

Free Pictures of Britain's Warships and Fighter Planes

Every Canadian home is keenly interested in pictures of ships of the British Navy and our marvellous fighting aeroplanes, which are proving the supremacy of our gallant defenders on the seas and in the air.

First Theft for Long Time of Ore from Cobalt Camp

The first theft of ore for a considerable time from a Cobalt property was being investigated last week by provincial police. The ore was stolen from a compartment of the Nipissing mill.

TRYING TO REMEMBER

He: "You've been out with worse looking guys than I am, haven't you?" No reply.

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

In The Advance ten years ago: "Following the nominations for 1932, the council is elected by acclamation. The candidates for the mayoralty are Geo. S. Drew, mayor of Timmings for the past three years, and J. E. H. Chateauvert, town councillor here during the present year.

to Timmings carried on the business of sign painting, being employed in this work at the McIntyre mine. Friends who knew him in Iroquois Falls say that he was at one time manager for one of the branches of the Dominion Stores.

There was to be an election ten years ago in Tisdale township with contests for both the reeve and the four places at the council board. The vot-

Former T. & N. O. Agent at Moosonee is Pensioned

H. J. Beemer, who was the first T. & N. O. agent at Moosonee after the opening of the "On-to-the-Bay" extension, but who more recently has been agent at Arntfield on the Rouyn branch, has been retired on pension.

ing was to be on December 7th. The following were the candidates qualifying and on the ballot:—For reeve, C. V. Gallagher, David G. Kerr; for councillor, F. D. Dwyer, W. Fairhurst, J. A. Gil, F. D. Dwyer, Geo. A. Henderson, Fred Laforest, Sylvester Kennedy, W. D. Pearce and J. E. Williams.

Local items in The Advance ten years ago included: "Mr. and Mrs. Fraser MacFarlane, of Utica, N.Y., were visitors to Timmings this week."

Damage of \$2,000 to Small Store from Morning Fire

Shortly After One on Monday Morning Fire Started in Small Store

About half-past one on Monday morning the Timmings firemen were called to the corner of Second Avenue and Mountjoy Street, where a bad house fire was raging.

When the firemen arrived the fire had a good start from the basement and had already reached up through the floor and into a store and barber shop on the street floor.

The basement part of the building was badly burned but the fire was checked before it done much damage to the store or the barber shop although quite a bit of damage was caused to the store stocks by smoke and water.

The police are also investigating a false alarm that was telephoned in to the fire hall a little after nine o'clock on Saturday night.

Last Friday was a busy day for the firemen. They answered five calls on Friday, three for chimney fires and two for minor blazes that started.

At 12:45 p.m. on Friday firemen were called to 56 Main Avenue where a small fire had started.

Someone had left a bottle of turpentine near the stove and from the heat the bottle exploded and ignited. Curtains started to burn but the damage was light.

Firemen were called to 121 Willow Street, the home of Mr. Charbonneau, at 2:11 a.m. on Monday. Fire had started from a stove in a garage.

Between 6:18 and 8:47 a.m. on Monday the firemen answered three calls for chimney fires but damage was negligible in each of them.

MODERN KISSING

Kissing a girl nowadays leaves its mark on a man. She also leaves marks on cigarettes and glasses towels and spoons. Wherever she goes she leaves a trail of used mouths.

Globe and Mail—The Cossack is gone, but her immortal message remains: "The Navy's here."

LOANS

On First Mortgages

Available in Timmings, Schumacher, and South Porcupine, for commercial buildings, apartment houses, new homes, and improvements. Paid back by monthly payments over a number of years.

APPLY

J.J. McKAY

REAL ESTATE INSURANCE STEAMSHIP OFFICE 20 Pine St. N., Timmings, Phone 1135 and 40 Main St., South Porcupine, Phone 285

BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION

From T. & N. O. Regular Stations

To Pembroke, Renfrew, Arnprior, Ottawa, Ontario

Montreal, Quebec, Que.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4TH, 1941

Bargain coach excursion tickets will be valid on Train 46, Thursday, December 4th. Passengers will arrange their own transfer to North Bay C. P. Depot and take C. P. Train No. 8 leaving 12:55 a.m. Friday, Dec. 5.

Tickets are valid to return leaving destination point not later than C. P. Train No. 7, from Montreal 8:15 p.m. Sunday, December 7th to connect at North Bay with our Train No. 47, Monday, December 8th, 1941.

Tickets will not be honored on Trains 49 and 50—The "Northland" Tickets good in Coaches Only No Baggage Checked Children 5 years of age and under 12, when accompanied by guardian HALF FARE

For Further Particulars Apply to Local Agent

Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Langdon & Langdon Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. MASSEY BLOCK TIMMINS, ONT. and South Porcupine -14-26

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

S. A. Caldbick Barrister, Solicitor, Etc. Bank of Commerce Building Timmings, Ont. -14-26

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

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

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

MacBrien & Bailey BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS 2 1/2 Third Avenue JAMES R. MACBRIEN FRANK H. BAILEY, L.L.B.

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

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

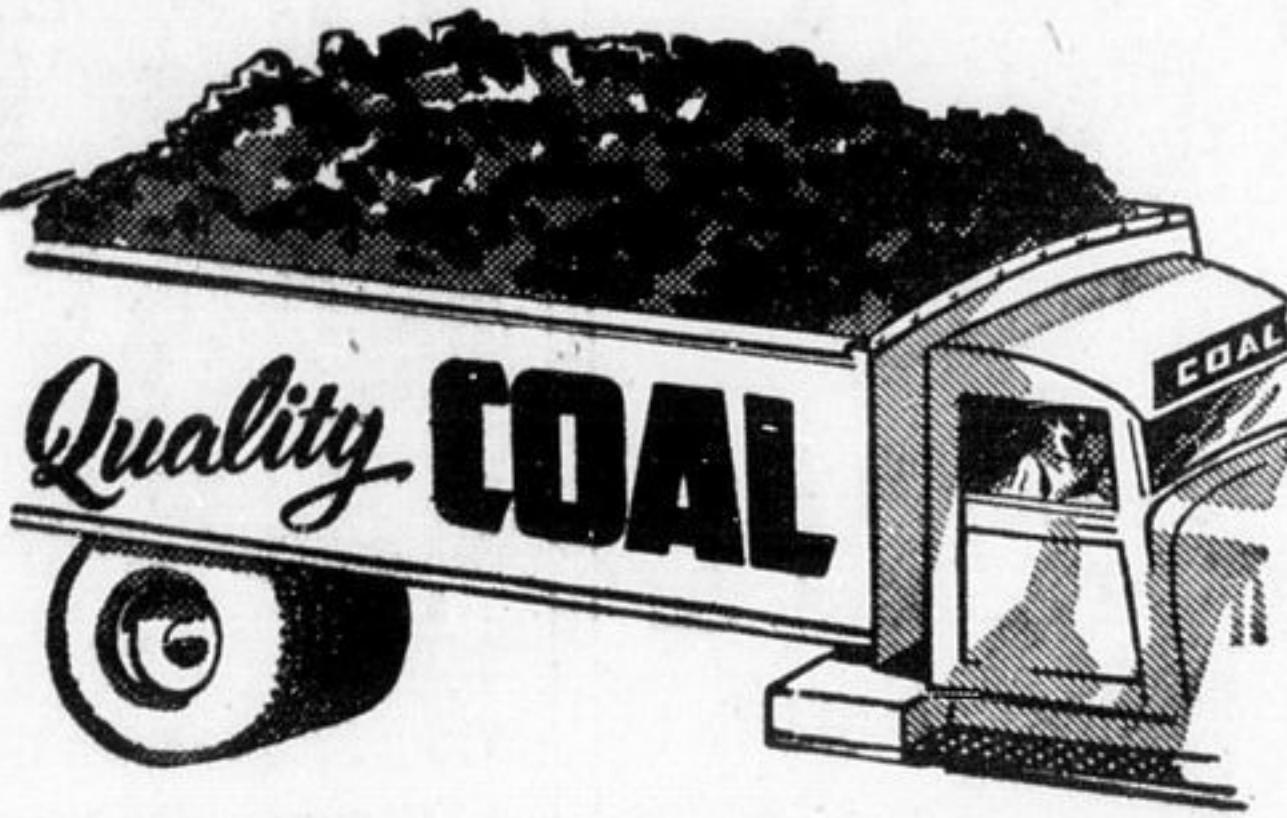
J. J. Turner & Sons, Ltd. We Manufacture and Carry in Stock AWNINGS PACK BAGS HAVERSACKS EIDERDOWN SWEATERS ROBES DOG SLEIGHS SKIS TOBOGGANS DOG HARNESSES TARPULINS HORSE BLANKETS TENTS Ask Your Local Dealer for Prices or send your order direct to PETERBOROUGH, ONT. Agents Everywhere

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

ONE ANSWER The teacher had forbidden the eating of candy in school. One day she became suspicious of a lump in Betty's cheek. "Betty are you eating candy?" she asked. "No, teacher," replied Betty. "I'm just soaking a prune to eat at the interval."—Sudbury Star.

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

Order Your Coal NOW from Fogg's



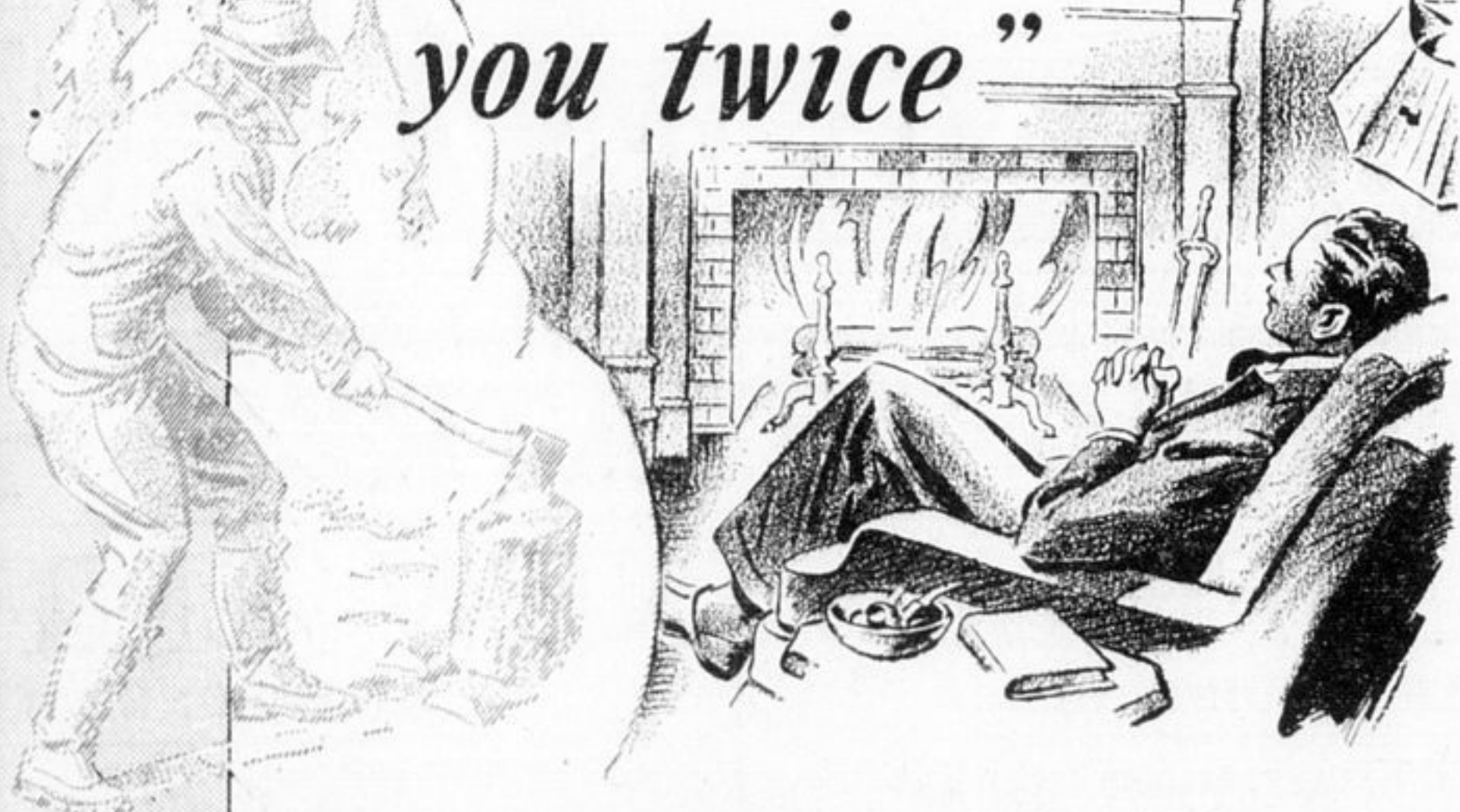
WESTERN CANADA COAL Alexo, Canmore Briquettes, Glocoal Michel Cobbles and Michel Stoker AMERICAN CHESTNUT and RED JACKET—Egg Size Genadier—Red Jacket and Maiden Stoker Coal WE ALSO HAVE A LIMITED SUPPLY OF WELSH ANTHRACITE COBBLE SIZES

John W. Fogg, Limited

Lumber, Cement, Building Material, Coal and Coke, Mine and Mill Supplies

YARD SCHUMACHER PHONE 725 HEAD OFFICE & YARD TIMMINS PHONE 117 BRANCH OFFICE KIRKLAND LAKE PHONE 393

"Chop your own wood and it will warm you twice"



Life insurance, likewise, renders you a two-fold service.

- 1. It guarantees financial protection to your family. 2. It helps in the upbuilding and defense of your country.

THE LONDON LIFE STORY

During the past twelve months Canadians have increased their insurance with this Company by a larger amount than for any other year in the past decade.

To help in the upbuilding and defence of our Country, the London Life has purchased heavily of the War Loans of the Dominion Government.

London Life Insurance Company ESTABLISHED 1874 Head Office - London, Canada

District Offices—Bank of Commerce Bldg., Timmings

Flying Over the Atlantic On a Magic Carpet

(This is the second of a series of articles about conditions in Great Britain and other countries visited during six weeks spent in Europe. It is written specially for the Canadian Weekly News-Record by the editor of the Fergus News-Record.)

Flying across the Atlantic is pure magic. There is no other way to describe it. No modern novelist has ever told the story. It is necessary to go away back to the Arabian Nights with its magic carpets, to Icarus with his wax wings and his unsuccessful attempt to fly over the much narrower body of water, or to Pegasus with his broad pinions. Clipper trips are more modern than our literature.

A writer in one popular American magazine recently tried to tell about the flight from New York to Lisbon, but he depended heavily on photographs. He did say, though, that those who had crossed the Atlantic by Clipper belonged to the most exclusive club in the world. The membership fee was \$1,000 for less than a week and one requires "pull" besides to become initiated into this society. (Officially the term is not "pull" but "priorities")

Perhaps there is some truth to that, but it does seem a prosaic way to speak of magic. In many ways, modern science improves on ancient fairy stories. I always had some doubts about the desirability of travelling by carpet high above the earth. The carpet was sure to be draughty. If one moved too near the edge, there was always a danger of falling off. And after all, the lady of the Arabian Nights and the other ancient story tellers knew nothing of the actual conditions of the world far above the clouds and particularly at sunset, or the approach of a thunder storm, or when a rainbow spread itself into a full circle in front of the plane. Nothing they ever imagined could equal the beauty of that world and it is almost impossible to describe it to earthbound readers.

Meeting the Other Editors At New York, I met five of the other editors who were to make the trip to England. Three were from Ontario and two from Montreal: B. K. Sandwell and Bishop R. J. Remison of Toronto; Gratton O'Leary of Ottawa; Oswald Mayrand and Lionel Shapiro of Montreal. The last named lives much of the time in Washington and knows New York, which was fortunate, for we learned that a Portuguese visa was necessary before we boarded the Clipper, and this required much running around and the payment of eight precious American dollars each to the Portuguese Embassy before we embarked. (Later we learned just how much travellers through Portugal have to pay toward the upkeep of Dictator Salazar's government.)

The new Airways Terminal, opposite the Grand Central Station in New York, is surely one of the most beautiful and appropriate buildings in the world. The entrance is a semi-circle of inch-thick doors of plate glass or one of the new plastics. Inside the doors, the passenger ascends by a moving stairway into a great blue dome studded with stars. Circling across the dome are the signs of the zodiac and a bronze man with wings on his back. Until the traveller reached the top of the stairs does he see the offices of the various airways companies almost hidden around the horizon.

When the time comes to go, large motor buses rise through the floor at the rear of the building, coming up from deep cellars, and the trans-Atlantic passengers are hurried away by tunnels and roads to the airport. The Dixie Clipper rides at anchor in the bay. It looks exactly like a whale with wings. The wings seem inadequate—not at all the kind or size of wings that one would expect a whale to grow if it had to fly 4,000 miles or more in the next two days. But the four big Wright motors look efficient enough to drive their three-bladed propellers indefinitely.

A Six-Roomed House With Wings Fifty-five passengers left New York in the Dixie Clipper that day but more than half of them stayed in Bermuda. They sat around in six rooms, most of them large enough for ten persons, for the Clipper is as large as a house inside, and upstairs the eleven men of the crew sat around in another room which the passengers never saw. It took 20 minutes to get the Dixie Clipper up off the water. It taxied back and forth over the bay while the pilot tried the feel of the wind against the wings and manoeuvred for the longest run over the water. Once we passed three of Uncle Sam's new motor

torpedo boats, each one with two machine gun turrets and four torpedo tubes. We were almost touching one of New York's marvellous bridges before we finally started down the bay at full speed. Spray flew up over the little square windows and soon the slap-slap of the waves against the bottom of the hull grew less violent and then disappeared—and the Clipper was in the air. It circled over the edge of New York twice, gaining height, and then turned east over the marshes and swamps and then the broad Atlantic. Two ships were nearing the coast. After that, nothing but waves and clouds in every direction.

Wonderland Above the Clouds Flying the Atlantic, as I said before, is pure magic. One does not realize it at first. Flying was not a new sensation for me. I had been doing it for 20 years in planes large and small, but never for more than a few hours at a time. This was different. I sat on a sofa with two others. One was a young American girl who had saved her money for a luxury holiday in Bermuda; the other a Detroit newspaper man returning to Europe. The plane was heated and air-conditioned. Even the wall covering added to the feeling of luxury for it was a tapestry with maps of the continents and oceans. Dinner consisted of consommé, chicken salad, ice cream and coffee.

All these things were mere man-made attempts at comfort. The real magic was outside the windows. Every time I looked out, the long, slender, pointed wings were still there with their two whirling propellers. Far down below us were the clouds, for we flew at 6,000 to 8,000 feet where the air is still and there are few bumps. It was fortunate that we had clouds all the way across. The Atlantic, seen from that height, grows desperately monotonous when the air is clear but clouds are always changing shape and colour. The sun set behind a distant row of thick clouds which looked like a far-off mountain range. A long path of yellow light stretched over the whiteness of the nearby clouds. They looked like masses of spun sugar candy. As the sun dropped away, the sky flamed with colour. In three-quarters of the dome of heaven, it was already night, but out in the west, the full range of the spectrum stretched across the sky, brilliant red at the horizon, going up through the yellows and the blues to the deep indigo of night, overhead with a few stars already brightly shining.

Lightning Around the Wings Nearing Portugal, we met a high thunderstorm. This time, the Clipper seemed unable to rise above it. The clouds were close around and often we were in them, like a thick fog. The lightning was around us, too, sometimes just beyond the wings, but there was no sound of thunder above the roar of the motors. It was bumpy, too, and for the first time, two ladies felt sick and strapped themselves to their seats. For some others, men and women alike, it was just a new and enjoyable sensation.

At night, the steward made up the berths. That was after we had left Bermuda. There were 23 passengers then and room for them all to sleep. I had one of the worst positions—up close to the wing and number three and four engines—but the bed was comfortable and there was a rhythm to the noise that was soothing, so I slept well. Outside the window there was a tiny silver of new moon and the very bright stars.

Magic Doesn't Always Work Yes, flying the Atlantic is magic, but sometimes in the hands of hard-headed Americans the magic goes wrong. We should have left New York on Tuesday morning and have been in Lisbon on Wednesday night. But our four engines wasn't behaving too well even before we left New York. Out of Bermuda six hours, the Clipper turned back because of bad weather ahead. On the second try, we reached the Azores, but after landing there for more gasoline, the ailing engine died as we were opposite the last islands of the group and we turned back to Morta, where the Atlantic Clipper came along and picked us up, taking us the rest of the way. Even food ran short at last before we dropped down out of the darkness on to the Tagus River at Lisbon on Friday night. We had been 47 hours in the air instead of the usual 23, and had done some 2,500 extra miles of flying.

And the next morning, we were in the air again, this time headed for England.