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TIMMINS, ONTARIO

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THE WORDS OF THE KING

Several months ago His Majesty the King in an address to his people uttered words worthy to be the motto and inspiration of all British people so long as the war shall last—and after. In every issue of The Advance since the King spoke them, these words have been repeated:—

"Put into your task whatever it may be, all the courage and purpose of which you are capable. Keep your hearts proud and your resolve unshakable. Let us go forward to that task as one man, a smile on our lips, and our heads held high, and with God's help we shall not fail."

These words are for those on the home front, as well as for those who serve in the fighting forces. The task for the immediate moment is the raising in Canada of \$5,500,000 to finance the auxiliary war services giving aid and comfort to the man on service at home and abroad. Into the task of making the campaign a success should go all the courage and purpose of which the people at home are capable. If the words of the King are heeded, the complete success of the campaign is assured.

The Salvation Army, the Canadian Legion, the Knights of Columbus, the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A. and the I.O.O.F. are daily, hourly, serving the men of the army, the navy, the air force, no matter where they may be. How well they are serving is effectively shown in thousands of letters from the various branches of the fighting services at home, in Iceland, at Gibraltar, in the Eastern zone of war, and in gallant old Britain. These six organizations have won the right to the name of the auxiliary war services. That is just what they are—"auxiliary war services." It is the duty, the privilege, the desire of Canada to support every branch and part of the fighting forces. This, of course, includes the auxiliary war services. Supporting auxiliary war services is in reality supporting the fighting men. Often, the expression is heard:—"Nothing is too much, or too good, for those giving their time and strength and risking health and life itself for the cause of liberty and the Empire." This is an inescapable fact. To do the most and the best for the men of the war services, it is essential that the auxiliary services should have the most complete aid and co-operation. The people of Timmins, Schumacher, South Porcupine, the Dome, and indeed, the people of the whole North, desire that the Canadian War Services campaign should be a success. All that is needed to make it so is the full realization of the personal responsibility of each and every man, woman and child. The response to the appeal in the few days since it was launched has been excellent. There seems to be a general determination to give to this task all the courage and purpose there is, and with cheerful hearts and determined minds to press on for this minor victory that will help to bring along the greater victory—the victory of freedom over slavery and of democracy over dictatorship."

NEWSPAPERS WITH ODOURS

There were several people who were going around on Monday evening and Tuesday morning enquiring of all and sundry:—"Did you smell The Globe and Mail to-day?" Every once in a while they would take the odd sniff themselves, though they are not the kind of folks usually sniffing at The Globe and Mail. Rather they are the type that have held the belief that The Globe and Mail is not to be sniffed at.

Had it been another newspaper that these good people mentioned, the answer would have been a prompt:—"Yes! That paper has been smelling to high heaven for years!" But the odour on The Globe and Mail was not that kind of a smell. It was a sweet fragrance that delighted the nostrils. The odour came from a departmental store advertisement of a flower display. There, on a page of The Globe and Mail, were the flowers in all their beauty. Life-like they were, and to cap it all, as the pageful of charm hit the eye, the soft scent of roses struck the nose. This effect was achieved through the use of perfume in the printer's ink.

Readers of The Advance may recall that some two or three years ago there was an editorial reference in these columns to the plan adopted by a New York newspaper and a New York advertiser to associate the fragrance of a widely-known product with the newspaper advertising of that product, this alliance being accomplished by the introduction of the appropriate perfume into the printing ink. Again last year The Advance had another reference to a similar case in another part of the United States. As a matter of fact, though the scheme has been taken up by quite a number in the United States it has not become common even in that country. So far as The Advance knows, The Globe and Mail is the first Canadian newspaper to adopt this odorous form of advertising, though one local man suggests

that The Windsor Star last year ran one of these perfumed pages. In any case The Globe and Mail is the first Toronto newspaper to adopt this particular modern plan, just as it has been the first in many other things, modern and otherwise, good and not so good. It is quite appropriate that The Globe and Mail should be the first to adopt odiferous adverts. The Globe and Mail has always had an odour of its own. "An odour of sanctity," says Dr. Honey. "The perfume of propriety," says A. W. Lang.

In theory this nostrilistic support of word pictures and artists' sketches of products, by the use of appropriate perfume, suggests a wide field for the imagination and for the widest nostrils. It is a "natural" for the manufacturers of perfumes, and almost equally suitable for the florists. What an opportunity it presents to the fruit dealer! The scent of freshly-picked apples and of musk would rouse so many happy memories of younger days when life was green and apples red, that the sale of fruit should be increased many fold. Who would stop to consider Vitamin B 1, after one good whiff of the aroma that speaks of newly-made bread? And the delicious fragrance of a goose on the roast, or pork being crisped in the oven, would tempt the appetite and loose the pocketbook more than many pictures, or descriptions in mere words.

Nevertheless, this idea of odorous advertisements has its limitations and handicaps. Even The Globe and Mail could scarcely attempt to give all on one day and in the same issue all the various odours arising from soup, soap, cakes, pastry and flowers. Only the one odour could be safely used on the one day. In the days to come The Globe and Mail may accept as its slogan the words: "A smell a day keeps the doctor away." Even that limitation would not be enough for the comfort of the public. There would need to be a black list—odours positively forbidden. In this class it is only necessary to note a few—limburger cheese, onions, garlic and Hoffman drops. Otherwise, there would be the spectacle of people reading the advertisements with clothespins on their noses.

If advertisements are to be illustrated by odours, why not a smell or two to go along with the ordinary reading matter in the papers? The odour of the modest violet would add its own charm to many a report of addresses by Hon. Mackenzie King. A touch of caribolic might well be added to some police court stories. A whiff of ether would improve the odd council meeting.

All this opens up another rich field for all who like to have cause for worry. With the growth of newspaper reading there has come the spectacle of nearly everybody wearing spectacles. If these smelly advertisements are to become the newest rage, just consider for a moment the call there will be for nasal magnifiers. Many a man to-day will admit that he doesn't smell well. Up to the present this has been in the nature of an advantage. Happy is the man whose nose knows not whether he is passing a flower shop or a case of halitosis. If he has to read the newspapers with his nose, as well as his eyes, however, it will mean changes and new professions will be necessary. In addition to the optometrist, there is likely to be an olefactorometerist to fix up weak noses and those with nasal astigmatism.

If newspapers are to have smells by the page, what about the government-owned radio? Many of the radio programmes have their own very distinct odour—with the first two letters of "distinct" silent. By the time that arrangements are completed for the free transportation of soldiers on leave, it is quite possible that amplifiers for the nose—and gas masks—may be supplied by a generous government to all and sundry.

NOT COUSINS, BUT BROTHERS

Toronto has welcomed many distinguished and popular visitors in its career as a city. Kings and presidents, potentates and prelates, persons of high birth, people of great talent, men of riches, women of distinction, those who have won fame and those whose personalities have captured the popular fancy—all these have been included in the guests honoured by Toronto. Despite all this, it is an underestimate to say that the welcome tendered Mr. Wendell Willkie this week was an outstanding occasion. Only once before was it excelled in genuine enthusiasm and spontaneous affection. That previous occasion, of course, was the visit of the King and Queen. Were the King and Queen to pay another visit to Toronto there is no doubt but that the joyous welcome accorded them would be even greater than that given on their previous visit. Undoubtedly it would exceed in warmth and affection the tribute paid to Mr. Wendell Willkie. But only one other citizen of Britain—Premier Churchill—could hope to equal the favour shown to Mr. Willkie. As for his own countrymen, only one of them—President Roosevelt—could hope to rouse equal notice to that spontaneously given to Mr. Wendell Willkie. Much of the tribute paid to Mr. Willkie was to his own pleasing personality, but much more was in Canada's honour to a "Good Neighbour"—the people of the United States,—represented so ably by Mr. Willkie.

In return Mr. Willkie did a great service to Canada. His address was an encouragement and an inspiration to all Canadians. Only returned a short while from overseas, where he saw Great Britain in days of war and danger and sacrifice, he had noble words of praise for the gallant people overseas, and he added to this tribute, an earnest belief that Great Britain can not and will not fail. He is urging his countrymen to do

everything possible to help Britain win the war. He made it plain that the United States will be fighting for its own liberty and for the way of life that the United States desires. It is equally true that the United States will be serving the world of free men by its every effort to help win the war. "Our American Cousins" is the expression in current use. Mr. Willkie's speech showed the need for a revision of the phrase. It should read:—"Our American Brothers."

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

To inaugurate the campaign for \$5,500,000 for Canadian auxiliary war services, Mr. Wendell Willkie was invited to give an address at Toronto on Monday. He came to Canada at his own expense for the occasion. He delivered an address

Some Glimpses of Sir F. Banting, as Artist and as Man

(By Percy Ghent)

On the Saturday before Christmas, 1934, the year in which Toronto celebrated its centenary as a city, an illustrated article of ours, Yuletide in Little York, appeared in The Telegram. It was an imaginative story of a sleigh ride through the streets of York on Christmas Eve, 1834. At Christmas, 1937, a small edition of the tale was printed in brochure form to convey the season's greetings to friends. A copy was sent to Sir Frederick Banting. Before us is a letter of his received a few days later:

Rosedale Heights Drive,
 December 30th, 1937.

My Dear Ghent:

Many thanks for your delightful sleigh ride. I read it at breakfast time Sunday morning, and was charmed. The whole thing makes me wonder: We think we are so much better than our grandparents, and that they were so far behind the times. But are we an improvement, and are people as happy now as then? My mother has told me many stories of her childhood and her visits to Muddy York. The old days of Upper Canada hold a fascination for me. I often wish that I too might record some of the things I have heard that might amuse and help those of the present and those of the and those of the days to come. Again thanking you and wishing you a Happy New Year. May you take longer trips in 1938.

FRED BANTING.

Modest and Generous

This great Canadian scientist, whose discoveries, there can be little doubt, have done more to alleviate human suffering than those of anyone else in the twentieth century, wished that he might string together a few little anecdotes of earlier days to amuse and help his fellows! It is a striking tribute to the modest, unaffected and generous nature of Banting the Man. It was on a snowy winter morning two or three weeks ago, that we last saw Sir Frederick. We were fellow passengers on a Rosedale bus, and, on alighting, walked through Queen's Park together toward the Banting Institute. He had just returned from a trip of inspection to one or more of the air training centres, and his face glowed with pride and pleasure as he spoke of the things he had seen. "They are magnificent lads, and it is a grand force," was the way he summed up the R.C.A.F. He left us with a wave of his hand and a cheery "So long." Even now, it is difficult to realize he had spoken what for us was a final farewell.

Banting at Home

In the twenty years or more that we have known Dr. Banting, a summer afternoon in July, 1939, stands out most happily. We beg forgiveness for a too prominent personal element in the details; but the story of that afternoon cannot be told without it.

It was Saturday, and the heat was scorching. We were plodding homeward on St. Clair avenue, when Sir Frederick brought his car to the curb just ahead of us. "Where are you going?" he asked. "There was no end to a little longer than the others. I think you like that one," he said, "and it is yours." He signed it, and wrote a friendly inscription on the back. When we took the picture to be framed, we covered the signature and asked the

framer—who has a wide knowledge of thausiasm in our response that the job of wedding the garden was past due. "It's much too hot for that job," he chuckled, "that's why I'm not going to weed my own. Come over to the house and we'll have a glass of cold ale and smoke a few cigarettes."

We spent an hour or so in the Banting library. His house is perched on the crest of Rosedale Heights, and the view of the city from the library window is impressive. On clear nights, he told us, the lights of the City of Rochester, far across the lake, could be seen. Like us, he delighted in books old and rare, and treasure after treasure was brought out for inspection. Down in a second-hand book shop of Halifax, Nova Scotia, not long before, he had found a rarity of real value. It was a first edition of Beaumont's Physiology of the Gastric Tract—the story of how the abdominal wound of a Canadian half-breed Indian had led to a vast advance in the understanding of the digestive processes. Characteristically, Dr. Banting was planning to present his rich find to the medical library of one of the Canadian universities.

Sir Fred As An Artist

There was a little pile of sketches, on wood, in a corner of the library floor. "Those wouldn't be your paintings by any chance?" we asked. "Yes," he said with a broad smile, "I have the largest collection of Banting's sketches." He passed them over, one by one, telling when and where he had made them. One of them, a winter scene in the Village of St. Tete des Cap, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, and painted in March, 1937, had a special appeal, and we admired Canadian art—who had painted it. Without a moment's hesitation he replied, "A. Y. Jackson." A few days later we saw Sir Frederick and told him that his sketch had been recognized as the work of Jackson, by an expert. He threw his head and laughed. "Just wait until I tell A. Y. that one."

All the members of the famed Group of Seven are represented in the Banting collection of paintings. For him, Canadian art held a vital and abiding interest. He believed, we were told, that the fame and influence of Tom Thomson, A. Y. Jackson, and other Canadians would grow wider and go deeper in the world of art than most people imagined.

Helped Boy Make Bow

He signed and gave to us two little books on art; one dealing with Thomson, the other with Jackson. We saw some of Sir Frederick's own wood-carving, of superb artistry—a phase of his well-known versatility we had never heard of until that day. And with almost boyish enthusiasm, he showed us some of his Indian relics and handed us a nice specimen of a flint arrowhead. "Give that to your young son," he said, "and tell him to collect Indian relics. It is a great hobby." It was a flint he had found himself on the family homestead at Alliston.

At the foot of his long, terraced garden, which Sir Frederick was planning to make into a thing of beauty, he pointed out some young trees he had planted. "I was pretty mad, though, a few days ago," he declared. "I saw a boy cross the railroad track, climb the fence, and cut down a nice sapling—a mountain ash. It went after him and scolded him pretty hard." Lady Banting smiled and spoke up at this point: "Fred won't tell you the end of that story, but I will. It appears the lad was after a young ash so that he could make a good bow for his arrows. And

that could not fail to help and inspire the nation. Yet at this meeting, the chairman spoke for half an hour and Premier King for a still longer time in attempting to introduce the guest of the evening. This left a limited time only for the guest speaker of the evening."

There is a general belief among the Yugo Slovaks in this part of Canada, that the Serbs and the Croats will revolt, rather than submit to Nazi domination.

Twenty years ago the young people of that day used to amuse themselves by looking at the family album and laughing at the ridiculous hats worn by the ladies of the previous generation. The young people of to-day do not have to look at albums to laugh at the hats.

when that little matter was explained, Fred took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and helped to make it."

Supreme Court Judges Unanimous in This Decision

Nine of Them Were Overseas and So Their Judgment Has Special Force.

Six judgments from as many judges of the High Court division of the Supreme Court of Ontario were, for the first time in history, upheld unanimously to-day by three members of the Court of Appeal. The lower court, and three Appellate Court judges, all of whom rendered distinguished service in the last war, were a unit, speaking from their war-time experience, in commending the work of the Canadian auxiliary war services.

Incidentally, it is not generally known that of the 21 Ontario Supreme Court judges, some of whom were well over the age limit when hostilities commenced in 1914, nine, then at the bar, went to the front to fight for the British justice which they are administering to-day.

Their words as veterans who know the needs of the present situation should carry some weight. Let their judgments speak for themselves.

Mr. Justice W. T. Henderson, Appellate Court, artillery major, C.E.F.—"In my opinion the auxiliary services in the last war meant a great deal to the comfort and well being of the troops. And in the present war their efforts should be supported to the extent of everyone's ability."

Mr. Justice C. P. McTague, Appellate Court, Artillery, C.E.F.—"The work of the auxiliary war services is an important factor in this as it was in the last war. I cannot too highly commend them."

Mr. Justice J. G. Gillanders, Appellate Court, D.F.C., overseas—"In the last war the auxiliary services proved their value in providing many comforts and services contributing to the well-being and happiness and so to the efficiency of our fighting forces. They are doing the same again with the same results. They merit the support of every Canadian."

Mr. Justice J. A. Hope, D.S.O., M.C., Colonel, C.E.F.—"From reports, it would appear, that the auxiliary war services are not only continuing to supply but are improving upon these same timely facilities of comfort and good cheer to the rank and file of His Majesty's forces, which, in the last war, contributed so materially not only to the individual but also helped to sustain the morale of the fighting services. The present campaign deserves that same generous support from the citizens as, I am sure all Canadians desire, should be given to our gallant forces on active service."

Mr. Justice G. F. McFarland, Lieut.-Colonel, C.E.F.—"Judging from my experience in the last war, no better organizations could have been chosen to administer this fund. All who thus served did splendid work, and I certainly hope the public will subscribe enthusiastically and liberally to this fund."

Mr. Justice J. Keiller MacKay, D.S.O.—"I unreservedly commend the work of the Canadian auxiliary war services. My high opinion of them is based on my experience as a battery and brigade commander from September, 1914, to the end of the war."

Mr. Justice J. C. Makins, former Major, C.E.F.—"Provision of comforts for the men who have taken up arms to defend our homes and institutions is a cause worthy of the strongest support. Those who served in the last war know what it means."

Mr. Justice J. G. Kelly, Lieutenant, M.C., C.E.F.—"The valuable services performed by these organizations in the last war, and which are being improved in this, contributed in easing the hardships of the troops, maintain-

Awarded D.S.C.



Lieut.-Commander Herbert S. Rayner, youngest destroyer commander in the Canadian navy, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for "courage and enterprise in action against enemy submarines." Only 30, he has spent almost half his life at sea.

Nursing Division S.J.A.B. Asks Return of Borrowed Articles

Comforts Dept. of S. J. A. B. Taken Over by Nursing Division.

Mrs. Pelletier was the featured speaker at the regular weekly meeting of the Nursing Division of the S.J.A.B. held in the hall on Birch street south on Monday evening. Mrs. Pelletier spoke on leg fractures, and the best methods in which to apply first aid to a fracture.

Usual reports were read, and the members decided to take over the Comfort Department previously sponsored by the men of the S.J.A.B. Many articles have been loaned to district residents, and have not been returned, and the members are therefore asking that all these be returned to the St. John Ambulance. Returns of borrowed articles are to be made on Thursday afternoon from 3 to 6 p.m., or on Monday evenings from 8 to 10 p.m. Regular meeting will be held on Monday evening.

A PHILOSOPHER

She—Here's your ring back. I cannot marry you, for I love some one else.

He—Who is he?

She—(nervously)—You're not going to kill him?

He—No. But I'll try to sell him the ring.—Globe and Mail.

ing their spirits and comforting them in the thought that the folks back home were behind them."

Mr. Justice G. A. Urquhart, Lieut.-tenant Machine Gun Corps, C.E.F.—"The services afforded by the auxiliary war services were well-known to me in the last war. They were of great assistance in keeping up the spirits of the troops. I am sure that in the present war they will keep up the same good work, probably on a larger scale. Everyone should join in contributing to their efforts."



"Of Course...."

... I felt badly when I first heard that my boys' eyes were defective but I was so glad I found out before they had gone too far. My only regret is that I hadn't thought to have them examined long ago. It's much better to be safe than sorry."

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"The crowd's sure to thin out a bit soon, darling."—Humorist