

New "Trailer" Film Shows Value of Salvage Work

Ottawa (Special). During the next few months something like two million Canadian movie goers will be surprised over the dramatic sweep of Canada's National Salvage Campaign. "Cheating the Garbage Can," a short trailer film describing the way salvage helps Canada's war effort, has just been released to about 900 Canadian theatres. It is distinctly an eye-opener.

It is an eye-opener in several respects.

It shows exactly what happens when secondary materials like bones, rags, metals, paper, lead foil, are reclaimed and turned back into industry. It shows the way in which many Canadian organizations—such as the Red Cross, the I.O.D.E., the Local Councils of Women, the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, the numerous Service Clubs (and the Boys "K" Club in Timmins)—are co-operating and just what they do. It shows how important the salvage contribution of the ordinary home-front Canadian is in the general war picture.

With deft pictorial effect, "Cheating the Garbage Can" traces the journey of a household bone until it becomes part of a bombing plane in the form of glue. It traces the journey of lead foil becoming the base of airplane paint, and so on with paper and metals. The film shows the way in which the various salvaging organizations actually collect an dispose of salvage. The part the average householder plays in the general work of salvage is clearly set forth. There is no denying, from the flashing action of "Cheating the Garbage Can," the value of Canada's great drive on waste.

The movie is done with extraordinary artistic skill. Commenting on it at its preview, William Knightley, Salvage Campaign supervisor, said: "The National Film Board, responsible for the script, is to be heartily congratulated. I am pleased with the result, and the Canadian public is going to be surprised at what it sees."

Mr. Knightley added that the film is an excellent mixture of humor and dignity. "Although hundreds of thousands of home-front Canadians

are now active in our drive on waste and on the reclamation of secondary materials," he said, "we need more complete coverage in Canadian homes. "Cheating the Garbage Can" will certainly do that. It will enlist additional thousands of Canadian men and women."

Newspapers Urge Conservation of the Wild Flowers

More Comments by the Community Papers.

Weeks ago The Advance urged thought and care in regard to the necessity for conserving the wild flowers of Canada. To conserve these beauties would cost nothing, while their destruction would be a sad and unnecessary loss. Quotation has been made in these columns of comment along the same line by The Simcoe Reformer. Last week The Collingwood Enterprise-Bulletin says: "Oh yes! save the wild flowers. When motoring do not stop and rob the countryside of the beauty provided by nature. Already some of the very beautiful wild flowers are already extinct or nearly so. . . . Now, stop, look and enjoy the beauty of the moors and fen, but do not destroy." The Enterprise-Bulletin quotes from both The Advance and The Simcoe Reformer to emphasize the need and the desirability for conserving the wild flowers of Canada.

In The Quinte Sun last week there is an editorial on the same subject. The Quinte Sun, published at Trenton, Ont., says:—

Save the Wild Flowers

There's not a living soul but finds joy and perhaps great solace in the pensive presence of the wild flowers of the woods and fields. How barren would be a world without their tinted, cheerful faces? Who would want to pass through the childhood of life bereft of the joys of beholding them peeping out through the early green eaves of springtime, or of seeing the woodland knolls besprinkled with their enchanting company.

Our love of them and the very joy we experience coming upon them in our

strollings, strangely enough, is a menace and hazard to them. Children in their innocence, and adults in their ignorance, alike endanger the passing on of these little beauties and blessings to future generations. Children, we might correctly say, love them to death. Adults thoughtlessly permit the pulling of them year after year without understanding and without a care of future years and generations. Too few think of flowers as organisms like themselves, which require certain physical conditions within to make it possible to continue life and produce a new generation. If we understand this and remember it, we will pluck, for instance no trilliums or very few at any rate.

The trillium grows from a small bulb. Well up its stalk it puts out three leaves and above that comes its lovely little tri-petalled flower which so attracts us. We pluck stalk and leaves to be able to carry home this little prize to be a momentary decoration. The plant's leaves are its lungs, and upon those leaves the plant depends for its health and for the storing away in its bulb below the soil's surface the energy wherewith to carry it through the winter and to force a new stalk, leaves and flower next year. Pluck it, and we stop all this.

Wooded areas essential for the growth of trilliums and many other flowers have grown less and less with the passing years. In some parts they are far apart. The growth of civilization and its accompanying industrial processes have made it more and more difficult for them to live and to reproduce their kind. Some Canadian wild flowers have already passed out of existence, and some so nearly as to make it questionable if they can ever stage a comeback.

It therefore becomes more and more necessary that the matter receive the attention and understanding of us human beings for we constitute the only agency that can afford them a chance to continue existence. Let us learn more about our wild flowers. Let us express our love of them in that way instead of in plucking them by the armful. Let us learn, too, of the other enemies of our wild flowers and protect them from those enemies for the sake of little children and adults, too, in all succeeding generations.

Yes? We Have No Bananas We Have No Bananas Today

A number of years ago there was a popular song — everybody singing or whistling the tune until sensitive people were about frantic—the refrain of the popular song being to the effect that, "But Yes! We have no bananas! We have no bananas to-day!" The song listed all the fruits in stock — apples, peaches, pears, plums, dates, etc. "but yes! We have no bananas! We have no bananas to-day!" According to an item in The Perth Courier last week this banana song may come back into popularity, or unpopularity, in this year of war. The Courier says:—

"Canadians may add another to their list of probable early sacrifices designed to aid the war effort—bananas.

There is a possibility that, by August, bananas may be more or less a matter of ancient history in this part of the Dominion, because it is reported that the government of the United States may commandeer banana boats to cope with the shortage of ships caused by German submarine attacks.

"Just what the boats will carry instead of bananas has not been revealed, but it is felt that the cargoes will not be fruits, that are more or less in the luxury class, but will be items of more importance in wartime production needs."

Over 1,200 Medical Men Enlisted for Service

Members of the medical profession to the number of 1,200, or some ten per cent of the registered practitioners of the Dominion, have volunteered and been accepted for active service since the outbreak of the war.

Another 140 for service in Canada and 210 for overseas is the anticipated need of army medical authorities for the next twelve months. Those for Canada may be in physical categories A, B or C, and over 40 years of age. Those for overseas are required to be of category A, and preferably under 40. In all military districts within the Dominion there is a District Medical Officer competent to advise and inform practitioners who wish to offer themselves for active service.



TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

"The Young People's Society of the United Church has been receiving the highest praise for the excellence of the presentation of the play, "The House Next Door," given in the basement of the church on Thursday and Friday of last week," said The Advance ten years ago. "The play itself is an offering of much humour and merit, and the presentation by the cast last week delighted all. There was not a weak member in the role of actors and actresses, each and all taking their parts so effectively and well that it would be hardly fair to single out any for special mention, though of course there were special stars in the cast whose work was outstanding."

The fourth annual banquet of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion was held ten years ago in the Oddfellows' hall. There were fifty members present and all enjoyed the beautiful repast provided. The tables were very artistically decorated, the Auxiliary colours being placed as a centre piece the entire length of the tables. A two-tier birthday cake containing silver charms was in the middle of the table, this delectable decoration being donated by Mrs. G. Starling Sr.

A general meeting to re-organize the Timmins Men's Softball Association, due to some of the executive finding themselves unable to act as officers for 1931, and also to discuss the desirability of entering an inter-town league, as held on Monday, May 18th, 1931, the executive officers elected for 1931 being: President, C. Grant; vice-president, R. Webb; secretary, K. Blow; treasurer, E. Jacques.

Ten years ago an inquest was held into the death of little Billie Kucheran, the six-year-old youngster who died as the result of injuries received when hit by an automobile. The evidence made it clear that the car was very carefully driven at the time and every effort made to avoid an accident. The youngster, however, with another child about the same age, had darted out in the path of the car and though the driver, who was going slowly on account of a funeral being held on the street, swerved and stopped almost at once, it was impossible to avoid the youngster who died later from the injuries received and shock sustained. The evidence exonerated the driver from any blame in the matter and the jury brought in a verdict of accidental death.

In The Advance ten years ago: "A woman known here variously as Mrs. Bernice Leake and Mrs. Skakoon, and whose maiden name is believed to be Bernice Lascelle, and her former home near Sudbury, is dead, and Mike Skakoon is under custody in the hospital with three knife wounds in his chest, and facing a charge of murder, following a sordid tragedy occurring in Timmins last night shortly before midnight. Mrs. Skakoon, wife of the wounded man, and Nick Skakoon, brother of the injured man, are held here as material witnesses. An inquest into the death of the woman is being arranged. The man, Mike Skakoon, is not seriously injured despite the three stab wounds which he admitted to be self-administered. Both Mike Skakoon and his wife are Ukrainians who have lived the greater part of their lives in Canada. (Their former home was at Blizzard Valley, near Sudbury, and on account of the number of French-speaking people in that district, the Skakoons speak as good French as they do English. The dead woman is a French-speaking woman, her home being also in the Blizzard Valley area. The story of the tragedy is a complicated one, but it appears to be another case of the "triangle" with a couple of angles very peculiar ones. The dead woman lived for some three years as the common law wife of Mike Skakoon, but around last Christmas time they quarrelled and the woman laid a charge of assault against Mike. Before the case came to trial word was received from Rouyn that Mike Skakoon was wanted there on a charge of deserting his wife and family. The woman here withdrew her charge so that Skakoon could be taken to Rouyn to face the charges there. In the

meantime, it is understood that Skakoon was to appear in one of the higher courts to answer charges preferred on behalf of his wife. In the meantime the woman killed last night remained here, and recently has had Nick Skakoon in the house as a boarder. There was so friendly a feeling between these two that Nick Skakoon said last night that the woman had given him her car, but he had no papers to this effect, and so supposed the transfer would not hold now. The police were called by Nick Skakoon shortly after midnight to go to 114 Maple street north, where he said he feared there was serious trouble. He said he had left the house because his brother and the woman were in a bad fight and he was afraid. He said the brother had struck the woman with a flatiron, he thought, and that when he left the brother had a knife in his hand. Sgt. Craik and Constable Gauthier responded to the call and found the woman dead on the floor with blood all around the room. The woman's face had been smashed with something heavy, and the flatiron was found where Nick said he had put it to get it from reach of his brother. There was also a knife-wound in the woman's head, this likely being the injury causing death. The dagger used was found embedded in the head of the woman. Mike Skakoon was found lying apparently unconscious on the floor. Dr. Minthorn, one of the coroners of the town, was called and pronounced the woman dead. The man was removed to the St. Mary's hospital where he is now under custody and will face a charge of murder."

Among the local items in The Advance ten years ago were: "Mr. R. L. Roach returned to Timmins on Tuesday after a visit to Toronto." "Frank Byker has gone to Poland to visit his father there." "Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lawlor and baby, of Capreol, arrived here on Tuesday of this week to visit Mr. Lawlor's mother, Mrs. M. J. Lawlor, Timmins, for a few days. They motored to Timmins from Capreol and found the roads better than they expected." "J. McKinnon, of the permanent staff of the Timmins Fire Brigade, was called to the South last week owing to the serious illness of his sister." "Born—In Timmins, Ont., on Saturday, May 16th, 1931, to Mr. and Mrs. William E. Smith, 164 Cedar street north—a daughter (Frances Mary)."

"Oh, my poor fellow, you must be wet through," said an old lady to a young man who, at the risk of his life, had managed to get her pet poodle out of the frozen lake. The dog had run on the ice and fallen into a hole some distance from the bank.

"Yes, you must be drenched to the skin," she continued. "Take these three peppermints—they'll warm you; and have these others before you go to bed tonight."—Globe and Mail.

Husband—Come back for something you've forgotten, as usual?
 Wife (brightly)—No, I've come back for something I've remembered!—Exchange.

SMART WOMAN
 Husband—Come back for something you've forgotten, as usual?
 Wife (brightly)—No, I've come back for something I've remembered!—Exchange.

KIND AND GENEROUS
 "Oh, my poor fellow, you must be wet through," said an old lady to a young man who, at the risk of his life, had managed to get her pet poodle out of the frozen lake. The dog had run on the ice and fallen into a hole some distance from the bank.

"Yes, you must be drenched to the skin," she continued. "Take these three peppermints—they'll warm you; and have these others before you go to bed tonight."—Globe and Mail.

Another Poem

I had some helpers in my time
 But I'd like to bet a fiver,
 There's not a helper in the mine
 Can equal Morris Driver.

He started at the McIntyre;
 He told them he played hockey;
 But the way he sat down on the ice,
 He looked more like a jockey.

The first time that I met him
 He was in the shafthouse, whistlin',
 I asked him where he came from?
 He said "I come from Thessalon."

I asked him once to loose the swing.
 He did so with a jump.
 But when I moved the damn machine,
 I found he'd loosed the dump.

He went to muck a sub-drift round
 At three o'clock on Monday.
 He mucked all week and then had
 lunch,
 At seven o'clock next Sunday.

His partner went on holidays,
 When he returned, he hollered!
 For Morris had the round mucked out
 And was ten feet into solid.

But when he drills a sub-drift round
 Then Driver can't be beat.
 He drills it off with five foot steel,
 And the round breaks seven feet.

One Christmas eve the cage broke
 down,
 But Morris said "don't worry."
 He said "sit down and rest yourself,
 There ain't no use to burry."

He drove a raise up to the lake;
 His idea might sound daft;
 But he let the water down the raise
 And washed them up the shaft.

He tried to grow a mustache.
 He said "look, how it's growin'.
 But's far as you and me's concerned,
 That mustache isn't showin'."

He like's a dish of sparribits;
 He's fond of egg's and ham;
 But he ain't so fond of sandwiches
 Of tuna fish and jam.

And so, my friends it seem's to me
 That it will be a funny'un.
 If Morris Driver don't become
 As famous as Paul Bunyan.
 —(Wilson Thomson)

KEEP IT DARK

"Let me tell you, my friend," said the farmer, "that horse knows as much as I do."

"Well don't tell anybody else," said his friend confidentially, "you may want to sell him some day."—Sudbury Star.

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