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H. L. CAMPBELL who has just been appointed as manager of the Kirkland Lake branch of the Canada Life Assurance Company. Mr. Campbell has been one of the company's representatives over the past ten years. He replaces H. W. Hare who is now a member of the Canadian Active Service Force.

Head of Canadian Navy Sees Forces Making Expansion

Good Work Done by Canadian Navy, Now Largely Increased in Both Ships and Men.

Ottawa, May 29th—While so much that is spectacular attaches to the other forces, the growth and extension of the Royal Canadian Navy tend to be somewhat overlooked. In true "silent service" tradition the Royal Canadian Navy says little about itself. One hears from time to time in an obscure way of ships building and about to be built, but little of the day to day routine of the convoy service carried on under all kinds of adverse conditions. The Navy, however, has been truly on active service since the outbreak of war. It has grown in importance and strength. Soon a formidable fleet of over 220 vessels will be incorporated in the command of Rear Admiral P. W. Nelles, R.C.N., the Senior Naval Officer.

These vessels and shore establishments will be manned by 6,000 to 7,000 all ranks of the Royal Canadian Navy. The main strength of the fleet will be incorporated in seven destroyers, including the flotilla leader, as it is today, but the existing 75 auxiliary vessels will be increased by 64 patrol vessels and 80 mine-sweepers now under construction. Besides the work of convoy, there are, and there will need to be, more vessels engaged in anti-submarine work, mine-sweeping, patrolling and examination.

All these forces respond to the direction of Rear Admiral Percy Walker Nelles, R.C.N., a Canadian officer of wide experience. He joined the Royal Canadian Navy as a cadet in 16, in 1908, although as the son of the late Brigadier-General Charles M. Nelles, he might have been expected to favor the land forces. Lakefield and Trinity College school, Port Hope, did not change his youthful choice. With the Great War came active service in the ships of the Royal Canadian Navy afloat for almost three years.

Successively Senior Naval Officer at Halifax and Senior Naval Officer at Esquimaux after the war, his progress was topped in 1926 when he was appointed to the highest position in the Canadian Naval Service as Director and Chief of the Naval Staff.

The Church, the Army and the Navy are represented in three generations of Admiral Nelles' family. His grandfather was the Rev. S. S. Nelles, D.D., a distinguished educator who, at the age of 27, became chancellor of Victoria University, then located at Cobourg, Ont. This institution later was affiliated with the University of Toronto.

The Admiral's father was Brigadier-General C. M. Nelles, C.M.G., who commanded the Royal Canadian Dragoons in France during the first World War.

The Chief of Naval Staff has been one of the busiest men in Canada since the war crisis began to take shape. The story of the current naval expansion has never been fully told and cannot, for obvious reasons, be revealed, yet it is a brilliant story of fulfillment of thoughtful planning and careful administration. Small though the R.C.N. was at the beginning of the war, it has proved itself to be a trained nucleus capable, without conflict, confusion or waste, of immediate expansion along its pre-arranged course.

Hamilton Spectator—Local man has a pullet with a consistently good record which surpassed itself on Friday when it laid an egg weighing four ounces, with three yolks. Here is a shell-worker that toils contentedly just for chicken feed.

HOLD-UP MAN GIVEN FOUR YEARS AT CADILLAC, QUE.

Cadillac, May 29—Romeo Pelletier, alias Mickey Banner, who was arrested here last week after he attempted to hold up the local branch of the Canadian National Bank, was sentenced at Amos to four years in St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary.

Too Accommodating

A special preacher, about to ascend the pulpit in a country church, was asked if he would like any particular hymn to be sung in keeping with his sermon.

"No, no," was the reply. "As a matter of fact, I seldom know what I'm going to say until I arrive in the pulpit."

"Oh, well, in that case," said the vicar, "we had better have one of the hymns 'for those at sea.'"—Nothing Serious.

Carter still in the lead.

Hotz, the Polish driver, was forced out of the race with piston trouble. At the end of the fourth lap, Hoffman, in a terrific burst of speed, passed Imredy directly opposite the grandstand. For a second the cars wheels seemed interlocked. Then Hoffman nosed ahead. The crowd breathed again.

At the end of the fifth lap Lebrun tore down the straight to the grandstand in a cloud of smoke. He shot off the track into the pits, to resign with cylinder trouble.

Carter, Mancini, Hoffman and Imredy were still in the lead, in that order. Knickerbocker, the American, grimly trailed them.

At the end of the sixth lap the order was still the same. Carter had slightly increased his lead.

Simpson, the Canadian driver, fell out with engine trouble.

At the end of the seventh lap the order was still the same.

It was obviously going to be a fight between the Englishman, the Italian and the German. The crowd sat back to watch it.

Dorothy felt that she could sit still no longer. She was at the end of a row. The others were intent on the race. She left the grandstand and made her way to the pits.

Reddy stood amid a welter of petrol tins and spare parts. He had a flag in his hand, and a number of others at his feet. He was signalling to Carter, as the cars tore past, what the position was.

(To be continued)

The Professor Forgets Skulls

"102 miles an hour — average of ninety-three!" Professor Ellington crouched shut his stop-watch. His black moustache bristled, and the light of battle was in his eye. A sun helmet was pushed back on his head. As usual, the cuffs of his shirt had shot beyond his sleeves and half hid his hands. He put away the stop-watch and mopped his heated brow.

The shattering roar of the big racing machine receded in the distance. It stopped, and then began to grow louder. "Travelling in low gear, it drew alongside. Frank Carter lifted his goggles and grinned out of the low-slung bucket seat.

"How did she do?" "Splendid, my boy!" exclaimed the professor. "Magnificent!" He turned to the pretty woman at his side. "En, Christine?"

"Marvelous, Frank!" said the future Mrs. Ellington. She smiled on her nephew. "I've never seen you drive so well."

"Thanks, Christine," Frank answered a little absently. It was early morning. They were on the circuit over which the Grand Prix would be held. No other cars were about. The other drivers practised later in the day.

Frank knew he was driving well. Reddy, his little mechanic, had the "bus tuned to a hair." Frank and he had worked over it night and day since it was taken off the ship. Frank was proud of the job they had done. The car was giving of its splendid best, and no driver worth his salt would have failed to respond in kind.

But there was another reason for his good form and he knew it. He had thrown himself into the task with more fervour than he had ever given to any job before, with one single object—to forget his "obsession," as he called it, about Dorothy Ellington.

And he had not succeeded. He had scarcely seen Dorothy since they had left the ship. Nearly all his time had been spent with Reddy and the car. But they were all staying at the same hotel, so that he could not avoid meeting her occasionally.

And things were going badly. It was bad enough, Frank told himself bitterly, to be hopelessly in love with a girl who was engaged to another man. It was ten times worse when that other man was spending the larger part of his time with another girl, and there was nothing he could do about it.

For he had decided that Dorothy's cool reception of Rupert's obvious interest in Florence Shaw was only a pose. The girl was Lucifer-proud. Of course she would not admit that she was hurt. But in her own way she did not love Rupert. He was convinced of it. And the cad was wounding her.

Only that morning he had seen her—and she had been looking white and miserable.

He had come to a decision. He would have a word with the pair of them—Florence and Rupert. Florence's behaviour astonished him. He had not thought her that sort of girl. An explanation was obviously required.

But first he would have a talk with Christine.

He seized the first opportunity, when they were back in town, to draw her aside.

"Christine," he said, "if you think you can drag yourself away from your professor for half-an-hour, I'd like to talk to you."

"But he's making her utterly miserable! I can't stand by and watch—" "Are you sure that Dorothy cares?" "Oh, that's only a pose," said Frank. "Of course she won't admit it, after impressing everyone that she hates emotion of any sort. But he's hurting her—"

"Rubbish!" said Christine briskly. "It isn't rubbish! Can't you see how worried and distressed she's looking? What I can't understand," said Frank, "is how Florence, who I'd thought was a thoroughly decent kid, could—"

"Poor Florence!" Christine sighed. "She's succeeded in her aim—and now she's sorry."

"What aim?" "I can tell you the whole story," said Christine. "I haven't been going about with my eyes shut these last few days. She decided that Rupert needed to be cured of being such a frightful prig. You will have noticed that Rupert has become almost human—"

"At Dorothy's expense," said Frank grimly. "Go on, Christine."

"No," said Christine. "I won't. If you're as blind as that, it's hopeless. Do you think Dorothy is worried about Rupert?"

"Certainly she is!" "You'll learn," said Christine. "And more than that he could not get out of her."

Christine outlined the position to her professor that evening.

"Dorothy is in love with Frank. She won't admit it, because she rebuffed him once, and she thinks that he has now fallen in love with Florence, and that she doesn't mean anything to him any longer. Frank won't speak because he thinks Dorothy is still in love with Rupert."

Professor Ellington cleared his throat.

"Rupert," he said, "has changed remarkably in the last few days. I find it difficult to get him to talk about his discoveries in the Drakensberg mountains. Before, he could talk of nothing else. He seems to be more human than I have ever known him. Yet he does not appear altogether happy."

Christine laughed. "He's utterly miserable—because he happens to be in love, and that's a new sensation for him. Oh, I know he was—and still is—engaged to Dorothy. But you must see now that they never really loved each other. Otherwise they'd never have allowed themselves to be separated for two years. The trouble is, that Rupert has fallen in love with another girl—Florence—and because he thinks Dorothy is still in love with him he's too chivalrous to break off the engagement."

"Florence" continued Christine, "is, I am pretty sure, in love with Rupert, strange as it may seem. First she turned him into a human being, and then she fell in love with her creation—as is often the way. But she imagines that Rupert is too intellectual to fall for a girl in a revue company. Whereas, of course, a girl in a revue company, especially a splendid, vivacious girl like Florence, is just what Rupert needed to snap him out of it!"

"Isn't there anything we can do?" asked Ellington doubtfully.

Christine shook her head decisively. "No. They'll have to work out a solution for themselves. Our interfering would probably only make matters worse."

Overture to Speed

A big blue "bus," she had a Union Jack painted prominently on her bulbous rear.

The professor glanced at his watch. "Time we were getting along, Frank. Show them how it's done!" Christine reached up and kissed her nephew.

"Look after yourself, Frank!" Frank found himself looking into the eyes of Dorothy Ellington. She held out a slim hand.

"Good luck, Frank!" "Thanks, Dorothy," he said gravely. The others had started to leave the pits.

He felt her hand in his, warm and intimate. Suddenly it tightened impulsively.

"You will be careful, won't you?" she whispered.

Then she was gone. Frank gazed after her. "Hurry, gov'nor," said Reddy agitatedly. "Time we were moving!" Frank came back with a start to realities.

The cars lined up. From the grandstand, the drivers were indistinguishable from one another in their crash helmets and goggles. Only the colours and numbers of the cars told which was which.

Hoffman, the German ace, was driving a green car with a snarling front and a long, torpedo-shaped body. Imredy, of Hungary, was at the wheel of a glossy black machine. Lebrun of France was the only man not wearing a helmet. Disdaining that clumsy protection, he flaunted a red beret, and waved to friends in the crowd.

A tense silence fell on the great multitude. It was broken a second later by a spontaneous yell of excitement. The flag dropped. To the terrific howling and barking of engines, the field roared off.

Mancini, the Italian, shot out of the rack. But another car leaped in front of him even while he was going through his gears—a blue car, with a Union Jack on the back.

Frank had scored an initial triumph by reaching the corner first.

A second later, the whole field had rounded the corner and were temporarily out of sight of the grandstand spectators.

But the burst and roar of the engines was still deafening.

Dorothy Behaves Strangely

The professor sank back into his seat. He mopped his brow.

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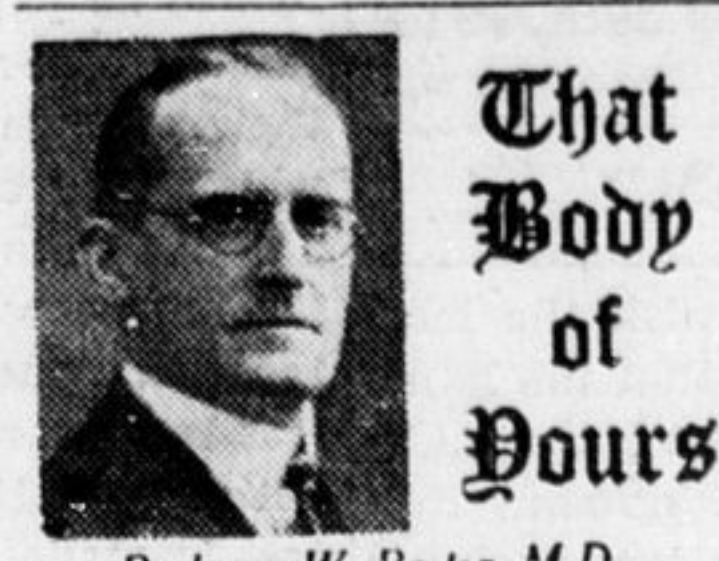
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Dr. James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Yours

X-Ray Treatment of Severe Goitre Successful in Most Cases

I have spoken before of a physician who had exophthalmic goitre—the severe type of goitre, with bulging eyes, very rapid heart and extreme nervousness, who, three weeks after having the goitre removed by operation, walked a number of blocks to my office, sat down for two or three minutes and then had me take his pulse.

It was just 72, whereas before operation it was usually from 110 to 130.

It is these very quick results that cause physicians to recommend operation for the severe type of goitre. Of course, there is the expense of the surgeon, the anaesthetist, and hospital stay, aside from the danger of any operation, small or large.

However when operation is considered unsafe or the patient is unwilling to undergo it, the other forms of treatment—prolonged rest with iodine, X-rays, and radium—are available, but the time necessary to attain results may be so long that from the standpoint of expense at least operation often costs less, as the patient is back at his work a few weeks after operation.

When the symptoms are not too severe or when the patient wishes to carry on his regular employment, the X-ray treatment has some advantages.

Dr. O. Raagaard, Copenhagen, reports his results in the treatment of exophthalmic goitre by X-ray in a series of sixty-eight cases (thirty-six mild cases, twenty-six moderately grave, six grave) in which the X-ray treatment was given from 1922 to 1933 and which were observed for from three to eleven and a half years after treatment ended. The after-examination showed recovery in 70 per cent and almost complete recovery in 7 1/2 per cent and no change in 15 1/2 per cent. The goitre completely disappeared in 64 per cent and partly disappeared in 14 per cent, or 78 per cent, whole or in part.

The time required to bring about these cures or partial cures was usually from one to two years; the average length of time during which treatments were given for all the cases was about one year. The average number of treatments given was about seven.

No patient was rejected as unfit for roentgen (X-ray) treatment. These figures should prove of interest.

est and of help to a large number who are up and about and wish to carry on their daily employment whilst having the goitre removed.

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