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Time law machine was checked

Surely the time is rapidly approaching when the city council should examine the penalties inflicted by the city magistrate's court on offenders.

Yesterday morning a company was fined $20 for operating without either a city licence or a provincial licence. During the time it had been in business it was stated in court the company had sold cars valued at $35,000.

It would appear cheaper for businessmen to refrain from obtaining licences if penalties of this nature are all they may expect.

Again, we had the explanation given us recently that "aggravation" was the reason why a knife-wielding Indian lad was placed on suspended sentence after wounding another. The aggravation was said to have been that local Indians had been teasing him because he was a Cree.

We have always thought the wounding of another human being was a serious offence and that carrying of a concealed weapon — with which he was not charged — was also in the serious category.

In addition to the leniency of the penalties dispensed, the city council might also look into the matter of why so many cases are dismissed due to the defendant being improperly charged.

It is presumed senior police officers check charge sheets made out by young and green constables prior to their being presented. And, if they are made out wrongly, and the senior officers miss the omission, then why does not the Crown prosecutor see the charges are correct before they come before the magistrate?

It would appear our law enforcement machine needs a major overhaul in this city and it is council's job to see running maintenance is carried out.

If changes are beyond the power of the city council then they may refer their recommendations to the attorney-general in Victoria; or to the RCMP commissioner in Ottawa.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

European market fog may clear

By ALLAN DONNELLY

The fog of uncertainty as to how Canadian trade might be affected by British membership in the European Common Market may be cleared away — in part at least — by this time next month.

By then, Canada should know whether or not to press for the conference of Commonwealth prime ministers that has been repeatedly suggested by Prime Minister Diefenbaker.

The United Kingdom has quietly told its Commonwealth partners that it will be prepared by mid-September to inform them what kind of deal it will seek in negotiating terms of British entry to the Common Market.

VITAL INTERESTS

This information, it was learned in Ottawa, will be set out at a meeting in London of Commonwealth government officials — but not cabinet ministers. U.K. negotiations with the six-nation Common Market are expected to start in October at Brussels.

Britain has said it wouldn't feel free to enter the Common Market unless it secured special arrangements to protect the "vital interests" of Commonwealth countries in the U.K. market.

Canada has a big stake in the U.K. market, which takes about one-sixth of all Canadian exports. British membership in the Common Market would inevitably mean some changes for the worse in U.K. tariff treatment of Canadian goods.

So far, however, Canada has been in the dark as to just how far Britain would go in bargaining with the Common Market for protection of Commonwealth interests.

COMMONWEALTH TALKS

The issue is certain to be in the forefront of discussions when Commonwealth finance and trade ministers meet in two weeks at Acora, Ghana, for their annual conference.

"Because this conference will precede the London consultations, however, it is not likely that the Commonwealth ministers at Accra will be able to carry discussions with the U.K. much farther than they have already gone.

Mr. Diefenbaker said Monday senior Canadian officials already have held bilateral talks with U.K. government officers.

He said if further talks aren't successful in removing the threat of serious harm to Canadian exports of agricultural products, "then a prime ministers' conference would be necessary."

CANADIAN CONCERN

Canada's concern over the future of her British market for farm produce is shared by Australia and New Zealand. But Canada has a larger stake than these countries in the future of the British market for manufactured goods. Sales of Canadian manufactured goods there expanded greatly last year, and this is regarded as a promising growth market.

It is pointed out in Ottawa that Britain's proposals for negotiating entry to the Common Market may not be entirely acceptable to the powerful European trade bloc.

The U.K. has set out the principles it will follow in seeking to protect not only Commonwealth trade interests but also the British agricultural industry and its partners in the seven-member European Free Trade Association.

Whether it can get these accepted will depend, in large measure, on the strength of the U.K.'s bargaining position when it sits down with the Common Market at Brussels in October.

'Whisky? Praise be, a miracle!'

By HAL BOYLE
Associated Press Staff Writer

NEW YORK — Remarks by incoming tourists that drive customs inspectors to the border of insanity.

"What's wrong with wearing two overcoats in August? You've just got a naturally suspicious nature."

"You mean those funny odd-shaped stones you found inside the heel of my shoes are diamonds? Well, let me tell you who got me to wear those shoes on a bet."

"Go ahead, wise guy, and open the bag. It took me and my wife and the steward to close it. Let's see how many of you it takes to put it back together again."

"Imagine it — having to be searched to get back into your own country."

"Have a cigar. Have two cigars!"

JUST LAUNDRY

"It's heart-warming to see how patient and thorough and hard-working you boys are. Never mind that bag over there. It's okay. . . . just laundry."

"Do me a favor, will you? I'm mad at my wife. Open all our bags. The first one is mine — the other 14 are hers."

"Oh, you say there are 12 bottles and I'm only allowed five? Well, maybe one of you boys would like one. . . or . . . ?"

"But I already had to pay the airline for extra baggage. I don't understand. Why do I have to pay you, too?"

"Let's step over here behind this pillar and talk the whole thing over, man to man."

"I don't like to point out I've got connections, but . . ."

"What do you mean it's worth $450? In Switzerland they told me it was a Mickey Mouse watch."

"I know it looks new but we've had this camera in the family for years. Here, I'll prove it. Stand still, and I'll take your picture. Hey, Maude, come over here. How did you say this d - - - d thing works?"

CONTINENTAL TOUCH

"Je ne comprends pas, monsieur. It is possible you are able to direct me to the nearest water closet at the earliest possible moment? My entire famille — how do you say it? — join me in saying 'merci, merci, merci!'"

"I don't see how you can deny it's an antique. We bought it on a six-month around-the-world cruise; and I'm 60 years old myself."

"Never mind standing there arguing with him, Herbert put in a long distance call to the mayor back home."

"Now I wonder who in the world put that in there."

"They told me it was holy water and now you tell me it's whiskey. The saints be praised, it's a miracle!"

Squirt-gun trigger ?

It is never quite possible to pin down the beginning point of a war. Our imagination is stimulated, however, by the thought that the next one, a nuclear holocaust of cataclysmic proportions, might be touched off by a squirt of water.

The East German militia have been dousing West Germans along the Berlin barricade with a "water cannon", which is really a glorified fire engine booster pump. They trained one on the U.S. military commander the other day, but didn't "fire". One burst of water dampened a couple of American G.I.s, but when one of them reached for a gas grenade the flow was quickly stopped.

It would seem the part of prudence for the western and Communist forces to keep their distance, but this is deemed by the U.S. strategists as a show of weakness not to be tolerated. One agrees that if we are attacked in Berlin, we must fight. But, for the sake of sanity in the time left to us, let it not be a squirt of water which touches off the chain reaction, though it must be admitted this would leave a proper epitaph for foolish mankind. — The Oregonian, Oregon, Wash.

"QUIET PLEASE ... ROGER MARIS IS UP TO BAT!"

TIME AND PLACE . . . by Stan Rough

LIVING ABOVE THE TIMBERLINE

We were riding along a ridge on a nameless mountain sixty miles north of Hazelton. Jack Lee, in charge of the expedition, was on his new saddle horse, a buckskin mare half Kentucky walking horse and half quarter horse. Pearl was sure footed and smart and on a number of occasions followed our wandering trail back to our camp above the timberline. My horse, Speed, was a veteran of the mountain trails.

He was sure footed and bossed the Lee's string of seven saddle and five pack horses. For a number of years he led the packtrain to the fall hunting grounds and won the stake races at the Kispiox Stampede.

He is putting on weight with age but did not seem to mind being deposed of his place at the head of the train. Francis Lee rode a gray mare, Scrappy, who was inclined to wander and at night, when the horses were put out to graze, a short piece of logging chain was attached to her right front leg to curb this tendency.

Jack led the way picking the best footing on the deceptive slopes covered with bunch grass and flowers which in many places hid loose rock. On a number of slopes we dismounted and led our horses across them. The horses being accustomed to this kind of travelling did not crowd as we scrambled across the slippery slopes. When we stopped to survey the land below or the peaks above with our strong field glasses, we tethered the horses to rocks or to each others tails by their bridles. All the horses neck reined and it was never necessary to use pressure on the bit.

The hunting territory that the Lees operate was once the territory of George Blerns, well known packer who bought out Cateline, rancher and guide. He played a prominent part when Simon Gunanoot gave himself up to the police after evading them for thirteen years.

The story of Gunanoot has been dramatized in song and story and bids fair to become one of the classic legends of the north rivalling some of Robert W. Service's classics including "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." As we were on the mountain, Gunanoot's name was in the news as a fire was out of control on a mountain named after him and a plane was landing firefighters on Gunanoot Lake to fight it.

We ignored time on the mountain. We had a good breakfast at camp when the sun rose high enough to warm things up and melt the frost in the grass. It was a hunter's breakfast of bacon, eggs, hotcakes and coffee. We packed away a sandwich lunch in our saddle pockets and ate when we were hungry, usually beside a small stream. We returned to camp as the sun was setting and spent some time on the bare rocky hill behind our camp that we used for a lookout.

We were always sorry to leave and reluctantly scrambled down to our camp to prepare supper. We never tired of looking over the vast country below us with its forest, lakes, rivers and mountains dotted with glaciers.

As soon as coffee was prepared by boiling a pot of water, adding a level teaspoon of coffee per cup and letting it sit beside the wood fire, we leisurely prepared dinner. We used short poles which we drove into the ground on which to hang our cooking pots and used two burning logs on which to rest our iron frying pans. We used dry balsam and were never bothered with smoke or sparks. We made sure, although there seemed little danger, to douse our fire well with water after each meal.

Our bacon was in a slab as it packs and keeps better than the presliced bacon and the excess grease was kept for the frying of pancakes—one pancake to a pan, man size.

Here is Mrs. Lee's recipe for a supply to last a trip for hotcakes: 10 cups of flour, 10 teaspoons baking powder, ¾ cup of sugar, 3 tablespoons of salt, 2 cups of dried milk. When ready to cook add one egg and water to the mixture you intend to use.

For good fluffy rice, trapper's style, Jack Lee prepares it this way: one cup of rice to three cups of cold water and cook until the water boils away. The last few minutes require careful watching unless you like scorched flavour.

There was not much talking as we rode along looking for better trails, game signs and trying to locate the mountain groundhogs or whistlers so named for their whistle-like calls. Occasionally we flushed convoys of ptarmigan and blue grouse which in some cases flew a few yards or just looked at us.

After Jack and I shaved off a week's growth and spruced up we went into Hazelton for a restaurant cooked meal and to walk Hazelton's newly black topped streets. My holiday was over and the Lees were ready for their big game guests.

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

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A very interesting problem has developed in the past few years with the enormous increase in boating, cruising and camping. It has to do with the old and honored law regarding navigable waters. All over the numberless lakes of Canada, there are hundreds, if not thousands of communities of summer cottages, many of them a half to three-quarters of a century old. And a great many of them enjoy a considerable degree of privacy and even isolation, which is one of the most treasured features of summer homes. The beaches, the little private bays, and lagoons, have been regarded by the residents as their own.

Not only do these communities pay taxes, not only have they invested several thousand dollars per person in building their cottages, but the annual summer operation and maintenance of them runs into very substantial hundreds of dollars.

What are their feelings, then, when flotillas of cruisers come out of the horizon, and cast anchor, and rubbish, and sewage in the little bays and lagoons and off the beaches? What taxes, other than gas tax, do these cheery pilgrims pay?

One of my neighbors went out in his skiff to protest when a cruiser anchored a few yards off his dock.

"These are navigable waters," responded the skipper, grandly.

"Very well," said my neighbor, "Keep navigating."

Unemployment questions and answers

In this column we publish questions about unemployment insurance and employment, together with answers which may be of interest to you:

Following are some questions with answers received from the Unemployment Insurance Commission. If you are uncertain about any point, do not hesitate to send us your question. We will obtain an answer and publish it in this column.

Q. I received a notice from the Unemployment Insurance Commission that I owed a certain sum of money which was called an "overpayment." Can this money be recovered by the Commission if I don't arrange to pay it back?

A. Yes, amounts due to be repaid under the Unemployment Insurance Act are recoverable in the Exchequer Court of Canada, or by garnishment of wages or salary.

Q. Since I cannot pay back in one lump sum the amount I owe to the Unemployment Insurance Commission, will I be able to repay the money in instalments?

A. Each case is determined on its own merits. It is suggested that you visit your local office of the Commission, where suitable arrangements may be worked out.

The lighter side

A backwoodsman was leaving home for a hunting trip of several days during the cold fall. His wife wasn't happy to be left alone with snow due any time.

"Ike," she complained, "you are going away for a week and there's not a single stick of wood cut for the stove."

"So what?" Ike replied. "I ain't taking the axe."

✦ ✦ ✦

A man testifying in court told, while on the witness stand, such evident untruths that the judge intervened.

"See here," he admonished, "you must tell the truth in this courtroom. Do you know what will happen if you continue to lie like this?"

"I suppose I'll go to hell," answered the witness.

"Yes, yes, of course," said his honor impatiently. "But what else will happen to you?"

The man thought a moment.

"Isn't that enough?" he asked grimly.

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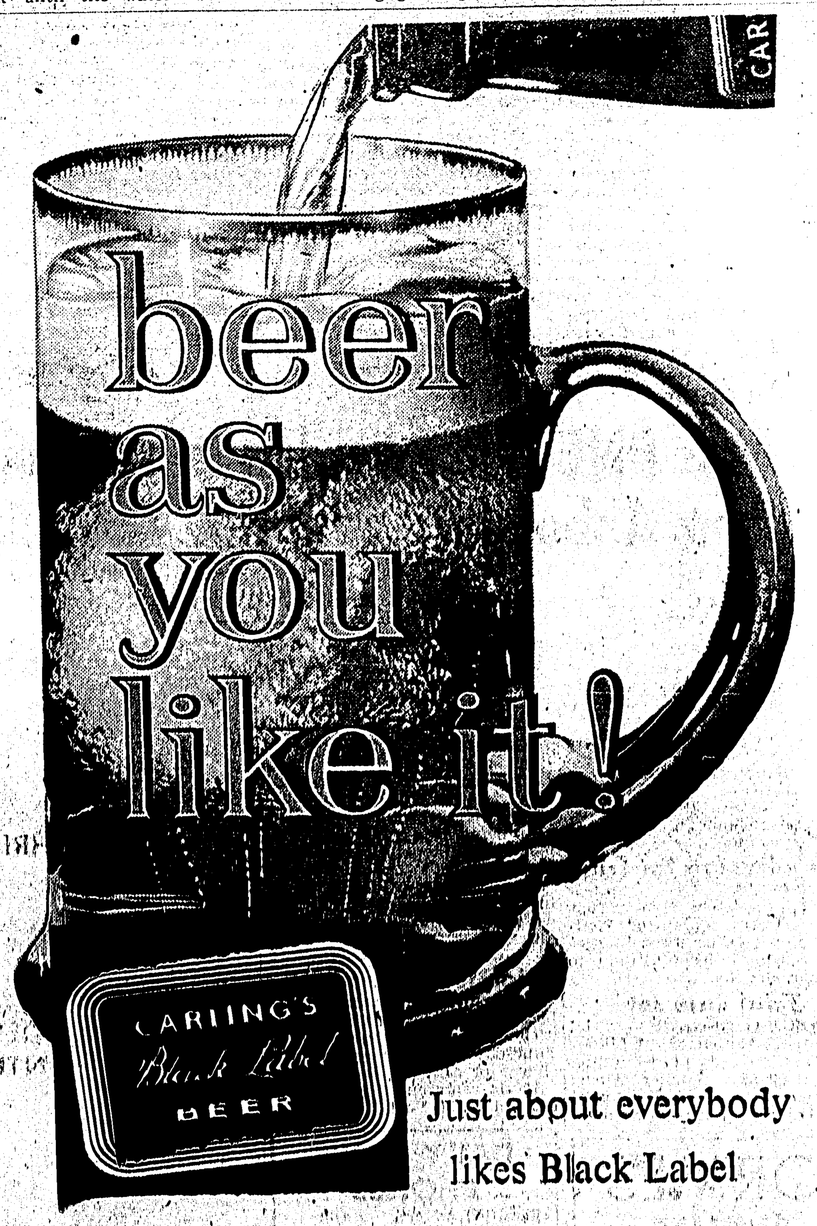

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