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AND
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I do not pose as a dictarian, but I might suggest, to anything but the anaemic, that the healthiest thing to go to 'bed on,' is good cheese, washed down by good porter or ale, according to taste.

I am glad to see the Electric Company getting busy in the matter of straightening out their line of posts. The Telephone Company has to follow suit, in spite of the cost, which, comparatively, is trifling.

The guest was a welcome guest, and he, naturally, asked about the health of the Hostess. She replied that she had just recovered from a long sickness. "I am so sorry" said he, and then he wondered why a grin went around the table.

I saw in some paper that at some place (It might be North Bay or Sudbury) a great 'chop-suey' banquet was going to be held. I am so glad that the feast was not called on in Haileybury, for after the enforcement of this 'rabies' act, dogs have become so scarce, that it would take a millionaire to be able to pay for 'chop-suey.'

I was wandering through the streets, as is my wont, when I heard a citizen complain, that the Bank were all closed. He was told that it was the King's birthday, Monday June 3rd. Said he, in his wrath. "Why didn't he get born on a Tuesday? You would think a swell like that could have managed things better."

Alleviate the miseries of the lower animals, for they are under our care like ourselves, creatures of the Almighty. I cannot understand it. Life, apparently, is too prolific to allow of squeamishness. We do not know, although it hath been said that not even a sparrow falls without the knowledge, and consent. How about the mosquito, the humble louse or bug? For they are creatures, and I would like to know where the line is drawn.

It is too bad that the town authorities, in view of the possibility of some of the upper class Englishmen coming here, do not arrange for 'Polo' grounds, Golf Links, not to mention Croquet Lawns, and places where Lawn Tennis can be played by those who enjoy that violent form of exercise. The Town should look after this, only, they should set aside a certain sum 'per annum' to support the gentlemen who are playing those games, dressed in immaculate 'flannels.' I flatter myself that I have a little pull with the Council and there is where I will put it.

We have got them. We have got them. I always read my Toronto News, for you can rely on it to be true. Still there are various ways of putting things. In a recent issue, I read the heading 'Top Liners at Prison Farm.' I wondered if the Police had made a new capture, and I wondered whether they were members of the Automobile gang, the Commora or just common Burglars. Much to my astonishment, I saw a picture of the Duke of Connaught and Hon. Mr. Hanna. I always considered those men, fairly, respectable, so you can imagine that I got a shock.

There is a kick abroad regarding the cost of electric lighting. Sir James Whitney hath done a good thing, in the matter of cheap power, but the horizon of his vision had been too local. I want that idea of his, extended to the uttermost limits of the Province. Aye. Even of the Dominion. Few people understand, the big fight that that man has made. He has fought against monopolists. He has made the farmer, and others, who need power, bless him. He has inaugurated an idea that will be associated with his name, long after he is dead, (if that is any consolation to him,) any more than when my friends say, "Yes. Farr. We will gladly attend your funeral."

This idea of the amalgamation of Townships should be made to materialise. As a matter of fact, our Townships are too small, in proportion to the wealth contained in them. Six miles by six, in case of organization makes an incorporated Township. With all the concomitant expense, whereas, twelve by twelve, would be all right, on the basis of population. Such a combination, say of four, should be represented, proportionally, and I would suggest that when Loraine comes into the market, it should associate itself with Bucke and Coleman, thus making a grand whole, for I am of the opinion that surveyors' lines are a nuisance, and a contravention of nature, as evidenced by the natural boundary lines of the European States. There I touch, again, on the fortyninth parallel and the time might come when we will annex the United States.

I was wonderfully pleased to meet my old friend, Mr. H. J. Woods, manager for the H. B. Co., at Temagami. Our friendship dates from long ago, and it was cementing of that old friendship, this week recalls old reminiscences of the past. Our families are indissolubly connected, by the heart. His mother was truest that woman can be to my mother. And we all know what that is. Mr. Woods has won his way out. He came here like myself, with very few garments, but, today, it is said he has more than one shirt. He has made good, and I am glad of it, for it shows what the good old East Anglian stuff can do. There is a lot of credit coming to Mr. Woods I wish that more men like him would throw off their moorings, and come to Canada. Only mind you. No lazy loater can win out. It takes a man, and Harry has proved himself to be a man, and hence his prosperity.

It is a strange thing how fashions get up in the bush. Three years ago, I was in England, and considered, justly, a Colonial. I had a friend with me, whom I happened to meet 'en route,' and I liked him, for he was a born Canadian, and 'knew the ropes.' As we 'peripateticised' through the Strand, and on to Piccadilly, the social lungs of London, from north, south, east and west, (With a great big W, though the west might not admit it,) we passed men wearing straw hats. They were all of the one type, a low crown, with a flat brim. My friend dubbed them as 'Johnnie Hats.' He, like myself, being ignorant, and we laughed them to scorn. To day those hats are all the rage in Canada, which is a compliment to Canada, seeing that we are only three years behind the times. When I am well enough off to buy a straw hat, I will not buy a thing that needs a hat-pin to keep it on your head. Only, today, I laughed. The 'exquisite' was wearing one of these hats. A gust of wind caught the brim, and the result was the spectacle of a man chasing a hat through the mud, wondering, in his soul, if that kind of hat would stand washing.

I saw a man standing, unconcernedly, on the top of one of the Cathedral Spires. My attention was called to him. My comment wasto effect that, I would sooner drink some painless poison than be in that man's place. I do not know that man's name, but I will give him credit for a nerve, that I do not possess, today. He had only one hundred and seventy-five feet to fall, if he wanted to do so. It was not a case of 'Skyscraping' building, for every precaution is taken there, but this was an exhibition of nerve and pluck that would out-class the ordinary routine of the building of high places, where scaffolds are made, so that a man, working on them, becomes so familiar, that he could, easily, imagine himself to be on the ground. This was a daring feat, worthy of the best 'Steeple-Jack' that ever climbed three times the height. Though, after all, that reminds me of the lady, five foot two, who asked the depth of the lake over which she wanted to cross. She was told that it was over 60 feet deep in places. I'll take no risks like that said the lady, and she remained ashore. Wise woman.

I was at the fire, at Cobalt, and if I were emotional, I would have shed tears. I did not stay to the bitter end, but I stayed long enough to see friends of mine, practically ruined, and I got sick of it. Fortunately, there was no wind. I have been through fire, several times. I know the hopelessness of it all, a little sympathy, without the cash, and then something else crops up, and the ruin is forgotten. Yes I hate fires, and that is all that I have to say about the Cobalt fire.

I have been condemned to drink port wine, manufactured in Canada. It reminds me of a woman. It is too sweet. It needs age, but when you get age in a woman, whether wrapt in sawdust with a splash of white, put on in the right place, it becomes so sour, that it is not tempting. However, I will struggle with it to the bitter end, and I will let the public know what success I have, for we all know what the sailor said "Any port in a storm." I earnestly hope that my innocent port wine will bear out that sailor's contention.

This is the season of transplantation. Plants that have been nurtured in a hot bed, have to face the atmospheric conditions of the outside. The idea is symbolical. Take, for instance, a transplanted Englishman. At first, he wilts a little bit, but when he begins to make new roots, as a tomato plant will do, those roots are struck so deeply. They get such a firm hold on the soil, that you can't pull it out. It becomes a weed which cannot be eradicated, and hence the glorious success of the Anglo-Saxon race, which wins its way by bull-dog pertinacity.

I heard the judicial decision, regarding that crazy, clumsy thing, and it is just and right. It is about as near as we can get it, and all honour to the Hon. to W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary in that he hath given a chance to those who's feet might have slipped, a chance to breath God's pure air, and still hope to become a man again. Only, I would make a distinction between the hardened criminal, and the poor lad fool, who happens to have gone astray. In spite of Hanna's theories, let him beware, in that he does not admit the leprous subject, that might contaminate the whole. Take a man whose foot hath

slipped. He deserves what he gets, but if he has the right instincts in him, he deserves encouragement. We do not know who should cast the first stone, but I would like to meet the man who advised Thompson to do the fool trick, and I would tell him what I think of him.

"I Did't Leave the Ship, Sir, The Ship Left Me"

By W. Milton Yorke, author of the "Porcupine Trails."

Behold yon Islands sailor host,
In danger rise supreme.
The storm fiend nigh—the blaakened skv.
The lightning's baleful gleam.

As lions from the sea kings hold,
Incased in mortal frame,
Such courage high, scorns human mould;
And wins undying fame.

Unshorn by elemental rage,
These Druid oaks stands fast,
At duty's post—still history's page,
Records their deeds at last.

Knights of the crested wave,—
who stand
Nor yet wear spurs of gold.
Their pride—that sea girt "bit of land."
Their watchword, 'have and hold.'

In simple words, neath Justice frown,
The sailor told his story.
(The way the gallant ship went down)
But adds to England's glory.

The ice-bergs crash, the night,
the gloom
Which draped the world in sorrow.
They perished there, [no lifeboat room]
For these no glad to-morrow.

And brief the words of this Jack Tar,
Brave lion of the sea.
"I did't leave the ship, Sir.
The ship left me."

Such words as these, a simple phrase;
Should never be forgot.
While life shall last, sound high his praise,
His manhood perished not.

Lest we forget the scroll of fame,
Through future countless years,
Which brings to them a deathless name,
To us the blinding tears.

Shall we not rear their trophies high,
Or carve the marble bust,
E'er yet we tread where dangers lie
And dust returns to dust.

They live—though dead, the waves o'er head.
Their spirits, God, with Thee.
While to the last, they still held fast,
Traditions of the sea.

DEVELOPMENT BONDS WILL BE ISSUED

Toronto, June 5.—A way has been opened for the placing into operation of the government policy for the development of Northern Ontario by the issue of bonds made through the Bank of Montreal.

Hon. A. J. Matheson, provincial treasurer, will shortly have placed to the credit of the consolidated revenue of Ontario the sum of \$1,000,000. According to Hon. Mr. Matheson the loan was sold at slightly over par, a very satisfactory result in view of the present condition of money markets. The Bank of Montreal, which has taken the entire issue of 200,000 pounds, will dispose of it chiefly in Great Britain.

Old Haileybury's Jubilee.

Haileybury College, of Hertford, Eng., where Mr. C. C. Farr, editor-in-chief of The Haileyburian, was educated, will celebrate the Jubilee of the School on Friday and Saturday, July 5th and 6th, 1912.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874

Capital Paid Up \$ 3,500,000
Rest and Undivided Profits \$ 4,118,167
Total Assets Over \$46,000,000

The Bank issues

Bank Money Orders

Payable at par at any Chartered Bank in Canada (Yukon excepted).

J. I. RANKIN, MANAGER. HAILEYBURY BRANCH
BRANCHES also at
Timmins and South Porcupine



The King George
COCHRANE, NORTHERN ONTARIO.
CANADA

"THE HOTEL WORTH WHILE"

42 BEDROOMS
4 LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS
6 BATHROOMS
UNEXCELLED CUISINE
LICENSED BAR
European Plan, \$1.00 Upwards

G. HECTOR CLEMES, Prop.

"It could be a larger but none the better"

DISTRICT TOWN NEWS ITEMS

Mr. Frank Johnston of Trenton has joined the Union Bank staff here as Junior.

The Ball on Friday night, under the auspices of the Boy Scouts, was an enjoyable and successful affair.

The Provincial Health exhibit in the Foresters' Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday last, attracted a great many citizens.

Miss Viola Richardson who has been preparing for the Civil Service at Ottawa is home with her parents on Russell street.

Mr. Herbert W. Turney, who has been attending University at Toronto, arrived home to spend the summer months in Haileybury.

Mr. J. H. Black, manager of the Northern Ontario Light and Power company, returned this week from a week's trip to New York City.

A Church tea will be given at the home of Mrs. George Anderson, Marcella St. on Tuesday, June 11th from 3 to 6. In aid of the R. C. Cathedral.

Residents of Haileybury, not already subscribers to the Haileyburian, can have it sent to their address until the first of next year, for fifty cents.

Miss Candy is opening Corset Parlors in connection with the Millinery Store on Main Street Haileybury. She has taken over Miss Trull's business and any lady wishing to have Sperella Corsets will please give her a call.

The home of Mayor McAulay on Ferguson Avenue, which is being considerably enlarged, will be one of the finest residences in town when the additions which are nearing completion are finished and the house is once more in order.

Attention is called to the visit of Dr. Wood, expert specialist of Toronto, particulars of which will be found in another part of this issue. The Doctor may be consulted at Vendome Hotel till Friday next the 14th. Sufferers will do well to avail themselves of the opportunity of consulting this well known Specialist.

The North Bay Despatch: W. J. McKenzie, who has been in charge of the Hudson Bay District with headquarters at North Bay, has been transferred to Fort William. His successor is Mr. Sinclair who has arrived in town with his family. Mr. McKenzie during his residence in town has made many warm friends who regret his departure.

Dr. Robins was called to Orillia this week, in consequence of the serious illness of his aged father near that town.

Mr. G. A. Smith, the well known Photographer, has just returned from a month's visit with friends and relatives in the Southern part of the Province.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Malcolmson returned from Toronto this week, Mr. Malcolmson having been called to the city a couple of weeks ago owing to the death of his father.

Junior Ball Players

A full turn out of all Junior Ball players is requested for Tuesday evening, June 11th, at 6.45. It was intended that the practices would start last week, but owing to the rain and cold weather it was impossible to get out. A meeting will follow the practice Tuesday evening, at which officers will be elected and plans and arrangements made for the games this summer.

More Rain Than Usual

According to the records kept by Mr. P. A. Cobbold, the local Meteorological representative for the Dominion, the total rain and snowfall for the month of May at Haileybury was 4.43 inches. This is 1.18 inches more, than the average of the last 19 years. Only one year in that period had more rain namely 1904 when 4.73 inches fell.

Thompson Sentenced to 18 Months

Douglas B. Thomson, who pleaded guilty to the robbery of the Curtis-DeFoe company's store on the morning of May 17, was sentenced to 18 months in Central prison at hard labor by Magistrate Alkinson in police court on Tuesday afternoon. The court house was packed when the sentence was passed.

The case had been adjourned since last Thursday without the prisoner electing or pleading and when he faced the magistrate Tuesday afternoon he pleaded guilty and elected to be tried by the magistrate. J. W. Mahon of Cobalt represented the prisoner and made a strong plea for leniency for him. He spoke of his previous good character and the fact that he was not a criminal but in a moment of weakness had committed the crime.

Before sentencing the prisoner Magistrate Atkinson addressed a few words to him. He stated that he would not send him to Kingston to mingle with criminals but instead would place him in Central and at the prison farm at Guelph where conditions would be much better.

Chief of police Collins took him to North Bay.

On the night of the robbery, as it came out in Lawyer Mahon's plea for the prisoner. Thomson kept track of Night Constable Fleming and before attempting to enter the premises found out just where the constable was at that time.