

The Porcupine Advance

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LOCH NESS MONSTER AGAIN

Some years ago a monster was reported in one of Scotland's lakes—Loch Ness—the descriptions given by people who ought to be reliable being most terrifying. It was twice the size of a large whale, some people who had never seen a whale suggested. It was not a fish but a dragon, said others, most of whom had not seen a dragon. Some described it as fearsomely quiet and others as noisily terrible. Some saw fire coming from its nostrils, and others gave still more horrible descriptions of the animal, bird, or fish, or whatever it might be. Scientists took the trouble to investigate the stories but they found nothing to explain the accounts. In a legal sense it was decided that there was no Loch Ness monster, but still the tradition remained. It even got its picture in the paper—indeed several different pictures in several papers. The scientists and the logicians maintained that there wasn't any such monster, but the people in general in Scotland shook their heads, as much as to say that they could tell a thing or two about it all. People came from all over the British Isles, from the continent, indeed from more than one continent, to see the Loch Ness monster. These tourists saw many other matters of interest and of beauty, and they passed the word along, and others journeyed to Scotland to see the Loch Ness monster for themselves. Only to a few was given the vision of the monster of Loch Ness but the tourists kept journeying to Scotland apparently content with Scotland's beauties and historic scenes and other points of interest. The Scots who had been ready to keep alive the tradition of the monster, so long as people were anxious for such things, were equally content apparently to let the monster return to its native invisibility, if that were satisfactory to the visitors. So, for a year or two there was little talk of Loch Ness and its monster. There were other things to catch the public fancy. A certain gentleman in Germany to some extent took the monster's place in the public eye. Then there were so many other horrors and abnormalities, that a mere monster seemed an anti-climax. Thus for a time the monster rested in public peace. But this week the monster is once more reported as back at Loch Ness. This time it is said to have been a Scottish cleric who saw the beastie. With the tens of thousands of people—yes, the hundreds of thousands—visiting the Glasgow exhibition it is difficult for the public to understand why the monster is needed at the moment. Scotland seems to be having all the visitors that the country needs, or can accommodate; why then bring back the monster at this time? But the Scots, no doubt, know their monsters—and their public. Glasgow is not the greater part of Scotland. Indeed, Glasgow itself is populated to some extent with visitors. Why should Glasgow have any monopoly of attractions in Scotland, even with a notable world's fair? The Loch Ness district is equally open to visitors, therefore back comes the monster, this time, "making a terrific commotion like boiling water." Thousands no doubt will flock to Loch Ness in the hopes of catching a glimpse of the monster, while nervously praying that the horror may be spared them. People are like that. They like to be shocked. At the present moment in the world, they have lots to alarm, to frighten, to fairly paralyze them. So a monster more or less makes little difference.

NO END TO THE SYNTHETIC

Centuries ago the scientist who put in too much time searching for the apparently impossible was looked upon with disfavour. "Much learning has made thee mad," was the tribute usually paid to the man who professed too great belief in his powers to make synthetic gold, find new oceans to lead to new continents, discover the fountain of perpetual youth, or learn how to develop perpetual motion. These were considered vain hopes—impossibilities. One of the odd features of old-time disbelief was that the man who searched in the name of science for perpetual youth would have been astounded at the idea of flying. The scientist seeking a fabulous fountain of youth would have scorned the very suggestion of talking round the world—a commonplace of to-day. The learned man seeking synthetic gold would have laughed at theories suggesting that nearly anything could be duplicated by scientific manufacture. To-day nearly everything is synthetic—clothing from pulp, music from cans—ice, food, heat, light, all from strange sources—paper from wood pulp, and lumber from rocks. With airships, radio, telegraph, automotive power, the wonders of medical science and surgery, the inventions of mechanical science, the world has been so crowded with what are really miracles and marvels that the public has apparently lost the power to be astonished at anything. It is a parallel case to the man who could not see the woods because of all the trees.

A discovery announced this week from Buffalo, New York, some years ago would have created a furore. To-day it does not even make front page

in the newspapers. Aubrey E. Noble, research engineer in gas tube lighting, claims that he has perfected a form of lovers' moonlight that may be produced in the family parlour by the mere flick of a switch. Mr. Noble says it is all done with gas tube lighting. "We can produce synthetic daylight in the home with a combination of coloured gas lighting," he says, "and silvery rays of moonlight are obtained merely by switching off all the colours except blue in synthetic daylight." The resulting soft light makes a lovers' paradise.

The marvels that may be produced by the application of light were demonstrated recently in Timmins when mechanical devices were displayed here, making use of the various rays in light. The separation of the rays was shown to provide means of medical value on the one hand and methods of violent and speedy destruction on the other. Several in town and district are able to testify from actual experience as to the curative value of separated rays, while with their own eyes they saw how rays may also be used for destructive purposes.

The other day an old lady reading about some modern miracles of science exclaimed:—"I wonder how we did without these things some years ago." The world, however, seemed to make progress in happiness and culture before invention reached its present high state. It is undoubtedly a more comfortable world in many ways, though some may deny even this. At least opportunities and possibilities for comfort are naturally much greater. The trouble appears to be that too often there is a destructive use for each new invention or an evil discovery to counteract the healing or constructive one.

It may be worth noting that slow old London, England, has been using artificial daylight for several years in certain commercial and professional places. London, England, found daylight necessary for certain purposes such as the examination of clothes and the testing of chemicals. The fogs were there in London, however, on so many occasions that synthetic daylight seemed the only answer. So, the London scientists provided synthetic daylight as a matter of course, and there was no fuss about it. As for synthetic moonlight, that is another question. It seemed little necessary. Much the same effect could be obtained by turning down the lamps. Or perhaps, the lights might be saved altogether, and the romantic effect obtained from a flickering fire in a grate. It is not the moonlight that is so essential as youth and romance. The world can get along without synthetic romance, though efforts have been made to manufacture even that.

PEP WITH OXFORD ACCENT

It may be a misguided sense of humour, but an advertisement last week in The Globe and Mail struck the risibilities of many. The advertisement sandwiched in between formal and prosaic classified advertisements read as follows:—"Peppy, witty, imaginative young man with Oxford education and copywriting ability to join immediately advertising department of large and progressive concern in Chicago. Submit original letter of application." The address given was a box number of The Globe and Mail.

There is something intriguing about a Chicago firm seeking an Oxford accent for its advertising department. One question is, would they recognize the Oxford earmarks if they saw them? Another question is whether an Oxford graduate would be "peppy"? If he had anything along that line would it not be "peppah" rather than "peppy"? Oxford can supply graduates with energy, wit, imagination and enterprise, but there is something amusing about a Chicago firm openly connecting these qualities with graduates of Oxford. Chicago is supposed to be the home of "pep" and "imaginative young men." Are times changing in this direction as well as in others? Has the earth arrived at the pass where Chicago actually has to import its pep from Oxford, England? If so, where is the end to be? Will it come to a place where Bob Burns will take a postgraduate course at Cambridge? Will Claud Stroud have to learn the language of Dublin, Ireland? Will the future Dorothy Lamours have to take a degree from the London College of Music? Is it the American idea that the United States should provide the British duchesses and in return Britain should send America "Pep," wit, imaginative young men, and wisecracks? The world is full of wonders. Chicago seems to be breaking new ground—not content with getting its police force from Ireland, all its humorous stories from Aberdeen, it seems to desire now to cap everything with an Oxford accent.

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

The Port Arthur News-Chronicle comments on the change to-day in the distinction of the ordinary Northern log. Once that log had only two alternative fates—either to become lumber, or to be ground to pulp and paper. Now, however, The News-Chronicle points out, there are no less than 10,000 articles in everyday use that are made from cellulose and cellulose is manufactured from the spruce wood log. The visiting lumberjack may not be studying the lady's legs, he may simply be recognizing some feature of a log he felled last winter in the appearance of the "silk" stockings on those shapely limbs.

It's a hard world for mayors. One Timmins mayor was censured because there seemed to be too much oil on the street on which he lived. Now a Sudbury mayor is in apparent trouble because there isn't any oil on the street that graces his residence, or vice versa. It seems that recently



"Your eyes affect your health more than you'd think"

"Take me for example. At the office I'd tire quickly and my nerves always seemed on edge. Yet my eyes didn't appear to be at fault. I happened to mention it to Mr. Curtis and he explained that quite often straining eyes take nervous energy away from other parts of the body without one knowing it. He examined my eyes and fitted me with glasses. Now I wear them at my desk and my old complaints have disappeared."

EYES EXAMINED
TERMS ARRANGED AT

CURTIS

OPTICAL COMPANY

14 Pine St. N. Phone 835

Mock Trial Proves Amusing Diversion

Members of Kiwanis Club Hear Charges Against Vince Woodbury on Monday.

A mock trial provided a period of amusing diversion as a feature of the regular weekly luncheon of Timmins Kiwanis club on Monday.

Ernie Dickson presided as judge with "Bill" Langdon as crown prosecutor, assisted by Jack Walker as junior counsel. J. T. Jackson was defence counsel, with Karl Eyre assisting in a junior capacity.

The accused was "Vince" Woodbury, who faced the serious charge of having spent two months last winter in Texas and California without attending Kiwanis meetings.

Taking the stand in his own defence, Mr. Woodbury declared that he had attended club meetings regularly on his vacation and suggested that he had been a victim of mistaken identity. Reg. Smith having spent two months in the same states.

After the argument of counsel was heard, "Judge" Dickson granted a suspended sentence, on condition that the accused sell twice as many books of tickets as in the past for the Kiwanis boys' camp.

C. T. Stewart, of Timmins, was the only visitor for the occasion.

Threatens Drunken Drivers With Loss of Their Permits

This week E. G. Odette, chairman of the Ontario Liquor Control Board announced at Ottawa that automatic suspension of liquor permits of persons convicted of drunken driving will be followed hereafter in view of the serious nature of traffic and motor car accidents. Mr. Odette was in Ottawa interviewing government officials on undisclosed board business.

Suspensions would be for a "long" period and before a permit was re-issued the person would have to satisfy the board he was a fit person to have a permit.

These chairman said suspension had been carried out for some time in some parts of the province, but the practice has not been general.

Beautiful homes mean that life is so much better living.

the Sudbury council passed a by-law providing for supplying calcium chloride on Howey Crescent. Sudbury's mayor lives on Howey Crescent, which has a much more aristocratic sound than Spruce street. Apparently, however, dust does not differentiate between aristocrats and plebians, but blows on the just and the unjust, when the rain is not falling upon them without discrimination. There is a rhyme that runs:—

"The rain falls on the just
"And on the unjust fellow,
"But usually the unjust man
"Has the just man's umbrella."

That isn't the trouble, though, in Sudbury. The dust in the Nickel City is being raised at present because the by-law calls upon the taxpayers of Howey Crescent to pay for calcium chloride, when they want oil—perhaps, like Mussolini's communists. Anyway, they hold that only oil will cure their dust troubles. They have organized almost unanimously to protest calcium chloride and to howl for oil alone. The group is headed by a talented lawyer, and he is taking the case to the city council, with the promise that if they fail to get justice—and oil—not calcium chloride—they will carry the question to the Supreme Court. Already, they have found that the law does not provide for the use of calcium chloride as a dust-layer. The law does mention oil. It is to be oil or nothing, they say. It is not a tempest in a teapot. It is a cyclone in an oil well. Or a dust cloud in a spouter.

Are Tourists More Vital Than Mining?

Expert in Mining Matters More Than Doubts It.

(From Globe and Mail)

Far be it from us to pick an argument with Hon. Leopold Macaulay, who has proved himself such a doughty disputant in legislative halls, but we should really like to know where he obtained his figures regarding the value of the tourist traffic in this province! how he arrives at an average expenditure for each, and particularly where he got the idea that the goings to and fro of our cousins from across the line are worth more to us than the mining industry.

When he says that 40 million people in the United States are able to come to Canada within forty-eight hours, he is modest. Why not extend the number to 130 million and increase the hours, especially now we have the annual epidemic of daylight saving to buoy us up? As we see it, this is not a question of how many people live near enough to pay a quick visit, but how many of the whole have money enough to buy a car, acquire the inclination and then incur the additional expense of a jaunt. How does the honorable gentleman know that each visitor last year spent 20 per cent. more than his fellow-pilgrim of the previous year, and who is the arithmetician who allowed his imaginative pencil to soar to 9,000,000 tourists, each spending \$33 in Canada to the total tune of \$295 million?

The trouble with these figures is that they are entirely hebbulous. No one can estimate what each tourist spends, even if the number entering the country may be more exact. No one can tell how many cars, for instance, come across the line and return the same day, spending at the most a few dollars for gas and a hurried lunch. Ask the hotel proprietors of Toronto how many of these millions stay at their hostels and what they are worth as income-makers. We think that after this information has been collected and tabulated even an enthusiast like the honorable gentleman will be ready to revise his figures—downward and then some.

As to comparing the tourist business with the mining industry, that, we submit, is to test credulity to the breaking point. In the first place the production of mines is definite and exact. It all stays in the country to support labor and dealers in a thousand and one supplies and equipment. If we figure upon the number of Canadians who migrate for a holiday to the States, we should find that a far greater proportionate number drifts that way, and no tourist enthusiast has yet been careful enough to deduct them from those who come to see us.

The mining industry stands first among all industries in this province, not only as a direct contributor to prosperity, but also as a creator of optimism and the spirit of dare so necessary in a country like this.

In the speech of the honorable gentleman to which we refer, it was stated that the value of output of the mining industry in Ontario last year was \$125 million, whereas as a matter of fact it was \$230 million—quite a difference.

We know the value of the tourist business to this province and quite agree that everything should be done to contribute to its increase, but when a responsible gentleman says it is worth more than the mining industry we feel inclined to rear up on our hind legs and expostulate. That's all. And at that he might conceivably have been misquoted in the press.

Murder was Blamed on Unknown Ghost

Mystery, However, was Very Painstakingly Solved by Gallant Detective.

A murder that seemed to have no other solution than by crediting supernatural agency with the violent death starts out the new serial commencing in this issue of The Advance. No one should miss reading the opening chapters in this issue and following this

A rainy day

It is a great comfort to have money in the bank when the time comes that ready money is badly needed. We invite you to establish an emergency fund for a "rainy day"—by opening a savings account at the nearest and most convenient branch of this bank.

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IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Head Office: Toronto
H. C. SCARTH
Manager Timmins Branch

thrilling story through the coming weeks. The new serial, "Ebony Torso," by John W. Woodiwiss, is a thriller throughout, with mystery, suspense, action and interest in every chapter. Recent serials in The Advance have

proved popular, and the present serial is likely to prove even more interesting and enthralling than the previous stories that have caught the general fancy on their interest and action.

See THE MOST COMPLETE REFRIGERATOR EVER BUILT!

- ✓ MEAT-KEEPER for fresh meats
- ✓ MILK COMPARTMENT ample size
- ✓ HUMIDRAWER for salads etc.
- ✓ THERMOWARE DISHES for leftovers
- ✓ STORATOR for small articles

WESTINGHOUSE REFRIGERATOR

Never before has ANY refrigerator offered such complete and thorough food-protection as this new 1938 Westinghouse. Here's the new Meat-Keeper... and it really keeps meat FRESH, a week's supply for a whole family. Here's the big new Humidrawer with ample "humidity-storage" for fresh crisp salads, vegetables and fruits! Here's the new Thermoware oven-proof dishes for left-overs, beautiful enough for the dining table! Here's the improved Sanalloy High-Speed Froster for more and quicker ice-cubes (Electro-cube Ice Trays have Instant Tray Release)! Here's a host of important refinements that you get only with a Westinghouse Refrigerator. Best of all, here's the famous Westinghouse "Super-Power" Mechanism that has won first place for unfailing dependability, efficiency and economy! Our doors are open till 10 p.m. for your convenience.

Come in and See the New Economy Model at \$159

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Westinghouse Refrigerators Priced from **\$159**

\$10 DOWN
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Every size on display. You may combine a Refrigerator with your present account. The full line of 1938 model Cushioned Action Washers are Here. Ranges Vacuum Cleaners Radios—all by Westinghouse.

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Phone 1870 TIMMINS 39 Third Avenue

It is not to be treated too lightly in these parlous times. If the American revolution started over tea, who can say that the Nickel City rebellion may not ensue over oil.

Several town and city councils have attempted to "fix" the matter of the observance of the twenty-fourth of May, but this has been offset by Ottawa pointing out that the twenty-fourth is already a fixed holiday.

Mayor Ralph Day of Toronto was in the North last week on a fishing expedition. There should be a law against mayors going on any other kind of fishing expeditions.

Japan has not yet declared war on China, and China has never declared war on Japan, so all this talk of Chinese victories must be wrong. How can victories be won if there is no war? Perhaps Japan foresaw all this when it didn't declare war.

China and Japan seem to be doing a terrible lot of fighting for a couple of nations not at war.

Those who were looking for an early conclusion of the war in Spain are still looking. To cap the matter, Emperor Haile Selassie says that the war is not over yet in Ethiopia. Apparently the wars that are not declared before they start seem to continue after they are declared won.

Man on Serious Charge Escapes from Amos Jail

Considerable excitement was created by the recent escape of Joseph Emile Cloutier from Amos jail. He was awaiting trial on the charge of raping a young Duparquet girl who died in Youville hospital as a result of the crime. The escape showed careful planning and patient labor. The prisoner cut his way through some woodwork and then removed bricks from the wall to leave a two-foot opening through which he was able to squeeze. The prisoner used soap to conceal the marks made in his operations. His keepers were given no cause to suspect that anything was afoot, his cell appearing undisturbed from day to day, and the work being conducted without any noise to alarm the authorities. As soon as the escape was known descriptions were sent to all neighbouring places and also to more distant towns and cities. The description was to the effect that the wanted man is about 32 years of age, a French Canadian, five feet five and a half inches in height, weighs 142 pounds, has black hair, dark brown eyes, small mouth, arched forehead, copper colored complexion, thick eyebrows, a long chin, and a nose turned slightly aside.

Telegram.—Success is claimed for Science in its efforts to keep the West from drying up. At any rate, there has been little drying up in Alberta government circles.