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"AN ECCLESIASTICAL CAD"

Robert Jardine was once a clergyman of the Church of England. Against the rules and regulations of that church he officiated at a marriage ceremony that concerned a divorced person, and for this disregard of his own professed religious beliefs he was turned from the church service. To the average clergyman such a fate might appear like the end of his world, but not to Mr. Jardine. To him it appeared the opening of a new world—a world of notoriety, of public lecturing, of vaudeville publicity and excitement. He embarked on a lecture tour that was to embrace the United States and Canada. Just what his reception would have been in this country is a matter for question. He might have drawn crowds of the idle and the thoughtless—even of some of the intelligent to learn what manner of man this might be. But in the meantime he made a vicious attack upon the Archbishop of Canterbury. Among other things he called that prelate "an ecclesiastical cad." That meant headlines in some newspapers for Mr. Jardine, and perhaps he was happy in that for the time. But it meant also that he was given to understand that he would not be welcome in Canada. Halls that he had engaged or hoped to engage for lecture purposes were closed to him. At Detroit some days ago he attempted explanations and excuses that seem to make the matter worse. He blames the people of this continent for misunderstanding his words and attitude. He said: "A cad is a man who forgets he is a gentleman. It is a term used only in the highest society and not understood by the middle and lower classes. I would not expect Canadians and Americans to be familiar with it."

Those in any way responsible for encouraging Robert Jardine to visit this continent are thus repaid for their attitude. Canadians and Americans for their pains, are branded as middle and lower class. Whether the order of classes of the two peoples is suggested by the order in which the former clergyman places them is a matter that he alone knows. On the face of it, it would appear that Canadians are only middle class folks while Americans are the lower strata. As a matter of fact there are as many classes in Canada or elsewhere in America as there are in Jardine's England. He is equally astray in imagining that "Canadians or Americans" do not fully understand the complete meaning of the word "cad." People on this continent unfortunately have had to endure many cads from many places in many days and many ways. There are even English dictionaries to define the meaning of a "cad." The King's English Dictionary says a "cad" is "a hanger-on, a low fellow." There is no definition of an "ecclesiastical cad," but the terms do not appear in the slightest degree appropriate for that distinguished clergyman, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Experience has taught the middle and the lower classes the inner meaning of that English expression, "a cad." Indeed, there is a disposition in this country to believe that the expression "the lower classes" is more or less the words of a cad and show the caddish mind. Indeed, to paraphrase the words of a former chief of police at Timmins: "If the ex-clergyman is not himself a cad, he'll do till we get one."

REMEMBRANCE

There is a proverb about how soon people forget. This fickleness is not to the credit of humanity. But it is more apparent than real. The public is only an aggregation of individuals and individuals remember much. In recent days there has been evidence of this. Reports were current that the grave of Sir John A. Macdonald, one of the great men who helped found the Dominion of Canada, was being neglected in Cataract cemetery at Kingston, Ontario. As soon as these reports were published there was protest and call for proper action. The notable part Sir John A. Macdonald had played in the early days of the Dominion were recalled and emphasized. It was pointed out that to neglect the grave of this great pioneer, this builder, this statesman was to cast reflection upon all the people of Canada. The protest was not confined to members of the Conservative party, of which Sir John A. had been the talented and skilful head in this country for so many years. From Liberal newspapers and Liberal public men came some of the most pointed protest. It did not take long to bring action and full assurance that the last resting place of this outstanding son of Canada will be cared for and tended in fitting way, as a mark of honour to the man himself and a token of respect to the people whom he served so faithfully and well. The danger of neglect of the grave of this maker of Canada was not that the people were forgetful but that so many other interests had crowded into their lives—not that Canadians are ungrateful, but that at times thoughtlessness creeps in.

The same defence must be made of the people of Timmins in regard to the apparent neglect of the pioneers and others who are buried in the Timmins cemetery. The general appearance of the Timmins cemetery is not the mark of the feelings of the people of the town. Rather the general respect for the dead is shown by the plots so considerably tended by the Legion and the many other beautified graves so lovingly cared for by families and friends and fraternal organizations. There are graves in the cemetery, however, with no loving family or close friend to fondly watch and guard and beautify. In many cases these are the graves of true pioneers—men and women who served their day and generation and passed to rest in the land they had helped to make. In the years that have passed their families and friends have moved away, or perhaps joined them in the city of the dead. It is not so much a mark of disrespect for the dead that these graves are neglected. It is rather a reflection on the living that any such neglect should be allowed to continue. The people of Timmins in general will feel a measure of disgrace when they think of these neglected graves and of the general air of unkemptness about the Timmins cemetery. Not alone the chivalry of a people but the degree of civilization of a community may be measured by its attitude towards children, towards women, towards the dead. Timmins has always appeared to take the attitude that nothing should be withheld in effort or money to assure the fairest chance for every child. Women have always been respected here. From the earliest days there has been respect and honour for the dead. Those who cannot help themselves have always found a sure defence and a ready protection in Timmins. The Advance believes that all this will be proven again in regard to the cemetery. For years, the people were soothed with the story that nothing could be done about the cemetery until title deeds were obtained for the property. This no longer carries weight in the general demand for a properly tended cemetery. There are powers of appropriation to offset title deeds. The Legion has shown something of what may be done to beautify the cemetery and bring order and dignity to the graves of those who have passed on. Kirkland Lake cemetery is today a proof conclusive that a neglected spot may be turned into a place of beauty and of quiet honour. On behalf of those who have loved ones in the Timmins cemetery and still more on behalf of the pioneers and others who are for the moment without friends or relatives able and circumstanced to see that the graves are kept clean and honoured, The Advance makes appeal that something be done and done at once to make the Timmins cemetery reflect the respect, the affection and the honour felt by the people of Timmins for those no longer able to enforce their own rights. If Mayor Bartleman is rightly quoted as suggesting that a cemetery commission should not be formed because such a body might spend some of the public money or refuse to slavishly bow to his dictatorial will, then the mayor in no measure reflects the popular will. The people of Timmins would have their dead honoured and respected and they would have the cemetery a place of beauty and of silent tribute of the interest and affection felt by the living for the loved ones who have laid down the work and worry of life and rest a while in "God's Acre."

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

At a picnic in East York Hon. Geo. S. Henry told the youngsters that some day they would be the electors of the province. Few people ever believed that the genial George S. would ever become a spoil sport!

"Do you know the man there? The one with the straw hat?" Though it is August and the weather warm that phrase—"the one with the straw hat"—distinguished the gentleman from the scores of other men on street. Take a look around and see how few straw hats there are on street even on the hottest days! How few even in the store windows! Lots of up-todate lads without any hats at all! Lots with caps! But the old straw hat is not a common sight!

With the old town hall a thing of the past, and with tenders called this week for building a new town hall, Timmins may have a new town hall when it is built.

Medical men who are making a special study of silicosis and sinus might take thought as to how much of these diseases in this particularly healthy country is due to the prevalence of dust on the roads and streets and consequently in the houses and throats and noses of the people.

One of the Dionne quintuplets was reported last week as ill with a throat infection. Her recovery, however, was duly reported. But this week word from Callander is to the effect that all the five famous sisters are now ill with head colds and are being kept in hospital and away from the public until their recovery. There used to be a popular belief that if one of a pair of twins contracted any disease from measles to housemaid's knee, the other twin would suffer similarly. If such an idea is to be followed out with the quintuplets it would be too bad.

It may be quite proper that people's sense of humour should appear funny. But the idea of a

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Pretty Wedding on Tuesday Morning

Miss Madeleine Emma Du Breuil and Mr. Ralph R. Godin, Married.

A very pretty wedding took place in St. Anthony's Roman Catholic church on Tuesday morning at 8 a.m., when Rev. Fr. Theriault, united in marriage, Madeleine Emma, daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Du Breuil, of Taschereau, Quebec, and Mr. Ralph R. Godin, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Godin, of Timmins.

The bride was very lovely in a gown of pink satin, with matching accessories, and carrying a bouquet of sweetheart roses and lily-of-the-valley. She was attended by Miss Lorette Godin, sister of the groom, as bridesmaid, wearing a gown of light blue satin with matching accessories, and a corsage of roses and lily-of-the-valley. Mr. Paul Laroue attended the groom as best man.

After the ceremony, a wedding dinner was served at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Godin, of 45 First avenue, for relatives, Mrs. Du Breuil, mother of the bride, was in town for the wedding.

In the evening the bride and groom received their friends at a reception in the Hollinger Recreation hall, where a delicious lunch was served, and music for dancing was played by Uncle Art and his Porcupine Ridge Runners. They received many lovely gifts from the numerous friends who had gathered to wish them all future happiness.

On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Godin left on a honeymoon trip to Quebec and Toronto. They will reside in Timmins.

Kiwanis Magazine:—If he still has his appendix and his tonsils, the chances are that he is a doctor.

joke held by some Sudbury fellows seems far from laughable. At a dance at Sudbury on Saturday night ladies in evening gowns and those with sheer stockings, sockeers, or nature's leg garb, were seen to hurriedly leave their partners. The men, nonplussed, continued the dance as a stag affair. But not for long! Soon the men followed the ladies from the dance floor. A copious quantity of itching powder dropped on the floor was responsible for the clearing of the dance floor. Kicked up by the dancing feet, it soon caused every dancer to promptly seek a quiet place to scratch. The dancers lost the itch to dance in the itch to scratch. Eventually the powder's power faded and the dancing was resumed. Then another form of so-called humour was shown. A "stink bomb" was exploded on the orchestra stage, and all the members of the orchestra had to hurriedly depart from the hall, holding hands with their noses, or words to that effect. No doubt these humorists at Sudbury will boast to their grandsons in years to come about the original brand of humour they displayed at the dance. In the meantime, however, they had better say nothing to their grandfathers who are likely to tell them that this sort of humour was out of date even in the later barn dance days.

It is a much easier thing to pack a party meeting or a party convention than to win an election by unethical means. For this reason it is incumbent on party supporters to see that not only are

they not defrauded of their rights of choice of candidates, but that the chances of election of candidates are not killed by improper means.

A dictator by any other name will kill as neat.

Probably it was Premier Hepburn's announcement that he planned a "horror campaign" that gave so many Ontario Conservatives the idea that a provincial election was to be thrust upon the people.

Stalin appears to be coming to the idea that the only good communist is a dead communist.

Premier Hepburn's appeal for the co-operation of all in reducing the death and damage toll in Ontario from reckless driving should be heeded by every thoughtful citizen. In a letter to the newspapers of the province the Premier in his usual effective way paints the picture of tragedy and loss that is the lot of Ontario these days from automobile traffic. There are people who think that Premier Hepburn is very very wrong when he is wrong. They should remember that he is very very right when he is right. And this is one time that he is right beyond question. Every good citizen should line up with Premier Hepburn in his earnest search for remedy for the senseless damage and the pathetic and purposeless deaths due to reckless driving on the roads and highways.



"Glasses are a blessing to me.."

For some years now, I have spent most of my time doing fancy-work and reading. A few months ago my eyes bothered me so much I had to give up my pleasures. How discontented I became, how irritable! "My daughter suggested that I see Mr. Curtis. How glad I am that I took her advice! Now with my new glasses, I read and work for hours at a time and have no trouble whatever."

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