

# The Porcupine Advance

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## PASSING OF A NOBLE MAN

Mr. W. M. Whyte, affectionately known in recent years as "Dad" to a constantly growing list of friends and admirers, passed to a higher land last week. He was within close reach of his ninety-ninth year when death called him. But it was not the length of his years that was truly remarkable, but the usefulness, the goodness of his long life. If he had any enemies, he outlived them all, but he leaves a wide circle of friends to mourn his passing for he was making friends until the very day of his death. That was the type of man he was. And that, perhaps, would be the epitaph he would himself prize most—and merit most. His long life had much of interest, even of adventure, but he had developed so calm and quiet a philosophy of life that it is not easy to picture him in the hurly-burly of life. Yet he was one of the pioneers of the North, facing all the difficulties and hardships and dangers as just an ordinary part of life. In his later years he enjoyed a well-earned retirement, but he had given his full share of activity and energy to two of the generations of his long day. He served faithfully and well in business and in public service. The active section of his life would be a credit and an honour for any man, and the way he employed the more leisureed days of his later life was equally laudable. He kept his heart young, and his mind kept the heart company in its enthusiasm and freshness. In his mental power and discernment the end came with the strength of youth still reigning. The years could only take toll of the body. A man of education and culture, unusually well read, and with high ideals, he developed a philosophy of life and a faith that proved of benefit and blessing to a wide circle. He was a recognized authority on the Scottish poet, Robert Burns, and his addresses on the life and work of the Bard of Scotland, were eagerly acclaimed by Scottish societies, service clubs and others in the North. He was very proud of his Scottish descent, and Scots in turn were proud of him for he exemplified the virtues of honour, independence, industry and high ideals that have distinguished the worthy sons of the Heathery Isle.

In Oddfellowship the late Mr. Whyte found a rule of life that made particular appeal to him. The three links, "Friendship, Love and Truth," were his ideals, and his own life was an exemplification of how nobly they can be put into practice. In Scottish circles and in Oddfellowship, he will be greatly missed, but he will be missed in an even wider sphere, for the influence of such a man through such a long life so well lived can not fail to leave its certain mark, and his passing, however much to be expected, is still the departure of a good friend.

## POOH-POOHING BOO-HOO!

After being nagged for months by a group of newspapers and public men to go to England to confer with Premier Churchill on war matters, and after persistently refusing to do so on the plea that Canada would fall into a thousand pieces if he left it for a moment (though it got along all right in the last war), Hon. Wm. Lyon Mackenzie King, Premier of Canada, last week got up on his hind legs and flew to England. And what happened. Well, when he started to address those soldiers from Canada on duty in England, they greeted him with "Boo!" and "Boo-Hoo!" The representative of a certain or uncertain Toronto newspaper who no doubt slept on the footstool of the premier on the trip across the briny, stoutly maintains that the soldiers didn't really "Boo" the premier—not nasty, mean, rough "Boos!" like what would be given in a gathering of healthy men who had reason to show their displeasure, but rather sort of baby "Boos"—very small baby at that—and given just in pure fun. The Globe and Mail however is sure they were loud and lusty "Boos!" given from full hearts and nauseated stomachs. To read between the lines of The Toronto Telegram there were chorus after chorus of three "boos" and a long "hoo," three dots and a dash as it were, signifying Victory for Britain, no matter what difficulties may stand in the way.

Now there is a three-concerned argument as to why the soldiers of Canada booted the premier of the Dominion. The certain or uncertain Toronto newspaper suggests that Canadian soldiers are a rough, uncouth, disorderly bunch, anyway. It says that a public man has to be "tough" and "courageous" to attempt to address any gathering of Canadian soldiers. This is the meanest form of malicious slander. Any sincere man with an honest record need never fear a gathering of soldiers. Any loyal man who has had the pleasure of addressing them can verify that fact. But it is a very unwise man who attempts to "kid the troops." Canadian soldiers overseas are simply the pick of the manhood of Canada, and, though neither rough or uncouth, it is a difficult thing to put anything over them. They know how to face bull as well as bullets, and whatever the weapons used against

them, they will give back a little better than they receive. It was presumption on the part of the premier to imagine that his part of a party government could have them hitch-hiking home on leaves and going around without proper boots or coats, and landing overseas without the right equipment, and that after all this they wouldn't say "Boo" to him the first chance they had.

The Globe and Mail in an editorial on the trip of the premier overseas, indicates, perhaps unconsciously, a sufficient reason for three dotty "boos" and one dashed "boo." The Globe and Mail says that the premier excluded from the air trip to England the representatives of every newspaper in Canada except that of the bond slave of the personal little part of a part of a party in the pocket of Mr. King. This flagrant piece of political pettiness jars the good old Globe, but it is the full measure of the premier's whole attitude to the war. He has insisted on his little part of a part of a party taking full control and if there are not enough of them active enough the war just had to wait. That attitude surely explains why the soldiers "boo-ed". The soldiers overseas know better—they know this is a war of all, for all—they know it is a matter of life and death not silly, selfish party rot.

There has been a tendency at home to do a little "boo-ing" on the same score. The most of the stay-at-homes, however, have lacked the courage to do the proper amount of "boo-ing." In too many cases they have been silenced by the senseless cry that the government should not be criticized—that it is close to disloyalty to find fault with a part of a part of a party in a time of war. Of course, even the blind partisans of a part of a part of a party realize it would be senseless to call the soldiers overseas disloyal, when they have offered their lives as pledge of their fealty. So, instead, they are termed a rowdy lot of fellows with a perverted sense of humour. The answer to that one should be a resounding "Boo! Boo! Boo!" and a long, long Hoo here at home.

## ONE MORE WAR

As might be expected in this particular conflict of the nations more than a couple of weeks should not pass without a new war starting. This time it is Iran, the rich oil country, that has invited hostilities. It is difficult to understand the attitude of these so-called neutral countries. There has been example after example for them to see that they have not even a hope of life from the Nazis, yet they all appear to think that Britain and her Allies will stand anything from them while they can hold off the Nazis at least for a time. Turkey seems now to be following this senseless programme, despite the doom of every other nation attempting it. The only hope for Iran's welfare is that the British and Russians will over-run it in a few days and save it from its own folly in giving the Germans a foothold. Had all the smaller nations combined at the outset of the war, few if any of them, could have been conquered. Instead they assisted in every possible way in the working of Hitler's plan of "one by one." The British and Russians are apparently going to rescue Iran from the fate of the others who were foolish enough to place any trust in Germany.

## GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

The Department of Mines of British Columbia reports that a moustache on the face of a worker in an industry where silicosis is an occupational disease reduces the hazard of contracting this form of lung trouble. The suggestion is seriously made that the hairy ornament acts as a filtering device as it were, and thus is a preventative in a measure of silicosis. The larger the moustache the more it acts as a filter. If the theory is correct it opens up a wide field for speculation. In the future, is it possible that the Workmen's Compensation Board will have a hirsute specialist to examine men for incipient moustaches as well as medical men to sound them for possible lung trouble? Again, it may be asked if the fact that so few nowadays sport moustaches has any connection with the truth that there is more heard to-day about silicosis than in the years gone by? Was there more than vanity or old land custom in the flowing moustaches that some Austrians working in the mines used to wear in the early days? Had they a knowledge, conscious or traditional that moustaches were good for mine workers? Many will remember "Big John," an Austrian working here some years ago in local mines. His moustache had a sweep that threatened a wide area. It would be an irony if he succumbed to silicosis, as some of his fellow countrymen did. Of course, there is little real matter for humour in regard to silicosis. If growing moustaches would reduce the risk there should be a general revival of that form of face ornament in this country.

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 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."

The New Liskeard Speaker has the honour of winning the trophy awarded by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association for the best appearing front page of any Canadian weekly in its range of circulation. In congratulating The Speaker, it may not be amiss to state that it is doubtful if any other section of Canada can boast six community newspapers published in adjacent

territories that maintain as high a general standard of excellence and service as the six that serve this North Land.

Radio announcers and others are having a little difficulty with the pronunciation of the name of the general of the British forces in the East—General Auchinleck. A man appearing in a Toronto police court years ago when asked his name, replied "Thiman Thaw". A constable interrupted with the explanation, "His name, your worship, is Simon Shaw." "Surely a man ought to know how to pronounce his own name," replied the magistrate. If General Auchinleck were asked to pronounce his name he would likely make it sound like "Affleck." Auchinleck has been the family estate of the Boswell family for hundreds of years. Whenever James Boswell, the great biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson, had occasion to mention the name in his writings, he usually added in brackets "(pronounced Affleck)". Another example of Scottish prodigality with letters and frugality with syllables is Kirkcudbright (pronounced Kircaudy) There are a number of similar oddities in English names. For example "Cholmondeley" is pronounced "Chumley."

The Northern Tribune suggests that Canadian soldiers in training, with all equipment of tanks, trucks and what-not—be given the manoeuvre of a

## Why Do People Enjoy Holidays in the Country?

Columnist Answers That Question and Raises Many Others.

"Why are people so keen on vacations?" is the question asked by Thomas Richard Henry in his column in The Toronto Telegram. It will be noted, however, that he asks the question after returning from his vacation and not before. That suggests another question, "Why do vacationists worry about the folly of vacations after the holiday, and not when something could be done about it?" But let Thomas Richard Henry tell his own story in his own way—this way:—

**Melancholy Day**  
That melancholy day has come again—the day we come back to what we whimsically refer to as work, after our summer vacation.

It is always a day of somewhat sombre setting.

It usually comes just at the close of the mosquito season, and at the start of the sneeze season, and it is at that time, and not a New Year's, that we make our resolutions to perform great deeds in the winter that is fast approaching.

Fortunately however we always feel it necessary to take a few days to rest up after our holidays, and before we get fully rested up we have forgotten about our resolutions.

**Holidays**  
We often wonder why we are so keen on vacations.

In our early youth we had to use coal oil lamps because there was no electricity.

We had to carry water from the pump.

We had to get up in the cool of the morning and hunt wood to light the fire before breakfast.

There were no small neat little buildings nestling behind the house in which to keep a car. The little buildings were there but they were not to house cars.

All these things we put up with in our youth because we had no choice.

Now we leave all the comforts and conveniences of city life and pay good money so that we can put up with these inconveniences again. It seems a little foolish, but we do bring back a few memories which help to fill that first difficult column after a layoff.

**Revenge**  
Up on a Haliburton Lake we almost were a hero.

The first night we had just got deep in our beauty sleep when we were suddenly wide awake.

A long drawn out cry for help, echoing across the lake, had awakened us.

We jumped out of bed, fell over a bench, stepped into a grocery basket containing eggs, and battled with the screen door—but finally fought clear of all obstacles and were outside ready to give effective help to whoever might be in trouble.

It was then that the loon sent again his weird call wavering across the water—and we felt our way back to bed.

But we had our revenge.

A few nights later we joined with others around a camp fire and sent "Sweet Adeline" and "The Portland County Jail" right back at the loons.

We think they got the worst of it.

**It Was Always Thus**  
And then there was Junior.

We tempted him with black bass, fresh as an American in the Air Force and fried to a lovely brown—but he didn't want any fish.

It was this way all but the first day of our vacation.

Junior didn't want any fish.

So Sunday we drove back to Toronto and as the hour was late and there was no food in the house, we went to a restaurant for dinner.

Junior studied the menu for some time and—yes, you guessed it—He ordered lake trout.

**Mistaken Identity**  
Then there was the lady whose young son was subject to colds and whose husband was one of that kind of fishermen who sat out in a boat morning, noon and night, rain or shine, and just patiently fished.

After one rainy day the lady was awakened by the young son sneezing.

She got up, fumbled around in the dark until she found another blanket and put it over him.

Later in the night she heard him sneeze again.

This time there was no extra blanket so she gently borrowed one from her husband and put it over the boy.

In the morning she discovered that it was her husband who had been doing the sneezing.

And if you don't think that you could use more than one blanket up in that country this August, you are crazy.

**Au Revoir**  
And so we regretfully leave the rough Haliburton shore line, the lake and the road that looks as if it just followed the trail left by some imberberated Indian chasing a grasshopper, for another year.

They called the place we were staying "Sun-Rise" but we don't know whether it was appropriate or not.

The two mornings it wasn't raining we didn't get up soon enough to see the sun rise.

**Sacrifice**  
The Lord may love a cheerful giver, but we are not sure how He regards a sacrifice who laughs up his sleeve.

Observe the Canadian public making sacrifices to save gasoline.

To a man and to a woman they refuse to take their cars out of their

garage except in exceptional cases as

1.—To escape walking a couple of blocks.

2.—To acquire a free meal with a distant relative.

3.—To play golf.

4.—To avoid riding on a street car.

5.—To enjoy the evening air, or,

6.—To while away an hour between appointments.

Except for these, and a couple of hundred other exceptions, the Canadian people suffer and sacrifice themselves for freedom's cause by leaving their car in the garage.

Even when it comes to getting up Sunday morning and driving to church, or giving their wife's cousin's family a ride home Sunday afternoon, they resolutely refuse to use gasoline that is needed for tanks and planes.

—And for us, we would not think of driving a car to anything of less importance than a bowling game.

**Russia Fights On**  
In this life we must frequently revise our values.

We find Russia rocking under the heaviest blows that Germany can strike, but reeling back into the fight after every blow.

This army that we thought would be lumbering and ineffective is staining Russian rivers red with blood, and a lot of it is German blood.

They are staying in there and fighting back in a way that must make French leaders blush, for France, long before she had taken anything like the amount of punishment the Russians have taken, was scuttling before the Germans with ears down and tail between the legs.

Then the French howled about saving their honour and pleaded with the Germans to save their skins.

We don't know how much of Russia

will be unoccupied when the snow come falling down, but whatever part is unoccupied will be Russia and will not in any way resemble "Unoccupied France."

Incidentally we thought one of the recent announcements from Unoccupied France was quite characteristic.

It said that Pétain was going to ask an oath of allegiance from his political opponents—and had arrested most of them as a preliminary step.

"Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite!"  
How France has swung from that ideal.

**Advice**  
Our young daughter gave us a word of advice recently.

We were wearing a pair of thin white flannels that bowlers wear when they want to feel ritz.

While not as gauzy as a lady's dress white flannels are not as impervious to light or not as concealing as red flannel underwear, for example.

"Why don't you wear a slip?" our young daughter solemnly asked us.

**In Conclusion**  
And so we have struggled through our first column after our vacation.

It is quite a new world that we have come back to discuss.

We see that Elsie the Moo has replaced Winnie the Pooh in the affections of many children—and even King has gone to London.

**Troops Greet Premier With Boos and Cheers**

Saturday, Hon. Mr. King, Premier of Canada, was on a visit to England, met with a mixed reception of cheers and boos when he visited the Canadian troops in Britain. Even the fact that General McNaughton introduced the premier and stayed by him did not stop the booping by the soldiers who were giving evidence of their dissatisfaction with the government war effort.

**Official Explanation for Stopping "Slicing"**

The Order which ended the sale of sliced bread in Canada on August 11 applied to bread in any form including bread rolls and any other rolls made from unsweetened dough, according to a statement issued by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

Cessation of the sale of sliced bread was ordered as a means of conserving labour and electric power and of avoiding the additional cost of double wrapping of sliced loaves. The purchase of slicing machinery is not only a factor in determining the retail price of bread but, as a considerable portion of this slicing equipment is manufactured in the United States, replacement would mean the expenditure of foreign exchange now needed for the purchase of munitions-of-war.

**FOOLISH STRATEGY**

In daring war with Great Britain and the United States while still bogged down in China, Japan has ignored one of the first essentials of a successful fighter. To wit: Never hit a man you're down!—North Bay Nugget.

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**See "Canada's Answer"**

**CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO, 1941**

**AUG-22 SEPT-6**  
EXCLUSIVE OF SUNDAYS

From Director of Public Information.  
"At the crucial moment of this manoeuvre... he says 'Pass the sugar!'"