

The Porcupine Advance

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WASHING DIRTY LINEN

Years ago in the city of the unco guild a newspaper, The Toronto World, created something in the nature of a mild sensation by its persistent curiosity as to where and how and when the hired man on the farm washed his feet. After page after page of query and suggestion, repeated day after day, week after week, year after year, The World accomplished little more than to create the suspicion that if the hired man on the farm in Ontario washed his feet at all it was done in such a secret and surreptitious fashion that he might just as well have left them unwashed so far as The World was concerned. The heavy boots worn by the hired man of those days left the world less concerned about the matter than The World. It was in the days before the soap manufacturers had discovered that body odour killed sex appeal.

For the immediate moment Toronto newspapers do not seem to care whether hired men ever wash their feet. The idea of all the Toronto newspapers seems to be centred as present in gathering up all the dirty linen in the city and washing it in public. If the linen is not really dirty, it is all the same. To some people all linen is dirty, though the spots be only in their own eyes. For a time the Toronto newspapers were full of pictures of the dirty vestments of some of the churches. Then a collection of rags from the University was exposed. Next they paraded the nightshirts of some of the aldermen of the city, and after airing them for days along King street, proceeded to a public washing. Next came the tunics of the police. When the odd cootie was found, the newspapers, or at least some of them, jumped to the conclusion that if the police were thoroughly deloused, the poor tramps and crooks in the jails would not be so verminous. With true Toronto naïveté, it was believed that bums and thugs collect their cooties from the police, and not vice versa, as in most other places. With the police uniforms still on the line, the sports sweaters were hauled out and the papers had a lovely time puddling in the dirt. Everybody knows that dirt does gather, that spots do stain the finest clothes upon occasion. It is well to do cleaning and pressing and general laundry work. But the people of Ontario are surely becoming very tired of this new Toronto fad of holding up a corporation shirt and saying, "Now, just look at the dirt on that there shirt!" Or exhibiting a pair of trousers, and howling, "Did you ever see such spots!" Or displaying a vest, and expecting the public to figure out for itself whether this stain near the pocket is vanilla ice-cream or Budweiser beer! Toronto has been having a regular orgy of laundry work. The city council might find a profitable method of raising much-needed taxes, if it would charge a stiff transient traders' license to the newspapers that run a cheap laundry business in the public squares. It might not be considered so bad if the clothing was really dirty. As a matter of fact the sunlight of publicity has shown few stains on Toronto's linen after all. Most of the dirt there has been seems to have been deliberately thrown on the clothes after they were on the line. But the public wash seems to continue to grow in scope. The latest is an effort to add some auditors' sheets to the pile of clothes for the wash. It is all rather disgusting. If Toronto wants to hang out the family wash every day in the week, why not use the attic or the back yard? Why flaunt the dirty linen from the houseposts like flags to welcome a convention of the Lions or the Buffaloes? And still more—Just think of the typical Toronto effrontery in asking the province in general to pay for the unnecessary and presumptuous laundry bill so skilfully run up by the city for its own purposes and the advantage of its own lawyers and judges. Washing dirty linen in public is poor business for any city. Expecting the people of the province as a whole to pay for the laundering of Toronto's pyjamas and snuff rags is the sort of unreasonable and unwarranted impertinence that has made Toronto recently worthy of the name of the "Public Laundry City."

HONOUR THE DEAD

In these days when brickbats seem to fly so readily at the heads of the living, there should at least be some flowers for the dead, if some measure of civilization is to be preserved. After all the true gauge of civilization rests in the attitude of chivalry—respect for women, love for children, honour for the dead. These three can enforce no privileges for themselves. Yet it is true beyond question that the nation that sets chivalry first will prosper and advance, while to forget those who cannot by force uphold their rights—to lose respect for the mothers of the race, to hold childhood in cheap regard, to dishonour the dead,—is to court death, spiritual as well as material. History is a record of the truth of this. The nation that forgets their chivalry—the rights of those who cannot defend themselves—that nation and that people are in a greater danger than may appear.

It seems fitting that the Canadian Legion, composed of men who have proven their courage and strength, should be forward to-day in effort to arouse the chivalry that counts. The Timmins branch of the Legion is forward to-day with plans and methods for due honour and respect to the comrades buried here. The Legion does not stop at the graves of its own members, nor even at those of returned soldiers. The local Legion has called attention to the shameful neglect of many graves in the Timmins cemetery. It is a sad fact that in the hurry of modern life the last resting place of those who have passed away is too often neglected and forgotten. The Oddfellows Lodge in some past years asked The Advance to attempt to rouse general public opinion so that the graves of the dead might have due notice and attention. In a new country like this there are not always relatives and friends to care for the last narrow homes of loved ones passed away. Some of the graves at the Timmins cemetery have been shamefully neglected and the dead thus dishonoured and disowned. In recent years there has been some little improvement, but it remained for the Legion to start a movement that may have notable results. The Legion has sought out the graves of all ex-servicemen buried in the Timmins cemetery. The graves are being beautified and suitably marked. It is the intention to see that no returned man shall be forgotten or neglected in his last duty in the trenches awaiting the final victory that will ask no armistice. What the Legion is doing for the dead soldiers is an inspiration surely to the people in general. The Legion is making appeal to all to assist in making the Timmins cemetery an honoured and honourable and beautiful place for the gallant dead. The Legion repeat to-day what the Oddfellows, the Rebekahs and others have urged in years past—"Remember to honour the dead. Make their last resting place a place of beau-

ty and of honour." The authorities and the public in general would do well to follow the lead of the Legion in this matter. By honouring the dead, the people will honour themselves. Neglected graves are an affront to civilization, a rebuke to those professing religion. The dead ask no favours, seek no advantage, and they are beyond any help from hands however loving or hearts however loyal. Yet there is the call of honour, not to forget them or to neglect their last homes. A well-kept cemetery, with flowers and shrubs and other emblems of beauty and remembrance will honour the dead and show that the living are chivalrous in the finest meaning of the word.

WHAT ARE THE WAVES SAYING?

This year the North Land had the worst hail storm in its history.

This year Canada has to weather the most destructive blustering windstorms in its history.

Mitch Hepburn, the absentee leader of the Liberal party in the Ontario Legislature, has emitted more cyclonic blasts than have ever been blown by any irresponsible leader of any party, not even excepting the United Farmers of Ontario.

Mr. Hepburn has stated more than once that if elected he could reduce by fifty per cent. the cost of government in Ontario by simply cutting off part of the cost of the high-salaried employees of the province. As a matter of fact seventy-five per cent. of the expenditures of the province to-day are practically irreducible. All the salaries of all the employees of the province would not reduce the cost of government twenty per cent. But why bring that up?

Capt. Philpot, who has been many things in his day, but who for the immediate minute is a C.C.F.-er, recently said this—"I could tell you of a Canadian Bank that raised \$2,000,000.00 to get control of a certain Toronto paper so it would not print C.C.F. news."

Tom Pepper may be expected to reply—"I could tell you of a certain New York Soviet agent who paid \$16,254.33 to get control of a certain or uncertain Toronto newspaper so that it would print C.C.F. views."

All the wild waves do not play about the soap boxes these days. There is more temperate language to-day than during the most intemperate days of the Ontario Temperance Act.

Perhaps, to-day it is not so vital a question as to what the wild waves are saying as to what sensible people are saying about these wild waves. Probably sensible folk, as they hearken to the swell and splash of the wild waves, murmur in modern slang—"Aw! You're all wet!"

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

In this country politics in religion will be hurtful to the country and religion alike, and it won't help politics much. But a little religion in politics would not hurt any.

A local gentleman figures out that the capitalistic system is responsible for the size of the mosquitoes this year. He is as near right in that as he is in some of his other ideas.

Speaking of mosquitoes, two local men were considering the difference, if any, between a C.C.F. and a communist. "Oh, yes!" said the one gentleman, "there is a difference, just as there's a difference between black flies and mosquitoes. The people get stung if either is around."

A number of people in town this year claim that they are too poor to pay the taxes on their dogs. The town council was of the opinion that people too poor to pay dog taxes were too poor to afford to feed dogs. That seems the sensible view to take, but there are those who seem to imagine that the shiftless are the only ones to-day with any rights or privileges. Reasonable people will recognize that in their misfortune they may have to forego even such luxuries as keeping pet dogs. In larger towns and cities the keeping of dogs becomes more and more of a luxury. Only a few people are rich enough to keep dogs with justice to the dogs and any measure of comfort to the neighbours.

For years there has been well-grounded agitation to have the departmental examinations held before the advent of hot summer weather. There seems no valid reason why pupils writing on these departmental examinations should have to undergo their tests under trying conditions of weather when this could very easily be avoided. Ontario's Department of Education has never been able to advance a single sensible excuse for holding these examinations during the sweltering days of July. Yet this year they are later than ever. Not only is there physical torture for the students, not only does the torrid weather take away another fair chance for success, but the lateness of the examinations means that the results will also be later and the pupils are consequently debarred from making any plans that may be dependent upon the results of the tests. There should be a general demand for a little common sense from the Dept. of Education in this matter.

The United States has brought tragic consequences on itself by a silly practice current some years ago of making heroes out of cowardly thugs, bandits out of cheap-skate sneak thieves and gangsters out of craven murderers. For the moment Canada seems to be doing a little in the same line, with pages devoted to a cheap four-flushing criminal with a long record, and columns to the vapourings of a fellow whose ill tongue caused trouble for hundreds of poor dupes before it finally landed him on the wrong side of the law. If the newspapers generally would expose these fellows for the poor self-begulled wrongdoers they are, instead of leaving the false inference possible that they are clever or unusual, there would be more respect for law and order and more advantage to the ordinary decent citizen. There is a noisy minority to-day seeking to lionize the law-breaker. If the press and public men cater to this unthinking but vociferous minority, it will be bad indeed for Canada.

The only cure for unemployment is work.

Desperation has forced the hands of scores of municipalities in Ontario to insist that some work be given for the relief extended to able-bodied men. The result has proved the wisdom and the practicability of the plan for providing work rather than relief. From all over the province comes the story of families going off relief. One man is quoted as saying that if he had to work he might as well work for himself as for the town. In securing jobs, of course, improvement in the times has helped a lot, but it is very evident that the employment plan weeds out a class who would grow fat on direct relief while the rest of the people grew thin striving to meet taxes. It must be admitted, however, that the most of the people are all right, and have been all right. They hate the idea of direct relief as much as anybody. All they ask is the chance to support themselves. They are happy to work rather than to live on others. It is for this reason that The Advance has urged employment as the only cure for unemployment. Had the original plan of the Dominion Government of providing work for all been followed out by the provinces, the cost would have been little more than it has been under direct relief, and the people would have something for all their money.

About Tipsters on the Mining Stocks

Superstition Plays a Part with Some of the Stock Buyers. Cripples and Others who have Capitalized on This Fact.

It is surprising how many people are superstitious in one way or another. Men who pose as being particularly "hard-boiled" in general will be found to have some weakness in the line of a pet superstition. This seems particularly true in regard to card games, stock matters and other things in which Dame Fortune is supposed to hold particular sway. For instance, have you noticed a hardened gambler deliberately move his chair before proceeding to further test fortune after luck had run against him for a spell? Sometimes, he will be too ashamed of his weakness to trade places with another player, or deliberately move his chair to another location, but he will pay homage to his pet superstition by slyly sliding his chair either nearer or farther from the table and playing from that new position.

Similar superstitions of one kind or another weigh with the men who place their money on stocks on the market. This is said to be particularly true in regard to those who deal in gold and other metal stocks, silver or not it be a fact that gold, silver and other metals gather more of the superstitions than other stocks. Starting off with a reference to the superstitions about cripples and poor people supposed to influence the luck in stocks, "Grab Samples" in The Northern Miner touches upon some of the "rackets" that have grown up along these lines in Wall street and around Toronto brokerage places. "Grab Samples" last week says:

"When market speculators of New York and other American cities are in luck, when they are hitting the ball, they hesitate to pass up a beggar in the street, fearing a reversal of fortune. Thus it is that certain privileged characters who haunt Wall street and other financial marts, have built up a probable contact with the marketeers. These odds and ends of human flotsam proffer in exchange for largesse certain tips on stocks. It is not on record that they have been consistently right or close, but sometimes they have a run of luck and acquire a following of varying extent. But the principal stock in trade, is the knowledge that speculators are superstitious and that, approached at the right moment, they will pay.

Toronto is not without its racketeers of this type. In the 1923-1929 mining boom there were several characters established on Bay and King streets, who reaped a generous harvest from the winners who flocked to the board rooms. One man in particular became well known for his predictions and it was understood that he had done well in his line. He was a cripple, had only one leg, legalized his position on the street corner with a display of lead pencils and shoe laces and actually sold tips. He was not very welcome to the brokers, because he could be heard on a day to say "Sell gold stocks," or some such prediction when gold stocks were doing well by the financial houses.

Market speculators have been known to buy this man a small block of some cheap penny issue that has soared into a respectable winning, much to everybody's surprise. One generous patron bought him a wooden leg but the tipster discarded it after a few days. "Business is not so good as it was," he confided to a newspaperman, when asked about the timber limb's disappearance.

For a couple of years after the market crash this character disappeared from Bay street but he is back again, with a fistful of pencils and a hoarse whisper. He was touting a silver stock earnestly this week. He was throwing in advice about a Kirkland Lake gold share, giving it a generous market advance within a few days, mentioning a figure that would gladden the hearts of the present shareholders. Most brokers look upon such people as amusing, do not trouble much about them but the houses whose street door he decorates are not so complacent. "People get a wrong impression about the firm," said a broker. "Some of them might think that we were using the man to bring business in." So they have him moved about.

An old woman used to haunt the entrance to one of the big banks on King street. She was poorly clothed, looked ill fed, begged with some subtlety and a flash of humour and offered market tips. The compassionate girls of the bank several times bought her outfits of clothing but she never wore them. Eventually as she grew older and more crabbed, she became somewhat of a nuisance and the hitherto complacent police investigated her circumstances. They found she had \$20,000 in a Toronto bank and banished her from the streets.

"There is a lady who has paraded the financial district of Toronto for several years, wearing a sandwich board, proclaiming the alleged injustice of a trust company. The lady is not old, is fashionably dressed, is rather an imposing figure, certainly a bizarre one. People stop and read the message of her sign; she turns about and lets them read the other side. The police ignore the publicity stunt, the trust company may be annoyed but does not do anything about it. There is a sort of conspiracy of silence over the whole thing."

Timmins Lad Finds Tiger Rose But Easy Pickings

Some time ago a lad appeared in the ring at Noranda. He was advertised as Bert Dempsey, of Timmins, but it turned out that Bert was here in town at the time and had not even been near Noranda or Rouyn at the time of the alleged battle. The Advance then gave The Northern News a nice tip so that it might never be fooled again about

the Timmins lad. If the boxing boy was trimmed, then it would not be Bert Dempsey, but if he fought like two wild cats and won decision or draw then it might be the Timmins Dempsey. Several times since The Northern News has been in position to see that The Advance told the truth and gave a sure tip in this matter.

Last week The Northern News carried a report of a boxing and wrestling event at Noranda, and one of the fighters in the main bout was certainly Dempsey, of Timmins. The Northern News in reporting this Noranda event says:—

"The much heralded prowess of Tiger Rose, the Ottawa junior lightweight champion, in his match with Bert Dempsey, the Northern champion, at Broadway hall last Friday, was expected to produce a stiff battle. The Timmins boy, however, from the start proved too strong for him and disposed of his opponent in the first round. Dempsey soon got busy with those left hooks and one found the Tiger's jaw. Rose took the count of nine, but came up only to receive another hook in the same place, which put him out for one and a half minutes. The brief fight put up by Tiger Rose came as a surprise, as he is highly regarded in Ottawa as a boxer. Dempsey scaled at 139 lbs., and Rose at 145 lbs. The bout was for eight 2-minute rounds.

"The wrestling bout—the semi-final event of the card—between George Pavich and Nick Rosenegren caused considerable excitement among the crowd for, after a strenuous tussle within the arena they continued the bout outside the ropes with the referee making frantic efforts to end it. The crowd at this juncture were hilarious, but the two gladiators were finally prevailed upon to stop, and a draw was pronounced.

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HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO

TIMMINS SOUTH PORCUPINE

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Coming to North Land as a Cure for the Asthma

The "Roving Reporter" of The Northern News last week had the following:—"It is a well-known fact that the climate of Northern Ontario is excellent for persons afflicted with bronchial troubles such as asthma, but actual proof of its beneficial qualities was forthcoming here last week at the Kirkland market in the appearance of George Hunt, of St. Thomas, Ont., who was ordered to "go North" by his doctor and get well. Hunt is a veteran of the South African War (as was attested to by the medals he wore) and he was standing alongside the market building playing a banjo, or a guitar, and inviting the reception of sundry nickels, dimes and quarters from the passersby. "I've suffered from asthma for years," he told the Roving Reporter, "and it's years since I've been able to lie down in bed and get a good night's sleep. I got so bad in St. Thomas that I nearly passed out for good, and my doctor or-

dered me up North. And would you believe it? I've been able to sleep lying down ever since I came up here some days ago. I tell you it's a great relief to be able to do that and I say, thank heaven for the North!" Hunt intends to stay up here all summer. He's an iron moulder by trade and an Old Countryman by birth. He served under Kitchener and "Bobs" back in 1900 and thereabouts, fighting the Boers on kopje and veldt, and is around 50 years old. "Give me a few more months of this and I can do a day's work with any man," says the veteran who has a family of 14 in St. Thomas. From here he aims to go to Timmins and later to Rouyn, and plans eventually to go back to St. Thomas if things pick up there in his trade. The ex-service man has a wide repertoire of pieces, but his favourite is "Come Back to Erin."

St. Mary's Journal-Argus—A heading says "Gandhi in good shape after week's fast." We're glad—for, after his pictures were weren't very much pleased with his shape before.

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