

A Classic Modernized

(Author of This Unknown)

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Kiserhof Hotel. Hitler and Himmler, the Gestapo Chief, were paving the road to hell. Back of the bar with his medals on, was Goering that hunk of cheese. While poor old Hess in an awful mess, was searching himself for fleas. When out of the air raid shelter below, and into the din and the blare. There stumbled a little rabbit-toothed man, named Goebels, with greasy black hair.

He looked like a man with a foot in the grave, and he certainly looked like a louse.

As he Heiled, old Adolph several times, and started to lie to the house.

Herr Ribbentrop collared him right away, and asked him, "Vat is der news?"

"Der Britons iss starving," Goebels replied, "and der Yankees quake in dere shoes."

Then Hitler spoke up, "Is dat the truth?" and Goebels replied with a grin.

"You know darn well how we fool the troops, it doesn't mean a thing." Then all of a sudden the lights went out, and outside was heard a roar. The lights went on and who do you think was standing at the door? It was Benny the Duce, the Dago's pride, and stupid as a mule. While clutching his hand was his son-in-law, Clano the simpering fool.

Benny turned round, and his eyes grew dim, and then he started to cry. "Oh, Adolph, ain't the British beat—if not, oh why, oh why? You promised me over three months ago, you'd be in Britain by now. But you've let me down and my poor darn troops are getting short of chow.

Their water is low, and the British Fleet, you promised to annihilate. Are keeping supplies from my Libyan troops, act now or 'twill be too late."

Hitler looked sheepish and hung his head then stammered and started to swear.

"The blame's on Goering, that hunk of cheese. He promised to clear the air."

Then Goering stumbled across the room with clank that all could hear. He looked at Hitler and Mussey the Duce, and his face went green with fear.

"Herr Ribbentrop told me," he spluttered out, "the British were awful crummy.

But the way they chase my bombers away, it isn't even funny; Der R. A. F. my number's got. It's a thing I can't deny. We'd make a hit if our navy were fit, and would only just stand by." But Raeder turned, and his cheeks they burned, and he spoke and his voice was grim:

"Der British Fleet won't let me out, and I can't ask my men to swim; I've destroyed a lot of refugees, and scuttled a ship or two. I've done as much as Von Tirpitz did, vat more do you want me to do?"

The bickering suddenly died away, then it burst like a pent-up flood, And Hitler screamed, "Mein Gott, we're beat," and his lips were flecked with blood.

He stumbled and staggered across the room, then fell in a heap on the floor.

As a string of bombs from the R. A. F. burst just outside the door. Those are the simple facts of the case—and strictly between you and I. To conquer the world, you've the British to beat, so you needn't even try

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE ENGLISH AFTER ALL

I've been meditating lately that, when everything is told, There's something in the English after all; They may be too bent on conquest and too eager after gold. But there's something in the English after all; Though their sins and faults are many, and I won't exhaust my breath By endeavoring to tell you of them all, Yet they have a sense of duty, and they'll face it to the death. So there's something in the English after all.

If wounded by a savage foe and bugles sound "Retire," There's something in the English after all; You may bet your life they'll carry you beyond the zone of fire. For there's something in the English after all; Yes, although their guns be empty, and their blood be ebbing fast, And to stay by wounded comrades be to fall, Yet they'll set their teeth like bulldogs, and protect you to the last, Or they'll die—like English soldiers—after all.

When the seas demand their tribute, and a British ship goes down, There's something in the English after all; There's no rush for safety, where the weak are left to drown. For there's something in the English after all; For the women and the children are the first to leave the wreck, With crew in hand, as steady as a wall, And the Captain is the last to stand upon the sinking deck, So there's something in the English after all.

Though the half of Europe hates them, and would joy in their decline, Yet there's something in the English after all; They may scorn the scanty number of the thin red British line, Yet they fear its lean battalions after all; For they know that, from the Colonel to the drummer in the band, There is not a single soldier in them all, But would go to blind destruction, were their country to command, And call it simply "duty"—after all.

—Bertrand Shadwell
—This was written in 1898. Now the numbers are no longer scanty—B.S.
(From the British war relief edition of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette)

LETTER FROM A COCKNEY

No it ain't all beer an' skittles over here in London Town, And it ain't so very funny when the bombs are falling down, But in spite of all the wreckage, lads, we often have to laugh: We've a native sense o' humour, and it helps us stand the gaff.

The "Nasties" claim to sink more ships than ever sailed the sea, And Hitler swears it won't be long till Britain bends the knee; Of misleading propaganda Mr. Goebels never tires, But we just laugh, and carry on—they're a bunch o' dirty lads.

The sights we sometimes see would make the strongest men to weep, Night after night "Old Jerry" comes, and we've no time to sleep, But when "All Clear" is sounded, and it's light enough to see, We can find something to laugh at, as we make a cup o' tea.

And lots of the old landmarks now are just a pile o' bricks, Incendiary and time bombs, and other dirty tricks; We can take the worst they give us, our morale will never crack, We've a saving sense of humour, and that's what the 'Nasties' lack.

We fight because we want to, them 'Nasties' 'cause they're told, We're fighting for the land we love, and what we have we'll hold; So long as we can laugh it off and take it on the chin, All obstacles we'll overcome, and in the end we'll win.

—F. G. MYERS

ONE FAILING

"Lost your job as a caddy?" said one boy.
"Yep," replied the other. "I could do the work all right, but I couldn't learn not to laugh."—Exchange.

SEEMED SO

"There's only one thing wrong with me, Blondie, I'm color blind."
"You all sho' mus' be, mistah."—Exchange.

London, England, Express—Every shell fired across the channel is said to cost seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling.

Grimsby Independent, Ont.—We wonder what would happen if all the violence used in the many United States strikes were taken over to Europe and lined up with the British.

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Norway Has Larger Air Force Than at Beginning of War

And the Force is Training Here in Canada.

(By Bruce West)

Thousands of miles from their shackled homeland, a band of blonde and adventurous youngsters are setting up an ominous thunder in Canadian skies. Except for saying that they are Norwegians of whom the Vikings of old would have been proud, this article must leave them nameless, because to reveal their identities would be to open the way for the Nazis' favourite weapon of revenge. Some day, when the bonds have been severed and the Gestapo has released forever its grip on their friends and families, they will receive their share of the glory.

And no small share it will be, because seldom in the world's history have men struggled so hard, suffered so much, and travelled so far for the privilege of donning once more the uniform of their country.

They are a select group of fighters, these men of the Royal Norwegian Air Force. They were selected by the whining bullets of Hun border patrols, the trackless forests of Norway and Sweden, the long miles of restless ocean which lies between this country and their own.

To come through it all—even to have the courage to attempt it—established as cruel and stern a recruiting test as any soldier could ever pass. Today, winners in the first round against the oppressors of their country, they are confidently training for the second.

Some of them came to Canada direct in fishing craft so small and flimsy that the gods who rule the weather and the seas must have been moved to kindly moods by their very audacity and bravery. Some sailed past U-boats and through the mine fields and under the German air patrols to England and thence to Canada. Others came by a way so long and hard that books could be written about it were it not a secret route that they do not care to publicize too widely.

Today, in a plot of land on the lake-front in the shade of Toronto's skyscrapers, these men toast King Haakon and each day raise the flag of their nation beside that of the British Empire. The sign across the arched entrance of this plot of ground reads "Little Norge". Translated, it means "Little Norway", and the camp is well named.

No group of drab army huts is this camp, otherwise it could hardly have been called Little Norway. The frame buildings are painted white and they're trimmed with red, and clean curtains hang at every window. At night, when the lights are burning and the breezes of Lake Ontario ruffle the waves and sway the wings of their tethered aircraft, you may hear them singing the songs of the Norway that lived before German boots hammered through the streets of Oslo.

Inside the huts may be seen the neatness and colour associated with this clean and industrious people. Winter scenes of blue and white and red hang upon the walls of their dining rooms. In the officers' mess, over the door that looks out upon the lake, hangs the Coat of Arms of Norway, with its braids of gold and its background of velvet. Many times, as you watch these young warriors lounging in their chairs or moving about the room, you see them lift their eyes toward it and something in their glances assures you that some day it will hang in its rightful place again.

Hour after hour, in all kinds of weather, their trim airplanes roar down the runways and tilt into the sky. They train in fine machines from the United States, whose President has promised that his country will be the arsenal of democracy.

Those who are in the primary stages of their training fly in light Fairchild's similar to the type now being used for the same job by the U.S. Army Air Corps. The more advanced rip the clouds wide open with speedy Curtiss P-36's and Douglas attack bombers.

And those who doubt the ability of these Norse hedge-hoppers may check with Wendell Wilkie. During his recent trip to Toronto, the famous American accepted an invitation to visit Little Norway. Having been waiting for months for a good excuse to break loose, the Norwegians decided to put on a little show in Wilkie's honour. The memory of it still moves veteran pilots around Toronto's Island Airport to chew their fingernails and blanch.

From all reports, it seems the Norwegians did everything but fly their planes in and out the windows of the surrounding office buildings. A radio announcer, describing the show, hung on to his hat and started searching for words. Wilkie and the official party stood with eyes glued to the sky. It is said that even the sea gulls stayed grounded until the last Norwegian whistled in to a landing.

A number of Little Norway's flying personnel were members of the Norwegian Air Force before the German invasion. Many of these officers fought a hopeless battle in the sky against clouds of Heinkels and Messerschmitts. At least one stole a machine right from under the noses of the Germans and roared off like a hurricane from hell straight to England. The difficulties of landing a German machine in England without getting your breeches full of bullets may well be imagined, but he did it.

Most of those who were experienced flyers served as the nucleus of an instructing staff when the training

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

"There are people who actually say that too much attention has been paid to the communists, the reds and all that ilk, but such people unfortunately do not know what they are talking about," said The Advance ten years ago.

"As The Advance has repeatedly pointed out the people who have suffered most from the intolerance and insolence of the alien communists have been the decent, honest law-abiding and loyal men who happen to be of alien birth but who are good enough sports to feel that the country that has given them freedom and a living deserves their loyalty and appreciation. These people have been subjected to all sorts of persecution, from insult and ridicule to actual bodily harm from the communists of their own former nationality. The people of foreign origin who are loyal to Canada their adopted country have had a very difficult time through the evil and unprincipled attacks of the reds who never miss opportunity to do them injury or give them insult. Sometimes these loyal people have been almost hopeless in their battle to play fair with their adopted country. Some of them recently have told The Advance that they felt that the majority of Canadians did not understand their position and that the reds organized, and led by cunning agents paid by Russia, received the best of the breaks. The loyal people, however, have been greatly encouraged by the recent attitude of the authorities here and elsewhere, when it has been made plain that loyal people have the real preference in this country and that the reds are not to be allowed under any pretext to dominate. The action of the authorities—and the people—in stopping the recent illegal parades and other attempts to create disorder have shown the loyal people of foreign origin that they have protection and support. They are showing on their

school was established last summer. Many of the recruits who came in raw are now ready to sail for England and fight by the side of the Royal Air Force. Some of these were Norwegians living in the United States and Canada, who answered the call as soon as the school was ready to receive them. The number now under training is, of course, secret. Actually, there exists in Canada today a Norwegian air force much larger than the one that tried to fight off the German sky-raid during the country's invasion. It is composed of two branches, the Royal Norwegian Air Force and the Royal Norwegian Naval Air Force. During the winter, the naval branch took its seaplanes off to Vancouver in order to operate them from the waters of the Pacific. With the arrival of summer they will return to Toronto's combined land and water airport.

When you ask them how a country occupied by the enemy can finance such a large project, the officers explain with pride that Norway possessed at the outbreak of the war the world's third largest mercantile fleet. The Germans, though powerful on the land, were unable to collect this vast armada of freighters on the sea. The income from these ships, sailing under British charter on the dangerous Atlantic and all the oceans of the world, is providing the gold that buys the airplanes and trains the fliers and brings ever closer the day when Norway can strike back at her Nazi oppressors.

PLENTY OF 'EM
Breaths there a man with soul so dead, who never hath turned his head and said, "hummmm, not bad!"—Exchange.

Stavelley Advertiser, Alta.—It has been suggested that some folks should do less bridge work and more war work.
Sudbury Star—Children start early in taking the bumps of life. Hardly a boy reaches the age of three without falling from the bed.

part that they are loyal to this country and that they resent the insulting and insolent undertakings of those led by "well-paid Russian agitators."

Ten years ago The Advance started a discussion as to the first building in the town of Timmins, the argument commencing from a casual reference in these columns to early days in the camp. A couple of weeks previously The Advance asked for letters or information on the first bona-fide resident of the Porcupine and hoped by this to start another discussion about the early days. It was only by such argument that facts were disclosed to make evident the early history of this interesting country. From the beginning The Advance believed that Geo. Bannerman had the most right to the title of the first bona fide resident of Porcupine, apart from the Indians.

"Of course, The Advance is open to conviction otherwise, and as suggested before will welcome any fair discussion from those in position to know," said The Advance ten years ago, adding: "The honour of building the first house in the Porcupine seems to belong to Mr. Bannerman."

Ten years ago The Advance carried a three column cut of the staff of Sinclair the Valet's Dry Cleaning Plant, which was then celebrating its seventh anniversary in business, and below the cut was the story of the beginning of the firm and the progress it had made in the seven years.

A three-column cut in The Advance ten years ago carried the photograph of the Tuxis Seniors, which were the T.E.A.A. hockey champions at the time. In the photograph were the coach, Mr. McFadden; Garth Porter, Geo. Wallingford, Jack Wallingford, Chas. Wallingford, Victor Mullen, Ray Wallingford, Jim Pond, Wm. McFadden, G. LaJambe, and Russell Kennedy.

Personal items in The Advance ten years ago included: "Mrs. Geo. Jenkin and little son left on Wednesday of last week to visit her old home in England for a few months." "Mr. Arthur Replmball, of Hull, P. Q., is visiting friends in Timmins." "Lorn—At St. Mary's Hospital, Timmins, on Wednesday, May 6th, 1931, to Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Spence, Kirby avenue—twin sons." "Mrs. J. Morton is in St. Mary's Hospital where she was successfully operated on for an attack of appendicitis. She is making excellent progress to recovery." "Mrs. G. A. Macdonald, who underwent an operation at St. Mary's hospital on April 27th, continues to make the best of recovery, and is expected to be able to leave the hospital on Sunday or Monday next." "Mrs. J. A. Hefferman and baby, Joyce, have returned home from Perth, Ontario, after a month's visit. Mrs. Hefferman going east to attend the funeral of her mother, the late Mrs. John Steele, of Perth, Ontario."

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Last Tributes Paid to the Late Mrs. E. Ord, R.N.

Cochrane, May 7.—Citizens of this town and a large number of other northerners turned out Wednesday to pay their last respects to Mrs. Elizabeth Hannah Ord, Reg. N. Known to be one of the first graduate nurses to practise in Northern Ontario, she succumbed after a short illness here in the Lady Minto Hospital on Monday April 28.

Mrs. Ord was formerly Miss Elizabeth Sparkes, she was born in Birmingham, England, but emigrated to the Muskoka district and lived for years in Dorset, Ont., where she was raised and educated. As a young woman she entered Grace Hospital in Toronto as a student nurse and graduated in the class of 1899. She married the late E. T. Ord in Toronto, who was well known throughout the North, having moved to Cochrane in 1911 and was the first locomotive engineer to drive an engine out of town after construction. The family at this time lived in Englehart, later moving to Cochrane in the same year. During the typhoid fever epidemics in New Liskeard and Cochrane, Mrs. Ord took an important part in ministering to the sick and also served on the nursing staff of both the Lady Minto Hospitals in New Liskeard and Cochrane and was considered one of the first to have served in the present hospital here.

Mrs. Ord took a prominent part in the Women's Auxiliary to the Anglican Church. She was a Past Noble Grand of the local Rebekah Lodge and a charter member of the North Star Moose Lodge No. 652. She would have been 66 years old on the day the funeral was held. The cortege proceeded from the home of her daughter, Mrs. B. W. Botwright, to the Anglican Church where His Grace Archbishop J. G. Anderson conducted the ceremony. Interment was made in the Cochrane Civic Cemetery. Pall-bearers were R. W. Ryder, E. A. Caswell, M. E. David, W. Second, C. Mangan and George Kydd.

WHAT HE DID

We've often wondered about George Bernard Shaw. During the past many years, he's made millions for himself, preaching socialism—for others.—North Bay Nugget.

Big Diamond Drilling Programme for Mitnor

According to information given by F. S. Tobin, the president, officials of Mitnor Gold Mines Limited have completed arrangements for an extensive diamond drilling programme to be started at the property in the Neswabin section of the Algoma Mining area as soon as weather and other conditions permit.

First drilling will be done on the No. 1 vein, where surface exploration, including trenching and test pitting, gave an average value of better than \$50.00 in gold per ton across a width of seven inches for a length of more than 350 feet. Test pits show the vein to widen steadily as work proceeds downward. A number of other important veins have been located on surface, all of which show high gold values.

Latest samples from the No. 1 vein, from which assays were obtained last week, gave values of \$107.80 and \$10.15 gold per ton.

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