

The Porcupine Advance

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FAMINE OR FILTH?

"The day of the dirty dollar is passing," says a despatch from Ottawa.

Where do the dollars accumulate dirt? Can it be from King street, Toronto?

The Toronto Star reports that sixty-two men slept in five small rooms on King street, and quotes Inspector Scholes as saying:

"The rooms can be considered nothing, but pig-pens. I can hardly describe it."

Porcupine prefers famine to filth.

ONLY A FEW REMAIN

"After July 1," says a city paper, "there will be no more a.m. and p.m. in France. The hours will be reckoned from 1 to 24, and all the public clocks in the country will appear with altered dials. It is one thing to alter the face of a clock and another thing to make a nation abandon the habits of centuries."

Nonsense. Habits of centuries are being abandoned every day and but few remain. The only real vile habit that lingers seems to be the Toronto Globe's habit of "knocking" Porcupine.

In our defence of Porcupine, the big, cranky, soulless city daily may swallow The Porcupine Advance in one gulp, but the Globe will be a real "sick woman" when the process of digestion begins.

It is then the Globe may yearn for a genuine famine in Porcupine.

WE WILL CELEBRATE

This is to notify all concerned that The Porcupine Advance will celebrate that grand old holiday, the Queen's Birthday, 24th of May.

It is the dearest of all to our hearts, and if we were called on to choose between it and the blessed Sabbath, we must needs hesitate.

Gladly would we combine the two, for the personal memories of the writer carry him back to the godly life and saintly character of his lamented Queen, and to forget the day of her birth would be to forget the beauty and influence for good of the noble life she lived.

So, we will celebrate the "Queen's Birthday," in defiance of the proposed statutory declaration that the 24th of May is no longer a public holiday.

CONGRATULATIONS

The Porcupine Advance desires to express its pleasure on the announcement that Haileybury has been declared the county seat of the new judicial district recently created in Northern Ontario.

It is difficult to paint a word picture of this beautiful town, or to convey to the reader its natural fitness for the honor bestowed upon it. Once the visitor has viewed the surroundings of this charming spot on the rising shores of grand old Lake Temiskaming, he has beheld a scene of grandeur that will ever remain within his memory.

The residents of the town possess a delightful personality prettily harmonizing with the work of nature in its original generosity to fair Haileybury, and it is our sincere wish that they will reap a rich reward by way of municipal expansion and commercial progress as a result of this fitting testimonial to their thrift and intelligence.

To our old and true friend, C. C. Farr, the naming of Haileybury as the judicial seat cannot fail to be recognized as the crowning effort in a work dear at all times to his heart, and to him especially is our earnest congratulations extended.

WHAT'S THE USE?

The Provincial authorities of the License Department made a second visit to this district within two weeks.

Chief of Police Caldwell, License Inspector Blackwall and Prosecutor Morrison comprised the delegation, and as a result of their recent attack on offenders of the liquor law, fines to the amount of \$1350 were levied and paid.

We were furnished with a list of those punished, but on further consideration we have decided not to publish it.

It is doubtful if a single one of those convicted will again engage in the illegal sale of liquor in this camp, and The Porcupine Advance is just human enough to dispel any desire to add to the burdens of even this type of law-breaker.

The tendency to kick a man when he is down is all too common these days, and the newspapers are all too willing to make a mountain out of a mole hill.

The Porcupine Advance is opposed to blind pigs—is opposed to the liquor traffic in any form (only, of course, what we ourselves drink, like many other temperance cranks) but we are convinced that the illegal sale of strong drink in the Porcupine camp is almost a thing of the past.

No individual or government can suppress this evil in a day, but the Whitney government, aside from political issues entirely, is certainly making it warm for the blind-pigger, and it is only a matter of a very short time until he will be forced to give up the practice. The Whitney sleuths are sure hot on the trail of the blind-pigger, and when Caldwell goes for a man, he gets him. So does Blackwall.

POPULAR APPOINTMENT

Satisfaction will be expressed at the news that J. B. Tyrrell has been requested by the Ontario Government to supervise the task of determining the Ontario-Manitoba boundary between Island Lake and the mouth of the Nelson River.

The selection of a strip of land 150 miles long and five miles deep, and the choice of two and one-half square miles of land as a terminal point for the T. & N. O. at Port Nelson, are in themselves responsible duties.

To those Canadians who have knowledge of the north, however, Mr. Tyrrell's task assumes a weightier aspect.

The Nelson River is one of the largest and most magnificent of our waterways.

A future generation may see at the river's mouth a metropolis rivaling Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg. History is being made in the making of the new boundary.

The way the poor old Toronto Globe is seeing things, let us all hope that Leader Rowell will use all possible haste to abolish the bars.

There may not be much fresh meat in Porcupine, but there seems to be an abundance of fresh newspaper reporters operating in the district.

A newspaper, known as "the Globe," had a grievance it wanted to probe. So it started in damnin'.

The Porcupine famine, because Borden swiped Laurier's robe.

The cafe car on the Cobalt Special was switched at Temagami Tuesday morning, owing to a break down. Look out for another Globe famine in Porcupine.

The Porcupine Advance takes a chance on naming Hughes and Bryan as opposing candidates in the coming presidential election in the United States. Who do you name?

Canada has commenced minting \$5 and \$10 gold-pieces at Ottawa, and presumably American gold-pieces will begin soon to find their way back across the border, says an exchange. This announcement should please the champions of reciprocity.

To whom it may concern: To keep roosters from crowing early in the morning, put them in coops so low that they cannot stand erect or raise their heads. A rooster is unable to crow without standing up and stretching his neck. This is the kind of a coop the Toronto Globe's "Porcupine famine" reporter should occupy.

Tuesday will not soon be forgotten by Wellsville, Ohio. President Taft, stumping his own State, was there at 10 a.m. An hour later came Col. Roosevelt, hot on the trail of his successor, and three hours later came Ringling Brothers' Circus. All that was lacking to make the occasion unique was the presence of the Globe's "famine reporter."

Ophelia, an elephant with Frank Adams' Circus, broke loose at Sopris, Colo., on April 15. Before being recaptured she upset a number of small buildings, cleaned out a saloon, and smashed windows and furniture, the damage amounting to \$500. The residents thought that a suffragette had come to town. Would like a visit from frisky Ophelia. She might put the Globe's "famine editor" to route. These elephants do be great bugs.

Who says "hard times?" Eight residents of South Porcupine dug up \$1350.00 last Wednesday and contributed the same to the Provincial exchequer without a murmur, notwithstanding the fact that they received nothing in return for their outlay. That's more money than Toronto raised for the Titanic sufferers at a theatrical performance in the big city. And, don't forget, there was a "famine" on here at the time.

The Ontario Associated Boards of Trade will visit the North Country during the coming summer, and it is more than likely that the members of this distinguished body of business men will be somewhat interested in Porcupine camp. The Globe's famine (?) will, in all probability, have eaten itself by that time, and we can assure our brethren of Older Ontario that we will at least be in a position to offer them an abundance of bannock and sow belly. It will be more pleasant to hear the Globe grunt than howl.

That intrepid sportsman, Sir Henry Seton-Kerr, has purchased a tract of land in the district of Nepigon, Ont., where he purposes establishing a hunting lodge. One of Britain's greatest hunters, he has shot big game in Western America, British Columbia and Scandinavia. All the Setons are keen sportsmen, this family having given Canada the famous Ernest Thompson Seton, naturalist to the government of Manitoba, who has told us more of the wild animals of the Dominion than any other man. Recently he has been charming West End audiences in London with his quaint Canadian sporting stories.

The blind-piggers of Porcupine might just as well understand first as last that they cannot do business in the camp. We are not entering into a discussion of the liquor traffic, as we have long since eliminated that seemingly popular beverage from our switch-list as a means to quench returning thirst. Our intention is merely to state the fact that when Chief Caldwell and Inspector Blackwall get after the booze dispensers there's going to be something doing, and the dealers will learn to their sorrow that it is more costly and dangerous to get out of the business than to get into it. It requires quite a large amount of joy water to produce \$500 in the form of a fine, and after this a prolonged period in jail is not any too inviting. At this distance it would appear that the contraband liquor trade has received a rude jolt from which it will not soon recover.

A Shingle Nail Guessing CONTEST

STARTING MONDAY, MAY 20th, 1912.

For What? Why, for that

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on exhibition in our window. Under the Following Conditions:-

NORTHERN CANADA SUPPLY CO., Ltd.
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To the person estimating the correct or nearest to the correct number of nails in the sealed jar we have in the window of our store, we will sell for the sum of Ten Cents One New Steel Range, made by the Gurney Foundry Company of Toronto, and fully guaranteed in every way. The regular price of which is Thirty-two Dollars. Three prominent citizens will inspect the tickets, which will be placed in a sealed tin box in our store. The coupon boxes will be opened by the judges on Tuesday, July 2nd. Contest closes Saturday, June 29th, at 10 p.m. The decision of the judges is final and accepted as such by all contestants. A ticket with every 50c. cash purchase. No employe of the firm allowed to contest. Deposit this part of ticket in sealed box.

My estimate of the Number of Nails is

Northern Canada Supply CO., LIMITED

Bruce Ave., South Porcupine

Shingle Nail Contest

Nearest Estimate: ONE STEEL RANGE

Subject to rules and conditions contained on duplicate of this ticket

KEEP THIS PORTION OF TICKET

My estimate of the number of

Nails is

Everyone has an equal chance. Remember that with every 50c Cash purchase you get a ticket. Our prices are always as low as or lower than the lowest.

Northern Canada Supply Co., Ltd.

"If It's Hardware, we Have It" Bruce Ave., South Porcupine

The British capitalists who are to visit Northern Ontario in the near future, who are said to represent two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, should leave their money at home and bring a lunch, in view of the Toronto Globe's "story" of the Porcupine famine.

The Presidential primaries to date show the following tendencies: Rapid spread of Roosevelt sentiment, widespread gains for Champ Clark, marked falling off in Woodrow Wilson wave, Taft can. only get renomination provided delegates pledged and instructed for him stand solid.

The reverend editor of the Toronto Globe should impress upon such minds as his reportorial staff may possess, the scriptural teaching that the Lord hateth a liar. That Porcupine famine yarn of the poor old Globe has evidently developed another eligible member for the Ananias club.

PAT'S WISE CHOICE.

'Twas in the good old days, when the "cat" was used freely. Scene—Quarter deck of H. M. S. Hardship.

Pat Murphy and Joe McLean had been breaking leave and had been ordered to receive 10 strokes each of the "cat." When the time came for their punishment the captain, considering their previous good character, said that if they wished to wear anything to protect their backs a little they could do so.

The Scotchman replied that he would like to have a strip of canvas on his back. The request was granted, and then Pat, on being asked what he would like, exclaimed, "Shure, sir, if it is all the same to you, I would like to have the Scotchman on my back."

"I stopped over here," said the tourist, "to enjoy the simple life." "Hush," warned the Georgia moonshiner, "not so loud. Put your money on the stump yonder, an' turn y' back an' shut yo' eyes. Quart or gallon, sir?"—Atlanta Constitu-

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