

# The Porcupine Advance

TIMMINS, ONTARIO.

Members Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association; Ontario-Quebec Newspaper Association; Class "A" Weekly Group  
OFFICE 26 — PHONES — RESIDENCE 70  
Published Every Monday and Thursday by:  
GEO. LAKE, Owner and Publisher

Subscription Rates:

Canada—\$2.00 Per Year United States—\$3.00 Per Year

Timmins, Ont., Thurs., November 25, 1937

## NEWSPAPERS HAVE TROUBLES

The troubles of newspapers are notorious, but optimistic people might be pardoned for believing that in a new Northern town like Geraldton, the mining camp recently established northeast of Port Arthur, a newspaper might escape some of the difficulties that beset the press in more effete places. It is not so, however. The Times, the newspaper of Geraldton and other mining centres in the area, in a recent issue had to correct a misstatement in a previous issue. The Times received the notice of the announcement of the engagement of Miss Trixie Noga to Mr. Thos. Doust, and published it in good faith, only to find that Miss Trixie and Mr. Thos. had made no such arrangement. That sort of thing is unpleasant and embarrassing for all concerned, and especially for the newspaper. The Times does the best possible under the circumstances—publishing the name of its informant, thus leaving the joker to do a lot of explaining. The Times is hardly happy, though, in adding:—"If such happens in the future, proof will have to accompany any announcement given for publication." A wide range for the imagination opens up at the idea of a newspaper insisting on "proof accompanying each announcement before publication." If every engaged couple had to present themselves at the newspaper offices—there would be a lot of blushes—and not confined to the couples. Then, take the item published in the last issue of The Advance about the fourth pair of twins being born to a Dome Extension family. Under The Times rule, would the correspondent be supposed to present all the previous three pairs of twins, as well as the latest ones, at the office, as evidence of good faith, though not necessarily for publication. In the case of big fish, old coins, rare flowers, fruit out of season, the plan has pleasing possibilities. But in general the old-fashioned methods of a certain amount of faith and belief and a whole lot of investigation will likely continue to be used by the average newspaper. Some years ago The Advance received a message over the telephone—in the days of kinky telephone cords—to the effect that a popular and respected lady of the town had given birth to twins—a boy and a girl. The lady telephoning the news said she was the nurse in the case, and gave her name, which seemed a plausible enough name for a nurse. There wasn't any reason why the good lady alleged to be the mother of twins shouldn't have one or two babies if she wished. More than two, of course, would have roused question, because that was before the Dionnes were famous. Everything seemed in order, and the item was certainly of general interest. But newspapermen are a horribly suspicious and distrustful lot. Without any particular reason, there was a quiet investigation, and the truth came out that the lady didn't have a single baby. The item was not published, and The Advance consequently had no explanations or apologies to make, and did not need to demand that proof must be presented for twins before publication in future issues.

The moral of all this is that the daily newspapers should adopt the proposed Geraldton Times plan of demanding proofs to accompany announcements about the North. For instance, stories of forest fires should be accompanied by enough of the blaze and smoke to warrant belief. Yarns about sin and iniquity should be accompanied by enough of the said sin and iniquity to satisfy the editors who feature such things. And so on.

## THE CASE OF MISS CAISSE

A recent issue of The Bracebridge Gazette gives a list of fifteen or twenty names of men and women who believe they have been cured of cancer by the treatment given by Miss Caisse, of Bracebridge. The newspaper gives addresses, as well as names, and refers to several of the cases as though the facts were a matter of common knowledge and proof. The Gazette mentions as a fact that Miss Caisse will not treat any cases that have not been definitely pronounced cancer by the medical authorities. There is reason to believe that the most of the cases coming to her hospital are persons suffering from cancer in its advanced stages. In many instances, the patient is so in the grip of the disease that there is no hope of complete recovery. Probably it is not too much to say that the great majority of the cases treated by Miss Caisse are ones that have been definitely given up by the doctors as hopeless. Yet the evidence seems to show that in every case Miss Caisse has given practically immediate relief from pain, and in the most of the cases has effected what appears to be a cure. The Gazette refers to several cases well known in Muskoka where the patients and their friends believe a complete cure has been effected. The patients have no more suffering, the symptoms of the disease have disappeared, and people who were formerly too ill to work now go about their daily duties in the belief that they are well. If the whole thing is no more than quackery and

a fake, no one knows that but a few obstinate medical men. For all practical purposes, it would seem that Miss Caisse has a method of treatment that relieves—yes, cures—cancer.

It is only fair to medical men in general to say that many of them openly endorse Miss Caisse's treatment for cancer. Some doctors are in the habit of sending cases to Miss Caisse for treatment. Dr. J. A. McInnis, of Timmins, investigated the Bracebridge system of treatment, and his report was not unfavourable. Other doctors have given open approval to Miss Caisse. The Ontario Department of Health has given a measure of endorsement to Miss Caisse, and has allowed her a license to conduct her hospital in a limited way. The medical council of the province, however, still persists in its attitude of disapproval. There does not seem to be any doubt but that Miss Caisse's treatment helps sufferers from cancer. Surely, it is strange that a body of men whose lives have been given to the noble work of relieving suffering should continue to frown on Miss Caisse and her patient and unselfish efforts for sufferers from cancer. Miss Caisse is a graduate nurse who has given the most intensive study to cancer cases. Sufferers from the disease should not be handicapped by the fact that she is not a graduate in medicine. If she has a cure or an alleviation for cancer—and it seems impossible to deny that she has—then she should be given the approval and the assistance of the medical council as well as of the doctors who have personally investigated the modest claims that she makes in the matter of helping sufferers from cancer.

The ability and persistence with which The Bracebridge Gazette has fought for a square deal for Miss Caisse is striking illustration of the value of the good community newspaper. The Gazette has been able to get some recognition for Miss Caisse and her treatment. It will be to the discredit of the country and of the medical council if Miss Caisse does not receive a full fair deal. It will be to the credit of the other newspapers of Ontario if they give the fullest assistance to The Gazette in this battle against established prejudice and red tape.

While proving that Miss Caisse has none of the earmarks of the quack or the faker—showing that she is not after money, and that her treatment is given with the most pleasing evidences of patience and regard for ethics—The Gazette makes one point that is worthy of special thought even in considering the work of so-called quacks. The Gazette refers to an article in The Globe and Mail deprecating the idea of buoying up sufferers with expectation of cure that may be thought impossible. As The Gazette points out, it does not appear to be an evil thing to replace despair by a measure of hope. "I am told," says the editor of The Gazette, "that is one thing that relieves the distress of tubercular victims—that almost to the end of life they hope to be cured." It is a point of view that should not be missed. It is a cruel and a wicked thing to hold out false hopes simply for the purpose of preying on the sick and the suffering. No one accuses Miss Caisse of anything like that. The facts, indeed, disprove any such thing. Indeed, it seems to be the fact, that if there is nothing in Miss Caisse's treatment, then she is herself the most deceived of all. Such deception, however, will have no ill effects and some good ones, if Miss Caisse and all her patients and their friends and all the doctors personally investigating hold the firm belief that her treatment is helpful at the least. That is the sort of hope that will be a benefit and a blessing.

Just what more may be done to give full recognition to Miss Caisse and allow her wider scope in the presentation of her treatment to cancer sufferers may be a question. The Advance would repeat the plan that it proposed some months ago. The Health League of Canada has won high standing by its notable work for public health. There are medical men of outstanding reputation connected with the Health League, as well as laymen of national reputation. Why not have the Health League of Canada take up the case of Miss Caisse and see that justice is done. Cancer is one of the health problems that has engaged the attention of the Health League in special way. After the Health League had investigated the matter and given its findings, the Government might then step in and if necessary override the attitude of the medical council so that the public as well as Miss Caisse might be assured of a square deal.

## BULLDOGS AND PRESTIGE

A writer in The Bracebridge Gazette relates a conversation he had in California with a United States friend who has a great admiration for Britain. Incidentally the writer claims that Britain is highly respected and admired in California. "They may wave the stars and stripes, and declare the U.S.A. to be the greatest nation on earth," the writer says, "but I notice they all look to Britain for guidance. Everything that Britain or Canada does is held up as a pattern for the U.S.A. to copy after, and everything that Italy or Germany or Russia does is held up as a horrible example to be avoided at all costs."

The writer in question mentions one thing about his friend, "Henry" he calls him, that should give Canadians and other British people cause for much thought. This is the paragraph:—"Henry reminds me of the time they sent an expedition into Abyssinia to bring out one lone Englishman, not worth two bits, simply to show the world that a Briton's rights must be respected no matter where he goes. They ask me if British prestige will not be lessened by the repeated rebuffs Britain has allowed Mussolini to get away with, to which I an-

## Communication in the Forest Trade

Forest Industries Live in a Regular International World

(By John E. Sinclair, in Forest and Outdoors)  
"Jonquiere calling Baltimore!"  
"Cameau Bay calling Chicago!"  
"Dallas calling Iroquois Falls!"  
"Montreal calling Powell River!"  
The workaday world of the forest industries of Canada is an interprovincial and international world. In a field where the consumer is seldom less than many hundreds of miles away, and where he represents an imperative daily demand for newsprint tonnage, it is essential that communication between head office, mill, and customer be as facile as modern science can make it. It may be that a Grand Rapids newspaperowner has a few kicks from his pressmen on the last newsprint shipment from Blankville, Ontario, or that a Quebec mill salesman at his Cleveland hotel wants to check on the Daily Eagle's contract by a quick word with the sales manager at the home office; or you'll sometimes find—oh just sometimes! that the four chief executives of the Pittsburgh Clarion are in need of a week's fishing and are starting tomorrow for Quebec. No matter what the occasion, if decisions are rapidly made and of important bearing on the day's business, and where neither the decision nor the plan can be put into action until they have completed a circuit of discussion, it is fortunate that the genius of "Long Distance" has kept pace with such needs. Indeed, the tempo of trade between Canadian supply and United States consumer would hardly bear the shock if a return were made to-morrow to the simple old ways of postal communication, with not even emergency recourse to the speed of telephonic wires. In a field where \$204 million of export sales are negotiated between Canadian forest industries and their foreign buyers, chiefly those of the States, rapidity of contact, regardless of distance, is a first requirement to the making of sales and the delivery of goods.

The layman seldom gives a thought to the physical routing of the products that leave his country's mills for distant ports by land or sea. Mostly the great United States newspapers do their newsprint purchasing from Canadian mills in their most convenient freight zone, usually a north and south arrangement. Out from the loading platforms of a score of mammoth factories in the heart of the Canadian woodlands, moves a daily procession of sealed freight cars labelled for United States and sometimes overseas destinations. But whatever the intricacies of their routing, whether the eventual goal be Cape Town or Nashville, there exists along every mile the paralleling voice of telephone communication. Even as in the freighting of goods across many countries and varying lines of railway, where "co-ordination" is the key to transit, so in the faultless transmission of human conversation through all the vicissitudes of a thousand or ten-thousand mile chain, the outstanding triumph of the telephone physicist, engineer and operator is that of perfect co-ordination.

Truly, we may look upon the spectacle of an ever widening river of trade in forest industries as an achievement not only of manufacture, or of transport, but in considerable measure of the almost magic facility in human contact which came about when "Long Distance" lost the meaning of both its

words and wrote the knell of Time and Mileage.

swear by saying, "Does a bulldog lose any prestige by ignoring the yaps of a pomeranian or a pekingese?"  
The unfortunate attitude which Britain has been forced to assume in some recent years because of unpreparedness has undoubtedly lessened the prestige of the Empire in several quarters. Some indication of this fact may be gathered from the questions often asked these days by Chinese people in this country who have been friendly to Britain for many years. Some of them who have been British subjects themselves for a number of years and have carried a deep admiration and respect in their hearts for the Empire may be pardoned for being puzzled because the mighty Britain stands aside and allows thousands of innocent Chinese men, women and children to be wantonly slaughtered, without even a declaration of war to give an aspect of legality to the wholesale murder. When British soldiers are killed on duty and nothing seems to be done about it, there is surely excuse for further Chinese puzzling. There is also serious grounds for the fear that the loss of British prestige will have evil influence on the peoples of India in the days to come. It is asking much of these peoples to expect them to understand the fine-spun theories of the pacifist internationalists. Another place where the loss of prestige is seriously felt is in the hearts of loyal Britishers themselves. All the pacifist vapourings in the world form little comfort for the thought that a great Empire supposed to be dedicated to world progress and humanity stood idly by while scraps of paper were scoffed at and thousands upon thousands of peaceful peoples in Ethiopia and China were ravished. The simile of the bulldog needs an addition to make it a plausible excuse. It must be added that the bulldog was ill and incapable of combat. It has not been pomeranians or pekingese that have snapped and yapped at the bulldog—but big dogs that challenged and defied, while the bulldog kept to its own house door and saw its own friends, the lesser breeds, worried and killed by brutal marauders. Had the bulldog been well enough to face the war hounds, there is reason to believe that they would have

words and wrote the knell of Time and Mileage.

## First Steamship to Cross the Atlantic

Royal William was Built in Canada. Piece of Timber from Hulk Returned to Canada.

A piece of wooden timber from the "Royal William," first vessel to cross the Atlantic under steam, was recently sawn from the sunken hulk lying in Irvine Harbor, Scotland, and returned to Canada, where the pioneer steamship was built more than a century ago. It was brought to Confederation Life head office at Toronto by E. W. L. Noel, Scottish manager, as a sequel to a train of events as interesting as the history of the old vessel, later purchased by

the Spanish navy as the world's first steam warship.

History of the "Royal William" is steeped in romance. Not only did it play an important role in the development of steam navigation but the vessel itself was linked closely with the life and love of John Munn, Scottish-Canadian shipbuilder, who died more than 78 years ago. Mr. Munn controlled shippings at Irvine Harbor, Greenock, and at Wolfe's Cove, Quebec, where the "Royal William" was launched in 1831 by Lady Aylmer, wife of Canada's governor-general.

Munn had a ship built specially to carry his sweetheart 3,000 miles from his native Scotland to Quebec—but they never married. He died a bachelor at the age of 80. Oddly enough, the "Royal William" sank outside Munn's ancestral home at Irvine, near the grave of the builder. The ship's ribs still can be seen at low tide, so Mr. Noel employed workmen in a small boat to saw a piece from the sunken ship, which he

But the bulldog has been ill—ill with the infection of a false pacifism, fevered with disarmament, distempered with the scurvy of wrong reasoning. The bulldog is recovering now. The tonic of preparedness is doing its work. This is all that keeps the bulldog from being attacked in turn. With renewed health the bulldog will regain the old prestige and respect. The bulldog after all has to do little fighting. Its prestige allows it to escape many a battle. Any man who has owned a bulldog knows it is far from a quarrelsome animal. Ready for battle, it seeks no fights. But bulldogs must keep their health—and their teeth—or lose prestige and life itself.

## GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

Mayor Bartleman has not yet announced his intention to be a candidate for re-election as mayor. The furthest he has gone so far is to state that he has "not yet made up his mind not to run." Some believe, however, that his game is to hold off until the last moment and then announce himself as a candidate, with Councillor Cousins resigning in his favour. It is difficult to see how Councillor Cousins could fairly be a party to any such scheme as this. Councillor Cousins has definitely announced himself as a candidate for the mayoralty. Of course, he has a perfect right to do this, and has equal right to change his mind and run for council, if he wishes. The right of the mayor to run again is equally conceded. Indeed, many people are anxious that the present mayor should run again. But many will be sadly disappointed in Councillor Cousins if he allows himself to appear so much under the thumb of the mayor, that it is the mayor who says who will or will not run.

The financial statement for the town shows that there is one kind of a surplus, which no doubt means that there is another kind of a deficit. Well, anyway, it is likely that taxes will increase.

No, Joseph! The new town hall will not be ready for nomination to-morrow, but the contractors are certainly making progress.

# IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

CONDENSED BALANCE SHEET, 30th OCTOBER, 1937

LIABILITIES	
Notes in Circulation	\$ 6,044,775.00
Deposits by the Public	132,198,088.44
Deposits by Other Banks	4,673,269.39
	\$142,916,132.83
Letters of Credit Outstanding	936,888.35
Dividends due Shareholders	176,365.48
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits	15,638,032.72
	\$159,667,419.38
ASSETS	
Cash on Hand and in Banks	\$ 8,144,544.36
Deposits with Bank of Canada	8,090,465.69
Cash on deposit with Minister of Finance	308,137.96
Notes of and Cheques on Other Banks	6,774,357.89
	\$ 23,317,505.90
Government and Municipal Securities and Loans	66,874,762.77
Other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	110,930.64
Call Loans (Secured)	6,166,163.58
	\$ 96,469,362.89
Commercial Loans and Discounts	55,507,246.12
Bank Premises	6,000,000.00
Other Assets	753,922.02
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit	936,888.35
	\$159,667,419.38

The General Manager,  
Imperial Bank of Canada,  
TORONTO.

We report that we have examined the above condensed Balance Sheet as at 30th October, 1937, and have compared it with the books and vouchers at the Head Office and with the certified returns from the branches. We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required and in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank. In our opinion the above Balance Sheet discloses the true condition of the Bank, and is as shown by the books of the Bank. The above Balance Sheet does not include money which has been set aside by the Shareholders from time to time for the purpose of a Pension Fund.

A. B. SHEPHERD, F.C.A.,  
of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.,  
W. D. GLENDINNING, C.A.,  
of Glendinning, Gray & Roberts.

TORONTO, 16th November, 1937.

brought to Canada as leader of a delegation of Scottish business men.

A story about Munn and the "Royal William" appearing in the Glasgow Daily Express, united two cousins, who had not met for ten years. Mr. Noel, reading the article, sent a Confederation Life calendar to the columnist, as the 1937 calendar bore a painting depicting the building of the vessel at Quebec. Mr. Noel's envoy turned out to be the long-lost cousin, attached to Mr. Noel's Glasgow office.

Samuel Cunard was a stockholder in the Quebec and Halifax Navigation Company, for whom the "Royal William" was built. It was this vessel's successful crossing of the Atlantic in 25 days of steam which paved the way for the development of the Cunard Line. The vessel was sold in London, chartered by Portuguese as a steam transport, then sold to the Spanish government in 1834 and fitted out as a warship.

Fernie (B.C.) Free Press:—A Fernie young man who tried to get fresh with a waitress has been nursing a sore jaw for several days. When he got rude, the young lady, who by the way is a top-notch basketball player, brought over a hard right to the jaw, and when he stooped over to pick up his cap, she placed a number-six shoe where it would do the most good.



## "Mother Was Irritable"

"She couldn't seem to interest herself in anything. Her eyes wouldn't let her read for long and her head ached when she did much knitting or fancy work. Her pottering around the house nearly drove us mad. Proper glasses prescribed by Mr. Curtis restored our happy home. Mother is perfectly content now."

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