

The Porcupine Advance

TIMMINS, ONTARIO

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A STORY WITH SOME MORALS

Shortly after Halloween there comes a story from Sudbury with many touches of Halloween about it. Two little children had occasion the other night to be upstairs in their home, and hearing strange noises in one of the bedrooms had the temerity to open the door and peep inside to see what was going on. What they saw, the despatches say, (for the story obtained the importance of despatches to Toronto newspapers) sent them scurrying in fright to their parents. In fear and excitement they told father and mother of the fearsome being in the bedroom. One could think of nothing about it but its big glaring eyes. The other youngster remembered chiefly the claws of the monster. The claws, the child said, reached to the floor.

The Sudbury parents apparently didn't tell the children that they were silly—that there wasn't anything in the bedroom—that it was all their ridiculous imagination. The father didn't tell the youngsters, with heavy humour, that the claws of any bird, any beast, always reached right down to the floor. Instead, the parents said, "We'll go and see what's there!" They found there was some basis for the stories told by the children—more, indeed, than for many tales told by adults. There was something in the room and it had bright eyes, and claws that reached the floor, when it was on the floor. It was a partridge that had flown through an open window. Anyone who has had a partridge lost in his house will realize that it can make a terrifying amount of noise in its efforts to get back to freedom. No wonder small youngsters were terrified. It is beside the point to note that the partridge was more frightened than the children were. The partridge no doubt would have been very glad if it had been able to run to kind parents in its fright.

Despatches can be depended upon only up to a certain point. It may not be well to give too much credence to the concluding part of the Sudbury despatch, in which it was stated that the father of the house seriously considered keeping the bird until Saturday, Nov. 5th, when the second open partridge season commenced, so that he could shoot the bird for dinner, but that in deference to the strict letter of the law he gave the partridge its freedom. The chances are that his first thought was the allaying of the fears of his children, and his second kindly thought the freeing of the frightened little bird. Humorous thoughts about inviting the bird to return, like a good sport, in lawful season, would come afterwards.

There are a number of morals to this story. Each man and woman and child may pick his or her own favourite moral from the incident. Just one is suggested here. It is to offset the chance that some bow and arrow hunter may claim that if the father had been a partridge hunter, bringing home each year a flock of the birds, the youngsters would have recognized the bird when they saw it first. The particular moral referred to, however, is that a live partridge does not appear similar to a dead one in the eyes of children, and the feathery clumps hanging down listlessly would never have come to the childish mind in connection with a living being that had shining eyes and made much noise. But if the father had been one of those hunters like "Happy" Woods, of Schumacher, hunting with a camera, the youngsters would have jumped up and down with glee and called out, "Oh, one of Daddy's pictures has come down from the wall!"

REMEMBRANCE DAY

Tomorrow is called Remembrance Day. Once it was called Armistice Day. For a time there was a plan to observe it on the same day as Thanksgiving Day, as if the two occasions were of the same nature and effect. The years, however, have shown that Armistice Day holds little cause for thanksgiving. The soldiers themselves were the first to recognize the fact that peace did not come upon Armistice Day twenty years ago—that the event was celebrated too far this side of Christmas and too far this side of Germany.

For many years the returned soldiers refused to call it "Thanksgiving Day." "Armistice Day" was their word. To some extent it is still the name. Some suggested the changing of the name to "Peace Day," but the soldiers demurred. "Peace Day" was a misnomer. The present name of "Remembrance Day" gives a title that has real meaning and purpose. It should be a day of remembrance—remembrance of the men who served, the men who suffered, the men who died, in a cause that they thought glorious—a cause that they made glorious. To the returned soldiers it is a day of remembrance—remembrance of brave friends who went West; of the gallant comrades in days of hardship and nights of danger, of hard times, bad times, sad times, merry times. To others of the Empire it should be a day of true

remembrance—remembrance of the sacrifice men made for them, honour to those who paid the price of liberty with their lives, but above all, remembrance for the disabled and crippled who returned handicapped and suffering from the war, and for the dependents of all those who died for freedom and for the Empire, whether that death came here or overseas. Remembrance for the dead, yes! But still greater remembrance for the living. By remembrance of the living who suffer from the war can the nation show the truest remembrance of the glorious dead.

The token of Remembrance Day is the poppy. Those who remember should wear a poppy on Remembrance Day. What price the token of remembrance? Answer that question by another query:—"What price did the soldier pay?" It might be well to add still another interrogation:—"What price has the soldier's family paid?" Honestly answering these questions, what price would you set on the token of remembrance? At least, the soldiers gave generously. On Remembrance Day, can't the people do less, and still call it Remembrance Day?

On Remembrance Day it is well to remember that every cent paid for the poppy helps ex-soldiers in need. The poppies are made by disabled soldiers who profit by their sale. The Legion buys the poppies from the Vetcraft shops where they are made, paying a fair price for each poppy. Anything received for the poppy about the Vetcraft price goes into the Legion's relief fund, to be used to help ex-soldiers and their dependents when need overtakes them. Thus, is the poppy even in material way a flower of remembrance. Buy a poppy, remembering that the price you pay is but an instalment on the total cost to those who are remembered on Remembrance Day. Wear a poppy on Remembrance Day to show that the price is not forgotten, and to pay yourself the honour of standing among those who remember that loyalty and service and sacrifice are not outlawed debts even in twenty years.

NEED FOR CONSERVATION

The Advance very earnestly urges all its readers to give the most careful attention to the letter appearing in this issue from Mr. Whelan, of Smoky Falls, near Kapuskasing. In heading the letter The Advance did not use the word "eloquent" in any careless or thoughtless way. The letter is truly eloquent. Its sincerity alone would rank it in the class of the eloquent. It is also most interesting, logical and thoughtful, and it deals with a question of vital importance to the North—the subject of the conservation of the wild life of this country.

As Mr. Whelan's letter suggests there are powerful reasons why something should be done towards true conservation. Indeed, there is no doubt but that unless something is done it will be only a few short years before there will be nothing in the way of wild life to be preserved in this country, outside of zoos and museums. There may be some who will be unmoved by what they may term the "sentimental" reasons suggested by Mr. Whelan. To those who love beauty and grace and nature, however, these "sentimental" virtues will make the strongest appeal. Without the birds and the beasts, the charm of the woods would be sadly depleted, indeed. The time, the trouble and the heart that so many people in Timmins have given to attracting birds to nest around their homes, and the genuine joy experienced when success met these efforts, proves that there are many indeed to whom the interesting and the graceful beauties of nature make supreme appeal. These people would conserve wild life for its own sake. To those others who have little thought for the natural blessings and beauties of the world, there are more materialistic reasons for conservation. Materialists delight in talking of the money in the tourist trade. When the North has lost its wild life through greed and selfishness and lack of thought, it will have lost as well its chief attraction for tourists. Mr. Whelan's letter also suggests ways in which wild life is essential for a balance in nature. Other countries have found this a very material reason to curtail the lack of conservation. Indeed, in some measure this argument has had very material force in the North. Whether from the natural, the sentimental, the materialistic or the business standpoint, it does not need much thought to prove that it is shortsighted folly not to conserve the wild life of the North.

Many will agree with Mr. Whelan that some of the artificial efforts at conservation have proved abortive. There will be still more general agreement in his suggestion that true conservation may receive its greatest support from the coming generation. The Advance, however, believes that the Ontario Fish and Game Department has been making a sincere effort to improve conditions. It would be unfair also to overlook the remarkably good work in this particular of the Canadian Forestry Association. What seems to be the great need is an aroused and informed public opinion. The Canadian Forestry Association has done a great deal to create such a public opinion. The right sort of education in the matter for the children would be a wonderful assistance to the same good end. The Advance, however, is not by any means hopeless of the present generation. Despite the proverb, it is surprising how many new tricks well-trained old dogs will learn. With the leadership of the Ontario Department of Fish and Game, surprising progress might be made. If the department once convinced the general public of its sincerity and practical knowledge, such leader-

Confined Abed by Lumbago

In Pain for Weeks

Acting on his principle of "when you know a good thing, tell your friends about it," a man who has had very bad lumbago pains writes as follows:—

"I suffered from lumbago, and for weeks could scarcely move in bed. I had treatment, but it did not ease the pain very much. A friend said, 'Why not take Kruschen Salts?' Take them every morning, and you'll likely get relief from that pain in your back." So I have taken them every morning for some time and I am in fit condition for my work again—thanks to Kruschen.—C.B.

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Eloquent Plea for Conservation

(Continued from Page One)

follow one around a garden some summer night with a flashlight and count the number of cutworms eaten or see how many mice under a barn will be left alive to breed in spring. I wonder how many of your readers have asked themselves the question:—What happened to last year's millions of meadow mice? What steps did nature take this year to control the outbreak of Army worms? Those of us who through observation can see a little of nature's way of trying to control her children's numbers lest they destroy themselves—possibly us too—must wonder at her infinite patience with man who with

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87-88

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ship would be gladly accepted. The Advance believes that in this bow and arrow craze, the department has the chance to win the public confidence. By absolutely refusing to countenance this cruel thing—with all its implied unnecessary suffering for the animals hunted, the department would win general favour. Permitting this vicious cruelty and then seeking excuses for it will have the opposite effect and will set back the cause of conservation many years. The resurrection of the methods of the dark ages—discarded years ago by the Indians of Canada as soon as more certain and humane means were at hand—gives the department a chance to show knowledge and sincerity and its humanity and win public approval at the cost of no more than the disappointment of a few foolish folk from another land where wild life has been driven out by fads and folly.

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

This week Russia celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution, but there were not many of the old guard left to celebrate. However, a million soldiers paraded before Czar Stalin, and Herr Hitler's face was red because of some of the speeches made in Moscow. One general said that Russia was ringed round with enemies but that her soldiers could play ring-a-round rose with the whole caboodle of them, or words to that effect. Colonel Charles Lindbergh was referred to by another Russian general as a "spy" and a "rat," or the Russian equivalent, which sounds even worse. There was also the prophecy that in 1941 Russia would trim Germany. Altogether, a good time was had by all.

Sally Rand, the bubble dancer, has been fined \$25 and costs for assaulting a candid cameraman. It is to be hoped that Sally does not have to pawn any of her clothes to raise the money for the fine and costs.

gun, trap and axe—ignorance, sheer ruthlessness and slander—are continually working against her.

Men such as Professor Dymond and other conservationists see the handwriting on the wall and realize that if we do not mend our ways within a very short time the word "Extinct" will be opposite the names of many of our trees, plants, birds and animals, in our dictionaries.


What would our sunset be without trees to frame it? What would a lake be without its loons? What would life be to the lonely woodsman without a Whiskey Jack? What would a patch of lily pads be without a moose raising your canoe suddenly comes around a his dripping muzzle to look at you as corner? What would the creek be without the headlong plunge of the kingfish and his harsh crackling note?

What would breakfast in the woods be without half a dozen Great Blue Herons slowly flopping overhead?

What meaning would there be in spring were it not for long "V" formations of geese flying north—for the anemone—the "cheer up" of the robin, the singing of frogs in the distant swamps—the "Oh Canada Canada" of the white-throated sparrow—the little busybody of a house wren that discovers the house you placed on a tree for her coming, and whose song fills you with a fear lest she burst her heart out with the intensity of the joy she pours out?

If we are to have these things always, though, must we not sit down and take stock of our attitude towards them—frankly figure out whether we are heading—revise our literature, discard all the false testimony that we have accepted as the truth—learn to see in all living things of the woods whether they be gentle deer or carnivore, something that is doing what nature placed it there to do, doing it so that every form of life in the woods may live on and on, not only for our enjoyment, but that of our children and their children!

Mr. Editor you and I know that it is difficult "to teach an old dog new tricks" that all the preaching it is possible for us to do will not change the attitude of those who think that the primary reason for the existence of wild life is for man to destroy it—for those who feel that because they own a gun and a box of shells must test their prowess on some harmless little bit of fur or feather. They will soon pass on, so let us turn our attention to more fertile ground. What about our children? Is that not the logical place to start if we are to save what remains of our woods and its wild life?



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A great deal of the good done by other departments of our government is neutralized unless we have the co-operation of our Education Department. I would like to know just what is being done in Normal schools to equip our teachers to pass on to their pupils not only reasons for conservation, but a genuine interest in nature and its preservation. Frankly, I cannot see that our present nature study class in public school approaches this problem in the proper way. I do know that children can, without any trouble at all, become nature's best friend. It has been my good fortune to have been allowed to work with our boys in this community and I know that each individual from six years of age up looks on himself as the protector of birds' nests in the townsite. With the full co-operation of our Department of Education, our teachers and others who come in contact with our children, and our newspapers, the sad story of the Passenger Pigeon would not be duplicated, despite gun-toting parents. I thought just now I heard a cheer from the woods. There was a lot of gun fire on the river just before dark; perhaps a wounded duck lying in the bush said something about hoping some kids do not grow up like their dads.

The stand you have taken in connection with the article by the "certain or uncertain" Toronto newspaper, plus your printing of statements by such well-known authorities as Professor Dymond, goes a long way to undo the damage done by the above mentioned Toronto paper. I am sure there are many who feel that you are doing a real kind deed in printing these items. Please keep up the good work. Very best wishes to you.

Sincerely,
Reginald V. Whelan.

Sudbury to Have Two New Theatres in Near Future

Word from Sudbury is to the effect that two new theatres are to be built soon in Sudbury. The Famous Players Corporation are considering several sites at the present time and expect to make an early decision. Robert Stevens, owner of the Regent theatre, Sudbury, intends to start construction in the spring of a new theatre to replace the present structure.

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Some people have been wondering whether the recent fine weather was Indian summer or not. There was no such question about what the weather was this week.

There will be general regret that a 17-year-old Polish Jew made an attempt on the life of the German Embassy Secretary at Paris, declaring that he had come to avenge his countrymen who had been expelled from Germany. British feeling does not favour attempts at assassination. However, if the attempt had been made on Herr Hitler himself the general feeling would have been inclined to sympathy for the young man.

It looks as if Herr Hitler is buying himself a lot of nice Christmas presents this year. Apparently he has a charge account in the name of the League of Nations, or something.

There used to be a story told about a hunter in the North woods who shot the member of another party in the woods, the bullet hitting the other hunter in the arm. The hunter who shot hurried across to the hunter who was shot and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, I thought you were a moose." "You silly mug," replied the injured hunter, "you shouldn't be in the woods if you can't do better shooting than that." If any such poor shooting occurs in the North this year, the moose should be chased until caught and apologies made to this effect:—"I beg your pardon, Mr. Moose, I thought you were a bow and arrow hunter."

Premier Chamberlain is said to be working on a plan for an international pooling of colonies as a further step in his "appeasement" policy. Just what Premier Chamberlain means is kept a secret at present. It is no use asking the premier, so the only way to find out is to ask Fuehrer Hitler what he wants.



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GIRL GUIDES IN TIMMINS



The 106th I.O.D.E. Company held their usual weekly meeting last Monday. The Pimpernel Patrol lowered the flag. The Guides sang "God Save the King" while in horseshoe formation. The weekly newspaper was read during camp fire.

Later Armistice Day parade was discussed. All Guides, dressed warmly and in uniform were possible, are asked to assemble at the Central school grounds at 10 o'clock Friday morning.

The meeting closed with drill and then "Taps" was sung.

Buys Circus to Give The Youngsters Happy Times

(Huntingdon Gleaner)
When Lewis L. Meitus, Chicago lumberman, learned a circus stranded at Sheboygan, Wis., was offering its animals for sale at a bargain, he went up to buy a trick pony for his son. The animals were offered at such a bargain that Meitus ended up with buying the whole circus for \$12,000. He has moved the menagerie of two elephants, three lions, nine monkeys, one hyena, a tiger, leopard, baboon, two deer, seven horses, several performing ponies and four dogs to his lumber yard where he will build winter quarters for them. Next spring he plans to put up regular circus tents on vacant ground somewhere in Chicago, where he will have free circus performances for underprivileged children all summer long, which is a practical form of philanthropy, we'd say.



"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 soon'er." Liberal terms may be arranged.

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