

The Porcupine Advance

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FRIDAY, AUG. 2.

Twelve members of the Detroit council have been arrested for graft, and Detroit is supposed to be less addicted to crookedness than most American cities.

There is a fly-swating contest going on all over the country and when it is remembered that one female fly has 222,222,221 descendants in one summer and every one a possible disease carrier it is well worth while to be a fly-fan and swat and kill and help exterminate the pest.

Woodrow Wilson, who has a reasonable show to become the next President of the United States, wants 1,000,000 citizens to contribute each one dollar to elect an honest president; no trust money accepted. Getting money from the plain people is like a drink of pure water to a man who is offered maddening poison instead.

It is amazing to hear humanity, set on end for some unknown purpose, devoting so much of the brief time allotted us on earth to a carefully detailed diagnosis of our headaches, backaches, stomach aches and other miseries that defy description.

The comical part of this business lies in the patience with which we listen to one another. But he or she knows that his or her turn comes next and the luxury of returning sickening accounts of troubles will be granted.

Many of us are not miserable enough with the pains of the present, but must treasure up the pains of the past, as a constantly accumulating reservoir of misery; and the most woeful and most useless of all is the anticipating of troubles supposed to be coming.

If talk about our aches and pains were suppressed, a third of the conversation of civilized life would cease. If to this be added the weather, another third would be chopped off. Still the female discourse on the troubles of dress and servants would remain.

If we would only forget it all, and permit others to forget it, what a world of joy, now unseen, would open up to us!

It may be all right for the ladies representing the suffragette cause to pull the noses and slap the faces of cabinet ministers under the name of equality, but for King George himself to strike a blow at a time honored custom and institution adds much to Britain's topsyturvydom.

A shadow falls upon the 5 o'clock tea table. Twice lately has King George declined his five o'clock, and society trembles. Doctors are found who declare that to take a heavy afternoon tea between luncheon and dinner does a healthy young or middle-aged person far more harm than good. It is not the tea itself that is harmful, for there is nothing better than a cup of tea as a refresher. What the doctor objects to is sitting down in the middle of the afternoon and making a regular meal of tea, bread and butter, sandwiches, cake, jam, and pastry. So the iconoclastic King has good medical support for his crusade against four meals a day. Will 5 o'clock tea survive the Royal frown? It may, but its position will never again be an assured one. By-and-bye the Briton's mid-afternoon meal may become only a survival lingering in remote parts of the country, and visitors from the outer Empire will be shown a 5 o'clock function in the city as they are

shown the Beefeaters at the Tower of the guard on the Horse Guards parade.

Tea in the country is an institution, in the city of London it is a rite. The merchant in his counting-room, the financier in his gilded office, the civil servant who has not been able to escape to the club before 5 o'clock, suspend business while the lady secretary brews the tea and butters the bread. Then with a solemnity that freezes the smile of scorn on the lips of the outer barbarian the sacred tea is passed and the constitution saved. The spectacle of tens of thousands of men who are leaders in the affairs of the Anglo-Saxon world stopping business in the middle of the afternoon to sip tea and munch crackers fills the colonial visitor with wonder, but he soon becomes accustomed to it, and, if his visits to England are frequent, sometimes drops into the habit himself.

A woman went to the dock at Hoboken the other day wearing about her neck a sign-board on which was painted in big black letters the words "I am looking for my brother."

A man coming down the gang plank saw the sign and in a moment had taken her in his arms. They had not seen each other for 40 years. But before leaving old Nuremberg to join her in America he had sent her this sign that they might not miss each other in the throng.

A crude, effective stratagem, with its comic aspects. But if the souls seeking souls in this world could find some signs by which brother could recognize brother, sister know sister, and lover be made known to sweetheart, what a different world it would be!

The seeking soul is the civilized soul.

In these days we are not satisfied with each other merely because we happen to belong to the same family, or the same set. Too often are hearts that yearn for each other pass on the gang-plank where the currents meet and mix, and in the absence of some outward sign, the two drift away from each other never to meet again. In the next apartment in the city, in the house across the street, in the car into the windows of which one gazes in passing, in the farm buggy that turns off at the road just ahead, on the next seat in the park, across the aisle in church or theater may be the long-sought brother or sister of the soul, the heart to which your heart is attuned, the steadfast friend that you have always wanted and never found. But the need-one wears no sign. She may be on first sight plain-looking. Your eye roves past her to one with prouder plumage. He may be ill-groomed or ungainly. Perhaps it takes time and contact to bring to your unskillful eyes the endearing things which would proclaim the brotherhood, the friendship, the loverhood.

Here are the magnet and the armature, but the energizing current of mutual recognition which would draw them together is absent. There is no sign. So they pass, and never meet again. This is what fills the world with discontent, the courts with affinity cases and the hearts of millions with unsatisfied yearning. It is this that deprives us of too many true friends, real friends, and substitutes for them the friends of pretense, the man or woman who affects friendship and who with cunning cleverness makes pure grafting appear to be self-sacrificing generosity. The world is full of true brothers, true sisters,—real friends,—and we blindly seek them and we blindly pass them by.

Is there no sick engineer who can solve the problem?

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing"—nay! that never even speak, but slip by in the darkness with never a sound or thrill!

Where is the Marconi of the soul who will show how the sign may be wirelessly flashed from mind to mind—"I AM LOOKING FOR MY BROTHER!"

**BIG DAY TODAY AND
BIG NIGHT TONIGHT**

(Continued from page 1.)

It is up to every citizen and resident of the camp to see that during the day the distinguished visitors and newspaper men are given a warm welcome of which a mining camp is known to be capable. The political part of the program will probably not start until the open air meeting at 8.30 at the Hotel Connaught and during the day the party will be merely sight-seers and boosters—not disputants.

The Board of Trade of South Porcupine, an organization distinctly non-political, decided to read an address of welcome to this visiting body of representative citizens and appointed H. N. Joy, Atex. H. Smith, Glen Henry and A. S. Fuller as a committee to represent the Board and South Porcupine, and present this address. The committee selected can be depended upon to do the right thing in the way of courteous treatment to these guests of the day and give honest publicity to the camp.

Hon. George P. Graham, of Brockville, late Minister of Railways under the Laurier Government, will be one of the party.

The personnel of the party as near as can be learned is as follows:
N. W. Rowell, K. C., M. P. P., North Oxford.

W. Proudfoot, — C., M. P. P., Centre Huron.

J. C. Elliott, M. P. P., West Middlesex.

C. M. Bowman, M. P. P., North Bruce.

D. Racine, M. P. P., South Oxford.

R. J. McCormick, M. P. P., East Lambton.

Lieut.-Col. T. R. Atkinson, M. P. P., North Norfolk.

Thos. Marshall, M. P. P., Monck.

Dr. James McQueen, M. P. P., North Wentworth.

Hugh Munro, M. P. P., Glengarry.

Wm. McDonald, M. P. P., Centre Bruce.

J. G. Anderson, M. P. P., South Bruce.

Z. Mageau, M. P. P., Sturgeon Falls.

Udney Richardson, M. P. P., East Wellington.

G. Evanturel, M. P. P., Prescott.

W. R. Ferguson, M. P. P., East Kent.

Chris. Kohler, M. P. P., Haldimand.

W. E. N. Sinclair, M. P. P., South Ontario.

Hon. Charles Murphy, M. P., Ottawa.

J. A. McMillan, M. P., Alexandria.

Edmond Proulx, M. P., L'Original.

A. J. Young, North Bay.

Dr. B. G. Conolly, Renfrew.

Hon. Robt. Jaffray, formerly chairman of the T. & N. O. Railway Commission.

J. Frank Beer, ex-President Toronto Branch Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

J. E. Atkinson, President Star Publishing Co.

Gordon Waldron, vice-president Sun Publishing Co.

James Ryrie, Toronto.

R. Tower Ferguson, Toronto.

Thos. Southworth, formerly superintendent of Forestry and Director of Colonization for the Province of Ontario.

Dr. Jas. Spence, Toronto.

J. E. Allen, president East Toronto Reform Association.

Albert Chamberlain, Toronto.

J. H. Spence, Toronto.

Geo. S. Gibbons, vice-president London Liberal Association.

F. E. Leonard, formerly member T. & N. O. Commission.

T. H. Purdon, K. C., president of London Advertiser Pub. Co.

Geo. M. Reid, London.

Dr. James Russell, Liberal candidate, West Hamilton, 1911, Provincial.

Walter T. Evans, secretary Hamilton Liberal Association.

R. S. Muir, Liberal candidate for Dundas, 1911 Provincial.

J. W. McLeod, Cornwall, president Stormont Liberal Association.

D. V. Sinclair, Belleville, West Hastings.

Thos. Symington, Napanee, Lennox.

M. Af James, Bowmanville Statesman, West Durham.

John McQuaker, Owen Sound, North Grey.

F. W. Harrison, Owen Sound, North Grey.

Geo. A. Clark, high school principal, Markdale (East Grey).

W. J. Rice, Toronto.

— Casselman, East Simcoe.

G. W. P. Hood, West York.

E. E. Hodgins, West Huron.

Geo. Ogilvie, Bradford, South Simcoe.

Joseph Akitt, Creemore, West Simcoe.

H. E. Jory, Liberal candidate, Centre Simcoe (Provincial) 1911.

Geo. Spence, Tara, North Bruce.

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ASSIGNEE'S SALE

Tenders are invited and will be received by the undersigned up to noon of August the 10th, 1912, for the purchase of Lot 124, Corner Golden Ave. and Crawford street, in South Porcupine. This lot has a frontage of 43 feet on Golden Ave., by a depth of 75 feet on Crawford street. Dated South Porcupine, July 30th, 1912.

McLEOD TEW,
Assignee.
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