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Some men are so like children that they think cleanliness is a waste of time and soap.

An old miner has said that there is more money buried in the workings of poorly operated mines than the world will ever be told about.

By the looks of things now the Panama Canal will be finished and ready for business long before the Senate gets the tolls adjusted to the satisfaction of all nations.

Just as we think we are accomplishing wonders never before undertaken, along comes a Chicago preacher and tells us that Elijah was the first aviator in his chariot of fire.

In this town if you follow the old motto to early to bed and early to rise you will not meet a good many of the best people. The game cock's do not go to sleep with the chickens.

Our notion of a misguided man is one who thinks he can run a weekly newspaper that will please all his subscribers or paint his house a color that will suit all his neighbors.

From the provinces of the Canadian Northwest the report comes of banner crops. More acres than ever before have been sown to grain, and the yield per acre has been increased. It has been predicted that the output will exceed the large returns of last year by millions of bushels. Will the price of bread go down? Does the great harvest mean great human relief? Or does it only mean that the transportation companies that span the highway between the harvest fields of the west and the homes of the poor in the big cities of the east are alone to be benefited.

According to newspaper despatches Wathan Allen, the convicted smuggler, who paid \$100,000 in addition to a criminal fine of \$12,000 into the United States Treasury, the other day is one of the heads of the leather trust. In the Allen & Sons tannery in Kenosha, Wisconsin over 2,000 employes who are paid less than \$9 a week. Three years ago these workmen revolted and among other evidence of their displeasure they smashed every pane of window glass at which a stone could be hurled in "the world's greatest harness and sole leather tannery."

It appears that Allen, criminal millionaire and captain of industry is in the same class with Wool Trust Wood in that he was "a poor boy who become rich." Which, however doesn't mean anything particular in this connection except that the poor boy grown fabulously rich becomes intoxicated with his wealth and is therefore easier caught when he diverges from the moral pathway.

Allen is a widower. He took a woman, Helen Dwelle Field Jenkins, not his wife, on a big trip over Europe. He bought her \$300,000 worth of jewels. Though some of the fellows who tan leather for Allen make their dinner on dry bread and bologna, Helen Dwelle Field Jenkins, with her simpering laugh and flirty eyes, had to have the jewels.

Less jewels for Helen would of course mean a warm dinner and a little coffee for the toilers back in Kenosha, but as Ue sit at Carlsbaad listening to the splash of the cool waters in the fountains and the soft nothings of a strange woman, why should we nother ourselves about the

sweaty foreigners back in Kenosha? Allen put this woman, whose beauty he would purchase for his own private property like a lot of beef hides, into a fine mansion on Sheridan road, Chicago. Fifty thousand dollars was spent on the house and its equipment of horses, automobiles and buttons to push for what was wanted.

But in Kenosha you may visit basement holes where families of tannery workers drift drearily and damply through a mere existence, living five in a room, without butter for bread, without carpets on the floor, pictures on the walls, or hope in the heart.

When any of the comfortable writers on success tell us the story of our great American leather magnates, they will hardly mention the Kenosha Poles and Italians in connection with Nathan Allen convicted smuggler and one of the heads of the leather trust to which we pay tribute whenever we buy a pair of shoes.

In his interpretation of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," a Denver minister is quoted as saying that swatting the fly is murder, that the cabbage has the same right to live as man, that plants are conscious, that it is a sin to kill an egg.

The world laughs at him—but he is in a dilemma that is becoming worldwide, as the sacredness of life appeals to more and more people. Vegetarianism is a form of this new tenderness of feeling. The Doukhobots of Canada refuse to wear wool because the sheep has to be robbed of a part of its life in giving it up, or to use leather because it represents sacrifice of life. Similarly they abjure bone buttons and tortoise-shell combs. They go shod in felt and rubber boots—and they hitch themselves and their wives to the plow that the horses and oxen may go unenslaved.

Let us not laugh at them—for they are in an awful dilemma. When they become as sophisticated as the Denver divine they will be in a worse one; for they will then understand, as he does, that all life is alike, and that the protoplasm that is the stuff of life for the man is the same as that which is the stuff of life for the cabbage. They will be in a normal No. Thoroughfare like that of the Hindu who, a century ago, starved because a missionary, by means of a microscope showed him that the water he drank and the food he ate was all inhabited by living beings, which the Hindu was pledged not to slay.

Poor humans who try not to kill! Poor Doukhobots who do not know that the rubber of their boots represents human lives destroyed in the awful slavery of tropical forests! Poor Denver preacher, who does not know that the nuts and ripe fruit he thinks the only food which a man can eat and not kill, is just as much alive as the cabbage or the egg or the fly!

There is no animal save that which is sustained by the sacrifice of life. The bread we bake is "raised" by the killing of millions of living bacteria. The milk we drink must have bacteria to sour it, or other putrefying bacteria will come in and spoil it. The butter we eat is ripened by bacteria. We must kill plants or animals to cure ourselves of most diseases. We must kill the rat to stop the bubonic plague, and ticks, gophers, squirrels and other rodents in fighting plague and spotted fever.

So why quarrel with necessary killing? We must kill, or die. The fate that placed us on earth put us in this dilemma, from which we can escape only by leaving and all its dilemmas. We can do just one thing in the matter—WE CAN FIGHT UNNECESSARY SUFFERING. And as unnecessary suffering and that of other organisms, perhaps we would better look farther than do the Doukhobots, and attend to the amelioration of human suffering first.

News dispatches from Jackson, Michigan, where the penitentiary is located, tell us that a squad of convicts are led to punishment and some very interesting details of the dungeon events are recited.

Punishment is being meted out by Warden Simpson because the convicts have been conducting a yelling carnival and the reason of the yelling and the wrecking of the kitchen where nauseating foods were being doled out, was that some of them were receiving 75 cents a day while others were only paid 10 cents.

So you may understand just how high at point our modern civilization has reached, we will repeat just a few of these entertaining details.

"A barrel was placed upon a ladder which lay flat upon the floor. Each victim was made to strip his back and lie with his face down across the barrel. About his wrists were placed handcuffs and his arms were stretched out in front and fastened to a round in the ladder. Leg irons were placed on his ankles and his feet were stretched as far out behind as possible so as to make the skin of the back taut.

"A gag was placed in the mouth of every one so that the victim could get none of the relief he might experience in groans and shrieks.

"Over those who had thin white skins a sheet was placed, while those with the yellow hides had to take it bare. With these preliminaries over, a bulky guard started in to whale the victim.

"Two fellows fainted and another fellow was limp when he was taken off the barrel. When those fellows swooned away the whipping stopped until they regained control of themselves. Then it was resumed.

"One of the guards said that all three of the fellows who were taken to the hospital came around all right. This guard also said that all were tied on their cell floors with their faces down to prevent them from getting what little comfort they could in soothing their backs with their hands."

It's an old saying that "even the worm will turn." The convicts at Jackson may be "devils" because they turned against rank discrimination in their meager pay and against putrid food, but put yourself just for a moment in the place of one of these flogged men! Would you be bitter? How many sweet thoughts would you have towards society—how many beautiful resolutions would you resolve—as you lay, lashed face downward to the floor of your cell, in the silent, holy night?

We are every one of us children, thank God, whether we are convicts or of the unconvicted. It is child-like to respond to kind treatment and that is why you hear no more of such dreadful occurrences as Jackson's in the penitentiaries of Colorado and Oregon and Arizona where the state authorities have appealed to the human and better natures of their convicts.

Originally the prison was created for but one purpose, to shut within safe walls all offenders against law and order, thus to protect society. The modern idea of a prison is to do this and also to correct, reform and educate the bad man, to make him good, to create in him a respect for society, to teach him to obey the laws and to honor the yag.

No. All this is not happening in Russia, or some other far off country when we imagine all crimes are being committed against civilization and Christianity. It is happening in Michigan, a bordering state just to the south of us. Is the warden of that penitentiary and they who are responsible for putting him there, doing anything that will encourage those convicts to be good men; to respect society? The convicts are not so much a disgrace to civilization as the warden and his lieutenants who know so little of the power of gentle goodness as taught by a humble carpenter, nineteen hundred years ago.

"So God created man in His own image; in the image of God created to Him." All alike. What a seeming farce when 20th century civilization permits a band of God-made guards to lash up a God-made prisoner and flog him to death. For the breaking of man-made laws we are sent to the prisons to be whipped and degraded; for the breaking of the God-made laws of nature we are sent to the hospital to be nursed and pitied. For the purpose of organizing a stronger football team it is desired that the names of all players be handed in to Wm. Highman at South Porcupine. Golden City wants another game and all promising material will be given a try out.

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