

### Death Chief Justice Latchford Saturday

#### Was Prominent in Work of Developing North.

Toronto, Aug. 17.—One of Canada's most noted judicial authorities, Chief Justice Francis Robert Latchford of the Appellate Division of the Ontario Supreme Court, died at his home here Saturday. He was 84.

Chief Justice Latchford had been seriously ill for a few days before his death, and prior to that had been in ill health since completing his court sittings in June. He brought to the Ontario court a wide experience garnered from a successful career at the bar and in politics.

Prior to his elevation to the bench as a Judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in 1908, Mr. Justice Latchford had been a member of the Ontario Legislature for Renfrew South from 1899 to 1905. He was a Cabinet Minister during the entire time he sat in the Legislature, being Minister of Public Works from 1899 to 1904, and Attorney-General in 1904 and 1905.

It was as minister of public works that he saw the beginning of construction of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. Much credit was due him for the opening of the North's mining districts, as he was an apt student in geology and mineralogy. He retired from politics when the Ross Government, of which he was a member, was defeated in 1905, this bringing to an end 33 years of Liberal rule in Ontario.

After his retirement from public life he gave much attention to mining matters and became President of the Cobalt Lake Mining Company, and the Nipissing Central Railway, which later was acquired by the T. & N. O.

Called to the bar in 1886, Chief Justice Latchford began the practice of law in Ottawa. He was appointed King's Counselor in 1899. Then came his appointment to the High Court of Justice in 1908. In 1923 he succeeded Sir William Mulock as Chief Justice of the Second Divisional Court of the Appellate Branch of the Supreme Court of Ontario, Sir William becoming Chief Justice of Ontario.

Mr. Justice Latchford was born on an Aylmer, Que., farm and received his education at Aylmer Academy, Ottawa University and Osgoode Hall, Toronto. His parents had come from Ireland and were among the pioneer settlers in the Hull district.

In 1890 he married Miss Frances O'Brien of Ottawa and had five sons and three daughters. A daughter is a member of the community of Loretto, and a son, Rev. Stephen B. Latchford, entered the priesthood. Dr. James K. Latchford, Toronto; Austin M., Ottawa barrister, and John and Leo Latchford, also are sons.

Hon. Frank Latchford played an important part in the development of the North. He was among those upholding

the building of the T. & N. O. Railway and the maintenance of that line, and he was given the honour by the Henry Government of driving the last spike in the railway extension at Moosonee. Though then well in his seventies he took off his coat and showed that he could wield a sledge hammer with all the vigor of a man twenty years younger.

The funeral of Chief Justice Francis Robert Latchford of the appellate division of the supreme court of Ontario on Tuesday was attended by a large number of former legal and political associates, personal friends, court officials and judiciary.

Requiem high mass was sung by a son of the late jurist, Rev. Stephen B. Latchford, at St. Basil's Roman Catholic Church. His grace, Archbishop McGuigan, was present.

Also present were his sons, Dr. James K. Latchford, Toronto; Austin M. Latchford, Ottawa, and John and Leo Latchford.

Honorary pallbearers were Hon. Mr. Justice Kelly, Hon. Mr. Justice T. E. McDonald, Frank J. Hughes, Dr. W. P. St. Charles, Dr. P. W. O'Brien, Dr. A. J. McDonagh and J. C. Keenan.

Active pallbearers were Stephen O'Brien, Frank Leonard, Arthur Kelly, John A. Coppeland, Frank McDonagh and F. Campbell McLellan.

His honour, Lieutenant-Governor Albert H. Matthews was present at the service in the church. Representatives of the Holy Name Society, and of the Knights of Columbus, in the Ottawa branch of which Justice Latchford was a charter member, were present.

The body was taken to Ottawa for interment Tuesday evening.

In its issue of yesterday The Ottawa Journal pays the following editorial tribute to the late Chief Justice Latchford:—

#### Francis Latchford

Only those who were his associates in the courts and on the bench may speak of the legal qualities of Francis Latchford. Ottawa's memory of him will be of "Frank" Latchford, of the vivid, militant politician who, with his friend and political comrade, Charles Murphy, stood in the front ranks of a fighting Liberalism near the turn of the century. Latchford and Murphy, asking no quarter and giving none, had everything in common, and the least of the things they had in common was a love of the finer things in life; sport, books, history; the traditions and lore of the city in which they played so colorful a part.

As Minister of the Crown and later as a Judge, "Frank" Latchford's activities took him from Ottawa. But it was to this city that he returned year after year for the sake of memories; to the historic spots of this district that he constantly turned a mind concerned deeply, and with rare learning, with the past. More than once, in those pilgrimages to the scenes of his youth, he would come to this office to talk over "far-off forgotten things, and battles long ago." On such occasions, in a reminiscent mood, and with the bitterness of the old days changed to

### President and Premier Meet As International Bridge Opened



President Franklin D. Roosevelt, of the United States and Premier W. L. Mackenzie King of Canada, met at Kingston, Ont., to-day when the new Thousand Islands international bridge system was officially opened. This meeting was the occasion for important discussions, including the trade treaty between Canada and the United States and the controversial St. Lawrence river waterways scheme which President Roosevelt favors. The president stayed in Kingston overnight and to-day received an honorary degree of

a mellow graciousness, he was a welcome visitor. Ottawa has lost a link with a part of fine renown.

### Lost Boy 'Bawls Out' His Anxious Mother

#### Two-year-old O.K. After Two Nights and One Day in Bush.

Minden, Aug. 16.—The first thing young Peter Elstone did to-day when they brought him out of the Haliburton wilderness to the safety of his Grandpa Ball's home was to give his mother a "bawling out."

The second thing he did was to indulge in one of his old and favorite pastimes; he took a couple of rounds of "wraslin'" out of his happy dad, Russell Elstone, 636 Milverton Boulevard, Toronto.

The reason Peter's childish and non-to-serious wrath descended upon the weary head of his anxious mother was the fact that she wasn't around when the thunderstorm swept down

over the bush last night, to leave little Peter soaked and shivering.

"I called mamma and called her," he said to-day, "but she never came."

#### Not Frightened

Both the physicians who attended the child, and his parents, are certain that he was not terrified during his two nights and one day in the wild bush country.

Asked what he found to eat during his wanderings, Peter replied: "I picked one raspberry."

For all of his long jaunt on such a scant diet, Peter looks like a perfectly healthy little boy to-day. His legs are scratched and he has a few dozen mosquito bites plastered around his ears, but his cheeks are still rosy and his brown eyes bright and sparkling.

When he had been restored to the arms of his mother, he was taken upstairs and put to bed. He then insisted upon his father lying down with him and Mr. Elstone had no sooner stretched out than Peter had thrown a hammerlock around him and the fight was on. Because wrestling didn't seem the right thing to do at the moment, even though Peter was eager and willing, his dad talked him out of it, but he didn't go to sleep.

#### Watching the Boats

While hundreds were searching through the bush for him yesterday afternoon and airplanes were soaring around over the tree-tops, Peter was standing down by Mountain Lake, a mile from the Ball farm, watching the boats.

He heard The GLOBE and MAIL airplanes and his mother is surprised that he did not run out and wave at it the way he does when they pass over his city home.

"He always runs out in the back yard and yells, 'Hi there plane, come down and give me a ride,'" related Mrs. Elstone.

He was located about a mile and a quarter from the farm, in a north-easterly direction, by Harold McCracken, a farmer who lives a short distance from the spot in which the child was lost.

"I saw him flit between the trees for a moment, and I thought at first it was one of the searchers," said McCracken. "I took a second look to see who it was and I'll be darned if it wasn't young Peter. He was standing there picking burrs out of his hair. When I lifted him up he was calm as could be. You'd think he had just been out on a little camping trip."

Four different bodies of water lie on all sides of a short distance from the farm and his parents were afraid that Peter might have fallen in and drowned. Asked if he had gone in the water Peter said:

"No, I didn't go in the water because I had my shoes on."

The child was found about two hours after the morning search had commenced. Immediately word passed across the rocky bush to the farm where the child's mother still stood close and waiting after two nights and a day of anguished worry.

One of the search party came running out of the bush to tell her of the child's safe recovery.

"Did you see him?" she asked, still unable to believe it was so.

But a few minutes later she saw him for herself and her long session of worry was over.

The parents themselves could hardly have been more joyful of Peter's safe return than the simple-hearted people of this district who left saw-mills and harvests to throw their weight into the search.

#### Farmer Weeps

One big sun-tanned farmer came up to young Peter this morning and squatted in the grass beside him. For a moment he fumbled the child's knees in his big and calloused hands. Then he reached in his pocket and handed Peter a quarter. Then he looked at him for a long time and clumsily kissed him on the cheek. Then he rose to his feet, gave an embarrassed grin and started to blubber like a 2-year-old.

Peter's father returned to-day to his job on the Don channel bridge. It took him more than an hour to get away from Peter, who was determined he wasn't going to let his dad out of his sight again.

Apart from having a little salve rubbed on his chest and being tapered into his regular diet gradually, Peter will require little or no medical attention as a result of his stay in the bush. It is believed that he slept well whenever he became tired, because his eyes were not heavy to-day, and he showed no inclination to go to bed.

### Dr. Manion Speaks at the Exhibition Luncheon, Sept. 6

Hon. R. J. Manion, new leader of the Conservative party, is to be the guest speaker on "British Empire Day" at the directors' luncheon at the Canadian National Exhibition Sept. 6.

The second Tuesday of the Exhibition has been known as International Day in the past. Because of the fact that an outstanding feature this year is the exhibit of the British government, the management decided to honour the Empire on this occasion.

Among other guest speakers at the directors' luncheons will be: Lord Stanley of Preston, who officially opens the fair.

Major Milton F. Gregg, V.C., sergeant-at-arms of the Canadian House of Commons, Warriors' Day.

Sir Harry Lindsay, head of the Imperial Institute of Great Britain, Children's Day.

Sir Henry Page Croft, M.P. for Bournemouth in the British House of Commons, on Food Products Day.

Sir Ernest MacMillan, Women's and Music Day.

Beverly Baxter, former Canadian and now British M.P., Press Day.

W. D. Black, Hamilton, president of the C.M.A., Manufacturers' Day.

Hon. P. M. Dewar, Ontario minister of agriculture, Agriculturists' Day.

N. B. Walton, Canadian National Railways, Transportation Day.

### Rubinoff Recovering



Showing plainly the effects of the serious illness which followed an appendicitis operation last May, Dave Rubinoff, famous violinist, is shown in bed at a Detroit hospital. Though sitting up for the first time in months, he already has his violin with him and is planning new arrangements for his orchestra.

### Provincial Probe of Dodge Death Likely

#### Recent Tragedy on Manitoulin Island One of the Saddest

Word from Toronto yesterday was to the effect that some form of investigation by the Attorney-General's department will be made in the case of the death of Danny Dodge, young Detroit millionaire, who was drowned in Georgian Bay while on his honeymoon, and while he and others in the party were seeking medical aid for injuries from a dynamite explosion in the garage at the Dodge summer home. The prominence of the dead man as well as the different stories being told of what really happened suggest some special action on the part of the provincial authorities. The provincial part in the investigation will probably take the form of special assistance to the provincial officers at Little Current and the officers from Sudbury who have already been working on the case. It is, of course, difficult in view of the injuries sustained by the surviving members of the party and the disconcerting mental and physical condition that they must be in after their harrowing experience to expect that any connected story of the tragedy would be available for a time. The evidence at the inquest that will be held following the recovery of the body may clear up the case completely, and no doubt preliminary investigation by provincial authorities would greatly assist in the gathering and presentation of the evidence at the inquest.

The Globe and Mail immediately upon hearing of the tragedy on Monday evening despatched a plane from Sault Ste. Marie to the scene of the tragedy on Manitoulin Island. The plane was also put into use in the search for the body. The Globe and Mail probably has the most detailed account of the affair. It quotes two versions of what happened in the speedboat driven by Mrs. Dodge, formerly Miss Ann Laurin MacDonald, telephone operator of Gore Bay, whose romance with the 21-year-old heir to the Dodge automobile millions culminated in their marriage two weeks ago. The tragedy occurred on the thirteenth day of their honeymoon. The story told by Mrs. Dodge is that while she was driving the speedboat, though herself suffering from numerous injuries and loss of blood, the plunging craft was getting beyond her control as she was faint with suffering. Her husband, though very seriously injured about the face and head and legs attempted to go to her assistance and apparently tumbled from the boat. The other story is told by Mrs. Mary Bryant, whose husband was the guide at the Dodge summer home. Mrs. Bryant said: "I was riding on the right side of the speedboat holding my husband's head. Dan Dodge was beside him. When we were about eight miles from Little Current, Dodge stepped on the side of the boat and jumped into the water." Frank Valiquette, caretaker at the camp, differed from Mrs. Bryant's account. The one story suggests that Dodge fell into the water in attempt to go to his wife's help. The other implies that, crazed with the pain of his terrible injuries, Dodge sought relief in the water.

What happened in the garage seems to be summarized as follows:—Dodge had discovered eight sticks of dynamite, fuse and caps, left by a former owner of the camp after the blasting of some stumps and rocks. He placed the dynamite on the window sill of the garage, deciding to explode one stick, inserting cap and fuse for this purpose. Mrs. Dodge and Lloyd Bryant were outside watching the performance through the window. Frank Valiquette lit the fuse with his cigarette lighter. Dodge then attempted to throw the stick of dynamite through the open door. As his arm swung up the explosion occurred. It is believed that a spark from the swinging stick of dynamite exploded the sticks on the window sill. The entire end of the building was blown out. Mrs. Dodge and Bryant were hurled to the ground. Mrs. Dodge suffered painful injuries to the right arm and thigh. Bryant was badly injured in the abdomen. Mrs. Dodge rushed to the aid of her husband, whom she found terribly lacerated about the face, head and body, and with his right hand shattered. Aided by Valiquette and Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Dodge raced a car to the footbridge and placed her husband and Bryant on one of the Dodge boats and set out for Little Current for help after trying to make the two badly injured men as comfortable as possible. When they were within eight miles of Little Current the drowning of Dodge occurred. The boat was going at such speed that it took some time to turn around and get close to Dodge, and before they could reach him he had disappeared. The Globe and Mail says that Dodge drowned quickly and it is believed that this form of death was more merciful than the lingering and agonizing one that might otherwise have been his fate from the terrible injuries received in the explosion. After clinging for a time the boat went on to Little Current for help.

On arrival at Little Current, Mrs. Dodge, Bryant and Valiquette were given first aid and then hurried to the Red Cross hospital at Mindemoya, some thirty miles inland.

At the hospital Mrs. Dodge is given a good chance for recovery. At first it was thought that Bryant could not live long, but later word suggests he may recover. Valiquette is not so badly hurt, though it is not clear how he escaped when the others were so badly injured. Bryant's face and body are badly injured. All of them are suffering from shock. There was a report that Mrs. Dodge had died in the hospital but this was unfounded, as she appears to be on the way to recovery.

Mrs. Wilson, Dodge's mother, arrived by plane on Tuesday, accompanied by nurses and doctors. The latest reports suggested that the injured men, Mrs. Dodge are progressing favourably. Mrs. MacDonald, mother of Mrs. Dodge, has taken a room at the hospital to be near her daughter.

Daniel Dodge left a will naming Miss Laurin MacDonald, whom he subsequently married, as a beneficiary. She will receive a substantial share of his personal estate, which is said to total over \$9,000,000.

### U.S.A. Philatelic Truck to Print Stamps on Tour

(From Baltimore Sun) Unimaginative persons who dully suppose that stamps are something you borrow from friends to put on letters will probably be startled by the announcement that in the autumn the United States Post Office Department will start a "philatelic truck" on a tour of the country. It will be equipped with a million-dollar stamp exhibit, a rotary press to print souvenir issues at each stop and an expert whose job it will be to explain and popularize the wonderful intricacies of stamp collecting.

Many of us might suppose that philately needed no encouragement. Washington obviously thinks otherwise. It has, it seems, a broad vision of perhaps a third of the nation, desperate for a hobby, longing for an album in the home. And, perhaps, it also sees an opportunity greatly to expand post office income. In any case, it is going to carry philately to the people. The truck will visit schools; the lecturer will deliver his discourses; and the local post office will instantly place on sale a "complete assortment" from the department's special philatelic agency.

Never has a hobby received such official publicity and support. It is enough to entice all bibliophiles, numismatists, and the hoarders of butterflies and birds' eggs. But stamp collecting has always been favored and fostered by our government. It was Washington that took the lead in establishing a philatelic agency of the post office, and other nations have followed our example. Nor can it be said that the consequences were altogether trivial. In 1953 a three-month sale of "frank" issues netted the department some \$1,600,000, and during 1936 the agency's sales ran to nearly \$2,000,000. There is an economics as well as a science of stamp collecting.

And for that reason, if for no other, the philatelic truck will be watched with interest. This year only the one will be in operation. But if it spreads the wildfire of the collecting mania, as its sponsors hope, who knows but that 1939 will see whole fleets of such museums-on-wheels rolling along the highways and leaving behind them a nation of fanatical philatelists whose purchases mount until they compel revision of all estimates of Government revenue?

### Millionaire Said to Have Been Warned About Powder

Little Current, Aug. 16.—For more than a year Danny Dodge was warned not to meddle with the sticks of dynamite he had found in an old piano box in the bush near his summer home.

The man who repeatedly warned him he was risking death by handling the explosive was Dick Drolet, dismissed by Dodge from his position as caretaker at the summer home only a few days before the tragedy. Lloyd Bryant, seriously injured in the explosion, had been brought in to take his place.

The 21-year-old millionaire was obsessed with the idea of finding out if the dynamite was any good, according to Drolet, who was one of the first to go out and search for the body of the man who discharged him.

There was a dramatic scene in the doctor's office Monday night, when Drolet entered to find Mrs. Dodge there being attended by the doctor. At sight of him Mrs. Dodge burst into tears.

"I have been warning Danny for over a year not to monkey with dynamite," said Drolet in a low voice. "I am terribly sorry about it."

Mrs. Dodge made no reply, but continued sobbing. The former caretaker left the room and hurried out to join in the search for the drowned man.

Dodge had the dynamite, seven or eight sticks of it, at the summer home for more than a year. Had it not been for Drolet it is thought he would have tried to test it long ago, but Drolet always insisted that it was dangerous, and his pleas were sufficient to keep the young heir from putting his wishes into action.

But the dismissal of Drolet and the hiring of Bryant saw Dodge lose no time in testing the harmless-looking sticks. If Drolet had been present, the young man might not have given the order which led to his death.

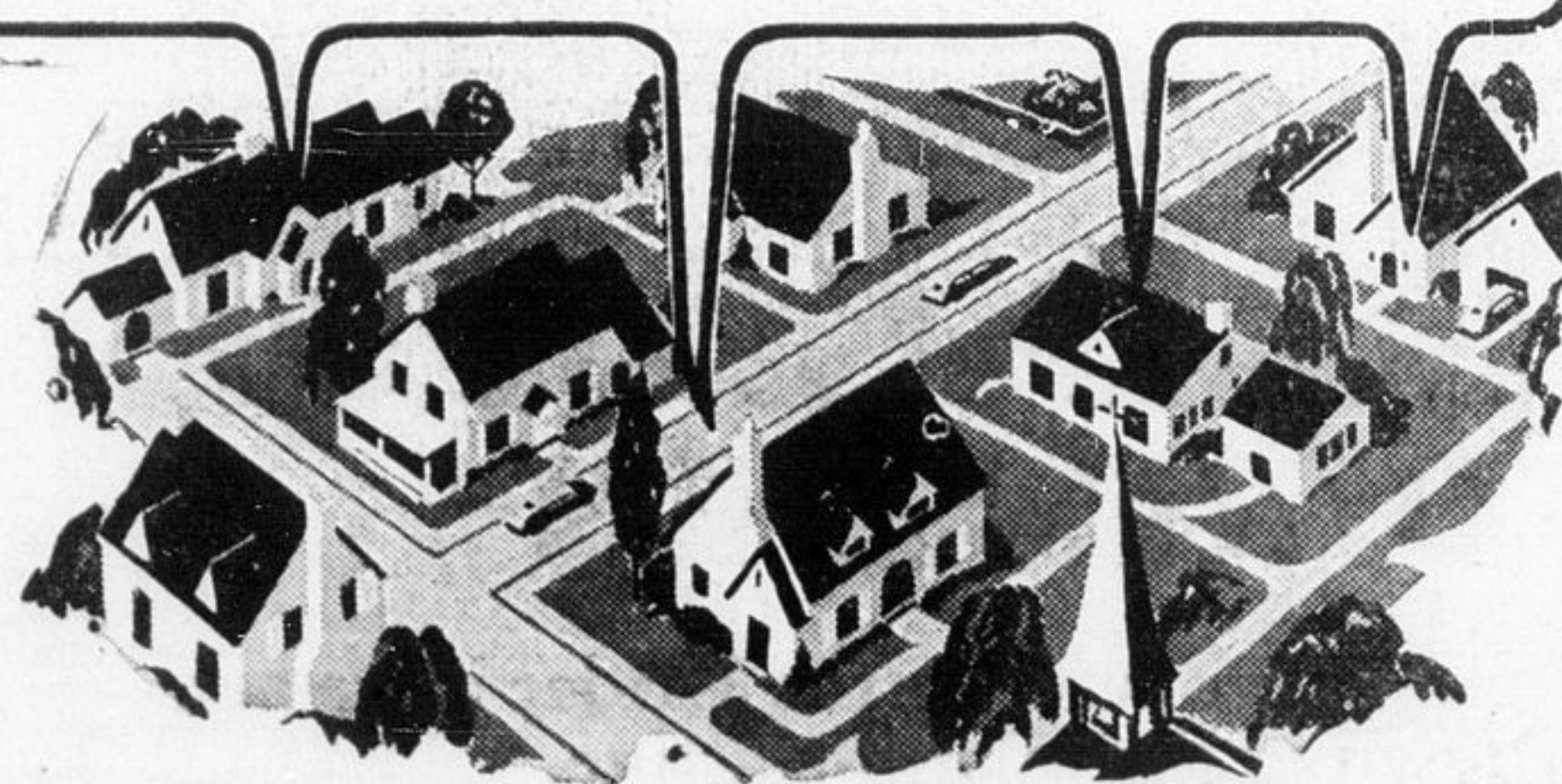
### Someone Be Good Enough to Tell This One to Sweeney

This is from "Around the Square," the Cobalt column in The Kirkland Lake Northern News:—

"Suz," said my friend Mahoney, as he rammed some twist down into his pipe, "the ignorance of the younger generation is amazing! A day or so ago I was watching them fiddle up an old building and I sez to a laddyback that was carryin' mortar in a pail, sez I, 'Why don't you use a hod?'" "A hod," sez he, "what's that?"

Toronto Telegram.—The idea is to drive the money-lenders out of the temple without their taking the temple.

# Say! I see by the Porcupine Advance that... etc., etc., etc.



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