

The Porcupine Advance

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SIDEWALKS NEEDED

In the report of the meeting of the town council this week it will be found that several councillors urged that something be done at once to provide sidewalk accommodation along the new three-lane highway from Timmins to Schumacher. This is a serious need at the present time. After the new pavement was opened for traffic The Advance called attention to the danger to pedestrians on this strip of roadway. This roadway is used by hundreds of men walking to and from work each day. Others also use this road to walk to or from Schumacher. The danger is greatly increased by the fact that despite all warnings people continue to walk with their backs to oncoming traffic and also to walk three, four, and even five abreast. It would seem that tragedy is almost inevitable unless a sidewalk is constructed and insistence made for its use by pedestrians. At the present time children are making much use of the roadway as a sidewalk. The sidewalk built by the Hollinger has been covered over by the new roadway. It seems to be the duty of the council to see that a new sidewalk is built without delay. Men employed at the Hollinger are citizens of the town and entitled to a sidewalk just as much as those in other parts of the municipality. The Hollinger has always shown generosity to the town in all such matters and no doubt will not refuse to contribute to the cost of the work. But the responsibility is clearly on the town to provide this sidewalk at once for the convenience as well as the safety of the citizens who have to walk between Timmins and Schumacher.

MORE UNFAIRNESS

The mayor appears to be leading an agitation to secure the cancellation of all licenses of occupation of the land on the west bank of the Matagamit river. With his usual pretence he claims to be doing this with the overpowering desire to see that the public has access to the river for bathing and swimming. On Monday he told the council with thrills of horror in his voice that one man actually charges an admission fee of 10 cents to bathers on property on the river bank held under a license of occupation. The thrill of horror might well be there for the misrepresentation so made. Evidently it was Mr. Wilson of the Riverside pavilion who was meant as the man charging ten cents a head for the privilege of allowing bathers access to the river. Of course, Mr. Wilson is doing nothing of the sort. What Mr. Wilson is doing is making a charge of ten cents per adult, five cents per child of school age, and nothing for small children when accompanied by adults or other children old enough to care for the smaller youngsters. This small admission fee covers much more than right of access to the river. It allows the use of a property that Mr. Wilson has spent thousands of dollars to improve and that costs him money every day to keep clean and sanitary and attractive. This small fee gives free parking privileges—for all day or all evening, if desired. It gives free use of the change rooms, the toilets, and other conveniences erected and maintained at Mr. Wilson's expense. The plan assures supervision and decency at that particular part of the river. Mr. Wilson was forced to erect the fence to protect his own interests and equally the interests of the public. For a time he maintained the beach and diving board at his own expense and allowed the public free access to the property. For the convenience of the public he installed change rooms, toilets, etc., for the use of which, naturally, he made nominal charge. He found, however, that people who refused to use the change rooms and thus saved the dime asked for the service, would dress and undress so publicly that something had to be done about it. For proper control of the property that he had bought and maintained, and to maintain decency on the beach under occupational rights for which he pays proper rental to the government, there seemed no alternative than to make a small charge. To prevent misrepresentation about this charge it should be said that the children using the swimming pool are admitted by ticket and do not pay any fee at all to Mr. Wilson for the privileges they enjoy. Indeed, as a matter of fact, Mr. Wilson will be materially the loser from the use of the swimming pool this year, paying part of the cost of maintenance after turning the pool over to Mr. Fisher for the use of the children.

The Advance believes that all reasonable and fair-minded people will agree that Mr. Wilson has been generous in his attitude towards the public and particularly the children. The public surely will not accept the mayor's suggestion that in this matter Mr. Wilson is at fault. Surely, the mayor does not expect Mr. Wilson to maintain the beach and all the conveniences added at his own expense. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson would do so if he were as rich as some of his detractors. The mayor, for

instance, has land quite suitable for a park, and the town sadly needs another park and playground. Mr. Wilson, however, is not unfair enough to suggest that the mayor should plant trees, provide benches, keep the park clean and sanitary, provide supervision, and turn the whole thing over free to the town. Even that, however, would not be as unfair a proposal as to suggest that Mr. Wilson should maintain the Riverside property, provide all the services there, and give it all to the public without any charge.

The mayor would infer that Mr. Wilson has the only route of access to the river. The fact, of course, is that he has occupational rights for only a small portion. If the public do not care, or are not able to pay the small fee, why not secure free bathing at other points on the river? The reply, of course, will be that no other point is suitable or attractive to the public. That begs the answer that the reason Mr. Wilson's beach is so desirable is because he has spent money and effort to make it so. The town actually owns another beach and picnic ground. Why not let the public use that? There will be a chorus of answers to that. The municipal beach does not provide access to safe bathing. The temporary pool put in by the town is condemned by the free bathers as being most unsuitable—the water muddy and stagnant, and reputed as infested with bloodsuckers. If the town desires to provide free swimming facilities, why not do as Mr. Wilson did—spend money and time and effort on the improvement of the property and the providing of the necessary services? That would be the fair thing to do, rather than to attempt to defraud Mr. Wilson of property that has cost him much money and work. Or the town could buy out Mr. Wilson. The Advance believes he would be very ready to sell at a figure that would be less than he has spent to acquire the property. In all fairness, the point should be stressed that a good beach with all the conveniences and services offered by Mr. Wilson costs money. Some one has to pay for it. The public can not have it unless someone does pay for it. It is useless to expect fairness from the mayor, but the council should insist on some form of fair play in the matter. As for the mayor his reply will likely be to see if he can change the meetings of council in such a way as to discriminate against The Advance and its readers.

NOT A BAD WORLD

Recently The Sudbury Star called attention to the odd instance of more than forty people offering to provide a home for a stray dog while appeals for a homeless ward of the Children's Aid Society brought no response. This week The Sudbury Star refers to the interest shown by so many in the case of the little boy lost in the bush and the generous way in which help was offered in the hopes of finding the lost child. The Sudbury Star concludes from this latest example of public sympathy and kindness that people after all have warm hearts, quick sympathy and kindly impulses. Against this might be quoted the example mentioned recently in The Advance, where four young men at North Bay refused to act as pallbearers for a dead friend unless they were paid for their services. It is easy enough to recount instances where the public seem heartless or indifferent to suffering and want. It might even be argued that in such cases as that of the homeless dog and the lost child, the public interest arises not so much from sympathy and kindness as from love of the sensational. There is, for example, the classic illustration that might be quoted from a murder case in the South many years ago. While neighbours—and people from a distance—sent flowers to the father in prison for the murder of his wife—Children's Aid workers in a town miles away were having difficulty collecting clothes and food for the family of children who had lost their mother to a brutal death and their father to a prison cell. On the one hand hysteria and sensationalism induced generosity and expressions of sympathy, while on the other hand the real need of the innocent was overlooked. To condemn the public on such isolated cases, however, would be false and unfair. It is true that the sensational does appeal to many—that crowds may be stampeded into doing good deeds under the impulse of the spectacular and the bizarre. It is equally true that the great majority of the people respond quietly and promptly to all worthy appeals, when they know the need and understand the necessity. This is no more than to say that there are still good and bad, selfish and unselfish, kind and unkind, in this world, but that—in Canada, at least—the good, the kind, the sympathetic far outnumber the mean and selfish. In other words there are mayors and ex-mayors—and the ex-mayors are in the majority.

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

The St. Mary's Journal-Argus suggests a Saturday half-holiday each week the year round for stores. With so many holidays falling on Mondays and so many other holidays being pushed onto Mondays, the proposal to have Saturday half-holidays should round out the joy of those who love long week-ends.

The Sudbury Star has good grounds for its present pride in the fact that its rural representative at Sturgeon Falls scooped all the imported city newspapermen in the thoroughness with which the story of the lost boy was covered. The "country correspondent" got the news, got it first, got



"My advice...."

to parents is to have their children's eyes examined at an early age. I speak from experience. My eldest boy was twelve when we discovered his eyes needed correction. Had we known sooner the chances are his sight would be brought back to near normal by now. How sorry we are that we didn't have his eyes examined sooner."

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Humour and Interest in Story of Siscoe

How Faith and Hope Held Out Against Big Odds.

(From Val d'Or News)

The story of the early struggles of the Siscoe Gold Mine, developed from a few pin-points of gold to its present heights of dividend-paying gold production, is indeed one of romance, pathos and humour. It would seem appropriate at this time, to account in part, some of the interesting side-lights and incidents attending the rise to golden success of this Quebec producer. Mr. B. A. Parker, more favourably known throughout the north as "Barney Parker," who, in reminiscent mood, provided the editors with this interesting copy.

The Siscoe was first staked early in 1911 by a German engineer from Cobalt, and, following inconclusive results, the German threw up the sponge and Stanley Siscoe stepped into the picture. A syndicate was formed and the members of this syndicate were Walter Glod, Joe Simouski, Joe and Stanley Siscoe, all of Polish origin.

The syndicate commenced most inauspiciously and on a modest scale, and old-timers recount the depression in those days could not be compared favourably with the financial stringency now current. Nothing daunted, however, Siscoe somehow managed to keep the wolf a few feet from his island door. Perpetually broke, but a great hustler, Siscoe was able to keep the home fires burning, at least intermittently. There was always "just enough grub and dynamite."

Breakfast on the Hoof

When grub ran out, the story goes, Siscoe would take his three partners out in the neighbouring bush and show them fresh rabbit tracks, expostulating as he walked, "Boys, your breakfast

is at the other end of the line. No rabbits, no breakfast." And strange to relate, when the break-up arrived, after that long, lean winter, rabbits on Siscoe Island were conspicuous by their absence, and in lieu of rabbits, the Amos merchants came to the rescue many times with grub-stakes and money to keep the venture going.

At one time, however, the future of the now-great Siscoe was in serious jeopardy and only the prompt action of our "Promoter par Excellence" saved a critical situation. It must have been a trying day for the partners, hordes of mosquitoes and perhaps bushfires! At any rate, even in those pioneer days Communist propaganda must have been floating around, because, like a bolt from the murky grey of the drift, Siscoe's hired hands hoisted the red flag, and, as the saying goes, "went Bolshevik." No pay! No work! And the boys came up the shaft. It has never been just definitely determined what persuasive measures were employed by the enterprising and resourceful Siscoe but we can assume, for the sake of argument, that the boss, in addition to issuing a round of units, may have promised the boys, in a moment of rashness, a big bust in Amos.

Earning Their Grubstakes

About this time their labours were beginning to bear fruit, and some high-grade ore was being encountered. It might be mentioned here that the four partners were all excellent miners and could make the best of a good showing, and to their great credit it may be cited that, when the funds were low, the men were able to earn high wages at other mines. When sufficient funds accrued, resources would be pooled and the partners would make another onslaught on their island treasure trove.

The Duke Appears

At this juncture, the story goes, the comports and stately figure of His Grace, the Duke of Manchester, loomed on the horizon, and the persistent Siscoe, now notoriously sold on the mine-making possibilities of his golden acres, succeeded in inducing the Duke to finance further development work. Unfortunately for the mining north, however, His Grace, being unwise in the ways of intricate mining finance met up with some "high financiers" in Montreal while negotiating to secure ample funds to assure the continuation of development at the mine, and, in the language of the area "went broke." With such financial reverses, the Duke of Manchester gracefully retired from the scene of frenzied finance to the sod of his ancestral estate in Merrie Old England.

Convoyed By Jim Sparks

During the Duke's regime, the Harri-canaw was in a state of continual awe and confusion, and any day His Grace appeared in Amos was Coronation Day to the prospectors. It might be well to mention that Jim Sparks, well-known northern prospector, being available at the time, and in search of some light occupation carrying with it fair remuneration, decided to accept an offer to be some Commodore of the Duke's gasoline fleet, an imposing armada of motor boats, scows and what have you, plying up and down our famous river.

Apparently all went well until one summer morn, bent on a fishing trip, His Grace made a snap decision and ordered out the Fleet. Touching his cap in nautical fashion, Commodore Sparks took a hasty retreat to the Armada to tank up with gasoline. It appears there must have been many cans on the dock because we are told, that, most inadvertently, the Commodore emptied a can of molasses, mistakenly assuming it to be gasoline, into the tanks of the royal cruiser.

At this point, the Duke of Manchester, accompanied by his entire entourage, strode down to the wharf and ordered out the Fleet for manoeuvres. There ensued, then, much puffing,

it right—and real newspapers take pride in all that. Victor Laberge, the Sturgeon Falls representative of The Star, gave valuable assistance in the search for the lost boy, comforted the father and mother in their anxiety, worked day and night till the little lad was found, and because of all this had the honour of being the first to interview the recovered boy and his family, and send the full story out by wire. The Sudbury Star has a right to be proud of this member of its staff. But in this North The Star is not the only newspaper with correspondents of this kind. The Advance has several of them on the staff and the able work they do and the real "scoops" they achieve show that to experience they have added talent and heart interest that make them worthy members of a worthy profession.

The men who stole 1700 pounds of gold ore in Quebec could scarcely be called "light-fingered."

When is a license not a license? When it's a tax. For instance, the town of Dundas has a by-law for regulating the safety of signs and awnings. Each sign less than four feet square is charged \$1, and those over four feet square pay \$2, while all awnings are expected to contribute \$2. That's a license. In Timmins, signs and coal chutes are taxed. The difference is between seven and forty dollars each.

As will be noted from an announcement in this issue, the town of Timmins intends to summon to court all who fail to pay their taxes for signs, coal chutes and fire escapes before Sept. 1st. So are crimes added to the calendar!

The Brampton Conservator regrets the present-day practice of "Jack"ing, "Bill"ing, "Dick"ing, and "Jo"-ing everybody, especially those in places of authority and dignity. It thinks that

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Mrs. Campbell Angus the Guest of Honour at Party
Mrs. Campbell Angus, Kimberley avenue, was the guest of honour on Tuesday evening, when the members of Gold Nugget Rebeekah Lodge gathered to say good-bye to her before her departure to North Bay where she intends to reside in the future. Mrs. J. Keene read an address, and Mrs. G. Henderson presented Mrs. Angus with a handsome Royal Crown Derby (Blue Willow) tea set. The recipient, taken by surprise, thanked the members and said she would cherish it, and she would carry away happy memories of the Timmins lodge. Refreshments were served by Miss R. McCarthy and Miss Margaret Sullivan.

Magistrate Says Taxi Ride Cannot be Stolen

An interesting decision was given at Sudbury police court last week to the effect that a taxi ride cannot be stolen. Apparently you can steal a ride on a railway but you can't do the same with a taxi—at least, not lawfully, or words to that effect. To start at the beginning of the case: A taxi driver brought a patron of his car to the police station at Sudbury because the passenger had not paid a taxi bill of some nine dollars. At the station the taxi driver and passenger agreed on the amount to be paid and the passenger saying that he did not have the necessary money with him at the moment, made out a cheque for nine dollars, signed it, and everybody was satisfied, so satisfied that everybody went home, except the police. The police saw the passenger make out and sign the cheque, so there was no doubt about that part of the matter. But the next morning the taxi driver was back at the police station, claiming that the cheque had bounced back right in his face. A bouncing baby is the right sort, but a bouncing cheque is a baby of another kind. Anyway, between the taxi driver and the police a charge was laid against the passenger for obtaining money by false pretences. When the case came before District Magistrate McKessock, the man was discharged. "You can't steal a taxi ride," said the magistrate. "If you charge him with false pretences, it must be for obtaining something which can be stolen. Charge withdrawn." So that's that. The magistrate says you can't steal a taxi ride. But the taxi driver still thinks that people can—and do.

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Autumn Term opens Wednesday, September 14th, at 9 a.m.
T. W. L. MACDERMOT, M.A., Principal.

Country Should Give Full Support to Prospectors

(From Northern Miner)
When responsible prospectors assert that Amendment 32-B is already killing grubstaking efforts, it is time for the Government to sit up and observe what they are accomplishing with this amendment to their Income Tax Act. It was bad enough to plunge a knife into the back of trustful shareholders and companies by suddenly springing a new assessment on them and making it retroactive. That's enough in itself to hurt confidence in the mining industry and create suspicion of the much advertised good intentions of the Government.

But when the prospector is hit, that's serious. The whole mining industry of the future rests on the bent but sturdy back of the prospector. Already, he says, Ottawa is making it hard to get a grubstake.

In older days a prospector needed only a few hundred dollars to keep him in the field. Favorable virgin ground existed close to the railway tracks. To-day a prospector must go far afield and he needs thousands of dollars. He needs the help of those who are willing to gamble with him. And who is going to gamble when the Government has now so arranged it that if by a long chance a winning is had, that winning will be taxed? In some cases the winning will be taxed out of existence. Under such circumstances, what incentive is there for a man to grubstake a prospector?

It is up to the Industry, which owes so much to the prospector, to support the man in the front line trenches by fighting this attack from the rear.

And if the Industry takes this unfair assault lying down, governments will be encouraged to make the next one twice as tough.

Detroit Free Press.—When people grow up they learn that someone has to pay even for the things they get from Santa Claus.