stated, to see that all main and secondary roads would be utilized in the most efficient manner. It is hoped the plan will succeed in disseminating the flow of traffic as much as possible and prevent congestion and delay.

Strong public support of this step to reduce the highway accident toll during the visit of Their Majesties to Ontario is anticipated by officials of the department of highways. They said the "Royal tour routes" now being drafted would be released in various parts of the province a few weeks prior to the arrival of the King and Queen at those points.

Ukelele Bill and His Hill Billies

He Gives His Own Rhyming Version of it.

Friday and Saturday of this week, in addition to the double bill, Joe E. Brown in "Fit For a King," and "Here's Flash Casey," there will be the entertaining feature of Ukelele Bill and His Hill Billies, at the Cartier Theatre. To tell all about it, Ukelele Bill gives the following account of himself and his Hill Billies (five in the group):

"The Hill Billie in De Nort' Country"

If you wan' to have some too much fun,
In de country nort' when work is done,
Jes' follow me awhile ma fren'
An' I show you how, and where, an'
'w'en.

Dere's one gran' man, Bill Ukelele,
An' his ban' you call de Hill Billies,
Dey's one fine bunch of muscbe boys;
An' play good—no; jes' make de noise.

De firs' time I pass on dere ball
Was in de spring at Wawbe Ball,
Dey dance from nine to two nex' day
Mon Dieu; but dese boys make de play.

Dis Bill get out in centre floor,
Say, "Couple two, and two encore."
"To some of you, dis call she's new,
But nevair min', I put you tru.

An' den he pick de big banjo,
"Firs' couple lead, de nex' also."
An' now, "All promenade de hall"—
Mon Dieu: Dat man sure make de call.

Nice Big Boy play fiddle—bass;
All time jes' pound her on de face,
He got what you call lots of 'Pep'
An' all a time keep you in step.

"Nex' couple up and into de middle,
An' shake your feet to de tune on de
fiddle,
Dot boy too, he's got de stuff,
Lak' radio pass on Rubinoff.

Nodder fellow, guitar he's play,
Radio pick him up for sure some day,
An' when dey all turn on de heat,
Dose Hill Billies she's hard to beat.

Togedder all dey make de song
Jes' to help good time along,
Bill give a call bout 'Mrs. Finnigan,
Seat your gal—dey start to sing agin.

Dey play for dance—play for square,
In citee, countree—anywhere;
Wawbe, Heaslip, an' Ville Marie,
Liskeard, North Bya, Temagami.

You got de boy, He's take a wife;
Dey play for wedding bet your life
Dose Hill Billies mak' good time swell.
I tink dey play for my funeral.

So come wit' me good fren' of mine,
Hear musick de swell gran' time
I tell you dey're good, but don't ask me,
Pass on dere dance sometime, and see.

CALIFORNIA WELCOMES DANISH ROYALTY



Crown Prince Frederik of Denmark is shown as he and Princess Ingrid arrived in Los Angeles for a visit to California. At a time when any ship's captain may well enter a foreign harbor with suspicion, the red, white-crossed banners of Denmark aroused cheers.

Verses for Showers for Spring Brides

Rhymes Even for Teapots and Flatirons.

(By Percy Ghent)

Oh, the surest sign of springtime,
Apart from bird or flower,
Is when a girl demands a rhyme
For some pre-nuptial shower.

To see a couple of dish-mops sud-
denly yanked from a paper bag with
the demand that a "poem" be writ-
ten about them, is a discouraging ex-
perience for any poet, even when the
demand comes from a pretty girl. And
the spring is such a busy time for
poets, too, when robins sing cheerily
on the lawns where golden crocuses
are mutely pleading for a sonnet.
Nevertheless, the call of the dish-mop
cannot be ignored when an earnest
maiden explains that there is to be a
kitchen shower for Rosemary to-mor-
row night, and every offering must be
graced with a verse. So, to the ac-
companiment of groans and honest
sweat, we brought forth this:

Accept these homely diths:
With all my happy wishes,
I want to make it easy
When hubby does the dishes.
And a smiling girl said: "Thanks a
lot."

Teapot Verses

Let no one imagine, because of this
playful introduction, that pre-nuptial
showers are frivolous affairs. Be they
kitchen, linen, china or miscellaneous,
showers are occasions of the utmost
solemnity . . . from the poet's point of
view. He may be deep in meditation
about the pale and mystic moon; per-
haps, perhaps, as to whether she
ought to be described in immortal verse
as a golden orb or silver sphere . . .
when along toddles a maiden with a
teapot. An empty teapot, alas! For
the lady has not brought inspiration
liquid as the moonlight to speed the
quest for beauty. She merely wants a
verse to cheer the bride-to-be, and ex-
pects it to flow forth as easily as tea
from the spout. From lofty dreams of
the April moon, then, we flop to this:
There's always a catch in a gift.

When it comes from little Me,
So keep this friendly teapot
. . . I'll be droppin' in for tea.

And a Flat Iron

How the stout heart of Shelley or
Chaucer would have quailed at the
request for a lulling lyric about a cup
and saucer! Yet an obscure rhyme-
ster in whose soul flickers no spark of
genius, must meet such an emergency
unflinchingly. No wonder the blush of
shame suffuses his cheek when, after
agonizing effort, he can produce noth-
ing better than:

Cups and saucers are handy things,
As handy as saucers and cups . . .
And here's the wish my offering brings
. . . Life, gay as a basket of pups.

Has the long-suffering bard strum-
med the saddest note of his lyre? He
has not. Fain would he sing of daffo-
dis . . . but a plea that will not be
denied arrives for a daffy rhyme about
a flat-iron. It is useless to protest
that a flat-iron is much too heavy for
light verse. "Make it funny," the girl
commands. And that expression of
utter hopelessness on our countenance
fails to melt her heart. So here goes:
Bright be the pathway and smooth
On the Wedding March you're going,
And use this iron to keep things smooth
. . . It must never be used for throw-
ing.

Cheese Dish Poesy

Life brings some queer demands for
most of us to meet, and the valiant
heart should be prepared for anything
. . . in reason. But what would your
reaction be if asked to write something
"sweet and sentimental" about a cheese
dish? Exactly. But we really couldn't
think of sending any girl to such a
place. Instead, in a desolation of sighs
and tears, this sugary rhyme was born:
"Apple pie without cheese
Is like a kiss without a squeeze"
So, with this handy little dish
There goes the heartiest kind of wish
That life's gift of married bliss
Be perfect made by Fortune's kiss.

We are happy to report that the
bride-to-be, though badly shaken up
after reading it, recovered in time for
the wedding. Condition of the poet is



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Right Flag to Fly During the Royal Visit to Canada

(Winchester Press)

Considerable interest is being shown by various cities and towns that the King and Queen will visit in May, in what flags are to be flown in honour of the occasion.

The Royal Standard may be hoisted only when the King or Queen are actually in a building and never when Their Majesties are passing in a procession. The present form of standard has been in use since the accession of Queen Victoria.

It bears the arms of England, three lions couchant, in the first and fourth quarters; the arms of Scotland, a single lion rampant, in the second; and the harp of Wales in the third.

It is understood that the usual custom is for an officer of the royal staff to have the standard and deliver it to the proper person with instructions for its use. It must be returned to the officer as soon as it is hauled down.

The Union Jack is the proper flag to be flown during the royal visit. The red ensign is a mercantile marine flag, the blue ensign is for Canadian government ships, and the white ensign is for the use of the navy.

Canada Ranks High in Its Production of Minerals

From a relatively minor position only 25 years ago, says an article in the Canadian National Magazine, Canadian mine production and export of mine products have risen to the place where Canada now ranks as one of the principal sources of supply for many of important minerals. Three provinces, Ontario, British Columbia and Quebec, contribute 80 per cent. of the total, or 90 per cent. of the metal production. Two provinces, Nova Scotia and Alberta are responsible for 75 per cent. of the fuel production. Seventy-five per cent. of the non-metallic production other than fuel is from Ontario and Quebec.

Last year's metal production in Canada, the article goes on, included more than 265,000 tons of copper, 205,000 tons of lead, 185,000 tons of zinc, 112,000 tons of nickel, 4,000,000 ounces of gold, and 22,000,000 ounces of silver. Among the non-metallic items were 15,775,000 tons of coal, 410,000 tons of asbestos, 1,000,000 tons of gypsum, almost 400,000 tons of common salt, and 3,000,000 barrels of petroleum.

STIRRING UP TROUBLE IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES NOW

The Times, London—One solitary gain from this miserable business has been that the methods of Nazism have now been more clearly than ever before revealed in all their cunning and ruthlessness. Agents within the State which is marked down for subjugation are secured from among the German minorities which are to be found in every European country, and are used to exacerbate local grievances, to stir up trouble for the Government, and above all to make careful note among public men of those who are deemed favourable or unfavourable to the Ger-

man cause. Every sort of promise is made to the former, and every sort of intimidation held over the heads of the latter. Assurances of a general, and sometimes of a more precise, nature are given to the doomed government so long as it appears advisable to keep it quiet, only to be put clean out of mind when the propitious moment for action is considered to have arrived. Then comes the military sweep, carried out with precision and restraint by the German Army, but followed invariably by the nefarious Gestapo.

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