

LONELY LIGHTKEEPER'S FRIENDS IN THOUSANDS; GEORGIAN BAY BIRDS

Red Rock Dweller Saddened by Death of Hundreds Yearly, Lured by 15,000-Candle-power Beam

PARRY SOUND, March 8.—Twenty miles due west up the Sound, six miles from mainland, a grim, red boulder of granite protrudes above the deep water of Georgian Bay.

Even in calm weather, the bald pate of Red Rock is washed by unended swells. During the stormiest days and nights when a southwest gale tears across the ninety-mile sweep from Owen Sound way, the boulder, and the structure of steel and concrete and glass roosting upon it that is Red Rock Lighthouse, are lost to all view except during brief intervals of huge waves and spray.

Few men could stand the monotony and rigor of life for months on end on this lonely rock, yet for many summers past it has been the only home known by Lighthouse-keeper Adam Brown. All lighthouse-keepers must be of a tough breed, Adam Brown is one of the toughest.

Mistaken Conception

If any one imagines that this man's isolated life has made of him a coarse, callous fellow, immune to feeling except that required in his duty, that one is mistaken. Just the opposite is true. Outwardly, Adam Brown is hard enough and his blue eyes, one thinks, could be cold on special occasions, but when this reporter talked with him today they were soft and kindly and sparkling with anticipation.

Because, oddly enough, Adam Brown is counting the days and hours to the time when, with most of the ice gone, he will be taken out to Red Rock for another (and what is to be his last), summer's vigil. He longs for his friends out there—he has scores of thousands of them, birds.

Birds, yes, of every kind and description, and because he loves them, and is a bit of a naturalist, too, one of his few real sorrows is that so many thousands must die a violent death under his eyes each year.

Hypnotized by the 15,000 candle-power of Red Rock light, millions of flying insects buzz around and it is this rich feeding-ground that attracts the birds. Hundreds of them, in turn, are blinded by the glare and fly with full force against the glass or framework of the beacon, to fall dead or maimed at the feet of their helpless human friend. The death toll is pitifully large during the migratory seasons, spring and autumn.

300 Victims in Day

One day last autumn, Oct. 6, he picked up the bodies of nearly 300 birds, Mr. Brown said, most of them rare songsters. The following day, he heard later, as the flock winged its way further south, the lighthouse-keeper at Pelee Point, in Lake Erie, picked up 501 birds, killed the same way.

Now, Adam Brown has for years past selected some of the best specimens of these victims of man's necessary aids to navigation and shipped them to an ornithologist friend, W. E. Saunders, of London, Ont., who has them preserved.

And that is the answer to the curiosity of school children, and grown-ups, too, as to whence came the occupants of the glass-enclosed cabinets in countless schoolrooms. A good many of these birds killed themselves against Red Rock light. Mr. Saunders donated them to the school "museums."

Adam Brown does not stop there. Many times he finds a bird crippled by its darting crash. When possible, he treats it. He nurses scores back to life each year. Red Rock lighthouse is literally a bird hospital.

And, believe it or not, Adam Brown before entering the lighthouse service was a butcher by trade.

Marooned Sixteen Days

Red Rock light in the sixty-seven years of its existence has been the silent witness of much drama, but none stranger than that of a bleak December day of 1903. Adam Brown was a much younger man then, but none the less he didn't relish the fact that he had been marooned on the lonely boulder, extremely short of food, for sixteen days. He was to have been removed about Dec. 4, but something had gone wrong and a sudden cold spell had frozen part of the bay, making rescue impossible.

It was Christmas morning. Adam Brown had eaten his last biscuit (he had been living on one a day for two weeks). His fuel had long been gone.

He knew he had to make a desperate attempt to reach land by his own wit and failing strength.

Red Rock, always dangerous to approach and leave because of a wicked undertow, was a huge slippery icicle. His rowboat couldn't be launched except by a crude derrick he painfully rigged that morning. Passing over the menace and anguish of that start, he finally got away and rowed a mile or so until he hit drift ice. His boat would have been smashed like an eggshell to have attempted its passage. After two hours of tiresome search, he found larger floes. He had to "bring in" his boat as well as himself, so for the next quarter-mile it was a struggle of pulling his boat on to a floe, pulling or pushing it across, launching it on the other side, and repeating this terrific labor time after time until he staggered onto solid ice stretching four miles out from the mainland. But he could go no further in his exhausted condition, and he made up his mind to spend the night there.

Rescued by Chance

But for a freakish chance, it undoubtedly would have been his last night on earth. He had lain down his overcoat beside the boat. Perhaps the piercing, subzero wind recalled to him the fact that occasionally fishermen plied their way through the ice off an almost barren island half a mile away.

He was pretty good at whistling, so, using two fingers in his mouth, he sent out a couple of blasts. It happened at this moment that one of the two men, who fortunately were on the island, was cutting an icehole to draw a pail of water. He thought he heard something. Returning to the shack, he told his partner. One of them climbed to a bit of high ground and scanned the lake. Half a mile away he thought he saw a darker smudge against the late afternoon's growing twilight.

And so the courageous lighthouse-keeper, who should have been brought off by a Marine Department ship, in the end was rescued by a dog team.

This spring, Adam Brown, a veteran of forty years' service and the senior lighthouse-keeper in Canada, will go out to say his good-bye to Red Rock. He has many regrets that this is to be his last year on duty. He will miss his feathered friends. The strange grip the wave-washed rock has on his heart will not be loosened in many a year.

But he would not like to spend another Christmas Day like the one of 1903.

SNOW CONVINCES LILY PONS SHE IS IN CANADA

OTTAWA, March 9.—Lily Pons, petite opera singer, was delighted to see snow falling in Ottawa on her arrival today, for it convinced her she was "really in Canada," but she had local shoe merchants scratching their heads when she ordered "snow shoes." The footwear problem was solved, however, when the screen and opera star explained she really meant overshoes—the velvet ones with the fur trimming. And a merchant accommodated by getting the operative Cinderella her "snow shoes" even fitting her tiny size-three feet.

It was the annual surprise parties given by the Metropolitan Opera Company at the end of every season for the benefit of the poor that Miss Pons most wanted to talk about in an interview.

She gave a silvery peal of laughter as she recalled last year's entertainment, when, in company with Lauritz Melchior, the huge Metropolitan tenor, she put on a burlesque of an acrobatic act, with herself as the man doing all the lifting and balancing of the 200-pound Melchior. She explained that he was supported by wires, but the effect was extremely comical.

Add to odd accidents in homes: Bess Johnson tripped over the family dog and sprained a toe. She had to hobble around on crutches for a couple of days.

Don't Neglect That Persistent, Hacking Cough

Get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup from your druggist or dealer. It strikes at the foundation of the trouble. A few doses will convince you it is just the remedy you require.

It helps to stimulate the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation, subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucus, and aids nature to dislodge the morbid accumulations.

When this is done the persistent, hacking cough will disappear, no lying awake nights, no inflammation of the bronchial tubes.

COMMUNISM AND CONSISTENCY

The main idea of Communism is to bring the whole world, every country, under Soviet rule, for the purpose, as they say, to improve and better the living conditions of the people. In all their teachings, in their newspapers and pamphlets, every class of literature sent out by them, all other forms of Government are condemned. By clever propaganda, they are trying to create in the minds of people, in every country, the idea that only Communism can bring to them the happiness and ideal conditions of living that they desire, but to attain this, the destruction of present systems must be brought about. Here in Canada they maintain their own schools and colleges, print their own newspapers and magazines, to implant their principles amongst Canadians, with the hope that eventually they will be able to bring about the destruction of our system of Government and replace it with Red Rule. The articles written in these publications are of the most deceptive nature, they promise all sorts of impossible things, which they know could never be fulfilled. All Communist promises are of an underhand and insidious nature, made for the purpose of deceiving and alluring those who may be attracted by them. As for example in regard to Religion, they tell you that Religious freedom exists in Russia, or under Red Rule, because the sacrifice of a belief in God, and that a man has an immortal soul, is the chief obstacle towards a great many joining with them. They tell you that Religious freedom exists in Russia, and under Soviet Rule, that a person is free to hold his belief in his own Religion, but they do not tell you that while you can believe in your Religion you cannot practice it, for under Soviet Law, forcibly and strictly enforced public worship of every kind is forbidden for Soviet Rule is a Godless Rule. Such things as this you find out only after they have ensnared you. What a jewel is Consistency amongst the Communists! In this country they tell you, that their aim is to establish a system of Society, where all may work, and enjoy the fruits of their labor, a Society in which poverty, ignorance and misery and all the crime that accompany such, cannot exist. And yet there is not in all the world today any country, regardless of what the form of Government may be, where exists so much poverty and misery as in Russia under Soviet Rule. Should you desire to know of conditions amongst the people of Russia, and the deplorable conditions under which they are compelled to live, for from them there is no escape, read "Kapoot," a book written by C. Wells, a noted American lecturer and writer who spent two hectic months in that country, and now gives to the public an exact and true account of his experiences.

They tell you that the only way to secure better wages, shorter hours, better working conditions is to use violence, to strike—and here is one of the greatest inconsistencies of Communism, that while they advocate strikes in other countries yet in Russia, where working conditions are a thousand times worse than, for example, in Canada, a man who would dare to strike would be sent to exile as an enemy of the people and organizer of Labor, perhaps even might be shot. "Believe it or Not" here is what Ripley said in a radio broadcast on April 5, 1935, describing what he saw in Russia: "Russia is a gigantic poorhouse where millions of people are on the verge of starvation." And this is the land of plenty, that Communists hold up to you, where everybody lives in comfort, which has been made a real Paradise on earth, under their rule.

They tell the author and explorer, and Ripley, with a world wide reputation as a Communist, can't both be wrong.

Freedom of speech, so much demanded by Communists here, in the teaching of their doctrines and which is allowed to them to a degree far greater than many loyal subjects in the country feel that it should be, preaching as they do a subversive doctrine, for the one purpose only, that of bringing about the ultimate destruction of our present system, is denied absolutely under Soviet Rule. It is always throttled to prevent criticism of the methods and cruelties of Communism. Recent murders of men who dared to speak against the Rulers are familiar to the minds of many. While they prate of Free Speech here, it is next to a crime in Russia to speak as you think, and but few ever dare to do so. Communistic freedom of speech or freedom of thought even, means agreement with Communism, thinking what its leaders think, believing what they tell you, and saying only what they want you to say, to talk of Freedom under such conditions robs words of their meaning.

Right to Vote.—An article in the Soviet Constitution states that citizens have the right to vote, and Communist agents in this country hold this out to the people as though it was a Political Right. But the right to vote gives him no choice of conditions to vote for. He must vote only for those offered and approved by the Communist party. The citizens have absolutely no right to put

forward candidates. They may have the right to vote, but they have no right to disagree. The official organ of Communist Labor in Russia, unwittingly told the truth when it said "The sole possibility with Communism is: One party is in power, and all the others are in jail." From this it will be seen that any right to political Liberty which they talk about is but another example of their inconsistency and deception of their teachings, simply propaganda to gain converts to their Red Rule.

The happiness offered by Communists to the working millions is quite impossible of realization. The promises made are altogether false, and contrary to reason. The hope that all the people of the world could be equally rich and comfortable is impossible of fulfillment. There is only a limited amount of material things in the universe, and even though it were possible to divide all money and property evenly among the people, the result would be universal poverty, and in times of depression and stress there would be no wealthy and generous patrons to whom the poor could appeal for succor and assistance. Furthermore there would be no incentive to hard work, as the hard-working father of a family could not save the product of his Labor for the future of his household. If Communism could bring happiness in any country it should have been successful in Russia. It has the whole power of the Government behind it, and this power is used ruthlessly and with unheard-of cruelty, to clear away all obstacles from its path. Five million Russians have been put to death because they dared to use liberty of speech in condemning a system which, in their opinions, could never succeed. So liberty of speech died in Russia, as it will in any country dominated by Red Soviet Rule. Millions of the people were condemned to the inhospitable prisons in Siberia because they tried to practice their Religion, and so liberty of Worship died in Russia and step by step all human liberty disappeared and died, and the poor Russians who were promised happiness and comfort under Communism, as its agents in this country promise us, found themselves deprived of all things, even their children. They became a horde of miserable slaves sold to their own Soviet Chiefs, and such will be in this country when the eventful Day arrives, which Red agents in Canada are now planning for, patterned for Canada is this Communistic form of Government, and the destruction of all private rights, liberty and freedom. At this moment we are face to face with the Red Monster. Who knows how near at hand is the day of Revolution? As you read this, at this very moment that day is being planned for. Massacre, Murder, Bloodshed is inevitable. Thousands will pay the price, unless this serpent is crushed before it can crawl closer upon us. Already disaster through its ruthless and cruel methods have been brought into one third of the world. Let us not be so dumb to think it can not happen here. It is happening here. What's to be done about it? Something, yes, for remember, if our present system of government and civilization is to live, Communism must die.

(Sgd.) K. of C. CRUSADERS.

SONS OF THE 'WELL TO DO' AVOID THE MINISTRY

BOSTON, March 9.—Dean Willard L. Sperry, of Harvard Divinity School, in his annual report made public today, said the ministry was being recruited from men who had to "work their way," because "well-to-do parents discourage their sons from entering this profession."

Declaring this situation has "obtained for a hundred years," Dean Sperry asserted it resulted in lax practices of awarding excess subsidies to men entering the ministry.

Dean Sperry said the causes for the small number of students in the Harvard Divinity School were many. "Not the least of these," he said, "is the fact that the influence of this university on the religious thought and life of America has come through its lay channels as well as through its theologians."

CARIBOU TREK SOUTH DUE TO FOOD SHORTAGE

FORT McMURRAY, March 9.—Believed due to a food-shortage in the Northwest Territories, thousands of caribou have moved south into Wood Buffalo Park and environs on Alberta's northern boundary. Caribou that left their usual habitat and trekked south were fraternizing freely with bison in the park, Captain W. R. "Wop" Murray, distinguished Northern air ace, reported, following an inspection flight in the North.

EDUCATOR HAS 4 ALIBIS FOR POOR SCHOOL ENGLISH

HAMILTON, N.Y., March 9.—For the college students who murder the King's English, language professors had their alibi today.

Dr. Leo L. Rockwell, director of the School of Languages and Literature at Colgate University, said "the trouble was English is not with the teachers, it's with English itself."

"English," he said, "has at least four things the matter with it." He enumerated them:

"English is really used every day. No one expects students of algebra to go out and do their problems on the sidewalks, but English students are barely out of the classroom before they show what they haven't learned."

"English as a language is one of the most treacherous of our social tools. Words change their meaning almost every time they're used."

"Students have to waste endless time learning the worst system of spelling in the Western World, so they haven't time left for really important things."

"Too many people know too much about English and what they know is wrong."

65 STUDENTS OF EDMONTON TO VISIT SUDBURY

EDMONTON, March 9.—Three special cars will carry sixty-five University of Alberta chemical and mining students on a twelve-day trip to Sudbury, Ont., where they will study mining plants, it was announced here today. They will leave April 23 following final examinations. Since 1921, senior mining and chemical students have been taking these trips every two years to famed mining centres.

If you want to keep young here's how to do it: Get plenty of fresh air, lots of exercise and, above all, try to cultivate a pleasant disposition, and advancing years will have no terrors for you.

Do This For a Cold



1. Take 2 "ASPIRIN" tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.



2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 "ASPIRIN" tablets in 1/2 glass of water. Gargle twice.

The Modern-Day Way to Ease Cold and Sore Throat Quickly

The modern way to curb a cold is: Two "Aspirin" tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Repeat, if needed, according to directions in box.

At the same time, if you have a sore throat, crush and dissolve three "Aspirin" tablets in one-third glass of water, and gargle with this mixture twice.

The "Aspirin" you take internally will act to combat fever, cold pains and the cold itself. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain, acting like a local anesthetic on the irritated throat membrane.

Try this way. Your doctor will endorse it. It is quick, effective

and ends the taking of strong medicines for a cold. "Aspirin" tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited, of Windsor, Ontario. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.

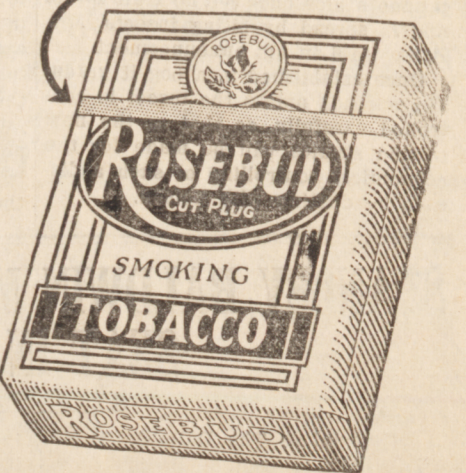
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