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SAFETY WORK

SULPHITE MILL

Out of forty-eight accidents reported during the last two months, but two were at all serious.

There were six injuries to hands causing infection and incidentally loss of time, and in each case of the six, the man did not report to First Aid Room for treatment at the time of the accident.

There were thirteen injuries due to handling logs, none serious and all really due to carelessness.

Cuts from use of sample knives caused accidents that could have been avoided.

Of the two serious cases, one man was jammed in a car apparently by a defect in floor tipping his truck and one had his hand badly mutilated on a cross cut saw, this being due entirely to his not using proper care about his work.

Of all accidents only two could have been avoided by safety work, in each instance being caused by defects in floors.

Four different men got hurt twice.

Twenty-eight French were hurt, eleven Russians, eight

Americans and one Italian.

From the percentages of employees this indicates that the Russians are perhaps in more danger of accidents than the other nationalities, but it may be partially due to the nature of their work.

CASCADE MILL

The following is a list of accidents at the Cascade Mill during the month of January, which may be classified as follows:

Number of accidents without loss of time	11
Number of accidents, minor injuries	14
Serious accidents	1

- Jan. 3. John Parosky, small chip of wood in right eye.
10. Frank Donardo, ashes in right eye.
15. Wm. Barrett, crank of winder flew off, hurting right wrist.
15. Arthur Bourque, in cutting lining of digester the chisel slipped, hit him on jaw, knocking out two teeth.
16. Gerald Bessey, cut left thumb with saw.
17. Leon Skillings, jammed right thumb.
19. Archie Twitchell, cutting of cast iron in right eye.
22. Jos. Baillargeon, fell on stairs, hurt right hand.
24. Samuel Rogers, hit right foot with pick.
27. Eldridge Peabody, hit on chest

by stick.

31. Wm. Bouchard, small piece of steel in right eye.

MINOR INJURIES

- Jan. 1. Geo. Farladeau, piece of steel in left eye.
7. John McKay, jammed between log and water pipe.
8. Geo. Thurston, fell and hurt side.
8. Thos. Gagne, Block of wood fell on right foot.
8. Eddie Tash, Strained back in lifting ladder.
16. Omer Paquette, 3 inch plank fell on right foot.
16. John Smith, jammed third finger left hand.
16. Richard Vachon, pipe rust in right eye.
20. Frank Donnelly, stuck a spike in left thumb.
20. Bruno Francisco, piece of steel in left eye.
22. Henry Bourbeau, jammed third finger right hand.
26. F. H. Ball, cut left wrist with axe.
27. Joseph Reische, strained side pulling paper out of hole.
31. Harold Eastman, slipped off crane, hurt back and right leg.

SERIOUS ACCIDENTS

- Jan. 2. Peter Fortier, in opening stokers burnt left hand with hot ashes.

1920 VERSION

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get a wee nip—"just a smell,"
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare
And father was A W O L.

Contributions of news items are requested from every employee. It is not absolutely necessary that you write an article. If you have any news to offer or an article to suggest, drop a note in the suggestion boxes placed in the different mills for that purpose.

Editorial Staff:

Editor-in-Chief	W. E. Taft
Associate Editors.....	{ Oscar P. Cole
	{ G. E. Richter
Business Manager.....	J. H. Briggs

A summary of the vote on the advisability of setting the clock ahead an hour next month resulted as follows:

On the face of the returns this shows a very decided majority as a whole against this movement.

The editors feel that this is most decidedly due to a misunderstanding of the facts, and was caused by the matter not being properly presented to the men at the Cascade Mill.

The impression was allowed to be circulated that this change of time would mean still poorer service and longer waits between the occasional trips of the trolley line.

It is easy to see from the many communications we receive for publication that the men have reason to complain of the present service, and would naturally not vote for any change that would make conditions worse. As a matter of fact, however, public sentiment, if nothing else, would oblige the railroad management to plan their schedule to agree with the change of time. With this satisfactorily arranged, we

Dr. Sharpe of the Life Institute has made us another visit, and many have had the privilege of obtaining his advice. A general comparison of blood pressures was a popular subject for some days.

The good results being obtained from these consultations are very evident, and it is hoped that eventually the movement may be broadened in some way, so as to take in everyone who may be desirous of keeping themselves in good health.

It has certainly been an uphill fight lately to keep the plants running, a fight that is in a way enjoyable. The combination of storms and extreme cold have made us find out what can be done when it must be done, and has given us the incentive of accomplishing something under extreme difficulties. If everything always ran smoothly we would get fat and lazy. When the warm days of spring come we can look back at the discomforts of this last winter, and soon forgetting them, begin to growl because it is too hot.

If you have a bit of news

Send it in.

Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in.

A story that is new,
An incident that's true

We want to hear from you,
Send it in.

Never mind about your style.

If it's only worth the while,

Send it in.—Exchange.

If steam is low blame the railroad for not delivering new boiler material.

When the pond is freezing and the wood won't slide, get after Raeburn for another ton of dynamite.

If the log anchor breaks, get another made with "Martin" improvements.

If the Barker Plant breaks down get Oliver onto high blood pressure so he will explode a little and then the machinery is glad to run.

If a motor breaks down start Pennock out trying to convince the Cascade that they have one they do not need.

When there is nothing left for MacKinnon to ship pulp in, worry Gilbert. When that don't work call on Maintenance men to fix up some of Dan's green expresses.

If there is a real good "Sulphite Stink" chase Spear and Fagan. Tackle them both for it is sure to be the other fellow's fault anyway.

Unload cars for the Cascade then appropriate the empties.

Persuade Barton that salt cars are all right to ship pulp in even if the men have to work an extra.

Dig out the B. & M. when necessary,
the U. S. is too poor to do it.

Give the Traffic Department some fatherly advice.

Let the Purchasing Department men know we are alive and want something.

Finally, whatever else you do, get production, no matter whether it is possible or not.

It would be so peaceful if everybody would mind their own business.

A man of business is strictly in business; he understands business; he does business; and is full of business; he does not meddle in other people's business; to worry other people with your business is not business; if you let other people know your business you will be out of business; to get into trouble is the lawyer's business, and to be out of trouble is your business; and so mind your business, and business will go fine.

This might be of use to some man.

Wood, Simms and Daniels believe in free speech in so far as telling on the other fellow—it is treason when you say something about them.

CASCADE JUICE

LOST—Last summer team and five dogs. Finder will please notify Jack Arsenault, assistant yard master.

Uncle Ed Nowell, the night storekeeper, has returned to duty after an illness of fourteen days. Every employee of the Cascade mill is glad to see him back.

Harry Aldrich has joined the "Every Night Club." They say that he is a very faithful member, he never misses a meeting.

The boys say that the new Cascade lunch room must have made quite a "hit" owing to the fact that one man who is hard to satisfy, spent 25 cents on the opening day and was well satisfied.

Some (unreliable) person mentioned in passing that certain parties were intending fixing up the Cascade park. Extensively among the repairs were the ball

field, trotting park, outdoor theatre and the dance hall with up-to-date lunches and all sorts of things that go to make life pleasant for all that desire clean entertainment and are compelled to stay at home. So kind and thoughtful of our benefactor. (Just a minute, a dream).

They were discussing the Mexican situation.

Well, what I hope," said the recent doughboy, "is that the next war holds off long enough so's I can say, 'Fall in! Count off! Squads right! Forrard Hr-rch! Detail, halt! Here take 'em, Uncle, their daddy's too old to go.'"

What we have seen of the new lunch room looks very good to us. We wish them the best of luck. The sign "Pie, ten cents a quart" looks good to our eyes.

A member of "Driscoll's Band" had a tooth pulled the other day with the re-

sult that all his cussedness was pulled out with it, or we think so anyway, because he lined it for church the next day thinking he was going to die, and wanted to stand in with St. Peter, so he would not have to go where all papermakers are supposed to go. But with the passing off of the effects of ether, he decided that he would stay and play a while longer in Driscoll's Band instead of going aloft and doing a punk job of trying to play a harp.

We wonder why it is that when Chas. Fabyan is blowing his "horn" at home, he is always playing some "far away" piece and when he is in the band hall he always plays "Home Sweet Home."

We think Forrest must have made a mistake when he put Ranney Keenan down as a "wall flower" a few month ago. He didn't look like one at the Ladies' Leap Year Dance.

BROWN CORPORATION

TEMI-COUATA OPERATION

Scarcity of water, very little snow and constant cold weather have characterized the winter in this country.

We understand that Jim Cassidy has gone into the dairy business. From our experience we may state that, unless milk maids are more plentiful and efficient in Rivere Trois Pistoles than they are in Rivere du Loup, Jim had better start a correspondence course in the art of milking.

Where was the *Bulletin* reporter on the days of the Woods Department Conference this year? We expected to see accounts of this event in these columns, and hoped that some of the pictures snapped would be used as illustrations. There is no doubt that several of the contestants in the egg boiling contest lost first place through nervousness in working before the camera. Had they known that none of the pictures would be shown, they might have sacrificed some of the "movie" form to ungraceful speed.

Mr. Dube, of the Traffic Department,

was a recent visitor here. He seems under the impression that they have cold winters in Canada.

LA TUQUE

Mr. Chas. Cash of the office staff had the misfortune to fall and break a bone in his wrist about three weeks ago.

Our new stable is now nearing completion, and Jim Monahan says it is going to be a "dandy." It certainly looks good from the outside.

We regret to report that W. L. Gilman, who, with Mrs. Gilman, accompanied the hockey team on their trip, has been laid up at Sherbrooke for a week and a half with an attack of acute bronchitis. We believe Mr. Gilman is able to be up now, and expect to see him back shortly.


Mr. E. M. Plummer, of the time office, while going to work one night recently, fell on the railroad track and broke his ankle.

The Old Soldiers' and Sailors' Dance held on February 6th at the St. Andrew's


Club Rooms was a brilliant success. The dancing hall was very artistically decorated with flags and "tin hats," and the music was simply great. There were two kinds of punch, "light" and "dark." The light stuff did not last, but those who had any of it claimed it was considerably wetter than the other. Here's hoping we have more soldiers' dances.

We understand that the old soldiers and sailors have appointed a committee to organize a club to be known as "The La Tuque Social and Athletic Club," and that their idea is to utilize the old St. Andrew's Club Rooms on three nights a week and Saturday afternoons. This club will open to all the residents of La Tuque and district over 17 years of age. This will be a mighty good thing for the community, as it has been proven often that when the soldiers start something they generally finish it and finish it right. The committee, as appointed at a meeting of soldiers held on the 11th inst, is as follows:

J. K. Nesbitt, Chairman	R. Fairbairn
E. A. White, Sec.-Treas.	H. Bailey
S. Gillard	M. J. Dumit
J. Fairbairn	J. Garrow



SULPHITE MILL GAS



Have you taken out your second papers? If not, you are not an American citizen.

A lady came to the Time Office a short while ago and said she wanted to see the man who had something to do with the insurance. "Oh, Briggs," said the timekeeper. "No, I want the little fellow that wears short pants." After many inquiries it was found she wanted none other than A. E. Michaud, and the short pants referred to the army make-up he has been wearing lately.

For the last few weeks the office force has been much hampered by the continual absence of different ones, due to sickness.

Moving pictures have become so popular that Mr. Homer Williams has been appointed Constable to persuade the boys that we are not running a free show for children. It is necessary, but too bad, as they certainly enjoy them.

John Marvois and crew are very busy installing the new pipe systems at the Heine Plant.

Nick's truck broke down at last, and it took an appropriate time, while the snow was deep. It is supposed that he could not keep it hot enough to hold the wheels on.

Another man badly hurt on the cut-off saw. An old experienced millwright, not a green man. Saw was perfectly guarded. Only one reason for it; he got careless. Safety committees can't prevent such accidents. It is up to the man himself to keep his mind on what he is doing.

A DREAM OF FROST

I dreamed one night that on a favorite mountain stream
I cast my flies to many a smashing strike.
The spring was in the air, and budding leaves aglow
Half clothed each bush and slender branch alike,
I went next day along that silent ice bound stream,
And cast my flies where I had seen the trout leap,
Thus I found that the trout lay at the bottom fast asleep.

Anyone desiring to learn how to use a dish pan for a toboggan apply to Herb Spear. In fact he has one large enough to hold the whole Curve Room force. (Some force.)

Pop McKinnon hasn't been seen in the Curve room for a week. Why? The black bird (you know the bird that crows) says he heard Smythie say, "Pop, if you keep coming up here so often, we'll have to put you to work."

"A doctor! An ambulance! A stretcher! A nurse! Emergency please!" So said Howard Powers as he burst excitedly into the Time Office the other day. True as ever to the quick action required so often by him, the timekeeper called up the stable to ask that an ambulance be sent down right away. Not being able to obtain it, he next called up Walters, telling him to rush his ambulance over to the Sulphite as a man was seriously injured. Next Dr. Marcou was summoned. Then the First Aid Room was speedily cleared and the nurse and Billy Innes stood in readiness to administer all possible aid to the injured, and a stretcher was rushed to the log pond. Then to the surprise, if not consternation of all, in walked the injured (?) man without an apparent scratch, and the stretcher on his shoulder. Say, Mr. Powers, that tumble into the log pond must have gone clear to your head, or did you take something stronger to warm up? There is, however, a commendation due to those who were "on the job" in case of emergency because accidents will happen, you know.

They say it takes Billy Innis longer to pay off in the Curve Room than in any other department in the mill. When we suggested that Eddie Chaloux be made assistant, those in authority protested.

Did anyone hear Bob Briggs' autocall ringing for an hour and a half the other morning? The reason? Well, you see, a woman and a lawyer were anxious to see him at the same time. He was of course perfectly willing to see the woman, but the lawyer!!! Bob thinks he might be able to out-talk a woman but say, did you ever try to talk to a lawyer alone, not to say anything of trying both at once? We don't blame you sir, when with hands up you exclaim, "One at a time, please."

Lora—"Smythie, do you believe in Providence?"

Smythie—"I don't know, but I have great confidence in the divine Powers."

Fred Olson has been on a trip persuading someone to sell some more refrigerating machinery.

Alfred Cadorette, our errand boy and boxer, who weighs one hundred and twenty-five stripped, used to go up to the Curve Room very often to learn to speak Norwegian, but now he doesn't go up there. I wonder if Paul Grenier has shown that he is boss up there. Is that so Mr. Cadorette?

The Digester and Acid Departments have been consolidated and Mr. Fagan is now responsible for the operation of both. This will certainly keep him busy enough to avoid any danger of his finding the days too long.

Mr. Herbert Spear has been appointed Superintendent of the Sulphite Department of the Cascade Mill. While we regret his loss in our immediate organization, he is still one of the family and we feel rather proud that he has been chosen for promotion instead of an outsider.

Has cider gone the way of old John Barleycorn? At least we haven't heard of any more cider fêtes at 917 Main.

Someone asked the other day where the females bought their rouge. For advice on this subject we might recommend Elsie Porter. At least she found some the other day, you know the kind that doesn't come off, and from the quantity used we should say she bought out the whole drug store.

Subscriber (who has been connected with 20 instead of 120—Albert Theatre) —"Hello, have you any seats in H left?"

Operator, laughingly—"No, Madam, they were all reserved long ago."

Subscriber in surprise—"Who is this, anyway?"

Operator—"This is the Sulphite Mill, call 120."

Subscriber (spitefully)—"Well, perhaps you can tell me then if they were all reserved for the Sulphite."

Operator—"Don't know, refer you to information."

RATS IN THE CURVE ROOM

Since the New England Telephone Cabinet, which holds the switchboard batteries, has been used as a "kitchen cabinet" by the girls who have their lunch at the mill, "Rats" has been seen more frequently than ever. "Rats" always did come quite often in the daytime, but at night—Oh! never! To judge from the teeth marks on the outside we'd surely say that it is not "false impression." Say, Rats,

you must have a great fondness for cheese. Of course when we heard the boss' gentle voice we said "cheese it." However, we didn't mern to mislead you in regard to the cheese in the can in the cabinet. So please in the future go easy on the cheese, as it may be "Rough on Rats."

Mr. Whitcher (looking at Mr. Metz's bandaged face)—"What kind of a fight have you been in anyway?"

Mr. Metz—"I assure you, sir, I haven't

been in any fight except the Sulphite."

Miss Ryan (to O'Shea, a basket ball player)—"Mr. O'Shea, don't you think our mountains beautiful?"

Mr. O'Shea—"Oh! I think I like your fine-dells better."

He—"Cook(e), please."

She—"Oh! are you looking for a cook?"

He (hastily hanging up)—"Gee whiz! another leap-year vamp."

UPPER PLANTS NOTES



PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

Someone in the Purchasing Department seems to have a hankering for opening personal mail, but for gracious sake don't tell anybody.

Mr. H. A. Bishop and our stenographer have been seen together lately, at least once a day, chewing the rag about letters over in the corner near the transfer cases. Who knows, maybe they are getting ready to file their intentions.

WANTED: Volunteers to form a searching party to locate or discern the whereabouts of our speedy mailman. This brave man left the office a week ago last Monday on what was known as a forty-five minute trip around the plant, to deliver and collect the morning mail, and as yet nothing has been heard of him. Just think, he may be forced to sleep during the cold nights along the track that leads from the bridge to the Sulphite mill, or up on one of the large oil tanks at the Kream Krisp plant which have such nice sloping roofs. Come and help save this man and let your name go down in the book of good deeds and no rewards.

"Jack" Hughes, as we go to press, has

just finished her 367th table cloth and is still going. They should have had her in France during the war when that great battle of the Marne was going on. She is so proficient with the needle that perhaps with a pair of scissors, a library lamp, a cat and some thread, she might have been able to sew up those terrible Huns.

Will some kind hearted man, who may be in a position to do so, kindly furnish Miss Feindel with a wire cage in which to work, just to see if she can work a week without catching her dress on some desk corner or index file and tearing it.

Harry Bishop our original follow-up clerk and fisherman was sent to Lewiston, Me., recently to purchase some dynamite for the Company. On going to the firm of Hall & Knight Co., he attempted to buy a couple of tons of said explosive, but that good old reliable firm was taking no chances so held the Reverend Bishop a prisoner until they called up the Berlin office for identification. On receipt of identification they released him, and packing the dynamite for him, sent the little boy home . . . Well now, really, "Bish," you can't blame Hall & Knight. How did they know you were not the

fellow who broke out of the insane asylum last week?

Some people seem to think that Mr. Hoyle, our Portland office man, is reserved and very quiet around the office . . . Well, now reader, to be absolutely honest, what would you do in the line of oratory if you had to work eight hours a day between a saw mill blower and a TALKING machine?

There seems to be a lot of talk about the Purchasing Dept. lately, especially since January 16th. Well, just to relieve someone's mind, and not to shatter someone's fond dreams, I wish to say that the keg which is near the safe is, and has been for some time, a-b-s-o-l-u-t-e-l-y empty.

When in doubt as to how to play that poker hand, ask Mr. Hoyle of the Purchasing Department. He knows. He wrote the rule book.

MAIN OFFICE

Lost, Strayed or Stolen?

Somewhere between the first and third floor, three keys plainly marked "STOCK ROOM" with a piece of iron 12 inches long attached. Kindly return to Woods Department and receive reward.

Bob Smith:—"Are you in favor of the Daylight Saving Law?"

Office Girls:—"We don't care."

Bob:—"That means yes."

After a discussion in the rest room.

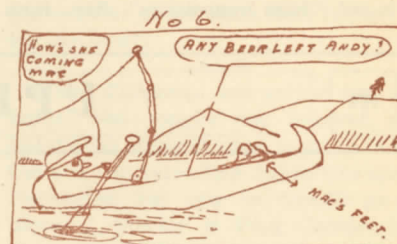
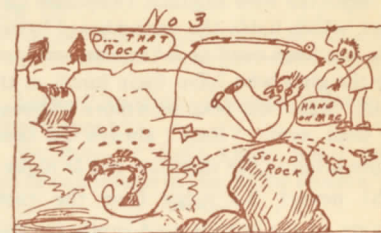
1st Girl:—"Gee, I wish I had said I was not in favor of that law."

2nd Girl:—"So do I. I didn't think what I was saying."

3rd Girl:—"I've changed my mind too," etc.

By this conversation you can get some idea of what will happen when the women vote.

A 1919 FISH STORY---WITHOUT A WRITE-UP



P.S. (PEASOUP) IF YOU WANT THE WORDS, ASK PETE



GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Our friend, Frank Oliver, has asked for a withdrawal card from his former lodge, "The Midnight Crew," to join "The Benedicts."

Poor Frank! Although you certainly have the best wishes of your former brother members, we feel sorry to lose you.

Do not forget if you should repent at the eleventh hour, there is one hope left and that is the midnight train.

The grocery department claims it is impossible to start a bowling team in that department, as everyone seems to be tied up for some reason or other. One says he has to take care of "kiddie." One has to practice hockey and also at getting "black eyes." The last, but not least, cannot show up. He is not married, but is worse off—he has to be with her every evening.

Albert Morin, while playing hockey (?) forgot what he was doing, and started what must have been a prize fight from the looks of his eye. How was the other fellow, Albert?

STABLE

Charlie Quinn dined not wisely but too well the other evening, and rushed to the 'phone and said "Give me Dr. McGee's office." "Information" says Central. "No, stomach trouble," says Charlie.

Arthur Simpson of the stable force has made a record on skis. He states that

he can fall in more different positions than any man in the North Country. He also has a little trick of sitting down while going over the jump that is bound to take the attention of all who see him.

KREAM KRISP DEPT.

Harry Flynn of the Recording Gauge Department has been cited for diligent performance of duty during a gas attack at No. 4 Cell House, and has been recommended for a galvanized iron medal with a tin star. The citation speaks of his wobbly knees, sick stomach and big head while the attack was at its highest point. Harry was removed to the base hospital for overhauling and after a convalescent period of two days returned once more to the front and reported to Captain Covio for duty. Harry says it takes more grit than any fighting marine possesses to stand such an attack on the cell house front.

There has been a rumor spread that Joe Lauze is soon to leave us, this absence to last until the Presidential election. We understand that Joe is planning an extensive lecture tour supporting the Democratic candidate for President.

When Ray Smith, our assistant manager, gets talking Metz, and John Thoie gets going on Fords it sounds like an auto show demonstration and it surely is very instructive to listeners. To Ray the Metz is the only car in America, but John strongly supports the little old pail.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Messrs. Richter, Vannah and Cave have been taking a vacation recently—entering the "grippe."

Mr. C. H. Goldsmith is a living example of endothermic and exothermic reactions. The Saturday afternoon half-holiday impressed him as being an excellent opportunity to "See America First." Accordingly he went for a sleigh ride up the Glen road. But alas! The drifts were many and deep, and the horse, being possessed of a pessimistic nature, soon gave up the struggle. However, Mr. Goldsmith finally reached home, not only tired but half frozen. He states—and here you see the reason for our first assertion—that he "thawed out the same way he froze up!"

Mr. F. M. Jones' furnace has not sufficient conductivity. We would suggest that anyone bothered with frozen water pipes these cold days apply to Mr. Jones for information regarding the latest and most improved methods for remedying the difficulty.

Have you seen Thomas Thompson with his green bottle? One label pictures a Skull and Crossbones, and on the other are the directions, "Take a full glass before breakfast." Who is the mixer, Tom?

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tablets, that he may run that readeth.—Habakkuk, ii, 2.

Who says the war hasn't taught us thrift?

Irving Hannaford of the store force had a few spare moments on his hands the other day, so he immediately set his energy to work on a new *rat trap*. It was set in the storeroom of the Grocery Dept. for trial. A few moments later someone notified *Hann* of a terrible racket in the

on the advantages of his trap, the easiest way out is to buy one, as he will keep talking until you lose your hearing. It didn't take him ten minutes to convince us that they were not a luxury, but a household necessity, and one of the greatest inventions of mankind. He says if he makes good in the trap business he will blossom out next summer with one

not one of the fellows (either Sears or Roe or Buck) had anything when they started out but energy, and the great Van Camp started out with one bean. We would like to see him make good so here's wishing him luck. Please send in your orders.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

The new Riverside mill is fast nearing completion. The steel is almost completely in place and the forms for the walls are finished, together with the tower for distributing concrete.

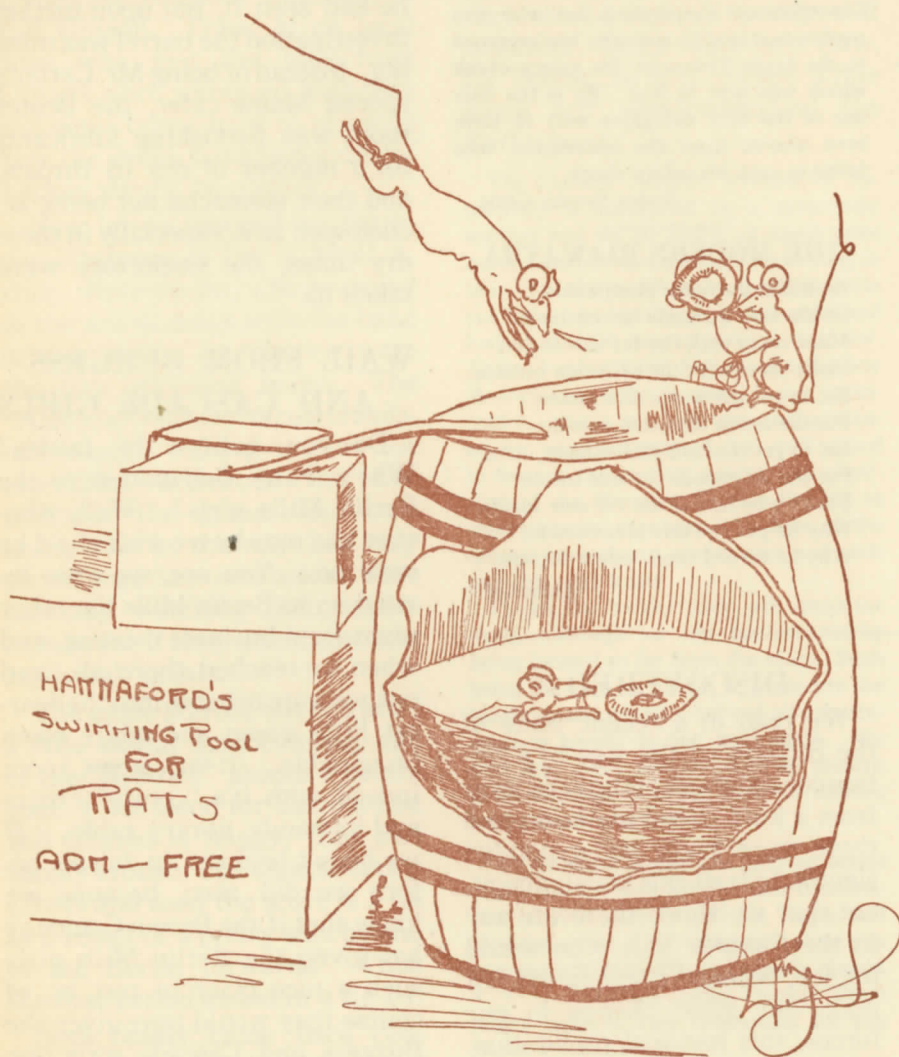
The survey for the new hydro-electric development has been made and the construction is now under way. When completed, it will consist of a new concrete dam opposite Tube mill No. 2, where the gate house will be placed, three thirteen-foot Redwood stave penstocks which will follow the river bank to the power house, in which there will be three 5000 h. p., K. V. A. units. The total development will be approximately 15,000 h. p. The power house itself will be placed just below the Burgess footbridge.

RIVERSIDE MILL

The Wail of the Neglected

Every night at five and every noon,
The cutter girls go through this room;
Some of them smile and some do not,
Some of them think they are a lot.
Have we insulted them in any way?
If so, we'll apologize every day.
If they would speak to us once in a while
And give us at least a friendly smile,
Instead of going with their nose to the sky
As if to say, "speak to me and you will die."
Now girls, as you read this don't feel bad,
But accept this apology of a machine room lad,
So wend your way and you will see
What nice friends we all can be.

—Spokeshave.



room. He rushed down. On coming out of the room he met Pete and said, "The first one, Pete, was that long!"

He is now the sole agent for the *Patent Rat Trap* according to *Hann*. They are some traps, all for the sum of one dollar. When he gets you in a corner and starts

of the most complete lines of hand painted suspenders and non-slip collar buttons on the market.

He states that anyone who wants to laugh at him has the privilege, but lots of big business deals started in the same way and gives for example the firm of Sears & Roebuck; he claims that

Mike with the Red Necktie

The roses are red,
The violets are blue,
Mike Egan got a tie
Of crimson hue.
Two and one-half
I paid for mine,
But Mike got one
That cost a dime.

—Spokeshave.

Who writes such wonderful letters that are sometimes found in the Cutter Room rolls? Below is reproduced an exact copy.

Berlin, N. H., Dec. 24, 1919.

Dear Miss:—

I lived in a small town where there are only about twenty-five girls. They are very scarce and I am very lonesome. I am eighteen, I can speak French. I would like to make the acquaintance of some nice girl that would write to me. I would exchange photo.

I remain in hope,

NEWS OF THE "JOLLIETTES"

"Jolliettes" are coming into the lime-light every day as a result of the discovery of unusual and heretofore unguessed accomplishments. The newest exploit of our justly popular group was the event of the evening on the Fourteenth of February, when two of our members, Miss Rita Fogg and Miss Mary Anderson favored Main street with an entirely unrehearsed exhibition of that step, unfamiliar perhaps under its new name, the "Jollette Glide," but well known to all who have braved our sandless streets the past month. Opportunity is taken to announce that the unknown heroes who lent their support to the last act of the performance are eligible for a reward, which owing to the pressure of events was omitted at the time. Apply to the Research or the Photographic Departments.

The Valentine Day supper at the Girls' Club, ably prepared by the Research members and appreciated most obviously by everyone fortunate enough to be present, was followed by an informal theatre party at the Albert. Light refreshments were served.

ONE ABSENTEE LAWMAKER REFUSES TO ACCEPT PAY

Concord, N. H., Feb. 14—Col. William R. Brown, a mill owner of Berlin, who was a delegate from that city to the recent Constitutional Convention, but who was unable to attend its sessions, has returned to the State Treasurer the salary check which was sent to him. He is the only one of the fifty delegates said to have been absent from the convention who failed to cash his salary check.

Boston Sunday Globe.

THE MODERN HIAWATHA

He killed the noble Mudjikovis,
Of the skin he made his mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside,
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside
That's why he put the fur side inside
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

Exchange.

PAPERMAKERS

Five ways to get more production:

1st. Teach your backtender to watch out for your interest and never mind your mates.

2nd. Cut the reel down when changing tours so as to get five minutes from the other fellow.

3rd. Mark the paper on both ends of the tour, if the other fellow will stand for it.

4th. If the reel is half up at the time of changing tours, run it over size and grab about two-thirds of it. If the other fellow kicks, simply say you owed us ten minutes.

5th. Watch the production book closely and if you happen to get a thousand pounds too much, keep mum. If the other fellow gets too much, call the paper weigher's attention to it as he might run short when taking account of stock.

Follow these instructions carefully and if you can't keep ahead on production your case is hopeless.

"OLD TIMER."

DISCOVERED?

We read in a recent issue of the *Bulletin* of the loss of a certain consignment of thirst reliever from a kind friend in Maine, and there were many self-appointed sleuths to trail this consignment, not that we think there are any in the Cascade mill who would imbibe, because it really did not make any great change in our forces, this national prohibition, but we all have friends, you know, and for our friends, we ever keep a watchful eye. However, it is not our purpose to take up space for good matter, so to our title; there were a few good noses and when a certain second-hand in the Bleachery discovered a barrel of grease (?) liquid that had the odor of vineyards, the

sleuths immediately smelled this grease (?) and to be sure that it was good, a committee was detailed to sample it, not officially, but merely to assure themselves of the lubricating qualities. Soon after McKinney of the Beater room, when questioned about the Acetic acid on hand, stated that there was a barrel in the Beater room, in fact a day or so before he had seen it, but upon further investigation the barrel was missing. Instead of being Mr. Carter's special Maine cider, the Beater room was furnishing lubricants for a number of dry (?) throats, and their stomachs not being accustomed to it, especially in these dry times, the inspectors were taken ill.

WAIL FROM BURGESS AND CASCADE GIRLS

Do you believe in fairies? Who's Fairy God-mother to the Berlin Mills girls? Well, whoever she may be we wish she'd be ours too. You see, we were invited up to Berlin Mills the other night for a business meeting, and when we reached there all tired out, we were ushered into the dearest little green and white room imaginable. It was a rest room indeed, with its "comfy" chairs and its handy library table. If we hadn't believed in fairies before we did then, because we knew that if the Brown Company had given the Berlin Mills girls such a nice place to rest in, of course they would have given the Burgess and Cascade girls one too. Why? Because you know they don't believe in having any envious or hard feelings between the different mills, and we don't blame them. We do wish, though, that we did know who that kind fairy God-mother was, and that she would please visit us and wave her magic wand and say, "Let there be a wonderful rest room for my other girls."



On Friday afternoon, January 30th, there arrived in Berlin the La Tuque Team or "Nibrocs" under the personal direction of Bill Gilman. Those of us local boys who met the men from Canada were informed that they had come down here to show us how the great Canadian game of hockey should be played.

Now let us proceed to Saturday afternoon at the Y. M. C. A. rink. Here we find a large crowd in the grand stand with the band in one corner. On the ice were the two opposing teams. The "Nibrocs," with immaculate suits, men eagerly waiting to show the assembled multitude the fine points of the game. Our own team, who by the way, had only played together once before, were carefully watching their opponents to see if they could discover any weak points.

The game started out and after a little skilful manoeuvring, one of the "Nibrock" shoots a pretty goal. First blood for Canada and Bill Gilman is happy. But this simply arouses our team to better efforts and soon the score is a tie as a result of a pretty shot by one of the Berlin forwards. Thus the first period ended in a tie 1-1.

Both teams came back confident of winning in the second period but try as they could the "Nibrocs" could only do half as well as our team and the resultant score was 3-2 in favor of Berlin. During this record period some very pretty hockey was displayed and both teams played a whirlwind of a game.

As the third period started, the "Nibrocs" were determined to

wipe out the defeat but to no avail for the harder they played the better our team held them and during this period some fine defense work was done by both teams. And so the game ended 3-2 in favor of Berlin. Of course it is hard luck to travel so far and be defeated but such was the case and Mr. Gilman and team will have to acknowledge that they ran up against pretty stiff material. Better luck next time, La Tuque, as you played a fine game but underestimated the Berlin boys.

The Cascade Athletic Association apparently is conducted in a systematic manner and we all find it of much more consequence than spasmodic organizing, in that all of the members are pushers while our indoor teams although well organized had no especial interest except to a few. As an observer I feel free to state that our Hennessey is quite an asset to our organization. He is not only punctual and energetic and good natured, but well versed in most of the current sports. As chairman of the directors he fills the bill as representative manager. To date all the officers have shown enthusiasm and each gave his time freely.

I think the hockey team will speak for itself, although we are handicapped by being located so far from the arena. Such being the case we intend to overcome the handicap and advance beyond all expectations in loyalty to our association. We wish that every athlete could be present at all meetings in order that our officers might know who's who.

"So go ahead Berlin, and get your teams organized and pick out the best combination of your players and La Tuque will send down one of its teams and show you how the game should be properly played. * * * Even our Ladies Hockey Team might make it very interesting for you Berlin Hockeyites."

(Extract from a challenge in the *Brown Bulletin* January, 1920.)

Whadda ya mean "send a ladies team down to make it interesting?" The team you did send down made it pretty interesting for us. Yeh! And you showed us how the game should be played, but we showed you how to put that old puck through the goals just a little better and oftener than you did. Score, Berlin 3, La Tuque 2. Not bad for a bunch of "amateurs." Whadda ya say, Bill, old top?

There will soon take place the fifth of a series of bowling matches between the undoubtable Research Laboratory and the redoubtable Engineering Department. There has developed a very keen rivalry between these two departments in the line of sport, and the four matches rolled have resulted in two matches for each department. This fifth one seems to promise excitement, and it is only fair to state a few of the regulations which are to be observed. All dangerous weapons are to be placed in the custody of "Charlie" MacLean before the match starts. The foul line umpire is to have a guarantee of proper burial and not less than five thousand dollars insurance. The pin boys killed are to be paid for promptly by the guilty party at a rate per capita to be decided later. False scoring is to be punishable by death for the first offence and by death with torture for each offence thereafter. Persons caught applauding good plays of the other side are to be tried for giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Casualties will be posted outside the alleys as they occur. We cannot be responsible for onlookers injured. We hope to have a large attendance. We understand that the Research have prepared cigarettes soaked in potassium cyanide to present to the high string men in the Engineering line-up. May we not "register our protest against this inhuman method of waging war?"

The local hockey league of La Tuque, composed of the "Nibroc" and Knights of Columbus teams is still at a deadlock. Both games played have resulted in scores of 5-5.

The Laurentide hockey team from Grand Mere paid La Tuque a visit on January 25th. The result was a very fast and clean game of hockey, which La Tuque won by a score of 4-3.

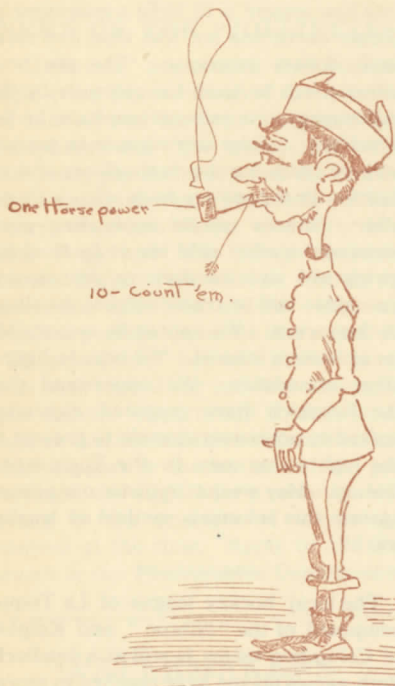
The Cascade is anticipating organizing a bowling team. They already have one picked up, but not organized.

Perhaps we can pick up an association foot ball team. More of a parlor game than Rugby or hockey and besides, so many kickers decided it would be well to form some sort of team that could play with their feet instead of hands or the hammer.

Mr. W. L. Gilman (alias Sawdust Billy) will not need to worry about getting an orchestra from Montreal as long as Messrs. Gillard, McNaughton and Tellier are available.

SPORTS---Continued

The "Nibroc" hockey team of La Tuque has recently returned from a very strenuous trip south, winning from Portland, 4-2; Bates College, 4-0; Sherbrooke, 6-1; losing to Berlin, 3-2. The loss of the Berlin game they blame to the warm weather, it only being 25 below.



Some whiskers recently sprouted out under Tommy Sheridan's nose. Good boy, Tommy, put some hair tonic on 'em. Maybe you will raise an eyebrow in time.

SHIRKING DECISIONS

(By Jasper Robertson)

The difference between the people who make up their minds promptly and those who hesitate and postpone, is not so much a matter of ability to decide, as of a willingness to do it. Many people seem to have a singular reluctance to make a decision. They will ask the advice of those whose judgment is no more reliable than their own, and follow it, seemingly with the thought that they are escaping responsi-

bility.

A boy had been told to meet a farm wagon on a corner half a mile from home, in order to receive some chickens for the Sunday dinner. The farmer was detained and did not come, but the boy who had been accompanied by his pet dog, continued to wait on the corner, till his mother became alarmed at his non-appearance, and instituted a search for him. When his father came home that evening and heard the story, he said, "But how did you come to do so foolish a thing, my son? You were to meet Farmer Snow's wagon at one o'clock and common sense should have told you that after you had waited an hour, it was useless to wait any longer."

"Well, it wasn't my fault," said the boy. "I left it all to Rover. Every time I asked him if we should stay longer, he wagged his tail and that meant yes. If he had barked, that would have meant no."

"Oh," said the father. "That alters the case. I was grieved to think that a son of mine, grown to be as old as you are, should not have better judgment, but I did not know what to do about it. It appears that you did not use your judgment, but left a dog to decide a question that concerned you. In that case, I think you will have to be punished." And so the boy went to bed, several hours before his bedtime, to meditate on the responsibility which intelligence entails.

People who do not like to make decisions try to persuade themselves that in following the advice of another, they have escaped responsibility. But that is not the case. The responsibility for acting wisely is a personal one and it cannot be shifted to another's shoulders. You have a right to ask advice, and it is your business to listen to advice when

it is offered, but when it comes to making up your mind, nobody can do it for you. Every attempt to substitute something else, in place of deciding a question in accordance with your best judgment, is a form of shirking for which there is no excuse.

THE GRUMBLEKNOTTS

The Grumbleknotts had no fear of Jack Frost on January 31st. You know what a warm (?) night it was? Well, we went to camp and "you'd be surprised" how warm it was. And feed, we'll say there was nothing lacking. "One end was alright, wasn't it Pudgley?" We experienced great difficulty in lighting a lamp which had contained gasoline. Ask Lorry how it's done. Just so you'll envy us, this is what we had to eat. Roast chicken with oozing gravy 'n everything, potatoes, cranberry sauce, pickles, bread and butter, 'n peach shortcake, with heaps of whipped cream, coffee, oranges and bananas, and then talk about toasted marshmallows! Well, we all agree that we had some time, and hope it isn't long before we'll "hit the trail again."

NOTICE

Owing to snow and bad condition of the roads, the sleigh ride to have been given by the Brown Company Get-together club on the evening of February 17th, has been postponed indefinitely. We regret very much the necessity for the above, and hope to be able to have same the early part of March.

A day of gladness deep and calm,
No touch of care overtake it;
A peaceful fireside gay and warm,
As kind as heart can make it.

NOT LOST BUT ASTRAY

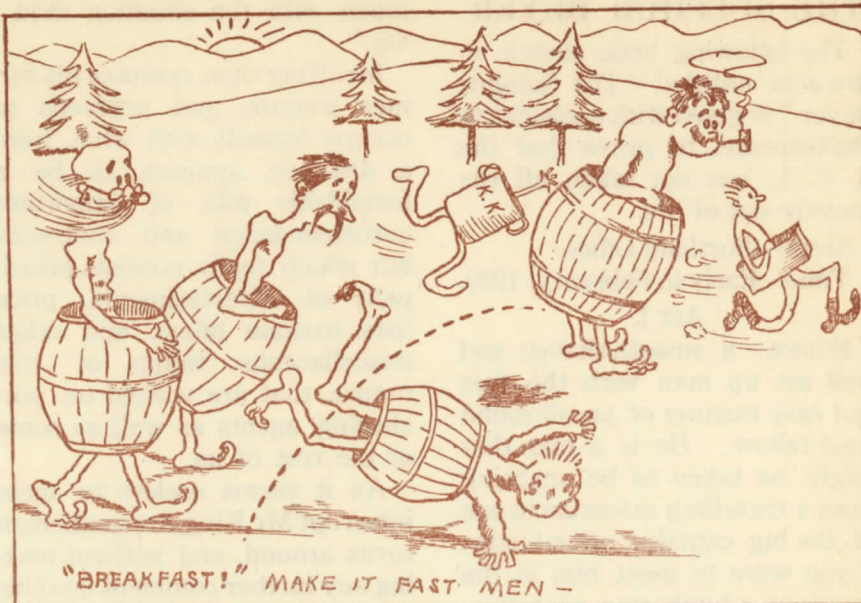
A Two or Three Part Story

(By the Author Himself)

PART I.

About three o'clock on the eventful afternoon that I shot and landed a bigger damn fool deer than ever Newt Newkirk dreamed of, I was sauntering down two-sled road, dragging my rifle behind me hitched to a piece of hay wire. This was one of my bright ideas to avoid extra exertion and as I had oft played return-ball as a kid, I had it doped out that I could snap my gun into position P. D. Q., if necessary. My hound pup, Spike, was running along at my heels and as I was hitting the pike at a five-mile gait, to keep Spike's spirits up, I was singing that old, old song, "Till We Meet Again." Even with all this going on, let me assure you that I was out "still hunting." I had been at it all the Fall, so I decided to call all kinds of game chasing "still hunting," and up to nine o'clock that night I was still hunting for a place to lay my weary bones.

At a sharp turn in the road I floundered onto that bone-head deer, standing with his tail pointed in my direction and evidently enjoying Spike's yapping and my song as he didn't seem to think either of us amounted to much in person. But believe me Willie

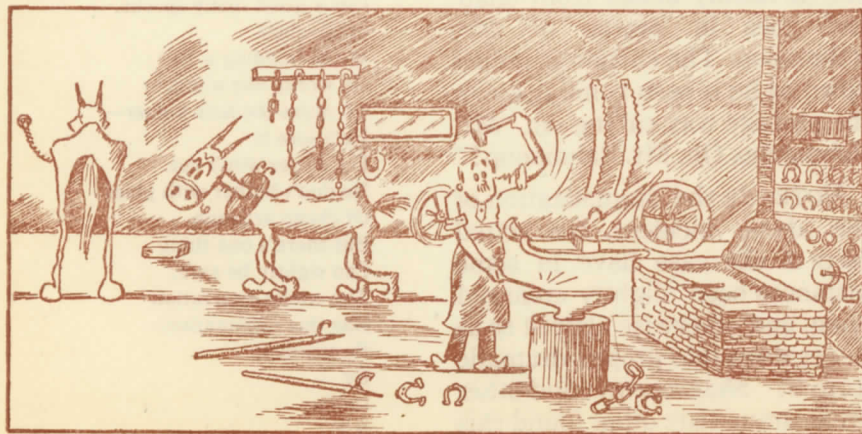


Cody had nothing on the way I got into action. I gave a quick snap on the hay wire, landed my gun in my hands on the very third try and soon had five shells in the magazine. After jacking one into the barrel, I took ten more steps to an alder that I had had my eagle eye on, rested the nostril of my 38-155 in the crotched part of the same, took a fine sight at the critter's tail, shut my eyes and yanked the trigger a couple times. If the Kaiser had been where that deer was, "believe me" he'd be in Hades now instead of being over in Africa hiding away from us Americans and Mr. Wilson. That

first yank wrecked that deer's future career as far as getting away was concerned.

He turned a couple hand-springs and made a glorm for the tall timber. I threw a couple more shots at him as he disappeared in the jungles and made the mud fly around Spike who was about a hundred feet behind the deer. Before taking chase after the now wild animals, I very carefully jacked the two remaining shells out of my gun and laid them on a stump near by. You all know a wounded deer always either runs in a circle or the figure eight. I didn't want to take any chances of losing those cartridges and the show of landing my game after getting the affair so well started. I tore up a piece of the corduroy in the road and plunged into the dismal forest, carrying my empty gun in my other hand, so that I wouldn't have to hunt for it when I got back from doing the letter O, or figure eight, having made up my mind to do my best and pass the deer enroute if possible.

(To be continued in next issue)



FAULKINGHAM TRIES MAKING TEASPOONS OUT OF CANT DOGS

Who is this hunter?

THE SULPHUR BUYER

The following little sketch, in two acts, entitled "The Sulphur Buyer" is given with apologies to Shakespeare, to prove that the H. C. L. has not taken all the comedy out of life.

Scene—Portland Office.

Time—Early in February, 1920.

Act I.

Enters: a smooth-shaven and well set up man with the free and easy manner of an all-round good fellow. He is a man that might be taken to be anything from a travelling salesman to one of the big captains of industry. If you were to meet him in the woods on a lumbering operation, you would probably take him for the walking boss, or even the owner of the lumber; at a Presidential election, for one of the candidates, or at a banquet of the Bankers' Association he would undoubtedly be singled out as one of the leading capitalists of the country. At any rate his genial and unassuming manner immediately marks him as a man of the world. On entering the office he walks over to Mr. King's desk, and after a few general remarks about the weather, etc., he says: "How is the sulphur situation, Mr. King?"

Mr. King (being deeply engrossed with his morning mail), and having a particular aversion to travelling salesmen, who so injudiciously invade the sanctuary of his office at that time of the day, straightens up and leans back in his chair, causes a deep frown to appear on his brow, at the same time assuming that dignified air benefitting one supposed to be in the market for several thousand tons of sulphur, "I don't believe I'm in the market for any sulphur today, but you might talk the matter over with my assistant, Mr. Chase, who is perhaps more closely in

touch with the situation than I am."

Mr. King then resumes his former posture, and proceeds to occupy himself with what, from a distance, appears to be a formidable pile of important correspondence and contracts, but which really consists principally of advertisements, price lists, bargain offers, and other miscellaneous things of this nature, that are wished on purchasing agents as well as some of the rest of us.

As it seems useless to again interrupt Mr. King, the gentleman turns around, and without making any further comment (audible comment) walks out of the office.

Act II.

(As the curtain rises on this act Mr. Chase is seen to turn around in his chair and address Mr. King).

Mr. Chase: "Say, don't you know who that gentleman is?"

Mr. King: "I don't believe I do, Chase. *Who does he represent?*"

Mr. Chase: (with an expression of great astonishment and incredulity) "*Who does he represent?*" "Why, he represents the Sulphite Mill at Berlin. That was Fred Rahmanop!"

Here Mr. King appears to be painfully distressed; but after partially recovering his equilibrium, he hastily arises from chair and goes in search of Mr. Rahmanop. The curtain is pulled down as he is seen running down the passage way calling out "Mr. Rahmanop, Oh, Mr. Rahmanop!"

NOTE—In the dramatization of the above incident, the actual facts of the case have in some instances been slightly enlarged upon, and otherwise altered so as to get them into proper dramatic form (?) Shakespeare and other great dramatists often found this necessary.

RESIGNATION OF
SULPHITE SUPT.

It has been officially announced that the Cascade Mill is to lose their Sulphite Superintendent, Mr. F. W. Brawn, and everyone wishes him well in his new position. February 6th this year Mr. Brawn finished forty years of the paper pulp business, and in that time has acquired an extensive knowledge of all departments in the manufacture of sulphite, and has been progressive in his methods.

Mr. Brawn was the father of the Brown Company's Relief Association, and he has been always ready to demonstrate his willingness to secure ideal conditions by promoting personally, in a great many cases, the things desired. The Relief Association merely for the protection of the mill did not appeal to him, but he wished to broaden the scope of this insurance, to take in all manner of recreation, transportation liabilities, and in general anything that a high grade accident policy might cover. It is obvious that the change he is making is to be an advancement, and we shall look for reports of equal success in The Frazers Co., Ltd., at Edmundton, N. B.

USE YOUR HEAD

A Woodpecker pecks
Out a great many specks,
Of Sawdust
When building a Hut;
He works like a nigger
To make the hole bigger—
He's sore if
His cutter won't cut.
He don't bother with plans
Of cheap artisans,
But there's one thing
Can rightly be said;
The whole excavation
Has this explanation—
He builds it
By
Using
His
Head.