

The Porcupine Advance

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HITLER'S COFFEE

Despatches recently referred to the fact that more than two tons of coffee addressed to "His Excellency Herr Hitler, President of the Republic of Great Germany" had been ordered seized by the British Contraband Committee. The coffee was consigned to Hamburg from the British protectorate of Aden, in Southwest Arabia. Packed in twenty big bags the consignment left Aden on August 12th, the despatches note.

On account of the other features of the war, perhaps, this report by the British Contraband Committee does not appear to have received the attention it deserves. Most people have been inclined to dismiss the matter with some remark like:—"Well, Hitler will have to go without his coffee, anyway!" There is much more to the matter than that, however. The address itself is worth a note or two. "His Excellency!" Wonder if he remembers the days when he was hanging paper! Wonder if he thinks on the day when he will hang himself! Then the expression, "Great Germany," calls for some comment. If there is anything smaller than the present-day Germany, it is only the Germany that is to be. Probably, some people will be most concerned with the address as a whole, and wonder if Hitler has everything addressed to him personally. Two tons of coffee is a considerable amount of coffee and it is a fair question to ask with whom "His Excellency" intended to share the coffee after he had his. Reports are to the effect that the people of Germany had practically no coffee before the war. Apparently they will have less now. It would seem that Hitler did not intend to share the coffee shortage with his subjects—not by two tons. It is difficult to work up much sympathy over the fact that Hitler must go without his coffee—at least two tons of it. In a democratic country he would have to explain to the people why he could have two tons of coffee on order when the people had none. No doubt he has the same sort of answer that a Queen of France is reported to have given on the food shortage question. When she was told that the people had no bread she is supposed to have replied:—"Well, let them eat cake!" Perhaps, Hitler's idea is that if the people have no coffee, they should be satisfied with their beer.

To some the Hitler loss of His Excellency's coffee—two tons of it—will remind them of the advertising of a certain brand of coffee substitute. The advertisements picture coffee as having little devils that inspire the users of coffee to all sorts of ill-nature and nervousness bordering on mania. Coffee drinkers are portrayed as irritable, nervous wrecks, offending acquaintances, loved ones, and even opposing the boss. Of course, Hitler has no loved ones, no boss—only Hitler. But, maybe, his habit of drinking coffee—by the ton, by the two ton—is what is the matter with him. Certainly he has been acting like someone too full of caffeine or chicory, or something. Maybe with his coffee withdrawn, he may be a different man. It would be a wonderful advertisement for Postum, if His Excellency—having been forced by the British Contraband Board to take the gold cure for coffee—should develop into a human being, instead of a neurotic menace to the world at large. There is a possibility—a long chance, of course,—that the British confiscation of the two tons of coffee may do as much to help win the war as the leaflets dropped by planes on the German people.

WORTH REMEMBERING

There are people who pretend to believe that the German people are a very fine lot—really lovable and salubrious, as it were. The trouble, it is argued, is that everything wrong is due to Hitler and a few of his gangsters who have control of the whole German nation. It will be difficult to convince the Polish people, the people of Czechoslovakia, or the victims of the Athenia of the particular loveliness of the German character. If the world at large swallows the theory that the Germans are all right and it is only their leaders that are all wrong, the world will be blameworthy, for the world already has had its lesson. At the time of the last war, everything was blamed on the Kaiser and his gang. The very least that can be said against the German people is that they are not a very nice nation or they wouldn't be always picking leaders of such depravity and brutality.

When the war is won—as it will be won—there will arise the old gang preaching the theory that it was all the fault of that old meany, Hitler, and that the German people were all against him. What could ninety million people do against a half a dozen men like Hitler, Goering and Goebbels? When the day comes for the circulation of that sort of story, it would be well to remember the opinion of a noted United States journalist, given in *The New York Times* a few days ago.

The journalist is Albert Whitney Fox who has travelled widely and so has what is termed background, while a long and intimate connection with the German people gives him knowledge. Mr. Fox is the only United States citizen to interview Herr Hitler in the past year. Since the United States ambassador left Germany nearly a year ago, the Fuehrer has looked coldly upon United States journals. Mr. Fox, however, was sufficiently popular in Berlin circles and sufficiently well acquainted with German ways and German character that he was able to secure a 45-minute interview with Herr Hitler. Does Mr. Fox believe that Herr Hitler is going against the wishes of the dear German people? Does Mr. Fox think that the lovable Germans are utterly opposed to the policies and actions of their dictator? He does not! This is his careful and considered opinion, as given in a personal letter to *The New York Times*:—"The German people are behind Hitler with a fanatical devotion which defies understanding, except in the German mind." That is something worth remembering.

Mr. Fox also wished to interview Stalin. He made very wide enquiries as to how best to secure such an interview. After considerable enquiry, he was informed by those in a position to know that the best way to get in touch with Stalin was "through Berlin." That also is worth remembering.

THE WAR AND OTHER THINGS

In Poland it would appear that no one thinks of anything but the war—has no business but the war—devotes every energy of every minute of the day and night to battling the enemy and facing death with courage. Warsaw with its beautiful buildings wrecked, the greater part of the city in flames, with churches, hospitals, palaces and humble homes the prey to incendiary bombs dropped by Nazi planes, with literally thousands of dead to be buried, and hundred of wounded to be cared for—Warsaw fights on. There is the story of the defenders of Warsaw fighting back the invaders in hand-to-hand battle, with flaming torches used to explode Nazi tanks. There is the epic of the defence of Hel, near Danzig, where Polish troops continue to repel all German attacks,—in spite of attacks from land and sea and air, holding all positions, and reporting enough food and ammunition to continue to hold out for some time. The glorious example of the Polish people should be an inspiration to all others in the war and out of it—a glowing page in history to tempt the world to high ideals and noble deeds that liberty may not perish from the earth.

The people of Poland gallantly giving their all certainly shame those who are peevish over a few irksome restrictions or discomforts. Those who love freedom and the right should be inspired by Poland's glorious example to do their full duty. It is true that so far no other nation of the Allies has been called upon for such sacrifices as are so gallantly offered in Poland. The courage that is demanded in Britain, France, Canada, is the courage of being cheerful, facing the facts with high faith, and never for a moment losing belief in the cause or its final triumph. Canada has the less glorious task of acting as supply house for the Allies. To do the fullest duty in this line, it is essential that business be carried on "a little better than usual." It is necessary that work be speeded up, that a measure of prosperity should be regained so that money and supplies may be available for overseas. Whether other nations could match the peculiar courage of the Polish need not be argued. It is a lesser courage—but still a courage that demands much—that is required of Canada to-day—the courage of carrying on, of building strength, of keeping firm faith. Poland cannot escape the war for a moment—it is, in desperate truth, life and death for them. Canada has some measure of escape, and so may gather strength and vigor by not overdoing anxiety about the war. The normal life is possible here and through following that path for the immediate present Canada may build up force and reserves to help in the final triumph that will give Poland new life and power. There is nothing to be gained and much to be lost by worry and gloom. Strength lies in making business and life in general "better than usual." "It would be better if Canada forgot about the war, and centred on the business of doing its part so that the war may be the sooner won," is the way one man phrased it. There isn't much help in simply being gloomy and depressed over the meagre story that reaches here in regard to the progress of the conflict. "Business better than usual" seems to be the solution for the present. Over emphasis of the battle fronts is of little genuine service for the moment. The *Globe* and *Mail* one day this week illustrated the particular point in mind, when it made place among all the war news and views to tell the simple story of the death of a horse that had reached the remarkable age of 40 years. The horse had been in the employ of a Guelph grocer for 25 years. The animal died in harness after loyal service for a quarter of a century. Among all the epics of war, it was fitting to mention an epic of service and duty.

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

Col. Lindbergh the other day gave a radio address in which he advised the United States to keep out of any war, no matter what its cause or

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

The power company's men under the direction of Mr. Little, engineer of the Northern Electric Co., were busy ten years ago rushing to completion the installation of the equipment at the Goldfields theatre, Timmins, for this town's first "talkie" motion picture showing. They expected to be ready for the testing of the equipment by Saturday, September 28th, 1929, and the following week was to be spent on testing and preliminary work to assure everything working smoothly for the opening night for Timmins first "talkies."

In the Advance ten years ago: "Many good citizens have grieved on account of undesirable conditions at the Protestant cemetery at Timmins. Appeals have been made to the town authorities and others, but little improvement has resulted. There has been difficulty apparently in securing deeds for the property and until the negotiations are completed the town apparently does not feel it wise to take any official action or expend money to improve the grounds. There is a general feeling, however, that something should be done to put the Protestant cemetery into better condition. The Catholic cemetery has been much improved and is now in satisfactory condition. Some of the citizens of the town who have loved ones buried in the Protestant cemetery are so impressed with the necessity for cleaning up the grounds and improving conditions in respect for the dead that a plan has been formed to make some of the required improvements by voluntary effort. Accordingly, it is planned to have as many as possible on Wednesday afternoon next, Oct. 2nd, at 5 p.m. or as soon after as possible. The plan is to clean up the grounds and make the cemetery more presentable. All able to give any help in this way are urgently requested to be at the cemetery on Wednesday afternoon."

The Liberals of Timmins held their annual meeting in the Oddfellows' hall ten years ago with a large and enthusiastic gathering of members of the party present. The usual business of the annual meeting was dealt with, and the following were elected as the officers of the association:—President, Dayton Ostrosser; Vice-President, Frank Valois; Secretary, Toner A. MacDonald; Treasurer, C. Fournier.

The death took place on Saturday, Sept. 14th, 1929, of Mr. J. D. Vaillancourt, at St. Mary's hospital, death being due to pneumonia which developed after an operation for appendicitis. At the time of death the late Mr. Vaillancourt was 52 years old. He had lived in Timmins for about 19 years and had wide circles of friends here. He left to mourn his loss a widow and seven children, three sons and four daughters. His mother Mrs. Vaillancourt, of Montreal, as well as one brother and two sisters in the same city, also survived.

Ten years ago Mr. G. A. Reid left for Toronto being transferred to that district by the London Life Co. For the previous two or three years Mr. Reid was superintendent of the Industrial branch of the London Life Insurance Co. for this district. "During his stay in town he made many friends here who will regret his transfer though wishing him all success in his new location," said *The Advance* in reporting the move. "Mr. Reid was president of the Caledonian Society of Timmins and as a soloist was in much demand here as well as giving fine service in musical, church and other circles in town."

The Community Chautauquas at Timmins ten years ago were generally considered as the best Chautauqua programmes ever given in the North, and that was high praise. The increased attendance at each succeeding session showed the popularity won by the merit of the Chautauquas. The events were held in St. Anthony's parish hall, and the evening sessions were particularly well attended. The returns from the tickets are not all in yet so it is not known what was netted from the occasion. The ladies in charge made arrangements in excellent way to win special appeal from Miss Bradley, the superintendent of the Community Chautauquas, but a number of conditions prevented the success desired by the event itself and the good organization. "However, there will be a balance to the good, this going to the District Children's Aid Society through the kindness of the Kiwanees," said

ideals. Then a day or so afterwards Mrs. Lindbergh announces the title of the new book she has written:—"Listen, the Wind!"

There is the authority of *The Globe* and *Mail* for the statement that there was as notable a rush to recruit in Montreal as there was in Toronto.

In the rush of other matters everyone seems to have overlooked one of the peculiarities of the present war. It is the first war in twenty years where war has formally been declared. In all the other wars, fighting was just started without any formalities.

One provision of the censorship regulations will reduce subversive activities if fully enforced. This is the clause classing as prohibited matter "any leaflet or pamphlet relating to the war or to the making of peace which has not printed

thereon the true name and address of the author and the printer thereof."

Any election in the province of Quebec is a stirring one. Whether a wartime election in that province will be any livelier than usual remains to be seen.

During the last war whenever there was bad news, a local character always stepped forward with the remark:—"Never mind! Just wait till we hear from the bleeding navy!"

Some people are gluttons for worrying. There are actually folks who are anxiously wondering what the present war will be called. What hasn't it been called already?

Motto for Canada for this wartime:—"Business better than usual." You can't help others if you don't help yourself.

former resident of Timmins, but now living at Calgary, Alberta, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. Allen. "Rev. A. A. Barnes, pastor of the Cobalt Baptist Church for the past four years, has accepted a call to the Forest Baptist church and will leave Cobalt the end of this month for his new charge."

"Mr. and Mrs. Ralph K. Savary and Charles N. Crouse motored from Boston last week to visit their aunt, Mrs. Ernest Stevens, 31 James avenue."

"Mr. and Mrs. W. F. B. Cadman, of New Liskeard, were visitors to Timmins last week." "Mr. Harry Child, of Matheson, was a Timmins visitor last week on business." "Miss Etta Brown returned from a three weeks' vacation last Saturday, visiting friends and relatives in Toronto, Hamilton, and Niagara Falls."

The annual meeting of the Cornish Social Club was held in the Hollinger Recreation hall ten years ago. In addition to receiving reports for the past season, the chief business was the election of officers for the season 1929-1930. The following were the officers elected:—Honorary presidents: Messrs P. Varcoe, Alfred Snow and A. Odgers; president, Mr. J. G. Harris; vice-president, Mr. Walter Avery; secretary-treasurer, Mr. W. Wills; executive, Mrs. Crews, Mrs. Stan Johns, Mrs. J. G. Harris, Mrs. W. Wills, Mrs. R. Redstone, Mrs. W. Stevens, Mrs. W. Bright, Mr. T. Solman, Mrs. C. Gilbert and Mr. R. Colwell.

Marriage at St Matthew's Church Monday Evening

A quiet marriage took place at the St. Matthew's Anglican Church on Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock, when Lenora Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Goldberg, of Pembroke, became the bride of Mr. Norman Leonard Hoffman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoffman, of Timmins. The Rev. Canon R. S. Cushing performed the marriage ceremony.

The bride was given in marriage by Mr. Herbert Carson, of Porcupine, and was becomingly attired for the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman will reside in Timmins.

Man Wanted on Serious Charge Proves Elusive

Adelard Dontigny, Martineau Bay resident, 25 miles south of Halleybury, wanted by police on a shooting charge, is proving himself to be an elusive fugitive.

Several times in recent days he has shown himself only to again suddenly



"My stenographer"

"... seemed to be suffering from headaches half the time. Nothing she did brought relief. One day I noticed her frowning while reading an office form so I concluded it was her eyes that were causing the trouble. When she visited Mr. Curtis he confirmed my belief. Her new glasses have brought complete relief."

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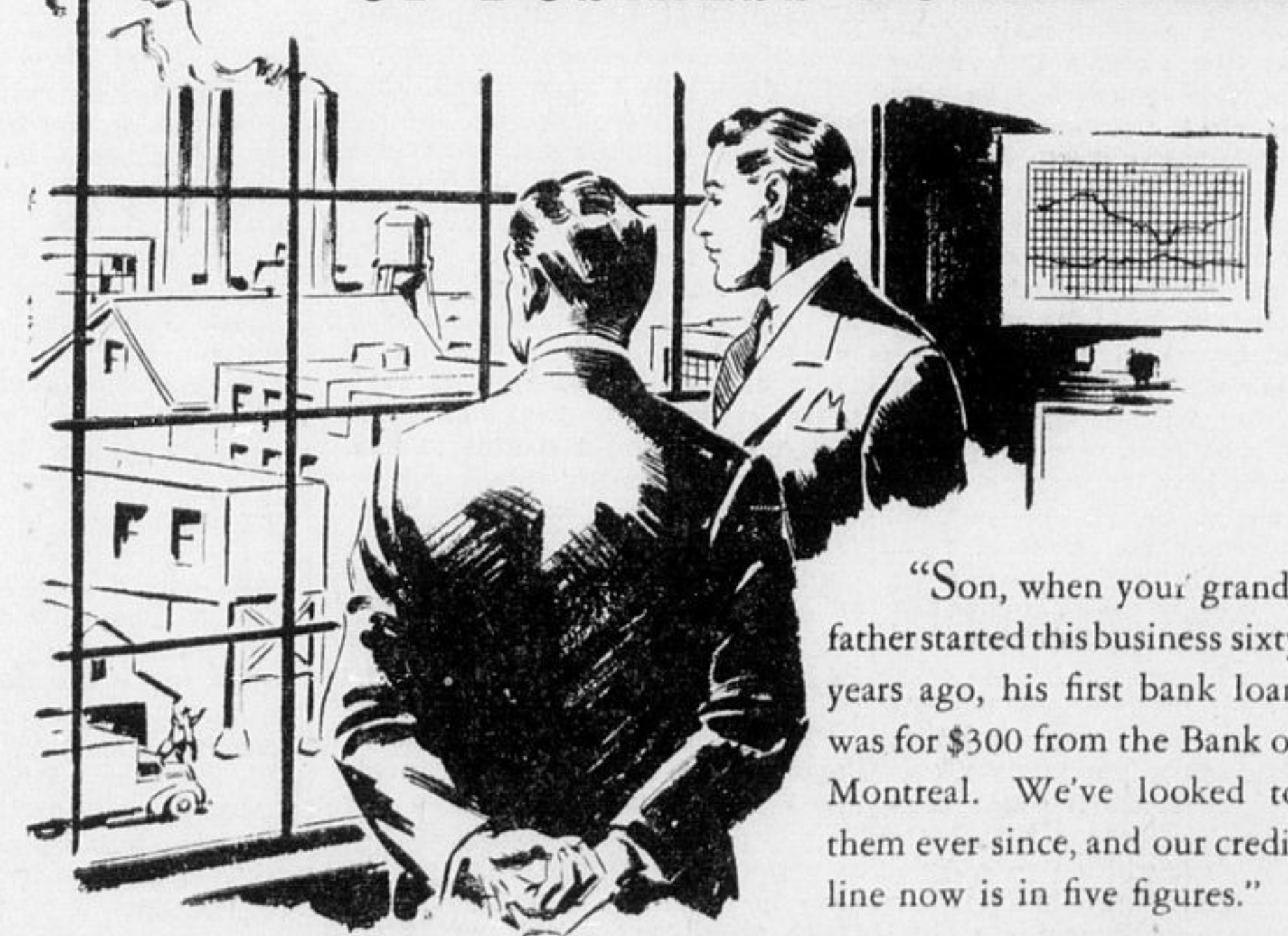
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disappear from sight before police could catch up with him. His latest appearance occurred during the week-end, when he disregarded an order from an armed guard at the Matibitchewan plant of the Canada Northern Power Company and again disappeared after leaving behind his gun and knapsack.

Provincial police from Halleybury were summoned but a search of the immediate locality revealed no trace of the hunted man. Dontigny was prowling about the plant when he suddenly came face to face with the guard. Disregarding an order to halt, Dontigny dropped his shotgun and a small knapsack he was carrying fled to the nearby bush. The power plant is close to Martineau Bay where Dontigny has been hiding out since he allegedly shot 12-year-old Katherine Blush in the arm on September 7.

Three Generations OF BUSINESS BORROWERS



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Timmins Branch: T. W. TOD, Manager

"A BANK WHERE SMALL ACCOUNTS ARE WELCOME"

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Thirty Written to Story of Colourful Journalist

Floyd Gibbons, war correspondent, motion picture and radio star, died at his home at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, from a heart attack. He was 52 years of age. His life had been a strenuous one. He started on newspaper work in 1907 and rode with Pancho Villa as war correspondent in Mexico. In the Great War he resumed Major Ben Berry at Belleau Wood, being badly wounded and losing an eye as a result. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre and made a chevalier in the French Legion of Honour. He was the first newspaperman to secure an interview with Stalin, the present czar of Russia. He had many other "scoops" to his credit, and was war correspondent in practically every unpleasantness in recent years. He wrote several books and many magazine articles in addition to his newspaper work.

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