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### Asks Government to Protect the North

J. A. Bradette, M.P., Directs Attention of Government to Dangers of Proposed Trek of Unemployed to the North

Last week The Advance referred to the crazy suggestion that some hundreds of men should march from the Windsor district to the North Land, the pretended purpose of this parade being the taking up of land by the men in the crowd. As The Advance pointed out last week some of the municipal authorities of the Windsor area appeared to encourage the idea. Evidently these authorities were only concerned in the possible chance of getting rid of a number of unemployed. So anxious, indeed, were the authorities to get rid of the unemployed that their whole idea of the scheme seemed to be that the Government should transport the men to the North. Apparently it was thought that walking was too slow. It is difficult to believe that the original scheme of this parade could come from any other source than a red one. It has all the earmarks of the wonderful schemes of the alien reds. As a matter of fact, unless the despatches misrepresent it, the whole thing is worse than idiotic. How would these men live on the way? Is there anyone who thinks that an army of 800 should be allowed to march across the province in these days? Still more, how many of such an army would really go on farms in the North? Would they be able to make farming a success in this North? And just where? And, still more important, for the immediate present, where and how would these men be fed and cared for until such time as they could be established on farms?

On the orders of the day in the House of Commons at Ottawa brought the matter to the attention of the Government on Wednesday of last week. Hansard, the official report of the proceedings in the Dominion parliament, referred to the matter as follows:—

Mr. J. A. Bradette (North Temiskaming):—Mr. Speaker, may I direct the attention of the Government to the possibility of there being a substantial trek of unemployed into Northern Ontario this summer, and ask the Minister of Labour (Mr. Gordon) to do his utmost to discourage any such pilgrimage.

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### CROWD OF FOREIGNERS GO FROM SUDBURY TO THE BAY

Last week North Bay reported large numbers of foreign-born congregating in North Bay from outside points. It developed that recent activity in Sudbury had shown these ingrates that the Nickel City was going to be too hot for them now so they picked themselves up and made for North Bay. The Gateway City is not likely to put up with these fellows for any length of time, so it is likely that they will make for other places. Timmins should prepare to turn any number back from this town. There are already eight or nine hundred out of work here so that there is no room for any more unemployed in this district. If necessary, these persisting in coming here, should be picked up and charged with vagrancy and given jail terms. It would be cheaper to keep these fellows in jail than keep them otherwise, especially in view of the disturbance and annoyance they have been causing. Timmins and other towns have more than they can do in this North to look after their own unemployed without taking on all the workless from elsewhere. It is all right to talk about kindness and helpfulness and all that sort of thing, but it is absurd to attempt to do anything more for the transient from outside, especially the mischief-maker driven out of another centre.

### NORTH BAY MAN LOST GOOD TIME AND MONEY IN HELPING

W. Mitchell, Jr., 184 Second avenue west, North Bay, is out good time and money through doing a kind and helpful deed for a Michigan motorist whom he found stranded on the Ferrisburg highway last week. Mr. Mitchell was on his way north by motor car when he came across a car with a Michigan license plate stopped some six miles from North Bay. The driver was attempting to make the car function but could not do so. Indeed, he didn't even know why it wouldn't go. Mr. Mitchell offered help and it was soon discovered that a coil had been burned out and a new one was necessary. With the usual courtesy and kindness of the traveller Mr. Mitchell generously volunteered to drive back to North Bay and secure the needed small repair. Then he helped instal the new coil. The driver of the Michigan car tried out the car. It went all right. So did he. He left in a cloud of dust for the north. He did not stop to thank Mr. Mitchell. He did not linger to pay for the new part which had been purchased. He just went along. Mr. Mitchell very properly reported the matter to the provincial police at Cobalt. The authorities as a consequence are looking for a coupe car with a Michigan license plate. It is thought that the car is in the Cobalt area or that it may be found farther north in this riding of Cochrane. Mr. Mitchell did not note the number of the car, apparently being too taken up with helping the stranded motorist. He did see, however, that it was a coupe and that it had a Michigan license plate. It is such fellows as this that spoil the helpfulness that would otherwise be natural between motorists, especially in this North Land. The Advance could quote literally hundreds of cases where motorists in this North have given material help to other motorists in difficulty. There was a case last year of a Matheson man driving twelve miles to get a needed part for a motorist whose car had broken down a dozen miles from Matheson. He returned the twelve miles with the needed part and wouldn't take anything for his trouble. Of course, he was paid for the part purchased, but the kindness cost him in gas and time as well, and he wouldn't accept anything for this.

Pembroke Stanard-Observer:—Mayor Webb, Winnipeg, would like to see all newspaper proprietors starve. Unless there is a change very soon he may get his wish.

### This Story of a Bear is a Regular Bear

Tommy Saville, Noted Prospector Tells About his Friend, Louis Bonhomme, Mixing Fun, Philosophy and Natural History.

Prospectors are famous, and justly so, for their evening stories. It was an event to hear the late Neh Faulkenham, for instance in one of his old-time stories. Anyone who could have written the story as Neh could tell it, and added the "atmosphere" that surrounded the telling of the tale would win high fame in the literary line. When Neh would be spinning the odd good yarn in older days here many have wished it all could have been committed to paper as Neh gave it. It is something of this sort of literary feat that W. J. Gorman attempts in his column of "Grab Samples" last week in The Northern Miner. He catches much of the "atmosphere" of the camp and the prospector in his yarn-spinning mood. The story as it appears in The Northern Miner goes like this:

Tommy Saville, prospector, guide, philosopher and raconteur, is as full of stories as a nut is of meat. Camped at the half-way at Wapoose, between Gowganda and the new Tyrrell-Knight gold area, Tommy is beguiling the long winter days and nights by putting some of his inimitable yarns on paper, to the great benefit of the conductor of this column. Follows the story of Louis Bonhomme, the bushed prospector:

We were scouting for the "Golden Girl" Syndicate that summer away up in the Bear Creek country and had pulled into an old mining camp that had seen better days.

Roads that had once been tracked by teams and tractors were now "tracked" by moose and bear. Not even a dog barked and mining plants, what was left of them, lay rotting in their own rust.

Into the clearances, unrelenting nature, ever resentful of man invasion, poured her healing forces of tag alders, raspberry bushes and fire weed as though to hastily seal and obliterate the shameful scars.

Away back in a dismal swamp a lone wolf howled a mournful dirge, putting the finishing touch to this gloomy picture.

"Come on partner let's beat it out of here before we get bushed, or I'll start 'howling' too," says Hudson's Bay Bill, my canoe man, and beat it we did until we came to Louis Bonhomme's shack, the only sign of human life in that wilderness.

Louis had this deserted camp to himself and some showings that he played with during the summer. In the winter he set snares, and a few traps.

He was evidently glad to see us, and invited us to stay at his place overnight, but the odor of an "American nocturnal" (you know, one of those little black animals with the white stripes) that he had trapped and skinned last spring still pervaded the atmosphere inside. However, we couldn't pass him by without the customary cup of tea and a smoke.

"Come back after you get your tent up," he begged. "All right Louis we'll see you later," we agreed.

We made a camping ground away up on a dry knoll, facing to get the morning sun, laid down some sweet smelling balsam boughs, spread out our elder down robes, and were all set to go back and spend the evening with Louis.

"That old guy is bushed," I remarked to Bill on our way back to Louis' shack. "So would you talk to yourself if you lived long enough alone like him," was Bill's reply. We could hear Louis carrying on a conversation with himself and he was laughing outright as we approached his shack unseen.

"What do you suppose he's laughing at Bill?" "Oh, he's just after telling himself a funny story," then coming to the door which he kept open with a

propped stick and catching sight of us, he exults "Ah ha, I know you come back see Louis, Louis she's got lots things to tell you, com een."

Bill, with his broad shoulders navigated the low narrow door sideways like a bullmoccasin with a new set of horns, bumped his head on one of the beams as he straightened up inside, said something that sounded sulphurous. Myself, I was clumsy enough to trip over the stick and the door shut with a bang.

Louis, the perfect host, was all apologies. "I raise der roof, I fix dat dam door som tam," he said opening it, and fixing it the same way.

Louis was right about having lots of "things" to tell us. They rolled out of him like a gramophone; every once in a while he'd stop for a deep breath, and away again, before we had a chance to horn in. He lectured us on science, history, evolution, psychology, biology, astronomy, but geology was his masterpiece, his piece de resistance. He picked this old planet to pieces—and reconstructed it in one long breath.

Then with an air of having said the last word on science he turned to nature. Contemptuously he described encounters with the denizens of the forest. The lordly moose, the ferocious bear, the untamed wolf. "Pooh, I kick he's rear, heem run."

I stole a sly glance at Hudson's Bay Bill's face and saw registered a smile that plainly said this is worth the price of admission. Finally, Louis got sentimental and told the history of his life. "I got two brudders," he told us with tears in his eyes and his voice shaking with emotion. "One she married, and one shes living."

Injured innocence is the only way I can describe the look on his face as Bill and I burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"This kind of put a crimp in Louis' 'style' and as it was near midnight, I figured we had better call it a day and bid him goodnight."

"Well Bill, old timer," I said "what do you think about it, will we hit the feathers." We both arose and went through the old formula about an enjoyable evening, etc., and departed.

The sun was scorching our eyes when we awoke next morning. "It's a wonder Louis hasn't been around before this," I remarked to Bill while we were smoking after breakfast, waiting for him to take us over his "showings."

"Maybe he's peeved," replied Bill. "You know how touchy them old single jacks get living alone. Go on over and square yourself," he suggests, smiling.

I went over to the shack; the door is closed; first, I thought he'd gone out some place, then I looked at the stove-pipe, no smoke, must have got an early start. Anyway I opened the door and took a look inside, and there, perched up on one of the crossbeams of the shack our brave Louis Bonhomme, beary eyed and inarticulate with fright—and in his bunk, salivating, and his beady eyes fastened on Louis,—was a bear.

### GIVEN TWO MONTHS FOR POSING AS DEAF AND DUMB

A man giving the name of Joseph Morgan, and not claiming any particular place as home, was sentenced last week at Kirkland Lake to two months in jail for obtaining money under false pretences. The man presented a card saying he was deaf and dumb and by this means secured contributions from the people of Kirkland Lake, who, like the folks of all mining camps, respond readily and generously to any calls upon their sympathy. Constable Pinegar, of Kirkland Lake, investigated the beggar and discovered he was not what he seemed but was simply using the card to improperly secure charity. The accused claimed he found the card. In court he could hear all right and was able to talk as well. He suggested to Magistrate Atkinson that thirty days would be enough, but the magistrate was deaf to this, thus indicating that people in this North are not dumb enough to let frauds get away with charity.

### FIRM METHODS SHOULD BE USED TOWARDS COMMUNISTS

In an editorial article last week The Halleyburian says:—"That firm methods should be used in dealing with the Communist menace is made evident by events on the first of May this year in different centres throughout the North Country. It would appear that where the discontented element has been treated most leniently the disturbances incidental to the celebration of May Day have been of the most serious character, while those communities which have taken a more firm stand against the disturbing element have escaped with little or no trouble.

A northern police officer this week put it this way, when he was asked if there was no trouble at Cochrane or Kirkland Lake: "Where they have been handled roughly they are afraid to start anything." This view is no doubt the correct one, as last year Cochrane, especially, was one of the worst spots in the whole North in this regard until they actually drove numbers of the disturbers out of town. In Kirkland Lake, also, the disturbing element has been kept well under control and it seems there was little or no trouble there on Sunday."

Winnipeg Tribune:—The Manitoba Government has passed a bill creating a department of trade and commerce. Now all we need is the trade and commerce.

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