

The Porcupine Advance

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone 26

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(minimum 25c)

1½c A WORD PER INSERTION
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(Minimum 35c)

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POSITION WANTED

COMPETENT BOOKKEEPER REQUIRES POSITION—Through Merchantile, Legal and Insurance experience. Capable taking care complete set of books. Box G. C., Porcupine Advance. 23-24-25-26

FOR RENT

TO LET—Office to rent in the Gordon Block. Apply L. Halperin, Jeweler, 7 Pine Street North, Timmins. 25-26

FOR RENT—A very modern store in Cartier Theatre building, rent reasonable. Apply to Manager. 25-26

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Coal and wood stove, in good condition, cheap. Apply 71 Kimberly Ave. 25-26

IN MEMORIAM

SPITZ—in loving memory of Cristina Cecilia, who passed away March 26, 1939.

—Remembered always by Jack, Dorothy and Family. 25-26

SIMI'S TRANSFER
COAL and WOOD
MOVING and CARTAGE
PHONE 565

BURN Rosedale ALBERTA COAL
MORE HEAT - LESS ASH

YOU NEED OUR
COAL

You'll appreciate the quality and the fine service we offer.

Phone 129

M. C. SULLIVAN

LOCALS

Mr. Greg. Evans has returned after spending a few days in Toronto.

Mrs. Bill Rennick will leave on Friday to spend a week in Toronto.

Mrs. W. Gard, North Bay, was a visitor to Timmins this week, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. Rice.

Fripp McGonegal is visiting relatives and friends at North Bay this week.

Miss Eileen Sullivan was a recent visitor to North Bay, being the guest of her sister, Mrs. B. Barker.

Mr. and Mrs. Art Adams, of Kirkland Lake, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woon, Timmins.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Thompson, of Sault Ste. Marie were recent visitors to Timmins and Kirkland Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cloutier and son, Donald, returned last week after a holiday visit to Ottawa and Quebec.

Mrs. Fred Allen, who has been ill in St. Mary's hospital is expected to be able to return to her home this week.

Bert Guild and party left by motor on Monday morning for Hamilton where they intend to take up residence.

Born—to Mr and Mrs. Clarence Mason tree Adeline Sinclair, on Tuesday, March 25th at Porcupine General hospital—twin sons.

Private Chas. Mason, of Camp Borden, is spending a six-day leave at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Mason, 169 Birch street north.

FINANCIAL

Personal Loans

For Any Useful Purpose Including Payment of Taxes, Seasonal Needs ONE YEAR TO REPAY APPLY TO NEAREST BRANCH OF

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

MONTHLY DEPOSITS PROVIDED FOR REPAYMENT

If You Borrow	You Receive	12 Monthly Deposits of
\$ 60	\$ 55.87	\$ 5
\$ 96	\$ 83.71	\$ 8
\$ 144	\$ 134.80	\$12
\$ 192	\$ 179.92	\$16
\$ 300	\$ 280.95	\$25
\$ 492	\$ 460.67	\$41
\$1,068	\$1,000.86	\$89

Other Amounts at Proportionately Low Rates YOUR ESTATE IS PROTECTED BY LIFE INSURANCE WHICH THE BANK ARRANGES

Mr. Abbie Ellies and Mrs. N. Ellies returned this week after spending a few days visiting friends and relatives in Toronto.

Her many friends will be glad to know that Mrs. W. H. Phillips who has been ill, is reported as being in much better health, and well on the way to complete recovery.

Mr. Walter "Buck" Jackiniski will go to-morrow, Friday, to take up residence in Hamilton. Mr. Jackiniski has been the popular leader of the band which plays at the McIntyre on Friday evenings, and is well-known in this district.

His many friends will be glad to know that Mr. Geo. Ross, 58 Balsam street north, who is at present employed at Niagara Falls, and was taken ill there, is progressing very favourably at the hospital there, and will be able to return to his residence soon.

Mrs. C. R. Murdoch, of Kapuskasing, formerly a popular resident of Timmins, where Mr. Murdoch was town engineer for a number of years, is the guest of Mrs. S. L. Honey. Mr. Murdoch has been town engineer and town manager at Kapuskasing, since leaving Timmins some fourteen years ago.

The engagement has been announced by Mr. and Mrs. Henry George Ginn of their daughter Mary, to Mr. David Malcolm Rankin, of Timmins, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Ireland Rankin, of Westmount. The marriage will take place on April 14, in St. Peter's Anglican Church, Kirkland Lake.

No! Not Germany

In a letter to The Advance from J. M. Woods ("Happy", to most folks up here) now of Haileybury, but one of the pioneers of the Porcupine area, there is not only a copy of a poem particularly interesting at this time, but the copy of the poem is in itself a rather remarkable feat of memory. Before he enlisted in the 238th Battalion C.E.F. Mr. Woods says he worked at a mine in Langmuir township. In the bunkhouse one day he picked up an old magazine and was impressed with one poem in it, because the poetry suggested that the world owed so little to Germany for discoveries and inventions and so much to Britain and the United States. Mr. Woods did no cut out the poem, nor did he keep the magazine. He did not even memorize the poem, but simply was interested and impressed. The other day he recalled this particular poem and sat down to see how completely he could transcribe it from memory after 26 years. Here is the result:

Not Germany
Who first put steam to ships and car,
And conquered space on land and sea?
Who cabled thought through oceans
far?
NOT Germany.

Who first like eagle rode the air—
Columbus of that yester sea?
Who first to earth's twin poles did fare?
NOT Germany.

Who set the loom where women spun
A million fold machinery?
And what proud land bors Edison?
NOT Germany.

Who laid on pain deep sleep and dark
To still life's utmost agony?
Who flashed world-wide the wireless spark?
NOT Germany.

But higher yet what land displays
Darwin's supreme discovery?
The Curies? Lyall? Faraday?
NOT Germany.

Who finished for the world to see
The bicycle, the automobile?
What land to-day is freedom's own?
NOT Germany.

Go, Tenton Coaster humbly scan
What gifts thy peers have heaped on thee?
World triumphs were achieved by man,
NOT Germany.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
Math. Pro.: Now, if I subtract 23 from 37 what's the difference?

Little Willie: Yeah! That's what I say. Who cares?—Annapolis Log.

North Bay Nugget—Before marriage, a man yearns for a woman. After marriage the "Y" remains silent.

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Scots Shepherds Share the Thrills of the Present War

(By Sirdar Iqbal Ali Shah)
(the well-known Muslim author)

Against the harsh background of the Scottish mountain side, the herds stand out—slowly moving shapes upon a field of grey. From the Border Hills to the uplands of Inverness stretch many a league of sheep country, for Scotland was a wool-bearing region long before the tapestries of Arras and the Low Countries were woven from Scottish fleeces.

The rule of Mars has so contrived things that in these strenuous months of war only old men and young lads can "mind" the folds and keep watch over the sheep-thaths.

That, indeed, has always been the manner of it since the beginning. The story of Scotland is full of illustrious names of men who began life as herd laddies, commencing with St. Cuthbert and not ending with James Hogg—saints, poets, creative spirits in literature, mystics, scientists.

In these wild days, the job, always a lonely one, is rendered even more so by the dislocation of traffic, by lack of winter fodder, and the recent inclemency of the weather, which can be ferocious at times in the Scottish hills.

The snow-banks and wreaths the shepherd must search for the newly dropped lambs now appearing in ones, twos and even threes—for triplets are by no means uncommon—and he must carry them sometimes across a mile or more of heavy, unfriendly snow to shelter, where they can be fed from the nozzle milk-bottle.

It is a task for a gentle spirit, and most shepherds are in fact gentle men. But on occasion they can reveal the old warrior sentiment of the Scot.

As the flocks are being thinned out by those who keep watch and tally over the nation's food-supply, this means many a weary moorland tramp for the shepherd in the short hours beween dawn and dusk.

The work of selection is difficult and the choice of beasts for slaughter often entails long consultations in a biting wind. In order that the flocks of the future may not be sacrificed to immediate needs, the most fertile ewes of good type must be preserved, nor may the local tweed industry be threatened with extinction by the entire loss of that native wool from which its choice webs are woven.

I heard the story of a shepherd in Berwickshire who watched a dog-fight between a Heinkel bomber and a British Spitfire.

A half of dropping tracer-bullets fell about his ears and drove him at last to seek the shelter of a drystone dyke which parcelled two adjoining stretches of sheep-walk.

Again and again, he told me in his own broad "Doric", the Spitfire attacked the Nazi bomber, discharging its lethal bursts of machine-gun fire, until at last the Heinkel whirled wildly like a wounded fulmar and then ploughed swiftly downwards to where a level race of heath-clad moorland lay between shaw and brae-side.

From the bowels of the stricken bomber emerged a trio of crop-headed Teutons, looking as sheepish as Jeemis own ewes, one holding an arm which dripped scarlet.

As the youngster approached them they gave the Nazi salute, and enquired in passable English as to where they were.

"And, maister," laughed the herd lad, "wud ye believe it, they didn't jaloone whit I said. They askit me what tongue I wis speaking, and when I tellt them it was the Lallan Scots they juist gied their croppit heads a shake."

But if the Nazis could not understand Jeemis, Jeemis could comprehend them after a fashion.

He guided them across a mile and "bittock" of moorland to a spot on the highway where stood a roadman's cottage where the guidwife regaled them with tea and bannocks—for even the sharpest racial enmity were.

Then there was the brace of escaped Jeemis helped to track down. They were so weak with cold and hunger that he had his mate of the next sheep-walk "drave" them to the nearest police station as though they had been a couple of their own half-grown lambs.

So the Scottish herdsman must watch the sky as well as the land, must keep a keen look-out for Nazi wings as well as for fleeces and snow-bound ewes and "gimmers."

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