

# The Porcupine Advance

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## THE PASSING OF THE CHIEF

In recent days, Timmins and the North have grieved at the passing of so many of the pioneers of this land—the pioneers who made the greatness of the North possible—the pioneers who were in fact themselves the real greatness of the North. Last week another was added to the growing roll of the men who spent their hearts, their talents, their lives for this land. Alex Borland, Sr., for over twenty-six years Fire Chief at Timmins, and previous to that for several years the Fire Chief at Cobalt, passed quietly away at the unusual age of seventy-seven years. Almost to the last he was able, alert, active at his chosen calling and in his other widespread interests. Less than a week before his death he was busy at the innumerable occupations that he crowded into his enthusiastic life.

There is no doubt as to his standing as a Fire Chief. The very existence of the town of Timmins is a monument to Alex Borland as a fire chief. He has been honoured by District Associations, Provincial Associations of Fire Fighters and by the Dominion Association of Fire Chiefs. The representatives specially delegated by these bodies to attend the funeral on Monday were but tokens of the esteem that had been expressed so often in the past for this great fire fighter. It is scarcely necessary to say that the wide knowledge and experience in fire fighting and fire prevention that Alex Borland built through long years of study, of effort and of talent will be difficult, indeed, to duplicate. Alex Borland will be sadly missed as a great chief.

Yet he will be missed even more deeply as a citizen and as a man. From the minute that he came to the North until the day he passed away he gave to his fellow citizens and to the North the same generous enthusiasm, the same talent, the same cheerful and wholesome interest that marked him as a leader in his profession. It would be difficult, indeed, to recall any community effort in which Fire Chief Borland was not a leader in the early days. He was one of the active workers on the Porcupine Dog Race Committee, one of the outstanding sports events of the North. In all other lines of healthful sport and entertainment, he was always to the front. He was the second president of the Timmins Citizens' Band and did his full share to establish that musical organization. He was one of the first to act as member of the Timmins Amateur Athletic Association that did so much to foster sport in this community. Though baseball and hockey were his favourites, he gave a ready helping hand to football, lacrosse and other early ventures. In fraternal circles and in service club movements his assistance could always be taken for granted. In any community venture it was a safe assumption to count on the help of Chief Borland. To recount all his various activities for town and district would mean a regular catalogue. To all patriotic causes he was an eager and enthusiastic supporter. In all these matters he gave the most generous help, but he took the most pride in the efforts that others may have felt too irksome for continued interest. For example, in the early days a committee was appointed by the council and the board of trade to meet all trains and welcome back returned soldiers from the last war. Only absence from town or the actual progress of a fire ever kept Alex Borland from being at the station to welcome the returned men. When others had overlooked or forgotten this duty, Fire Chief Borland and a faithful few carried on until the need was passed. This was characteristic of him. In recent years his interest and effort for the Canadian Legion was a continuance of the spirit that animated him in the committee of welcome. Fire Chief Borland not only built a remarkable fire prevention and fire-fighting organization for Timmins, but he made the fire hall also a centre for community effort of every kind. It is true that the men of the brigade, both permanent and volunteer, have shown the same fine community spirit, but they will be the first to pass the credit along to the Fire Chief.

Any tribute to Fire Chief Borland would be incomplete without reference to his earnest loyalty to British principles and traditions. British freedom, British justice, British friendship, these were his ideals. In recent years he had a habit of saying often to his friends:—"The older I grow the more British I become."

There is an ultra modern slander to the effect that there is a bitterness between young and old. Fire Chief Borland's whole life gave the lie to this libel. He had a constant affection for young folks. Two generations have grown up in Timmins with affection for the Old Chief because of his interest and understanding. One young man who has made a notable success of life, despite almost appalling handicaps from his situation and surroundings, once confessed that he owed his progress largely to the fact that as a boy he had been inspired by the truth that the Chief was a "swell guy," and that he and his type were the men to follow and to pattern by. The influence of men,

like Chief Borland is not to be lightly overlooked.

To Timmins and the North, Fire Chief Borland gave of his best—and a good best it was—and in return he has the affection and regard of all. He will be long remembered for his generosity and his other marks of greatness, and to the bereaved family there goes out the most sincere sympathy and friendship in a loss that is a mutual sorrow to all.

## HERE IS THE ANSWER

Just as Premier Churchill prophesied in the darker days of the war, the tide of battle has turned, and to-day Britain and her Allies are on the way to victory. It is frankly admitted that the contest may be long and arduous, but the final outcome now appears inevitable. The turn of fortune in the conflict has roused some to suggestions of a negotiated peace. Nations and individuals who watched without even comment while the Axis partners in iniquity perpetrated all sorts of infamies, now have the impudence to bring forth suggestions of peace overtures. Premier Churchill, President Roosevelt, Premier Jos. Stalin and other leaders of the Allied Nations are fully agreed on the pronouncement that the only way the Axis partners can secure any lessening of the present assaults upon them—assaults that will increase in power and scope as the days go by—is by the route of "unconditional surrender." It has been made plain by the unanimous voice of the Allied Nations that no negotiations will be entertained for peace or armistice. It is, in fact, a case now, of unconditional surrender or being clubbed into defeat. If there should be any who question the avowed determination of the several Allied Nations in this respect, a quotation may be cited. This quotation sums up the question very concisely. It was used in an address in the House of Commons last Thursday by Mr. McNiven, M.P. In making the quotation Mr. McNiven said that to many the words would have a familiar ring. "I do not know," he added, "of any words that more accurately describe the British point of view, or the conduct of the British Empire during the past three years." The quotation reads as follows:

"The British nation can be counted upon to carry through to victory any struggle that it once enters upon, no matter how long such a struggle may last, or however great the sacrifice that may be necessary, or whatever the means that have to be employed."

There are few thoughtful people who will not agree that the quotation expresses very fully the British attitude of to-day.

The words quoted are the truth. Mr. McNiven had a little amusement in suggesting to the House that members give a guess as to the author of these remarkable words. Often when a member is speaking in the House other members will interject remarks and call out answers to such questions as that suggested by Mr. McNiven. In this case, however, no one—not even Mr. Jean Poullet—had the right answer. Mr. McNiven was inclined to think that most people would guess it was Churchill who made the reference quoted above. Others might think it was Pitt or some other great British statesman, but he explained to the House that the author of these truthful words was none other than Adolf Schickelgruber who wrote them in his book, "Mein Kampf." Even the most brazen liar sometimes by accident will tell the honest truth.

## THOSE "SLOW BRITISH"

There are people on this continent who are so broadminded and so generous that they will admit that the British people are nearly as good as the people on this continent, except that they are a little slower. A local gentleman the other day made a statement to that effect, and he was asked if he had ever been across the sea. He admitted that he had never visited Britain but still he was quite sure of his beliefs in the proverbial slowness of the British. There were some things happening in this war that could not be explained on any such theory, but his faith in his opinion was unshaken. He was referred to his own brother who had served a year or two overseas in this war. This brother told him that the reputation of the slowness of the British was a dangerous one to accept. "Why," he said, "most of the records for speed are made across the pond. They have trains that make the speed of our 'fliers' reminiscent of mud turtles." "Do you know," he added, "that even their crooks are a little ahead of ours. They have to be to exist in 'slow Old Britain.'" There is a reference in The Perth Courier last week to a story from Scotland Yard that appears to endorse this thought in amusing way.

The average man on this continent would venture the opinion that the British have no counterpart to the plausible fellow who sells Brooklyn Bridge to an out-of-town visitor, or the fellow who is successful in securing a purchaser for Toronto City hall. It would be a foolish crook who would attempt to sell the Tower of London—to a Londoner. It has been done, however, in the long ago—to visitors to the Island. Scotland Yard has just released one of the best "gold brick" stories of this generation. An American soldier met a stranger while walking in Hyde Park. The plausible stranger was very kind, and his accent convinced the soldier that he was one of those "slow ones," and so could be trusted. Indeed, there was no reason to suspect that he could overreach a lad that had been born across the seas where every new racket is so old that no modern man may be deceived. The stranger could not do too much for

the visitor. Eventually, he asked the soldier if he would like to buy one of the barrage balloons to send home as a souvenir. "I can get you one for \$180.00," he said. The soldier jumped at this offer. The money was paid over and the deal all completed except for the delivery of the balloon. The American soldier waited patiently for a couple of days for his souvenir balloon. Then he confided in one of the "slow people" overseas. "You have been had!" he was informed, with the advice added that he go to the police. To-day Scotland Yard is seeking the plausible stranger. The American soldier has been given literally hundreds of pictures to see if he is able to identify the accented gentleman who flim-flammed him. Eventually Scotland Yard will catch up with that crook and there will be a rather definite example of the fact that the British are not so "slow" after all.

## GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

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."

A young lady in the United States who had been in a coma for several days through the disease known as "sleeping sickness" was temporarily roused by having a violinist play selections alongside her bed in the hospital. Any Sassenach can tell you that if they had brought in a piper instead of a violinist the young lady would have been roused permanently. This comment, no doubt, will resurrect the old story of the last war. A Scottish soldier in a military hospital was dying, and earnestly begged to be allowed to hear just once more before he died the beloved musical pipes of his native land. His request was granted, and to the surprise of all he made almost immediate and miraculous recovery—but all the other patients in the hospital passed on.

Last week the encouraging news came from Ottawa that Dominion Day this year is to be observed on Dominion Day, July 1st. There was some talk of having the observation on July 5th. The argument in favour of this perverted idea is that holidays on Monday give a "long week-end."

## "Open House" at Manning Depot



No. 1 R.C.A.F. Manning Depot, Toronto held "open house" recently, when men stationed at the depot entertained their families and friends. Here is the year-old daughter of LAC Walter Casky of Calgary, trying out the mattress on her dad's upper bunk. (R.C.A.F. Photo)

## Tribute Paid in the House of Commons to Late Dr. Heil

The following is taken from Hansard the official report of the proceedings in the House of Commons:

Hon. J.G. GARDINER (Minister of Agriculture). . . While I was West I had the opportunity of attending the funeral of a neighbor of Mr. Motherwell, whose life marks, I think, the beginning of a new era, not only in the agriculture of the West but in the experiences of Canada as a nation.

This man, Doctor Heil, had not reached an age at which we expect men to pass on. He was a young man, only 33. Into his life, however, he had crowded more than most of us are able to crowd into a span of 70 or 80 years. He was the youngest person ever to graduate from the University of Saskatchewan, entering that university before he was 15 and graduating in due course. He took a course in medicine at the University of Toronto and passed with honors. He spent a year as an interne at the sanatorium in the province of Saskatchewan, a year as an interne at the Civic Hospital in Ottawa, a year as an interne at the Bedford Hospital in Great Britain, and took a post-graduate course in Vienna. Then he spent a year as surgeon on a British ship sailing out of Liverpool.

Two years before the war he came home and began to practise medicine in Timmins, Ont. When the war started he enlisted, and two weeks ago passed away in a hospital in Toronto, following an attack of pneumonia. He was brought to his old farm home to be buried, in the same neighborhood in

which Mr. Motherwell had lived.

I should like to describe to this committee what I experienced at that funeral. This young man was one of a family of 10; he was the fourth boy of a group of seven, all born and raised on a farm in Saskatchewan. On this occasion he was dressed in the uniform of a captain of His Majesty's forces; over the coffin in which he was placed was draped the Union Jack, and the coffin was carried by his six brothers. But a most important fact is that following these six young men were the father and mother. And that father and mother were more than 70 years of age. With them were two daughters, the third being in Eastern Canada, the wife of a young man of foreign nationality who came East to take his part in making munitions, in order that this war might be prosecuted to a successful conclusion.

The point I wished to make particularly was that that mother and father came to this country from Europe. They were of German nationality, having come here from Austria before they were 20 years of age. They married in Canada, raised their family on a farm in Western Canada, and made their living from the soil, soil which had never been broken before they had broken it. They worked out of that soil the education of that family, consisting of the group of boys and girls I have described.

The further point I make is this: We were led into a church of the Lutheran faith. The service was conducted in the German language, and the hymns were sung in both German and English at the same time. A thousand people attended that service—Poles,

Anybody who seriously demands a change of date simply to have a long week-end, has a weak end already. If it is an essential to have week-end holidays the law should look after that matter. To twist dates to achieve such a purpose is to defeat the idea behind both matters. It would be as logical to hold Christmas in summer time so as to have better weather. Such a plan would soon ruin the idea of the observance of Christmas. There is example of this in regard to the King's birthday. The King was born in December, but the date twisters wanted to observe a holiday, rather than observe the King's birthday. The actual result is that in the final analysis neither date is generally recognized as a holiday.

A local weather prophet says that there will likely be a bumper crop of blueberries and wild raspberries in the North this year. It would be like the luck of the North to have this happen when sugar is scarce.

Miss Agnes Macphail, who was formerly a U.F.O member of the Dominion parliament, is expected to be a C.C.F. candidate in the coming provincial election in East York. If Miss Macphail continues changing the parties she may eventually become letter perfect.

Recent conditions recall an address years ago by Hon. Geo. E. Foster. His subject was democracy and the theme of his discourse may be summarized by a phrase used time and again in the address. That phrase was:—"Democracy ever trembles on the thin edge of peril." One of the worst troubles is that some of its professed friends appear to be ready to give it a bump to topple it over.

It's a funny world! In the House of Commons in the case of certain questions asked by members, the rule seems to be that if the query implies the giving of any piece of government policy, the question must be submitted in writing and in certain specified form, and several days—or longer—must lapse before an answer can be expected. The theory is that before a policy can be announced the Cabinet must be consulted. In other words, even the Minister whose department is concerned can not announce government policy. But any little employee of any of the bureaucratic departments can not only announce government policy off his own bat, but he can tell the people what their policy may be.

Germans, Anglo-Saxons, and people of other nationalities. But I am sure hon. members in the committee will agree with me that an incident of that kind in a country such as ours, under these conditions, does mark the opening of a new era, an era of international understanding among all the nationalities who have come to this country, an understanding which will result and has already resulted in the building of a lasting Canadianism.

## Eight Births Recorded at Town Hall This Week

Born — on June 6th, 1943, to Pie, and Mrs. Eldon C. Walster, 8 Kimberley avenue, at St. Mary's hospital a son (Ralph Clifford).

Born — on June 13th, 1943 to Mr. and Mrs. Ludger Rochefort, 174 1/2 Pine N. — a daughter (Marie Helene).

Born — on May 23rd, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Justien Robillard, Mountjoy Township, at St. Mary's hospital a son (Joseph Claude).

Born — on May 23rd, 1943, to Dr. and Mrs. Paul Clermont, 11A Pine N. at St. Mary's hospital — a son (Alphonse Bernard Robert).

Born — on May 20th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert De Grace, 29 Commercial avenue, — a son (Louis Stanislas).

Born — on June 7th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chartrand, 152 Commercial avenue — a daughter (Marie Isabelle Monique).

Born — on May 30th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Aldemard Smith, 216 Spruce N. — a daughter (Marie Irene Suzanne).

Born — on June 11th, 1943, to Pie, and Mrs. Irvin Arthur Collin, 35 Young St. south, at St. Mary's hospital — a daughter (Muriel Gale).

Try The Advance Want Advertisements

## Bridge and Tea is Last Meeting of Princess Alice Club

Delightful Afternoon Spent by Members Saturday

For the final meeting of the season, the members of the Princess Alice Club met at the Golf Club on Saturday afternoon, for a bridge and tea. This party was convened by Mrs. O. Kenne and Mrs. Gil Chenier and proved most enjoyable.

A novelty idea was presented, when each member drew a surprise package at the beginning of the afternoon, and during the bridge; the winning players at each table could exchange their gifts with the losers, and keep them. The gift exchanges created a great deal of amusement, the prizes being both useful and ornamental. Mrs. M. McNulty was the lucky holder at the last table of the main prize, and was the recipient of a lovely glass dish.

Candles, pink honeysuckle and stocks formed the centre piece of the tea table, and presiding over this was Mrs. James Barry, the Honorary President of the Club, and Mrs. J. Thomson, the president, assisted by Mrs. Chenier and Mrs. Kenne.

Those members present were Mrs. J. Barry, Mrs. J. Thomson, Mrs. O. Kenne, Mrs. G. Chenier, Mrs. W. Alexander, Mrs. O. Carter, Mrs. I. T. Brill, Mrs. M. McNulty, Mrs. B. Leek, Mrs. A. Muter, Mrs. W. Eccleston, Mrs. J. Dalton, Jr., Mrs. H. Hudson, Mrs. A. Jones, Mrs. E. Ritzel, Mrs. C. Allen, Mrs. A. Dudley, Mrs. J. McMaster, Mrs. C. MacLean, Mrs. E. Thompson, and Mrs. T. Byck. The latter three ladies are new members whom the Club was glad to welcome.

## Road Between Geraldton and Hearst Open for Use

In last week's issue of The Cochrane Northland Post has the following reference to that part of the Trans-Canada highway west of Hearst:—

"Returning to town this morning after motoring through from Geraldton, highways engineer A. Sunstrom reports that the Geraldton-Hearst stretch of the Trans-Canada highway is just about ready for traffic. In fact motorists are already using the new highway, but the official opening will not take place for about ten days. While the contractors will be working on certain parts of the road during most of the summer there are now just a few bridges over washouts to be strengthened and only about twelve miles in the entire 153-mile road which offer any difficulty. Would-be travellers will have to remember, however, that there is no gas for sale between Hearst and Geraldton."



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## IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

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