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THE TINIEST BABY JOINS BOTTLE CLASS

CHICAGO, April 24—Jacqueline Jean Benson—called the "world's tiniest baby" when her weight was estimated at 12 ounces at her birth 72 days ago—graduated to the bottle feeding class today.

Heretofore, all of her meals, beginning with an eighth of a teaspoon of mother's milk and sugar, had been taken through a small stomach tube.

But for her attendants at St. Anne's Hospital, where Jacqueline has grown to three pounds and seven ounces in her warm incubator, decided to give her a nip at a bottle.

A tablet of Vitamin C was dissolved in a half dram of water and given to the blue-eyed mite.

"She took it like a little lady," reported Miss Katherine Gallagher, head nurse of the maternity ward.

NOT A STICKLER

Kind Lady—Why are you crying, little boy?

"I've lost sixpence."

Kind Lady—When did you lose it?

Boy—This afternoon, and mother has sent me out again to look for it. She says if I can't find it fourpence would do.

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THIS SPRING'S LOW
PRICES ARE A GOLDEN
OPPORTUNITY!

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WILL COST MORE
NEXT YEAR!

THE HUMAN SIDE OF LIFE AT OTTAWA

By Wilfred Eggleston
(Daily Mail Correspondent)

The life of an M.P., as imagined by the general public, or as described in most novels, is a very different business from the real thing.

In fiction the M. P. decides to run in an election "to serve his country." He rushes about the constituency overwhelming everybody with his personal magnetism and powerful oratory. When election day comes he scores a triumph over his crafty but luckless opponent. He is banqueted and feted. He gets \$4,000 a year to go down to Ottawa and deliver a few epochmaking addresses to a spell-bound House of Commons. At a critical moment he rises in the House, and, by an unprecedented display of oratory, he makes—or breaks—the government. He is invited into the next ministry. He hob-nobs with the prime minister. He is an intimate friend and companion of the governor-general. When he is not dazzling the House with his oratory he is attending banquets in the Grand Ballroom of the Chateau Laurier.

In real life this picture needs a bit of touching up. A candidate usually waits a few years and does a good deal of wangling and lobbying before his name goes up for nomination at the party convention. The first time, or the second time, he may lose out at the convention. Eventually he is nominated, however, and then the work starts. He must visit every nook and cranny of his riding, address all sorts of meetings in all sorts of halls, keep circumspect, make as many promises as his prudence will permit, soothe out jealousies and rivalries in the party machine, dig down into his own pocket generously to meet campaign expenses, neglect his own duties outrageously, neglect his home life and ties, eat, drink, sleep and live election for six months.

Even at that it is a long shot whether he gets elected. Last election only about one in four candidates made the grade, and for some of the defeated ones it was the second, third or fourth effort.

But if he is elected, perhaps by a small handful of votes, he finds that his troubles are just started. If he is on the side which elected a government, he is expected now to find jobs for all the unemployed in his riding. His party workers are looking for appointments, or contracts, or government assistance, or rewards of some sort. He begins to get a heavy mail. If he is a doctor, a lawyer or an architect, he usually finds that he has to give up his profession. Either that or take in an active partner. If he is a farmer, he may get along with an extra hired man. But plenty of M. P.'s for the sake of the \$4,000 a year

(which is really \$3,500; and was \$3,600 before that, when the deduction had come off) give up legal and medical practices which were worth from \$3,000 to \$10,000 or more a year.

Our M. P. usually finds himself several hundred or several thousand dollars in the hole because of campaign expenses, and he often decides it will be less tiresome in the long run to pay this off by installments himself than to rely upon the party chest. He discovers that he is now regarded in the community as a wealthy man, in receipt of large sums from the state. He is therefore fair game for every charitable enterprise, bazaar, concert, church mission, agricultural fair, and what not in the riding. His time belongs to his constituency. He is the servant of the public. If he wants to get votes at another election he must give the people what they want, if he can.

In times of depression his mail is full of letters from people who want jobs for themselves or for somebody else. Some applicants want party hacks fired from their posts, after a change of government, and party hacks of the other color appointed in their place. Farmers write in and ask the member to jog the Farm Loan Board about their application. Manufacturers want the tariff raised. Boards of Trade want him to get taxes reduced and the budget balanced.

Members get from 10 to 100 letters a day while they are at Ottawa. Very often it is a morning's work to send replies to them. To actually carry out the requests and commissions in them is a much more serious matter.

As a corrective for the rosy picture in paragraph one, here is a realistic account of a typical day of a private member, at about this stage of the session:

9 a. m.—Arrives at his room in the Buildings. Throws a bundle of letters, say 35 of them, on the desk, and calls his stenographer. Finds two letters of praise, three knocks and thirty requests of one sort or another. A messenger drops in with the Hansards and committee reports of yesterday. He dictates replies to the letters. Other members drop in to say a word. The telephone rings. He calls up one of the departments for information to go into one of his letters. One of the Gallery boys drops in to see if there is any news. He tries to glance at the morning paper in between these activities. A fellow member knocks at the door and reminds him that the agriculture committee is meeting at 10.30 this morning. He sends his stenographer away with only half the letters answered, and attends committee. This lasts until 1 p. m.

1 p. m.—He comes back to find one

of his constituents in his office waiting for him. He has been passing through and thought he would look up his member. The two go to lunch together. When they come back the member excuses himself—there's an item coming up this afternoon for debate on which he wants to say something; and he must first look up what was said last year. He thumbs through some Hansards and makes a few notes. By now the carillon bells are ringing, and he knows that the bell will ring any moment calling the House to prayers.

3 p. m.—The House assembles. Papers are tabled. First readings of bills are given. The Orders of the Day are reached. Our member has a question to ask. Then he dashes out again to his room to complete his notes. He comes back to find that the item of which he intended to speak has already been reached and passed. He gets up on a later item hoping to be able to mention it, but is ruled out of order.

4.30 p. m.—He is reminded that the agricultural committee is meeting this afternoon again. He wonders whether he should not stay in the House and watch the interests of his constituents there. Thinks on the whole he had better dodge back and forth between the committee and the House.

6 p. m.—Goes up to dinner. Drops into the Commons reading room on his way back. Reads the home town paper, including an editorial criticising him for lack of action regarding unemployment. Suddenly remembers that he still has two or three letters to get away. Works in his office until the bell rings again at eight.

8 p. m.—Goes a little wearily down into the chamber. Finds a sleep debate going on about a post office in New Brunswick. Decides he can relax for a few minutes. Sits in and plays a game of bridge in the lobby. A few minutes later the word circulates "They're on the agricultural estimates again, Gardiner's up." And our member persuades a bystander to take his place while he follows the votes for experimental stations and makes an ineffective plea to the Minister for restoration of a cut which has been made in the estimates for the station in his own riding.

11.00 p. m.—The bell rings briefly again; and the official day is over. Our member glances for a few minutes at the evening paper, which he has not had time to peruse, reads a couple of pages in a heavy work on economics which has been strongly recommended to him, and decides to call it a day.

A gossip is one who talks to you about others; a bore is one who talks to you about himself, and a brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself.

CAREFREE MINERS JOIN IN ROARING CELEBRATION

MOOSE RIVER N. S., April 25—The coal and gold miners of Nova Scotia, hearty, two-fisted men all, celebrated their victory over death around a keg of beer.

Each of the 100 men had risked his life not once but repeatedly through many hours in the Reynolds shaft to save the lives of Dr. D. E. Robertson and Alfred Scadding.

Since early Monday, they had worked in shifts, with little rest between, to the point of exhaustion. Early Thursday they had achieved their victory, and it was time to celebrate.

A keg of beer was rolled to the centre of the thirty foot to 25 foot room which contains twelve beds, and soon the rafters were ringing with the songs of the countryside. After the mugs had passed around a number of times, they were singing God Save the King.

"What's wrong with them gold men?" asked a grimly coal miner.

"Nuthin'," screamed the coal miners.

And then, in a wild, shrieking chorus the coal miners cheered the gold miners.

When the echoes died away, a gold miner proposed a toast to the coal miners, and the compliment was returned.

Suspicion Traditional

Traditionally, coal miners look down somewhat on gold miners, alleging that they are less virile than themselves. Gold miners have certain prejudices against coal miners. Hence, a keen rivalry exists between miners in this district where there are both coal and gold mines.

All during the rescue work, the gold and coal miners watched one another critically, looking for points to prove the superiority of one set of craftsmen over the other. Which was the most courageous? Which worked the most efficiently. At 12.30 A. M., Thursday, three men crawled through a narrow hole 141 feet down in Reynolds shaft into the tomb. Two were coal miners—one a gold man. So, over their beer, coal and gold men decided that both were all right—that everything was all right.

This conclusion was arrived at during the first half dozen mugs. Then came the question of the worth of citizens of the various mining villages and men from Stellarton, Westville, Goldboro, Goldenville and Moose River recounted their exploits and dispensed and received congratulations.

Keep Watch On Hospital

During the celebration men drifted off in groups to the mine office, which had been made into a hospital where Robertson and Scadding were sleeping. There they received fa-

vorable reports from physicians, and, reporting back, gave new reason for cheering and refilling the mugs.

Every man had been acutely aware of the danger of working in the Reynolds shaft but early Monday, when it was believed that Robertson and Scadding would be dead unless rescued within a few hours, each one had volunteered to work in it. They had hoped then that they could clear it out in five hours. Instead it took over 60 hours.

Danger Not Exaggerated

Originally, Reynolds shaft sloped down to the bottom-most level of the mine, 320 feet. The mine itself was abandoned 25 years ago, but the shaft had been closed as dangerous even before then. Since then, it had caved in in many places. In places it narrowed to a height of 18 inches and a width of 30 inches. Additionally, the original timbering had rotted away and the danger of a new cave-in that would have buried all the men alive, existed along every inch.

In this burrow, the volunteer miners worked. They had to saw off part of the handles of their picks in order to swing them in narrow quarters. At times, 75 men were working at once.

All the miners are very poor and are normally employed, if fortunate, only a few days of the week. The Canadian Red Cross is raising a fund to reward their heroism more substantially than with the praise showered upon them from every quarter.

BRICKBATS— AND ONE ORCHID

Widespread criticism of the Canadian Radio Commission announcer at Moose River, N. S., has been heard. Many were angry at the gentleman's methods; others have protested more in sorrow rather than anger.

There were good grounds for criticism, too, although it is surely rather immature to grow violently indignant at the poor fellow, who was doing his best—though it seemed to be closely patterned after the United States style. We all know how things should be done when we don't have to do them.

He evidently was carried away by the importance of his assignment and by the drama of the occasion, or "color" as he called it. The result was that in his efforts to avoid "color," he eluded the hues on heavily and thus misjudged his function in trying to dramatize the scene instead of reporting the plain facts.

The unhappy effect it had on listeners (and from a psychological standpoint the broadcasting of the rescue (de serves study) was due to this emotional firm of reporting, this cumulative impact of impending events that (on Monday night) did not happen. But it was also partly due to the unexpected delay in reaching the entombed men.

It was thought that they would be brought to the surface some time on Monday night, yet it was Wednesday afternoon before they were even reached. Every half-hour announcement, it was felt—and the announcer encouraged the feeling—must be the last that would end an almost intolerable suspense. But the half-hour announcements went on and on. In the light of the morning after, disappointment was manifested in resentment against the announcer for raising hopes too high.

It probably proved a valuable experience to the Radio Commission in the matter of handling spot news. Perhaps that body can extract some comfort from the Daily Mirror's Mr. Winchell who yesterday threw an "orchid" to:

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