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PLAN FOR SOLDIERS NOW

The Canadian Legion is making appeal to the government to start plans at once for the proper care and attention of soldiers when peace comes. One suggestion that is made by the Legion is that a system of retarded demobilization be arranged. The Legion goes so far along this line as to say that each soldier as he steps out of the army should walk into a position in civil life, or at the very worst into some sort of training that would fit him for some special place in life. No one who gives the matter any honest thought will doubt but that the Legion has the right idea all along the line. The members of the Legion know—some of them by the bitterest of experience—how woefully unprepared the government was to handle the demobilization of men in the last war. It is true that all the men were desperately anxious to get home—so anxious that they did not consider their own interests in all cases, accepting discharges on terms that made them the losers. There is no doubt but that conditions will be even worse after the present war. There will be the same anxiety to return to civil life—and civil life promises to be more complicated after the present war than it has ever been before. Only a few people will be able to make a good living out of the present war. There are some members of parliament who have voiced the idea that no one—no matter what his position at home—should make more than the soldier in the ranks. That is the tendency of the day. When the soldier returns from the war all this will make everything much more difficult for him than after the last war, for the conditions of business and industry are going to be very seriously disarranged and dislocated. The Legion, however, is not simply calling attention to difficulties and leaving the solution to others. The Legion, as usual, has something constructive to offer. One of the Legion ideas is that after victory is won the people of Canada will not be content with a return to the pitiful lack of preparedness that has been the case in the past. Some form of armed force to defend the country and assure the keeping of the peace terms by the gangsters will be demanded. The Legion believes that a considerable number of the returned men from the present war could well be retained as Canada's army, thus providing useful and needed employment for many of the veterans.

Some one may say:—"Better win the war before talking about preparing for peace!" If the matter is left until then it will be too late. Everybody will admit now that this country was deplorably unprepared for the war. Indeed, it isn't ready yet! In Canada, there will be no excuse whatever, if the people are not prepared for the problems of peace. There is the lesson of the last war as one guide. There is the wisdom of the experience, the study and the ability of the men of the Legion as another guide. It is no answer to say that the government is so busy about war matters that it can give no time for preparations for the days of peace. The pitiful truth is that Canada's war effort is taking only a very small part of the time and attention of the Canadian people. It is being run by only a part of a part of a party. To say that there is not time for preparing for the readjustments that will be absolutely necessary after the war is, in to emphasize the need of a National Government with everybody working for Canada and the Empire. With a National Government at work on the war effort and with the ability and resources and interest of all thus lined up there would be time and effort and resource enough not only to speed the war effort but also to plan that industry, business and labour, and particularly the returned men, will have a fair chance for better living after the victory comes.

AIDING THE ENEMY

In her remarkable address last week Miss Dorothy Thompson expressed her deep indignation that oil was being shipped from Texas to Japan. Miss Thompson recognized the fact that the present war struggle is against Japan as well as Germany and Italy. It is true that Mussolini has shown himself but a species of jackal without the courage to do his own killing or plundering when opposed by any material resistance, but waiting to seize any morsels that his master, Hitler, may allow him to grab. It may be true that Japan has been unable to triumph over ill-prepared and peaceful China, but the spirit of the gangster and the thug has been very evident in Japan as well as in Germany and Italy. These varying degrees of guilt are only their varying degrees of power and hardihood. It is well to recognize that the present battle has developed fully now into a contest between two ways of life—the democratic and the gangster brutality of the dark ages. There is no question of where Japan stands in the issue. With the United States so committed to the democratic and honourable side of the issue it is surely deplorable that a necessary material for waging

war should be going from Texas to one of the spokes of the Axis.

The Globe and Mail, however, in an editorial on Tuesday of this week shows that the situation is much more absurd and evil than Miss Thompson suggested. Not only is American oil going to Japan from United States ports, but British-American oil companies in the Dutch East Indies are alleged to have renewed sales contracts with Japan whereby oil supplies from the Netherlands East Indies are actually increased from 494,000 to 1,860,000 tons a year, with British and United States companies acting as importing agents. Not only has Japan played the Hun role of aggressor and wanton murderer in regard to China, but the oil that British and American companies are thus supplying to Japan may be used before long against both the United States and Britain in the Pacific. If not for shame's sake, at least for the safety of Britain and the United States it would seem that some method should be devised to prevent British and American interests from supplying the enemy with a vital war need at this time.

THE VICTORY LOAN

Every possible preparation is being made to assure the success of the forthcoming Victory Loan. Information suggests that parades and bands and military and air force display will be utilized to create and hold interest. This is most commendable, and the government deserves nothing but credit for seeking to utilize every lawful means to make the Victory Loan Campaign a success. Had there been more parades and bands and displays the general war effort would have been more successful and less difficult than it has been. As a matter of fact, the people have responded in overwhelming way to every straight appeal made by the government. Unfortunately, however, the government has insisted upon handicapping itself at every move. A part of a party government cannot make a National appeal. A truly National appeal in such a case can come only from a National Government. If the government would drop its partisanship and show itself in any measure a Canadian National Administration it would make its own way easier and speedier. The Victory Loan Campaign no doubt will be a success. The people of Canada, for their credit's sake, and because they love Canada and Britain more than a part of a party of a party government does will strive their best and give their best, despite the fact that the government handshakes itself. But with a National Government to issue the National Appeal, any loan, any call, would meet such a response that it would be found that the parades and the bands and the display would be needed a second time for the Victory of the Victory Loan.

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

In the House of Commons this week Mr. Gordon Graydon, M.P. for Peel Riding, brought to notice the fact that under the new budget not only are soldiers on leave required to pay their own transportation but that they must also add the ten per cent. tax to the costs. Mr. Graydon was right enough in urging the government to drop this extra tax on soldiers' tickets, but it is doubtful if his plea will be given consideration by the government. In any event the tax is simply adding insult to injury. It is the injury itself—the injustice—that should be attacked. There should be free transportation for soldiers on leave, and until that is granted the government shows that it not only has no consideration for the soldier, but also does not give a hoot for the expressed opinion of the people.

Every day brings fresh examples of the fact that not only does the red tape at Ottawa get all tangled up, but it also becomes completely gummed up, until a lot of people are not sure whether the proper name for it should be red tape or gummed tape.

Newspapers no doubt are expected to urge their readers to economy, saving and sacrifice, to assist Canada's war effort. It is a difficult task for honest people. If the government showed the way it would be simple. But with the government cheerfully expending \$12,000,000 on an unnecessary railway station at Montreal, planning to hand out another three million dollars for a census that could easily be deferred until after the war, without any harm except a little political disadvantage, it is not easy to advise honest people to cut down on their food or clothes. Indeed, it is almost impossible to believe that the government itself thinks any economy is necessary or that the situation is serious. There is a startling series of statements in one recent editorial in an exchange. It is said that a government elevator at Port Arthur—built and equipped by the people's money—is leased by the government to a private corporation for \$51,000 a year, while the government actually pays rental to the elevator concern that now runs into the millions a year for storing of wheat. This situation is said to be duplicated many times throughout the Dominion. The conclusion is that some thirty or forty million dollars a year are being lost by this procedure. It may be that a party government can not change this situation to the advantage of the country, but certainly a National Government with no thought but the country's welfare and no restrictions but the popular will could do much better.

News sometimes seems to travel too swiftly. On the one day Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McGinnis, of Vista, California, received a letter and a cablegram. The letter was from their son, James, telling of his mar-

riage to an English girl. The cablegram was from the British Air Ministry informing them that their son, a flight-lieutenant in the Royal Air Force, had been killed in action.

There have been some remarkable addresses during the present war, but few indeed that have caught the popular fancy as did the one last week by Miss Dorothy Thompson. Scores of people asked how they liked the address have responded in enthusiastic approval of the address. Other scores have asked the question themselves in a tone that indicated the only reply that was expected. There were some unfortunates who miss-

Wants Warspite Set on German Ships in Brest Harbour

Big Pay, Peak of Efficiency. A Typewriter and So On.

Writing in his column in The Toronto Telegram, Thomas Richard Henry says:—

The Higher Court
The Nazi submarine commander, Guenther Prien, is missing. He has 1,810 lives to answer for in a Higher Court.

Call For the Warspite
The Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau are causing the RAF so much trouble that maybe the navy should send the Warspite into Brest after them. The Warspite never goes back after an objective the second time, because the objective is never there after the first visit.

Big Pay
The big Douglas bomber is being insured for a million dollars, at a premium cost to the builders of \$22,000 for the first minute of its test flight. They had better have somebody with a good stop watch on duty. Eighty-two thousand dollars for 60 second is bigger pay than some of the big United States executives earn.

Peak of Efficiency
There are two classes of human beings. Class number one consists of the "early to bed and early to rise" boys who are at the peak of their efficiency early in the morning. Class number two reaches the zenith of its powers in the shank of the evening.

The members of class number one are reputed to leap from their slumbers, refreshed, clear-headed and clear-eyed. They hit the ball right from the first gong of the alarm clock and they carry through with unabated fury until the shades of evening darken the land—and then to bed. They are chiefly found on farms and in books of fiction.

There can't be many walking city streets or the patent medicine firms would not have made so many fortunes prescribing for "that tired feeling in the morning."

The second class usually has just enough energy to get by in the morning. This energy reaches a minor peak just before the lunch hour and fades perceptibly in the afternoon hours, especially pleasant summer afternoons. It is really too bad for them that this is not a land given to the siesta.

The evening meal, however, seems to rejuvenate and energize them. Their tempo increases until their major peak is reached around midnight. Those are the crowded hours of exhilaration and potential achievement. That is the time they can scintillate, win wars, guide ships of state, or remodel constitutions. They are fit and ready to undertake any task, no matter how difficult—except the task of going to bed. Their hour of utter exhaustion comes just when the alarm sounds to get up—and it doesn't make much difference at what hour the alarm is set.

We speak with authority regarding this classification because we are one of their number.

If we ever have any dragons to kill we won't go seeking them at the dawn; we will go looking for them at midnight.

But we really wish we could meet one of the real early rising boys, outside of on a farm, who wasn't conceited all morning and sleepy all afternoon.

A Typewriter
A visitor is charged with stealing a typewriter in broad daylight from a local hotel office.

We presume he was caught when he came back to steal the stove and the kitchen sink.

Expectant
One parliamentary writer said the Finance Minister spoke to "an expectant House."

That is encouraging news. The House should give birth to an idea any day now.

Matsuo the Yip
Matsuo, Japanese envoy, suggests that Roosevelt and Hull go to Japan instead of Mat going to the U.S.A.

Sounds a little bit like Matsuo trying to get the mountain to come to him.

Farming by Calendar
The Ontario Department of Agriculture says that May the 18th is the best time to plant potatoes.

One of our Uncle Ed's neighbours always used to put his cattle out on the grass on May 2.

Sometimes they stood around among the snowbanks looking forlorn, sometimes they waded around in a sea of mud, and sometimes they delightedly grazed on the new spring grass.

It all depended on the season. But what are we worrying about? We aren't going to plant any potatoes anyway—and May 29 still remains the correct date to set out petunias.

It never varies from year to year. Why? Because it leaves you free to start!

ed this address, and for their benefit the address is to be rebroadcast over the national network of the CBC this (Thursday) evening at 11.15 p.m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, which is 10.15 p.m. by honest time.

Still stands the motto of the King:—
"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 unshaken. 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."

the summer bowling on May 24 and you never have time to set them out after the 23rd.

Lindbergh Talks Again
The U.S. number one Nazi gave another speech on Saturday night, and maybe he explained his hatred for Britain.

He said "Whenever the opportunity arose, I talked to members of the British government about military aviation in Europe. They were always courteous, but seldom impressed."

Then Lindbergh went to Germany and impressed Goering so much that he got a German medal.

Now Lindbergh goes up and down the States croaking, "Britain cannot win."

Fortunately there are a number of people in the United States who aren't any more impressed than the British were concerning the military wisdom of Lindbergh.

Incidentally, where did he acquire his knowledge of wars and military affairs? Few honorary colonels assume so much.

Ben Hecht appears to be one of the Americans who are no impressed any more than the British—and is not quite so courteous about it.

He writes in the newspaper "P.M." Oh let, oh let us look on him with tolerance. Without four-letter words let us survey.

To venerate the democratic way—This lonely eagle who once flew to France. And, pronto turned his laurels into hay.

Another Unlicensed Beverage Room is Closed Tuesday

Magistrate Imposes Four Months' Hard Labour on Operator.

Napoleon Migneault, a young man who was charged by the Timmins police with operating what was formerly known as a bootlegging establishment but which has recently been called an "unlicensed beverage room," as well as another charge of illegal possession of beer, was given a compulsory holiday in Halleybury in Police Court on Tuesday afternoon. The length of the vacation was set at three months and a rider was added stipulating that he be kept at hard labour. The conviction was registered on the first charge while the second was withdrawn.

Constable Lepic was the first witness to take the stand for the crown and he gave a very clear story of what was going on in the small two-roomed shack at the rear of 62 Kent Avenue.

A complaint had been received at the police station from one of the neighbours complaining of the noise. There was so much noise, the neighbour said, that he couldn't sleep.

On the strength of that complaint, Constable Lepic said, he had a search warrant sworn out and went to the house. When he arrived at the place, the tenant was outside and the door was locked but one of the people inside opened the door for him. As soon as he entered, the constable said, he saw a kitchen filled with people, most of whom had a bottle of beer in front of them or in their hands. He asked all the "customers" to have their registration cards ready and then went around and took all of their names.

When he had finished that he asked Migneault, who the people were and Migneault knew only five of the twelve people present.

Constable Amlin added that as the names were being taken down by Constable Lepic, Migneault was pacing up and down the kitchen saying that he had to do something because he had bills to pay. The people, he said, were all over the room, some standing, some sitting on chairs and some sitting on a couch that was in the room. Two of the people in the shack were women.

Constable Belanger gave practically the same story as the preceding constable and then Acting-Sergeant Garpey added that he had once before taken out a warrant for the house but had never used it. Acting-Sergeant Garpey also said that while Migneault was in jail waiting for his trial he had asked that a constable go with him to collect some money that he had given to a friend just before the police had taken him away.

Although Migneault is only twenty years old, he swore that he had purchased the beer in the usual manner at the Brewery Warehouse in Timmins. The beer had been brought to his house by the Deluxe Taxi, Migneault said. Migneault added that he had been convicted on a charge of selling beer in November and had been sent down for three months, and he had received \$1.40 on every case that he had sold. He was released from prison in February and since that time he had been living on the money that he had made while he was selling beer in November. He said that he had hidden the money and he didn't want to tell the court where it was because there was still a large amount of it left.

On the night that the police raided his place, he said, he had invited six friends to come to his place and they

YOU ASKED FOR IT

Tommy had been sent out to the garden to look after the baby during its morning sunning. Suddenly, the infant was heard to cry.
"Give the baby what he wants," shouted the mother. "That will keep him from crying!"
A loud shriek followed this order.
"I said give the baby what he wants," scolded the mother waving a finger at young Tommy. "Why don't you do what you're told?"
"I did," replied Tommy, "but the bee stung him!"—North Bay Nugget.

MERELY A LESSON

The first morning after the honeymoon the husband got up early, went down to the kitchen and brought his wife her breakfast in bed. Naturally, she was delighted. Then friend husband spoke:
"Have you noticed just what I have done?"
"Of course, dear; every single detail."
"Good. That's how I want my breakfast served every morning after this."—Exchange.

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in turn had each brought along a friend. He had given his friends some beer and he thought that their friends would have felt bad if he had not done the same to them so he gave them each a bottle of beer as well. He admitted that he did not know who his friends' friends were.

At the conclusion of the case the magistrate didn't hesitate as he sentenced the young man to three months hard labour.



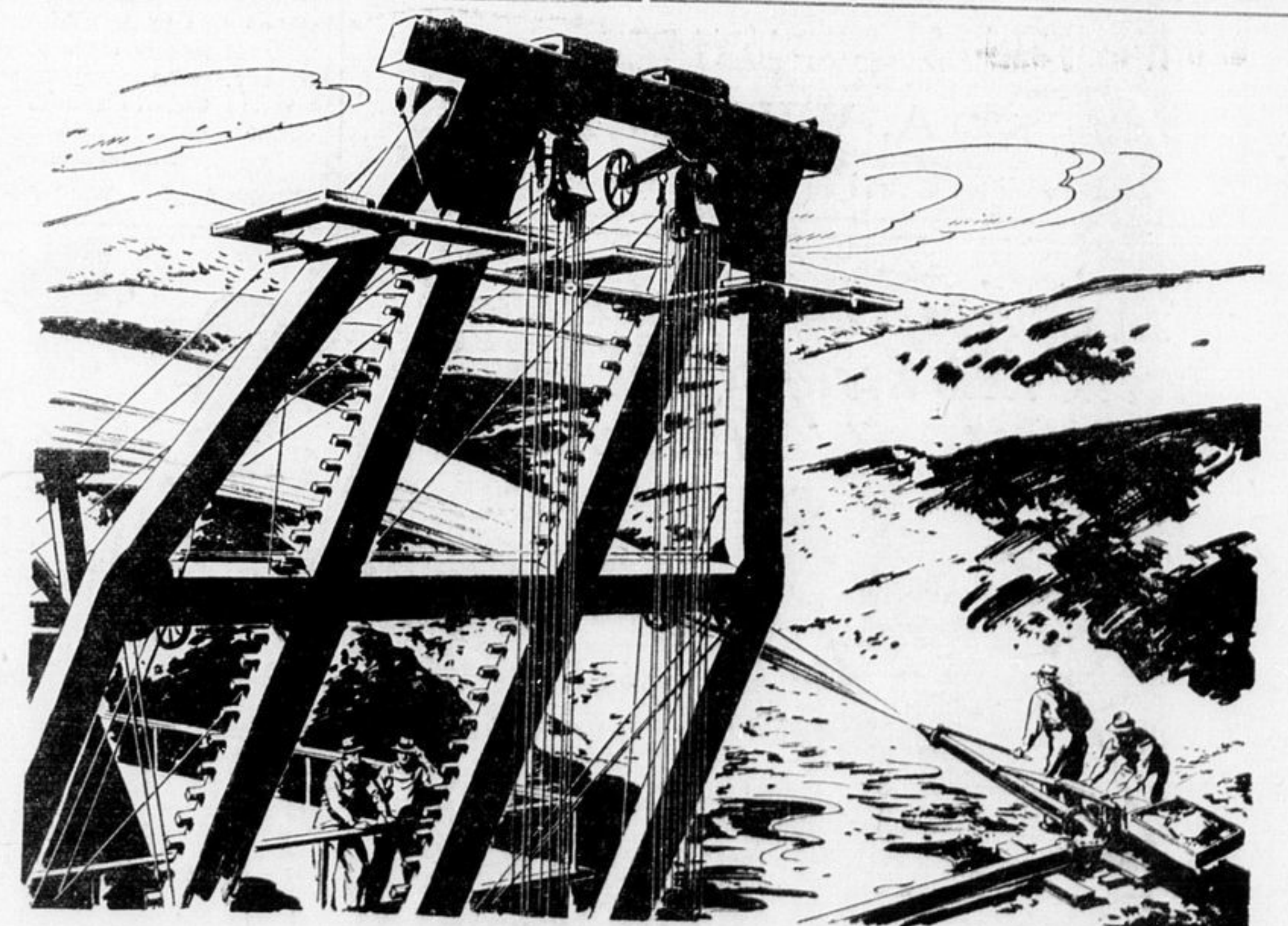
Of Course . . .

" . . . I felt badly when I first heard that my boy's 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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