

THE PORCUPINE ADVANCE

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WEDNESDAY, NOV. 22nd., 1923.

**BABY MUNICIPAL POLITICS
EXHIBITED AT COBALT.**

Cobalt is again in the desperate throes of a municipal revolutionary upheaval and heaven alone knows what else. Please pass the prunes! Ah, now-it looks just like a silly exhibition of baby politics.

The O'Brien Mine was well pleased with the way in which the Cobalt firemen fought a recent fire at the mine, and eventually sent a cheque for payment of each of the members of the brigade present at the fire. When the cheque reached Cobalt the Mayor ordered \$17.00 to be deducted for the paid men on the brigade. The Mayor's claim is that as the town pays the paid men for their time—no one else should be allowed to give them anything. When the firemen heard of this proceeding they were exceedingly wrathful and formally notified the Council that if the Town persisted in withholding these seventeen bucks from their comrades on the brigade, then the whole volunteer force would resign on November 22nd. The Mayor's reply to this is that the fire brigade can not be allowed to dictate to the Council. He thinks the plan of allowing paid men to accept pay also from outside sources is all wrong. Maybe, but if so, it could be changed in a proper way and with due notice so that all would know where they are at. In the meantime it is difficult to see what right the Town of Cobalt has to that \$17.00. The money was sent definitely marked to be paid to the firemen. It was not for the Town or the Mayor, and if the Mayor feels that the two men should not have it for adequate moral reasons, he should have it returned at once to the O'Brien Mine, with interest added for the days it has been improperly retained by the Town. Which, of course, is ridiculous,—as ridiculous as the proceedings already taken. Sympathy generally should be with the volunteer firemen. They spend their strength and time, with practically no reward, except the knowledge that they are giving a public service. Their loyalty to the paid men on the force, to tell the truth, is worth many times seventeen dollars to the Town of Cobalt. The Town of Cobalt should be ashamed to make a fuss over such a matter. If the volunteer firemen are agreed, and the O'Brien mine is pleased, it looks like ungrateful impertinence on the part of town officials to interfere in such a case.

**HERITAGE OF THE NORTH
CANADA'S LAST AND BEST**

(From the Broke Hustler.)

The Science Club spent a very pleasant and worth-while evening on Thursday when they were addressed by Archdeacon Woodall, of Porquis Junction, on the possibilities of the northern part of the Province from Cochrane to James Bay, with special reference to the country surrounding the Bay.

Archdeacon Woodall spent fourteen years in different mission posts around the Bay, travelling thousands of miles by canoe among the Indians and is qualified to speak from knowledge and not from hearsay. He spoke of the enormous natural resources. People did not seem to understand that the farther north you went the soil was richer.

Agricultural Possibilities

At Moose Factory he had grown all vegetables that could be grown in Southern Ontario, including tomatoes, and all were of magnificent quality and large size. The soil was simply wonderful especially in the valleys around New Post, where anything could be grown. The vegetation was beyond description. Oats which he had planted in June were over his head by September. Barley also did well. The natural grasses grew to a height of six feet and the cattle at the Hudson's Bay posts thrived splendidly on these natural grasses. If the natural grasses gave such nutriment to the stock, what could the country be when the soil was cultivated.

Own Flesh as Bait

He touched briefly on the wealth of fisheries and minerals and to a greater extent on the splendid stand of spruce and balsam along the river courses. The Archdeacon's talk was illuminated by stories, some pathetic, some humorous. To illustrate the determination of the Indians of the district, he told of an old squaw, too old to keep up with the tribes in their migrations, and according to custom, simply left to shift for herself. This old squaw, with only a fish or two for food, camped on the edge of the Bay. Taking a thong out of her girdle for a line, and a bone out of a fish head as a fishhook she calmly cut a piece of flesh from her leg, with her axe, to serve as bait, and fished through the ice until she had sufficient food to keep her for a considerable length of time. She then cut willows along the edge of the Bay and made herself a pair of snowshoes. With these snowshoes and her sack of fish for food, she tramped the eighty miles into Moose Factory to the mission post. This story Archdeacon Woodall could vouch for in every particular.

Indians Great on Talk

He explained also how easy it was to get around the Indians if you wanted to. In spite of a widespread supposition to the contrary, the Indian dearly loved to talk. If you gave the Indian a chance to talk for hours, go-

ing round and round in the same circle until he was talked out, you could get him to do anything you wanted.

The success of the Hudson's Bay Company in dealing with the Indians he put down to the fact that the clerks or servants, as they are called, being article to the Company, came out at sixteen or seventeen years of age, and practically lived with the Indians, learning their language and speaking it as well as the Indians themselves, until such time as they had acquired a sufficient knowledge of furs and of fur trading to take a more responsible position. These men thoroughly knew the Indian character and to the credit of the Company it should be said that they had ruled the vast domain under them with justice.

Only One Uprising

Only once had there been any serious trouble between the Indians and Company, some eighty years ago when one of the inland posts was rushed and two whites and a faithful Indian murdered. One of the trusty Indians brought the word to Moose Factory and the Factory sent Mr. Swanson and five others of the Company servants immediately with their rifles to straighten things out. They took to the bush and next afternoon they dashed into the post where the Indians were gathered, the ringleader with bent behind his ear, pretending to be the Factor. Rifles were levelled and when the smoke cleared away the ringleader was dead, his chief lieutenant being taken prisoner and later tried for murder. The swift retribution of the white men settled the question of risings for all time.

The rivalry between the different fur companies, Archdeacon Woodall remarked, was not what it was popularly supposed to be. There was rivalry, of course, but reports such as one company leaving employees of another to starve, while they themselves had plenty of food, were simply ridiculous. They were always ready to sell to the other company at their price. For instance, one company had some cattle which were almost starving for lack of hay. Another company had lots of hay. They sold hay to the other company—all they wanted—at \$98 a ton.

Only Four Whites

In 1911 Archdeacon Woodall took a census of all the people living in the vicinity of the Bay. At that time there were four whites, including Mr. and Mrs. Woodall, the Hudson's Bay Factor, and his chief clerk. There were 1025 all told, including whites, full bloods and half breeds.

On the conclusion of the talk, Mr. Woodall was bombarded with questions, chiefly in regard to the topography of the country and the timber along the different rivers and along the Bay itself, and how far it extended back from the water courses.

No formal vote of thanks was tendered Archdeacon Woodall for his address, as it was felt that the close attention and enthusiastic applause demonstrated that his discussion of the North and its possibilities, was thoroughly appreciated by every member.

**T. & N. O. ALSO HAS HAD SOME
REGULAR WRECKS RECENTLY**

In addition to the wreck last week in which a fireman was killed and others of the employees injured near Temagami, the T. & N. O. Railway had some recent regular T. & N. O. wrecks in which the regular policy was observed of not hurting anybody. Some days ago seven cars of a cattle train jumped the track near Porquis Junction. The track was badly torn up but no injury resulted except a delay of traffic. Last Thursday five cars of the southbound Continental jumped the track at Boston Creek. No one was injured but traffic was delayed for about eight hours. These are regular T. & N. O. wrecks. The T. & N. O. always seek in its wrecks to avoid injuring anybody.

**Only a Youth, but
Never Knew a Boyhood**

George Adams is a very weak boy—he's so weak he can't even turn the pages of a book without feeling pain. He has a good many brothers and sisters and his parents are very poor. So when George put on long trousers—he was just 12 at the time—he became a man and took upon himself the task of earning money for the family. He went to learn a trade in an iron foundry, where fumes and hard work undermined a weak system and sowed future trouble. Now and then one other working member of the family would cease earning through sickness or loss of job, and George would have to keep his nose to the grindstone a few more hours each day to make up for it. His life was just work, work, work, until one day he dropped on the floor. The company physician, who examined him, prescribed a year or two at the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives. He can't understand why he never had a boyhood and none of the good things of life, but he's fairly happy—he knows separation from his family safeguards them. He's content, and he still has hope. There are many just such deserving cases in need of treatment at the Muskoka Hospital. Will you lend a hand. Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, 223 College Street, Toronto.

The Vipond has now completed sinking and has started on lateral work with excellent promise.

**FIREMAN KILLED IN HEAD-ON
COLLISION NEAR TEMAGAMI**

At an early hour on Wednesday morning of last week there was a head on collision between two freight trains on the T. & N. O. about four miles south of Temagami Station. As a result of the accident Gordon Kay, fireman on the south-bound train, was fatally injured, dying about an hour after the accident. The engineer and brakeman were also injured. Three freight cars were smashed up and five others derailed and the track blocked for about twelve hours. An inquest was held at North Bay on Thursday, the verdict being accidental death.

According to the information to hand, the north-bound and south-bound freights were scheduled to meet at Doherty, the station immediately south of Temagami. It is alleged that the crew of the north-bound train apparently overlooked their orders and ran past the meeting point. The engines met head-on. Gordon Kay, the fireman, was caught between the engine and the tender just as he was attempting to jump, and was pinned in the wreck of the locomotive. The engineer and brakeman of the south-bound were slightly injured. Medical help was sent from North Bay as soon as the accident was reported there.

The late Gordon Kay was popular and esteemed on the line and there is general regret at his death. He lived in North Bay, and a wife and five children survive.

**TWO-IN-ONE MINE DOING
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