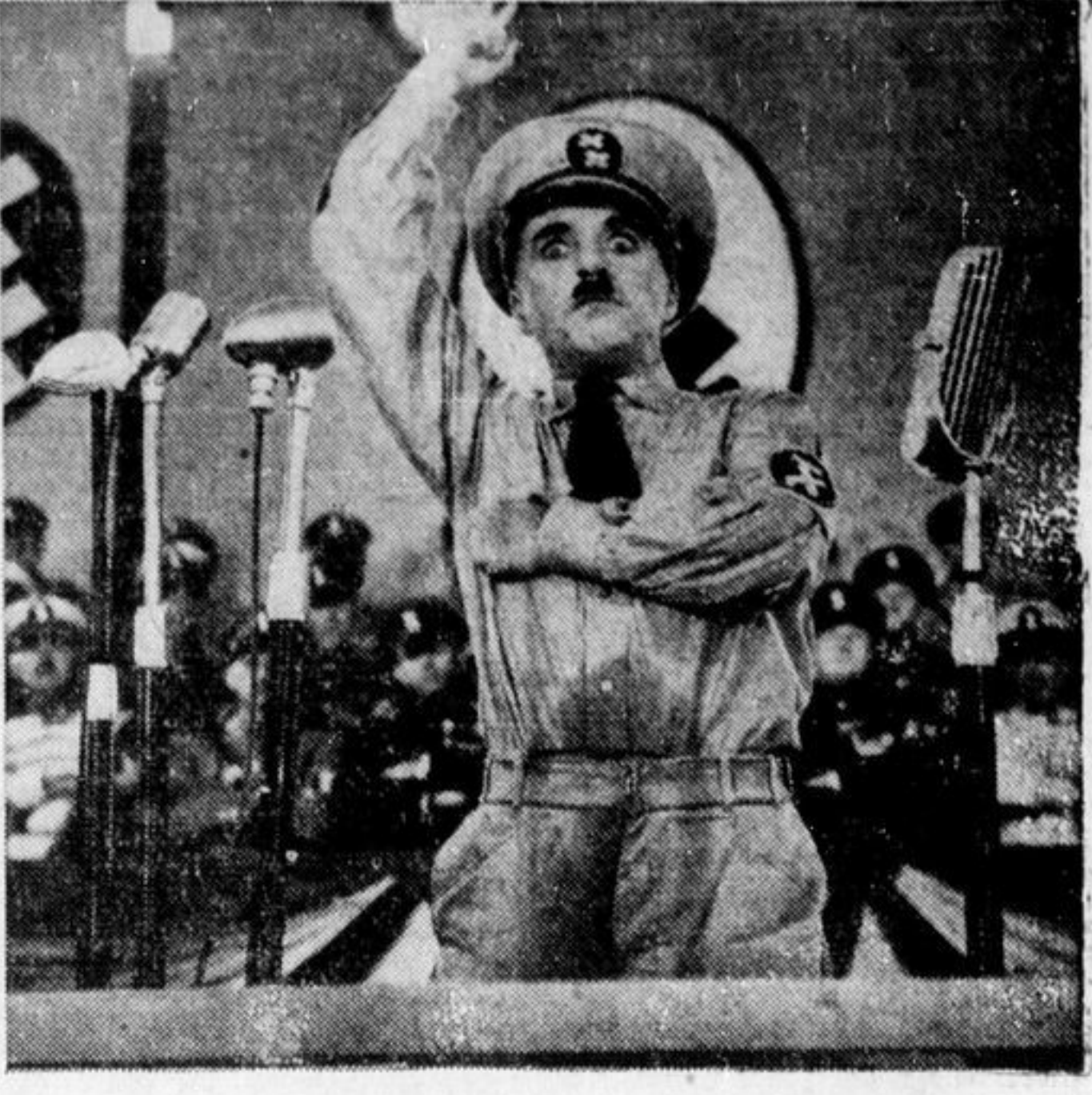


CHARLIE CHAPLIN MAKES AN HITLERIOUS ADDRESS



THE SOUND AND THE FUEHRER! Broadcasting in comparative privacy at a meeting of 2,000,000 party members and five microphones (for those who couldn't get

there), "The Great Dictator" says a few words with a couple of hundred gestures. "We've gotta have lebens-taum," he screams, and then pauses for a double salute.

Crossing his arms and popping his eyeballs, he goes on to explain that he's a peace-loving man and will kill any so-and-so who doesn't agree with him. Finally, he pounds

his heart (if any) and yells that next year there will be more conquests, more erstaz and more taxes for the axis. Quite a Heil storm. At the Cartier theatre, One Week starting, Sunday Midnight, July 14th.

About Halos and Scorched Earth and Other Things

American Legion Visit, Memories, And Other Items.

Writing in his column in The Toronto Telegram this week, Thomas Richard Henry has the following items of interest:—

Halo Hurts President Tuttle, of a Pacific coast baseball league, has fired a broadside at movie big-wigs who bet large sums of money on the ball games.

As Jimmy Lynch would say of Charlie Querre, President Tuttle's halo must be too tight, causing him some trouble and making him peevish.

Scorched Earth

Constant Reader writes: "We have heard and read ad nauseum during the last few days how Dictator Napoleon was "taken to the cleaners" during his Russian expedition, an event which certainly prepared him for the finishing touch at Waterloo. Apparently much wishful thinking lies behind the current use of this bit of history, to which your Constant Reader does not subscribe. However, the pages of history contain many useful lessons, if heeded, and I venture the opinion that we would not have found ourselves in the present situation had our leaders and people given history some study with regard to the German story and German viewpoint. (The Roman Tacitus, about 75 A.D., placed the Germans on record exactly as they are today. We who knew them a quarter century ago can confirm his observation.)

"Pertinent to the present Russian-German clash, the following story, which is a matter of history, might be interesting, and will at least give no comfort to the enemy: History tells us that in the year 516 B.C., Darius, the Persian, was supreme in the civilized world. He held in his clenched fist the control of an area about as large as the present United States. He was a dictator of the first class, and being such he demanded more and more grist for his mill. So he looked across his holdings and noted the lands of his neighbors, the Scythians, who were none other than the ancestors of our Russians. Darius immediately set about invading Scythia, and penetrated into the interior of what is modern Russia. But after losing a great part of his army by famine and being unable to meet the enemy, the Great Dictator was obliged to retreat. Herodotus, the Greek historian, who was born about thirty years after this invasion started has left us the story, excerpts from which are as follows:

"The Euxine (Black) Sea, where Darius now went to war, has nations dwelling around it, with the one exception of the Scythians, mors unpollished than those of any other nation that we know of. . . . The Scythians indeed have in one respect, and that the very most important of all those that fall under man's control, shown themselves wiser than any nation upon the face of the earth. Their customs otherwise are not such as I admire. The one thing of which I speak is the contrivance whereby they make it impossible for the enemy who invades them to escape destruction while they themselves are entirely out of his reach unless it pleases them to engage with him. . . . The nature of their country, and the rivers by which it is intersected greatly favor this mode of re-

sisting attack. (That is, planned and constant retreat and guerilla warfare.) . . . The Scythians . . . resolved . . . that they would not openly venture on any pitched battle with the enemy, but would retire before them, driving off their herds, choking up all the wells and springs as they retreated, and leaving the whole country bare of forage. . . . The scouts of the Scythians found the Persian host . . . and immediately took the lead of them at the distance of a day's march . . . destroying all they grew on the ground . . . The Persians no sooner caught sight of the Scythian horse than they proceeded upon their track, while the (Scythian) retired before them . . . As long as the march of the Persian army lay through the countries of the Scythians . . . there was nothing which they could damage, the land being laid waste and barren . . . (Darius) quickened his march . . . they (Scythians) kept to their plan of retreating . . . he, still following them hotly, they led him as had been previously settled . . . This had gone on so long and seemed so interminable, that Darius at last sent a horseman to the Scythian king with the following message: "Thou strange man, why dost thou keep flying before me? . . . If thou demest thyself able to resist my arms, cease thy wanderings and come, let us engage in battle. Or, if thou art conscious that my strength is greater than thine . . . come at once to a conference! . . . To this the Scythian king replied: "This is my way, Persian. I never fear men or fly from them. . . . Nor do I now fly from thee. There is nothing new or strange in what I do. . . . Be sure we shall not join battle unless it pleases us." . . .

"Herodotus tells us that Darius was at his wit's end and was forced to use all his ability, of which he had plenty, to save himself and a part of his grand army from destruction. It would appear that the lesson here is that the invasion of the ancient Russians by the Number One Dictator of the day was a complete flop, due to the use of the "Russian system" which is inborn in that people. Again, begging your pardon, witness Old Nap."

Visit of American Legion

It was quite a three-day party. Time has sprinkled the veterans' hair with grey, but they have not forgotten how to throw dull care to the winds in a Mardi Gras celebration. "Old soldiers never die."

A Flash Back

Remember in those towns back in France (those towns on which the British are now raining bombs) when the boys used to crowd around some pert mademoiselle and be vastly entertained by the way she talked or laughed or sang?

It didn't make any difference what she did. It was just boy meets girl in a strange land and anything would be entertaining as long as she was pretty.

We saw something of a flashback of those familiar scenes in a local rounda.

A pert and pretty young lady was taking the part of the mademoiselle and singing snatches of streamlined songs to a group of United States veterans.

Everything was going fine. Then the lady hummed a couple of lines and snapped:

"Do any of you — Yankees know that one?"

The veterans looked blank. We don't know whether it was because they didn't know the tune or because they didn't know the tune or because of the sudden transition from the soft and pretty performer into a hard-boiled baby.

They didn't answer; maybe they

didn't know the tune.

It was "The Star-Spangled Banner." . . . B. W. V. F.

A young lady handed us a tin can containing a large number of coppers and nickels on Saturday. It was saved from the spending money of the young members of a war savings club—which is quite different from money collected from somebody else.

After pointed enquiry we got the names of the members of the club—Bobby Ellison, captain; Jackie Ellison, Ross Kennedy, Gary Jeune, Diane Jeune and Gordon Douglas.

Benefit of Doubt

It has been a popular conception (or misconception) in the minds of most motorists that they must stick close to the scene of any accident in which they were involved until they have identified themselves to the authorities. This idea is being gradually dissipated because of the exceptions that magistrates and judges have been able to work into the rule.

For example, a member of Parliament got away with it when he said he just left the scene of an accident to change his wet clothes and was just going to report to the police when the police arrived at his house.

That just shows the kind of service the cops give. When they know you want to report something they come and get the report. They don't wait for you to bring it to them.

But when they start giving credit marks in court for the good intentions that you say you had, it opens up a whole new field for defense lawyers.

All they have to do in accidents of this kind is to think up some urgent business for the man charged and declare on all the prestige and authority of his position in society that he was going to report just as soon as he got around to it (if the police hadn't caught up with him in the meantime) and if he hadn't got around to it before it was outlawed by the statute of limitations it was just too bad for law and order—but not the fault of his client. He really intended to report it.

Of course, the legal thievery that good intentions constitute a sound defense could be extended to many breaches of the Criminal Code.

While such an interpretation may be extremely fortunate for the individual, making a joke of the law is unfortunate for its effect on the respect paid it by the people as a whole.

Getting away with an excuse that you were just leaving the scene of an accident temporarily is making a joke of a provision put in the law to offset the fact that motor cars move away so fast.

We heard the joke pulled a quarter of a century ago by Harry Lauder. When the grocer caught him running away from the window he had broken, he said:

"I wasn't running away, I was just going home to get the money to pay for the window."

We never expected that joke taken seriously in a Toronto police court.

To the Men of the H.M.C.S. Fraser

(June 25 marked the first anniversary of the sinking of the destroyer Fraser.)

Far from the land of the Maple Leaf Far from the folks you knew There near the stricken shores of France Steadfast you were and true.

Still with a smile and maybe a jest You passed to the Great Unknown. Such was the strength of your sacrifice So was your courage known.

You are the lads that short years ago We saw in our school yards play Little we dreamed of the test to come Or the fearful price to pay.

The only word that has come to us That shines through the darkness clear Is this, that your valor and hardiness Were proved—that you knew not fear.

To those who are left to mourn your loss This last word we have to say "Canada mourns with you and yours For your hero sons today."

—J. V. Roach in the Vancouver Province.

Sudbury Star:—"The fat's in the fire," says Berlin. "And it may be Goering's."

Polish Fliers Win Name for Resource Courage and Skill

Have Won the Hearts of All in the Empire.

(By Craig Thompson in New York Times)

For their tigerish fighting and reckless braver in combat the Poles flying in the Royal Air Force are becoming the legendary heroes of this war. Wherever airmen gather conversation is likely to shift around to some new exploits of a Polish flier. Invariably the story relates to a feat of flying skill or courage or vicious fighting and it is heard with relish.

The Poles not only are appreciated; they are pretty close to being adored. It is not only among the fliers that this attitude is to be found; it is noted in the other services and among people generally. There is a standing ward-room joke that the best way to get along with the girls is to pretend to be a Pole.

More Poles speak fair French than good English. When they are on leave in London they are most often to be found in small French restaurants; they are seldom seen in such plushy places as the Dorchester or the Savoy, mostly filled with English and Empire troops.

The Poles are domestic fighters because their lives have lost practically all spiritual values except hatred of the Germans and thirst for vengeance against Hitler's Luftwaffe.

In the air ministry communiques telling of Polish deeds of valor in air fighting and bombing and in lists of awards or casualty lists there is practically never a Polish name. A policy of anonymity is rigidly adhered to because most of these men still have relatives and friends living under German domination and it is feared that the revelation of the identity of a Pole fighting for Britain would be met with reprisals against relatives and friends still in Poland.

Only once since last August has this rule been officially relaxed. This was in the case of Sergeant Pilot Josef Franciszek, who is one of the heroes of the Kosciusko Squadron and the first of its members to receive the Distinguished Flying Medal. His identity was revealed only after he had lost his life in action. The medal was awarded to him because in one half day's dogfighting he downed five German planes—three Messerschmitt 109's and two Junker 88's.

Boys Couldn't Wait The Kosciusko Squadron was organized as part of the British Air Force, but containing only Polish pilots, last August 1. Orders required a month's training primarily to acquaint the members with the Spitfires and Hurricanes and the squadron was scheduled to go into active service on September 1. The boys couldn't stand the delay and it was August 30, or a day before Franciszek was even supposed to be in actual combat, that he brought down his bag of five in a half day.

While a majority of Poles in the service are scattered among various British fighting and bombing commands, there is one all-Pole fighter squadron and also one bomber squadron. Originally these were in charge of British officers but now Polish commanders have been provided.

Matching the eagerness with which the fighter squadron got off to a fighting start ahead of schedule is that shown in the story told in the bomber squadron. It is related that as a final step in training the bombers were ordered to take off with a full load of gasoline and bombs just as if they were going on a long raid. The ships were loaded, the crews got in and lumbered skyward.

They should have been back within an hour, since they were supposed only to fly around a bit and bring back the ships to a landing. Instead hours passed, while the commanding officers fretted and worried, fearing an accident. Finally the bombers came back circled the field and landed. But the bombs were gone, the gasoline tanks empty.

"Where've you been?" the commander asked with annoyance. "Bombing Berlin," the Poles answered with eloquent brevity.

Caused Headaches In the beginning the Polish eagerness raised a bumper crop of headaches among British commanding officers

and to a certain degree it does even yet. On the ground the Poles, most of whom spoke fair English at the start, were obedient to command like any other soldiers. In the air they wouldn't stay in formation if there was anything in the sky to fight.

Let us look further at the record. When Franciszek on the day before the Kosciusko Squadron actually was commissioned, took to the air and knocked down five German fighters in half a day, the rest of his squadron was not idle and to his accomplishment one compatriot added a Dornier 17.

But that was in August and did not count. In September, month of the big blitz, the Kosciusko Squadron alone knocked down 117½ planes. That half plane was awarded to the Poles because a Polish and a British pilot both attacked an invader at the same time and blasted him with double angle fire; since neither could accurately be awarded full credit, half was given to each.

More than half the total month's bag was taken in one stretch of five days when the Poles were credited with downing 67 German Raiders. On September 25 King George visited his squadron and the Poles celebrated his call by taking to the air and bagging 13 German raiders on that day alone.

The day's work takes on added significance when it is realized that the entire British Air Force on that day shot down 34 German planes. More than one-third of the total of all the planes credited to the defending air force was credited to the Poles of the Kosciusko Squadron alone.

The Kosciusko Squadron—there are Poles in practically every branch of the British arms, but it is this fighter command that capture the imagination most eloquently—is simply the reincarnation of an old fighting unit.

China Now Proving Serious Drain on Resources of Japan

Thoughtful Japanese are Worried by the Situation.

(From an Article by O. M. Green in the London Listener)

The internal situation of Japan is now particularly worth watching. Since these undeclared wars with China began, national expenditure has grown to over eight times, and the national debt to five times what it was before. Taxation has practically reached its limit and the banks have difficulty in absorbing the Government's loans.

In spite of extra workers and longer hours the output from the factories, including metals and machinery, is less than it was in 1939, and seems unable to be stimulated; while increasing sickness, especially tuberculosis, and accidents among the workers, tell an unmistakable tale of weariness and malnutrition. Food supplies, in which Japan had always been practically self-supporting, have declined seriously for want of labour in the fields and fertilizers to replace men sent to China as soldiers.

There are many signs that the more sober-minded Japanese are much worried. The Tripartite Treaty has only got them deeper in the black books of America, of whom they are visibly afraid, while it in no way commits involved in further wars. True, Japan Germany to help them if they become has forced a treaty upon Indo-China which practically puts the French colony's resources at her disposal, but these will take a long time to develop and are no adequate compensation for her losses in China.

I do not say that Japan is near the end of her resources. Her patriotism and readiness to tighten her belt are unsurpassed. I do say that China has very seriously drained Japan's resources and will drain them much more.

The war started in July, 1937, was meant to be over in four months; it has lasted nearly four years. And very recent Japanese observers returning from China has warned his countrymen that no date for the end of the war can be predicted.

Japan can go on plunging about in China, but she cannot make her invasion pay, she cannot conquer China and she cannot get out of it. Japan has broken down in China over two great obstacles—the enormous size of the country and the united and active

hostility of the peasants. In former years the peasant cared little what happened so long as he might be left to till his fields. He cares now, because for the first time he understands. No one can foretell the future. But I think there is great truth in General Chiang Kai-Shek's words: "If the democracies will lend us arms and economic support," he said, "they need not send their navies and troops to our country. They can safely leave Japan to us."

Canadian Red Cross Helps Bomb Victims Overseas

The following is from the current issue of the Canadian Red Cross "Despatch":—

1,118,568 articles of clothing, blankets, quilts and comforts, thousands of pairs of shoes for children, as well as 1,093 cases of clothing were given to bombed victims and for disaster relief in Britain.

\$200,000.00 in cash has been given to the British Red Cross Society in addition to 989,973 articles of comforts and needs, not including foodstuffs.

36 Mobile Kitchen Units, at a cost of \$111,600.00, are being purchased and turned over to the British Home Office Fire Brigade Division.

And many essentials are continually being purchased in Britain to meet the emergency demands which reach Canadian Red Cross Headquarters in Britain.

POOR EXAMPLES "Bathe to Be Beautiful," says the beauty page article—written, no doubt, by a woman who never saw a hippopotamus or an alligator.—Exchange.

TO PEOPLE WHO CANNOT SWALLOW PILLS

If you feel sluggish, depressed, liverish or are inclined to constipation—just try this treatment for two weeks: Take enough Kruschen to cover a dime, in warm water every morning.

Nothing could be easier to take, and Kruschen is not harsh, but is a mild, gentle, laxative.

Constipation is caused mainly by lack of moisture in the large intestine. Kruschen contains carefully blended mineral salts that bring back the moisture. Besides cleaning out stagnating poisonous waste matter, Kruschen helps to rid the bloodstream of other poisons resulting from constipation.

Get a package of Kruschen from your druggist and within two weeks you'll feel your old good health coming back. Two sizes; 25c and 75c.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. E. L. ROBERTS SPECIALIST Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Empire Block Timmins -14-26

D. R. Franklin ARCHITECT 7 Reed Block Timmins Reference Schumacher High School and many others on request.

O. E. Christensen CHIROPRACTOR X-RAY NEUROCALOMETER Bank of Commerce Building PHONE 607

Langdon & Langdon BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. MASSEY BLOCK TIMMINS, ONT. and South Porcupine -14-26

G. N. ROSS CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT 60 THIRD AVENUE Phone 640 P.O. Box 1591 Timmins, Ont.

S. A. Caldbick BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Bank of Commerce Building Timmins, Ont. -14-26

Arch. Gillies, B.A.Sc., O.L.S. S. W. WOODS, O.L.S. Registered Architect Ontario Land Surveyor Building Plans Estimates, Etc. 23 Fourth Ave. Phone 362

Dean Kester, K.C. BARRISTER SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC 13 Third Ave. Timmins -14-26

P. H. LAPORTE, C. G. A. 10 Balsam St. North, Timmins, Ont. Accounting Auditing Systems Installed Income Tax Returns Filed Phones 270-228-286 P.O. Box 147

MacBrien & Bailey BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS 2½ Third Avenue JAMES R. MACBRIEN FRANK H. BAILEY, L.L.B.

J. J. Turner & Sons, Ltd. We Manufacture and Carry in Stock FLAGS AWNINGS PACK BAGS HAVERSACKS EIDERDOWN SNOWSHOES ROBES DOG SLEIGHS SKIS TOBOGGANS DOG HARNESS TARPAULINS HORSE TENTS BLANKETS Ask Your Local Dealer for Prices or send your order direct to PETERBOROUGH, ONT. Agents Everywhere

J. E. LACOURCIERE LAWYER, AVOCAT NOTARY PUBLIC Hamilton Block, 30 Third Ave. Telephone 1545 Res. 51 Mountjoy St. S. Phone 1548

F. BAUMAN Swiss Watchmaker Graduate of the Famous Horological Institute of Switzerland Phone 1365 Third Avenue Empire Block

H. RAMSAY PARK, B.A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC 14 Third Ave. above C. Pierce Hdwe. PHONE 1290 TIMMINS

WILLIAM SHUB, B.A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC 119 Pine Street South TIMMINS PHONE 332

Round Trip Bargain Excursion FRIDAY, JULY 18 From T. & N. O. and N. C. R. Stations via North Bay and Canadian National TO PEMBROKE JCT., OTTAWA, MONTREAL, QUEBEC CITY and STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE. THURSDAY, JULY 17 To C.N.R. STATIONS IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVA SCOTIA and PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND Tickets, Information and Return Limits from all Agents, T. & N. O., N. C. R. and C. N. R. ASK FOR HANDBILL T-205B CANADIAN NATIONAL