

CONSTRUCTION, RECONSTRUCTION PARTIES OF TUXIS PARLIAMENT HOLD THEIR FIRST SESSION

Members Elected From
York and Sunbury
Counties

Legislation Away
To Good Start

Caucuses Today -- Bills
Being Considered

The opening of the first session of the Tuxis Model Parliament of York and Sunbury took place last evening in the vestry of the Brunswick St. Baptist Church. The event was of much interest to parents and friends, several visitors being present. Those taking part all filled their roles in an efficient manner and showed an intelligent insight into their work. The "Speech from the Throne" read by Rev. George Telford as "Governor," extended congratulations to the members on their election and upon renewed interest in Tuxis work and its various activities. Reference was made to the Maritime and National athletic contest and also to the importance of leadership training.

Douglas Breen was elected speaker. Bob Watson, in moving the address in reply urged support of summer boys' camps and to the "Upward Trail." Arthur Sewell as seconder spoke of the advisability of boys aiming at becoming leaders. By attending Tuxis groups the boys have improved themselves and have been a help in leadership.

Neil Ganter, premier, congratulated the members upon their election. He trusted that each one will put his best into the parliament and pointed out they must strive to do honor to their constituencies. Legislation would be submitted to them, their opinions were invited. He hoped they would attend summer camps.

Lawrence Hall opposition leader urged support for the Upper Trail. His party will vote for what they think is right. Several bills were introduced and several notices of motion were given. The house adjourned until 2:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Caucus meetings were held this morning at 10 o'clock.

The following are the members of the Construction party:

Neil Ganter, Bob Watson, Linden Peebles, Elmer Tufts, Vernon Hall, Bert Estabrooks, George Graham, Dalton Rideout, Hartland, Ed Rutledge, Paul Stannix, McAdam, George Brewster, Minto, Brydon McKnight, Manguerville, John Green, Stanley, Ted Williston, Bert Wallace.

Members of the Reconstruction party: Lawrence Hall, Arthur Sewell, George Colter, John Bell, Neil Nasdon, Harry Watson, Doug Rouse, Edgar MacWilliam, McAdam, Norris Menzies, Roy Rumble, Stanley, Bob Jewett, Ray Hurley.

Cabinet: Premier, Neil Ganter; Leader Opposition, Lawrence Hall; Finance Minister, Elmer Tufts; Physical Affairs, George Colter; Devotional Affairs, Brydon MacKnight; Intellectual Affairs, Douglas Rouse; Social Affairs, Paul Stannix; Provincial Secretary, Arthur Sewell; Minister without Portfolio, John Green, George Brewster. Lieutenant-Governor Rev. George Telford, Speaker, Douglas Breen.

Platform of Reconstruction party: Lawrence Hall, Leader.

1. That the Members of this Parliament pledge their whole-hearted support to the Upward Trail, by securing subscriptions, and by sending in articles and reports.

2. That a definite drive be made to expand the work of our Programme here in York and Sunbury Counties and to make these Counties Tuxis conscious.

3. We advocate inter-town and community Tuxis and Trail Ranger activities such as Bible study competition, Debating, Social events and Sports when and where possible.

4. We, the Youth of our Country, take Christ the center of our Programme as our Leader and with His help endeavor to:

(a) divert the world from its chaotic descendancy.

(b) stamp out the evident evils affecting the young people of today.

5. We stress the importance of the necessity of a well balanced Programme at each meeting of every Square or Camp.

Platform Construction Party: Neil Ganter, premier.

1. That this parliament, reorganize Boys' Work in this constituency, basing our programme on the Four Square Life and promoting in our Square the bills and resolutions of the Maritime Parliament.

2. That this parliament encourage leaders of Explorer and Trail Ranger Groups to give more attention to objective activities, making use of the excellent literature provided by the Boys' Work Board for this purpose.

3. That this parliament take definite

PLANES USED BY TRAPPERS IN NORTHLAND

FORT McMURRAY, Alta., March 6 —In less than ten years aviation and wireless have revolutionized the oldest industry in North America.

Nearly three hundred years ago the gentlemen adventurers of old England came into the continent with their Hudson's Bay Company, and today their trading posts all through this land are the centres of population.

But they were followed as the years passed by the free traders, and today there is a bitter war waging constantly between the big old company and the independents. That war has focused the attention of the trappers on the value of their wares, so that trading is keener. It has also focused the attention of the traders on the importance of watching their markets.

For two hundred and fifty years the inestimable wealth of this land crept slowly by dog-team, canoe and barge out into civilization. It floated down the rivers to the seacoast or came overland to the posts along the frontier. Perhaps a season's catch might not reach the fur dealer for a year or years.

Radio Brings Quotations

Tonight, sitting in the lobby of the New Franklin Hotel, a radio set brought a little group of men the latest news of their business. Down from Edmonton came the fur market reports, exactly the same as an Ontario farmer sits at noon by his radio and gets hog, grain and vegetable quotations.

Saturday night at Cameron Bay we listened to the code messages going out to the Hudson's Bay factors all over this country. They were instructions on prices, demands and shipments. Free traders got their advice also from the recently created clearing house, the Edmonton Fur Auctions and the older Winnipeg and Prince Albert markets.

The whole country from Dawson City and Aklavik to Fort Churchill was listening. Trappers scattered all over the land also could listen. And this meant that trappers were on the inside of a business that they had served blindly for centuries. They have a new knowledge of their potential importance.

Furs Worth \$213,000

The result is seen in things like W. Leigh Britnell's trip not long ago when he landed a plane at Edmonton airport with furs on board that brought \$213,000 in the markets. Planes come high in this country as elsewhere. It may cost a trader \$1,500 or \$2,000 for a plane, but what does this amount count in a single shipment of furs worth \$200,000?

Take mink and white fox. Sixty mink to a pound and \$12,000 worth in one pack. You can stow away twenty packs in one plane. It doesn't happen because no trader gets that many in a bunch, but regularly they will send ten packs, twelve packs. Add a few white fox worth more money than most people can visualize and then try to picture the modern fulfillment of Tennyson's lines about rich merchandise borne through the skies.

So aviation, coupled with radio, has completely altered the fur trading picture in a few years. It has been far more important when it is realized that trapping has pushed the fur frontier farther and farther back into the inaccessible lands. The areas of fur-bearing animals in this country, just as in Ontario, have been cleared out so that trappers have to push farther into the barren lands.

Trappers Use Planes

Today the trappers travel by plane. Regularly a trapper will climb aboard a ship with six husky dogs and his sleigh and a year's supply of sugar and tea and flour and be dropped 1,500, 1,800 miles into the interior. It costs plenty, but he is a comparatively wealthy man despite appearances and the idiosyncrasies that lone living develops.

We flew a trapper from Cameron

ite steps to educate the youth of our constituency against the use of intoxicating liquors.

4. That this parliament, realizing that personal commitment to the cause of Pacifism is not sufficient, give active support to the forces working for international goodwill and understanding.

5. That this parliament clearly define to its members the purpose of this parliament, and their duties, as members, in carrying out to the best of their abilities the responsibilities resting upon them.

6. That this parliament raise \$120, or more is possible, as our share to the M.R.E.C. That our financial campaign be carried on under the Leadership of our finance minister and a committee composed of the Maritime Tuxis Parliament members of this constituency.

BALI ALSO HAS ITS THREE "R'S"

Religion, Rice and Rhythm Play a Large Part in the Native Life, Which the Dutch are Determined to Keep Unspoiled

Of all combination utopias and paradises "discovered" since the war, the island of Bali, in the Dutch East Indies, has proved most popular with those travellers who have the time and the wherewithal to get to the other side of the world from these shores. Most American visitors to Bali have remained there for only a day or two, but today we have with us a young American writer who lived in Bali for half a year.

He is Hassoldt Davis, author of "Islands Under the Wind," and of the running commentary for the Ball film, "Goona-Goona," now heading for Tahiti although he found Bali the most beautiful in all the world.

"During my stay in Bali," said Mr. Davis, "I enjoyed most of the people, their art, music and dancing. The native dancing is really superb, and almost any time of day or night you can hear the gongs, large and small, of the gamelan orchestras. Balinese music is more interesting than the Javanese, in my opinion, and in Bali the gamelan instruments and the costumes for the dances are owned communally."

When the question was put to him as to why he did not plan to return to Bali instead of Tahiti, Mr. Davis replied: "As you know, the Dutch authorities now have very strict regulations regarding 'outlanders' remaining on the island of Bali any length of time, and it is impossible for foreigners to buy land there. The Dutch have decided to preserve Bali with its natives as a sort of national park. In spite of the American and European tourists who visit Bali I think that the island and its people will not be spoiled for many years."

"Even if the Dutch didn't have these new regulations, I would not return to Bali to live there. The climate is wretched. The island is very hot, and it is one of the wettest places in the world. In addition, the majority of the Balinese natives are—well, I will say, not easy to live with. A very proud people, it is difficult to make friends with them. They have a culture infinitely older than ours, and they are very satisfied with their own ways. Although tolerant of others, they remain aloof for the most part—fortunately for those who wish to see them in their happy and unique manner of living. In this connection it might be mentioned that no missionary has ever succeeded in Bali."

"After some difficulty an American friend and I rented a home—the concrete mansion of a high priest up to the time of his death, when he received a temporary abode in a tomb in the back yard until a suitable mass cremation could be arranged. The corpse didn't bother us any, but the ghost of his murdered second wife did. The house itself was fairly modern, except that it had no plumbing."

"Surrounding the house was a garden of orchids, with sacred turtle doves in cages. Surrounding the garden was a tropical orchard, and surrounding this was a real moat, in which the water stood green and poisonous. We had house, corpse, ghost and three Balinese servants—a comely cook, a fourteen year old house girl, or 'baboe,' and a male coolie to do the heavier work, such as picking coconuts from our orchard—all for twenty American dollars a month."

"For almost six months we lived quietly, contentedly, effortlessly in our own Bali home. Balinese time runs by no clock work and no calendars. Each day we arose wondering who would visit us or whom we would visit and what gamelan would call us to what new and extraordinary ritual. It was at night that the magic of Bali held sway. You listened and sooner or later you heard distantly the booming of a great gong—slow, sonorous moans which came in one minute intervals at first and then quickened gradually until they became a continuous mellow rumbling."

"Then the gongs commenced and quickened, the music of the tiny brazen bells finding its way through the jungle. Guided by the steady throbbing of the big gong, you seek the source of this strange, moving music. At one moment the dominating gong seems right before you; the next moment it seems to come distantly as if from out over the sea. The whole jungle appears to be full of music. The great banyan trees resound with notes of their own, while the slim bamboo whines a melody."

"It's really impossible to describe

Bay the other day. Pilots say that the dogs seem to have a habit of eating hearty meals just before they board the planes. The pilots are apparently right. The trapper's load was a dozen small bundles of stovepipes, a dozen burlap sacks from which to construct a dwelling, a sheet iron stove folded up, a pair of snowshoes, a bag full of twist tobacco and a bottle of Epsom salts. We left him at Yellow Knife below Fort Rae to plunge into the lonesome land and there set up a trap line. In his pocket was a bankbook that showed a balance at Edmonton of five figures.

the music of Bali. It is incredibly beautiful—to me the most beautiful in the world. It is music totally unlike that of any race we supposedly civilized moderns are pleased to call primitive. It possesses rhythm and composition and a harmony of great and little gongs, of xylophone, cymbals, flutes, and quaint fiddles—sorrowful and yet strangely without passion. The music is played for itself alone, or as an accompaniment for songs, dances and religious ceremonies. There is nothing sensual to Balinese dancing, as in the dances of Tahiti—merely the loveliest and most subtle of suggestions."

"There are no new songs in Bali," continued Mr. Davis, "just as there are no new arts or new dances. The Balinese, although fine artists and musicians, are now uncreative, holding entirely to the traditional patterns of their ancestors. Almost any coolie on the island could design an exquisite temple or play an intricate gamelan song, but he would only be re-creating the patterns, architectural and musical, of many centuries ago."

"Religion and rice occupy topnotch places in the lives of the Balinese, while the daily markets in village and town play an important part, too. The worship of the rice goddess, Batara Istri, is carried on with an elaborate ritual, and since rice is the principal food of the people and the island's chief export, she gets a lot of attention. Indeed, rice to the Balinese, is more than a mere source of nutriment and wealth; it is the embodiment of the deity. The granary cannot be entered by a sick woman, by one chewing betel nut or by a woman with her breasts uncovered. There are other strict injunctions, such as always putting the right foot first into the granary and never taking out rice at noon or after dark."

"A Balinese market is a jumble of color, the gorgeously shuffling of sarongs and a hashing of tongues beneath square thatched parasols. Magnificent in posture, women, with big loads on their heads weave through the crowd, and since most of them wear nothing above the waist, the traveller notes that even the older women are strong and well developed."

"Spread out beneath the parasols are fish, peanuts, poultry, pottery, bottles of arrak, peanuts in cornucopias of banana leaves, and the many fruits produced by the island, among them the stinking durian, the apple-like mangis and the grapelike langsap."

"Oh, yes, and there's betel nut too. I tried it once, and I must say the effect is pretty terrible. Carefully following instructions, I laid one mint leaf upon another, smeared the inner one with white lime, placed within it a chunk of betel nut, added a chew of tobacco and then gently masticated the mess. The mint bit my tongue and the lime seared my throat. When after ten minutes I couldn't expectorate that blood-like juice the traveller sees throughout certain parts of the East, I gave up chewing betel forever."

"There are so many things I could tell about; the curious little temple gods swathed to the waist in their checkered sarongs; the luncheons served cold and highly peppered since in view of the scarcity of the ice-most food is cooked early in the day before it can spoil; curious cocktalls, compounded by our fourteen-year-old baboe with the aid of different tropic fruits; calling upon a native regent whose harem building for his twenty wives he has named 'London.'"

"Then there was my introduction of the soap bubble to Bali, with the result that for days I was always blowing bubbles for Bali children; Javanese arrak, the native drink which costs ten cents a quart and tastes like lysol; the wild orgy of a

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kriss dance, as gory as a bull fight, with the women dancers swinging their krises as carelessly as though they were feather dusters; the sacred monkeys, dozens of them in all stages of size and holiness; the island ferris wheel, constructed of bamboo and revolved by hand, and the plague of locusts.

"One day we received word, relayed from Singapore to Java to Bali, that the locusts were coming. White residents who could sail away from Macassar and Bandjermasin, believed to be off the locust path. We re-enforced our windows with blankets, chinked the ventilating openings in the house, bought all the food possible and waited nervously. At last after seemingly endless waiting the plague arrived, heralded by the barking of dogs, the wails of scared natives and the 'chickening' disappearance of the house lizards. For two nights and a day the locusts drummed on our walls, plopped on our windows and ceaselessly droned."

"This plague of locusts left the exquisite island of Bali a waste. In our own garden the orchids were in shreds; the huge banana leaves were lacerated to green fringes; nothing remained of the hibiscus blossoms except bits upon the ground."

"Although I knew that Bali would be as green and as glorious as ever within a few months, I had had enough. I headed for Paris via Singapore and Suez. I saw a bit of Ceylon from a cart drawn by a cow which was kept going by the driver twisting her tail. In Port Said the hottest Christmas ever came into my life. Then I shivered up through Palestine and Anatolia, sleeping in 25 cents a night lodging houses. At last by way of Istanbul, Budapest and Munich I reached Paris, where I met my wife to be."

"After a year in France," said Hassoldt Davis in conclusion, "we lived six months in Majorca, a wretched place full of retired English colonels and their ladies. There I climbed mountains and took moving pictures. During the travelling that followed our stay there, we discovered for our selves the tiny republic of Andorra, a lovely spot with the most beautiful mud my wife says she ever walked in, and Djelfa, an Algerian desert town, with an amazing group of women who make wonderful tea, rate as the world's champion beer drinkers and wear heavy bracelets with spikes on them for protective purposes."

Do This For a Cold

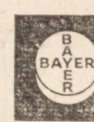


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