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FRIDAY, OCT. 4.

That Chicago banker who said that credit, not money, was the life of modern business is a man who would be well received around here.

There are more than the usual number of political parties this year but none have been organized, so far as heard from on a larger salary platform.

It is said that the wife who cares is never careless and that even a profane man may be a good husband.

Better keep at one thing if you want to get anywhere; the trouble with a side line in your home life or business is that it causes you to neglect your specialty.

"The size of a dollar says a Chicago News philosopher depends on whether it is coming or going." Also how long it is until pay day makes it loom.

"It is said that every family should have some kind of a musical instrument in the house." It wouldn't be a bad idea to try out a baby once in awhile.

Until flying machines become more perfected the aviators journey in many cases will continue to be from a hole in the air to a hole in the ground.

In the coming Presidential elections in the United States; Eugene Debs of labor fame has predicted his own defeat and announced that President Taft has no chance.

That seems fair enough to Roosevelt and Wilson.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, says: "As for the Roosevelt movement—well, I look upon that as being impulsive and gushing, so to speak, it is a one-man following, as I view it."

Get busy. It has been proven by statistics that lazy people are not to live to an old age, for they acquire a lot of flesh which shortens their lives. We know of communities where the death rate should be very heavy.

Doctor Wiley says a man reaches the period of greatest usefulness between the ages of 60 and 70. The good Doctor is something like a woman, in that he does not like to tell his age, but you can easily guess.

Last week a woman in St. Thomas, Ont., committed suicide by taking Paris Green because her husband refused to give up smoking. To a casual observer it would look as if there might be a little friction even in Heaven when this woman enters if she does not fall down on the preliminary examination which is supposed to take place at the gates of this restful paradise.

It may be pleasing to some to know that bigger feet and stronger muscles are becoming fashionable for women. Mrs. A. A. Birney, president of a local Mother's Congress says "she is glad of the change and that the tiny footed, delicate limbed creation is about to pass from us." Soon it will not be father's foot alone that helps you from the house during the late vigil of the night or the early hours of the morning.

It is the political season when we hear about what the West needs, the East wants and the North is promised, just as though this whole glorious country was not bound together by the same general interests. Some day we almost expect to hear some one declare that hell is only a local issue.

China is setting a pace for the "advance" nations. To go, in one leap, from the binding of the feet of her women to the adoption of woman's suffrage, was a bound which left rival countries far behind holding their breath. And China is still going. Today it is her railroad policy which has outstripped the west. Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the former provisional president of the republic, is responsible for the adoption of this policy; according to it China is to have a mileage of 70,000, the money for construction to be raised abroad. As security for this loan, the railroads themselves will be pledged, and will pay the loans from their profits. As soon as the roads are free from debt, they will become the undivided property of the nation.

"We'll be poor as people kin be, but we'll have a home to stay." The campaign for a mother's pension for the State of Wisconsin recently started by the Wisconsin State Journal, published at Madison, has already brought results and should be advocated and fought for by every man and woman in whose veins there is a single red corpuscle of human kindness calling for the betterment of the unfortunate mothers and children. It is the initial step in the right direction of true christianity.

The republican state platform carries a plank favoring legislation that will prevent the breaking up of homes and the removal of dependent children to state charitable institutions. It is now believed that there will be but little opposition to such a law at the coming session of the legislature. The plank in the platform follows:

"Firmly believing in the integrity of the home, we deplore as social evil the unnecessary separation of dependent children from destitute mothers, and we favor such legislation as shall ensure the preservation of family life and especially favor provisions by which mothers duly adjusted worthy by competent courts may receive aid from public funds now devoted to maintaining children in institutions where they are deprived of their mother's care when most they need it."

Read what Bert Bradley says about it and see if it does not touch a responsive chord.

Listen Billy, listen here's the gloriousest news.

To make us kiddoes happy an' to chase away the blues.

We needn't go away from home—not fer a single day

We kin stay right here with mother an' the government'll pay

To help keep us with her, an' to buy us food an' close

Se we needn't be in 'sylvms where the orphan children goes.

I tell you she was worried when she figgered we must go

An' I seen her onct a-cryin' when she thought I didn't know,

Fer as hard as she was workin' she just COULDN'T earn enough

To be keepin' of us with her an' it sure was mighty tough,

'Cause she loves us kiddoes, Billy, an' 'twould almost break her heart

If the little home was busted an' we had to live apart.

But we needn't be orphans an' our mother needn't cry

An' we'll go on bein' happy, an' I know the reason why;

It's that mother's got a pension just to care fer you an' me

An' fer baby Anne an' Susie, an' it's grand as it kin be,

We'll be poor as people kin be, but we'll have a home to stay.

Mother's got a pension an' we needn't go away!

WORLD'S RICHEST SQUARE MILE

Where Starving Children Fight With the Dogs for a Bone

Brown is a London wine merchant, but he has a taste for literature as well as for grape juice. I often find him dipping into Sterne's "Reflections," Darwin's "Descent of Man," "The Wealth of Nations," and Balzac. He says it is a pleasant change after a morning at wine sampling. One day, when he is tired of making money he is going to turn to writing himself. It is to be a great great book about the city.

"The city's wonderful," he said to me the other evening. "I love it. The finest, jolliest merry-go-round on nature's show ground."

He lighted a cigarette to give me time properly to appreciate the simile, and then remarked, in his enthusiastic, tantalizing way, "You journalists think you know it, but you don't. All you see is the surface. You skim it, and dress it up in print and call it London. It isn't London at all. The city is not a business place only; it is a daily weaver of wonderful, dramatic plots. It is not only hoary with history; it is steeped in modern romance. My book will show the great square mile as it is. I mean to make it novel, human, interesting."

We drank success to the unique production. Then I enquired of Brown the time that he usually left the city of an evening.

"Five o'clock prompt," he said.

"Why?"

"Then your book will be a failure?" Brown stood up. He is a great tall, military chap. He glared over me.

"Jealousy," he snapped.

"Not a bit of it. But I know this, the city man who goes home at five o'clock in the evening doesn't know the city. He can't."

"Good gracious! Why, man alive, the city's dead after six, as dead as a door nail, except for a few slippered housekeeper's running for supper beer, and policemen trying street doors, and a few cats and dogs. Dead, my boy."

It is useless to argue with Brown. He is a man with a big jaw and is accustomed to have his own way. But I had to do something. I suggested that he stay in the city a little longer than usual for once and accompany me. With a sarcastic laugh he agreed and we walked out of the building.

"And where on earth are you taking me?" he inquired.

"Leadenhall Market."

He stopped for a moment, gave me a pitying look, and placing his hands on his hips, chuckled.

"What's the matter with you? Leadenhall Market! Why you're hours late. Nothing doing there at all. Sold out long ago."

I walked on in silence and he followed, somewhat mystified. In a few minutes we were in the famous haunt of turkey lovers.

"Well," said Brown, with a triumphant twinkle.

I pulled him along by the partly deserted shops to a corner and pointed to a thin drab line of children in rags standing near. Each child carried a bag or a little sack, and every eye was fixed on the shop directly opposite, in which the attendants were preparing to quit work for the day. Close by children were rumaging in a bin packed with refuse.

"Have you made a note of this for your book?" I asked.

Brown did not answer.

"This is the city you know, the very heart of it. It is a common picture. These kiddies come every night and every morning. They tramp miles for things to eat that you and I would possibly be afraid to handle."

He was still silent. He is a married man and a father, and his big kind eyes were following a little girl fresh from the rack of poverty. She was just being given a little parcel by a kind-hearted shopkeeper. As she ran away her eagerness to get home with the prize caused her to stumble and part of the leavings fell out of her bag into the gutter. Before she could pick up the meat up came a hungry dog and gripped a bone. With a quickness which you never come across in children who are well fed and well cared for the child gripped the bone also and wrestled bravely with the animal.

"It's mine," she cried; "leave off. It was given to me."

But the dog won. With a big effort he wrenched the bone free and ran off.

Brown passed the girl a coin and took my arm.

"Terribly sad," he said, leading me away. "Terribly sad. But—it's all well known, well known."

I protested. I didn't believe he had ever seen the children before, and I said so. I could swear he had never before in his life witnessed a fight for food between a child and a dog. I was ready to bet that not a hundred city men were aware that every night and morning within a stone's throw of their offices, half-starved youngsters clamored for bits of loaves, bones, cabbage leaves, fish that cannot be sold, and the plate scrapings of restaurants.

"Put these things in your book," he said, "and you will invest it with novelty."

"I'm afraid nobody will believe the child and dog fight story," he remarked thoughtfully.

"Would you if you hadn't seen it?" He shrugged his shoulders. As we turned the corner we ran into some of Brown's city friends.

"Oh, here you are, Brown," one called. "A little wager. You're a bit of an authority on the city. Tell Jones, here. Is it or is it not the richest square mile in the world?"

Brown pointed in the direction of the thin drab line of misery in the market.

"Go and see for yourself," he said.

TOWNSHIP OF TISDALE Appeals from Court of Revision

Take Notice that His Honor, Judge Kehoe, District Judge, will sit at Wilson's Hall, South Porcupine, on Tuesday morning, October 8th at 9 a.m. for the purpose of hearing appeals against the decision of the Court of Revision for the Township of Tisdale for the assessment for 1912.

And Take Notice that all parties who have filed appeals from the decision of said Court of Revision must present themselves at the above time and place to give evidence in support of their appeal.

Dated at South Porcupine this 27th day of September A. D., 1912.

M. WHYTE, Acting Clerk.

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