

The Porcupine Advance

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ON MEETING MR. BRACKEN

Last week Mr. John Bracken, national leader of the Progressive Conservative Party in Canada, was a visitor to Timmins on a brief tour of the North. This trip of the North completes a studied journey that has taken in all Canada. Mr. Bracken has travelled from coast to coast, has been in intimate touch with the people of all parts of the Dominion. He has visited cities and towns and rural areas. He has not forgotten the more remote and little known sections of Canada. To thoughtful people this all-Canadian tour reveals the character of the leader of the Progressive Conservative Party. It suggests the thoroughness that is characteristic of Mr. Bracken. He is determined to know and to understand. In his own words he was here to ask questions, rather than to answer them; to listen, rather than to talk; to learn the needs and the desires of all the different sections of the Dominion; to get acquainted. "I want to meet the people," he said.

The Advance suggested last week that it would be a good idea for as many people as possible to turn out to meet Mr. Bracken. His tour of Canada is something unique in the annals of political strategy. So far as The Advance knows no other leader has approached the matter in the same way. The average political leader appears to be anxious that the people should meet him, know him, see him. Mr. Bracken's purpose seems to be that he should meet the people, see the people, know the people, learn their needs and their opinions. This difference of outlook appeared to make it well worth while for as many as possible to meet this new type of political leader. There was another reason why the people in general should meet Mr. Bracken, and that was the suggestive fact that in all probability he will be the next premier of Canada, and all British Canadians should be interested in getting acquainted with the probable new head of the nation.

In Timmins several hundred people did turn out to meet Mr. Bracken, and not one of them has been found who does not feel that it was well worth while. Mr. Bracken has a very pleasing personality and greatly impressed all who had the pleasure of meeting him. None were disappointed, except in the most agreeable way. Most people have had the idea that his leading characteristic was his sincerity. Meeting Mr. Bracken confirms this opinion. To meet him is to believe that he deserves the name of "Honest John Bracken." But to meet him is also to dispel some false ideas held by many who have not had the pleasure of meeting him. Those who felt that sincerity and seriousness of purpose implied undue solemnity or formality or smugness, were agreeably disappointed. He showed a warmth, a geniality and a wit and humour that proved he had the human touch. It was evident that one reason he was anxious to meet people was because he liked people. A man who likes people will be able to serve them well. To most people his dry humour was a delight. It did not detract from his seriousness of purpose. Indeed, it seemed to add to the evidence of his sincerity. For example his account of his visits to the Far North and his meeting with Indians and Eskimaux indicated the sincerity of his expressed desire to know all parts and all peoples of Canada, while his reference to the "improved Scotsmen" and the "improved Frenchmen" that he met in those distant places showed how aptly he could use humour to lighten and to brighten his ideas. Another happy example of his method of making humorous references emphasize his sincerity was in regard to his discussion of his purpose in public life. He pointed out that his whole effort was to help the "under dog." When he felt that farmer, or labour, or capital, or enterprise was becoming the underdog then he felt he should help that under dog. "I have been fighting for agriculture and labour and enterprise whenever I have felt that they were oppressed," he said, "and if the day ever comes when the bankers are ground down and oppressed and in danger of starvation or despair, then I will even have sympathy with the poor banker."

Meet John Bracken! Meet the man who told people here, as he told them elsewhere in Canada, that his policy, his hope, his purpose is to make Canada a happier and a better land for the common man! Meet the man who faced an opposition in Manitoba almost equal to the strength of his government, but who by patience, thoroughness, honesty, sincerity and earnest effort developed such a unity, such a co-operation, such a confidence of the people, that after twenty years of service, all but five of the legislators were supporting a united government of the province! What was done for Manitoba may be duplicated for Canada!

Those who met John Bracken, national leader of a party, hope in the near future to meet John Bracken, leader of a united Canada, Premier of a progressive and responsible Dominion.

THE INVASION COMMENCES

If Timmins was typical of other Canadian centres then there was general satisfaction and gratification throughout the Dominion at the announcement on Tuesday morning at about half-past three o'clock of the invasion of Nazi-held Europe by Allied Forces. The news came here by radio and the Timmins fire department gave notice of the fact by setting off a number of bombs on the old ball park at the corner of Pine street and Second avenue. To a few people the meaning of the flashes of light followed by the sound of explosions did not convey the expected message. One man waking from sleep wondered if at last Timmins was to feel the weight of bombs from the sky. "It will be work for the A. R. P. and the firemen," he muttered as he drifted back to sleep. Another man, half-awake, decided that there had been a gigantic short-circuit somewhere, or that lightning must be hitting the power plant. The majority, however, turned on the radio, and learned the good news, wondering if this were another premature yarn by some glib radio artist. Morning telegraphic despatches, however, convinced one and all that the news was genuine and that invasion troops, including Canadian forces, had effectively landed in France.

There was further cheering news later in the day when despatches suggested that a large force had been landed along the French coast between Le Havre and Cherbourg. It appeared that the landing had been made without serious casualties and that the success of the venture was beyond the highest expectations. The number of planes used in the operation was no doubt a special factor in the success of the invasion, while recent bombings on gigantic scale had paved the way for the attack. There does not seem to be any doubt that the enemy was taken by surprise, and there is reason to believe that other surprises are in store for the Nazis. People in general are delighted at the success that has met the opening of this new front and there is wide confidence that the invasion is the beginning of the end for Schicklgruber and his fellow gangsters. While this is undoubtedly the fact, it is well to bear in mind some truths that seem beyond question. One of these is that it is early yet for any undue jubilation. It seems a certainty that there are bitter days ahead—perhaps, the hardest of this war. Germany is not likely to surrender without vicious battle. The collapse of the Nazi terror may be distant many days. In the meantime, there are sure to be many casualties. Sorrow will come to many Canadian homes. Already there is anxiety and fear in many hearts in Canada, knowing that loved ones are now facing dire danger and that many lives will be lost before the final and complete victory.

The successful invasion shows very talented planning and preparation and it is being carried through with an efficiency that is most encouraging. For the first time in the conflict the Germans must begin to feel like the cornered rats they are. Russia will no doubt resume its progress in driving the enemy from that land. The pressure in Italy is slowly but surely forcing the Nazi armies from that conquered country. Because of this the invasion of France will strike more than the usual terror into the minds of the German gangsters. One of the big worries of the Nazi leaders will be to know just where to throw the greater strength of their forces. This problem will be felt more keenly when there is a further feeling that other invasions may be contemplated. The fact that the King of Norway has broadcast a warning to his people against the danger from premature revolt against the Nazi must impress the Germans with the menace of an attack on them in Norway. Many who have studied the situation feel that an invasion of Norway would promise much chance of success at this time as well as adding to the general confusion of the enemy. The success of the preliminary invasion of France, however, suggests that the Allied authorities know their business thoroughly and should be left in full confidence to complete their plans which have very evidently been made with the greatest care, and guarded with the greatest secrecy. The success of the invasion appears to be in itself full justification for the policies followed in recent months.

RETURN THE NAME!

There is one demand that all the newspapers, the public men and all organizations in the North should make of the Drew Government and that is that official return should be made of the name of the North's highway. For some years past the North's one highway has been designated officially by a number like a criminal in the penitentiary. It is true that The Advance has persisted in calling the highway by its original name, a name very properly honoured and esteemed in the North. The highway has always been The Advance and to the majority of Northern people "The Ferguson Highway." Hon. G. Howard Ferguson was a friend to the North, is still a friend of the North. Few men took as keen and intelligent an interest in this country as did Hon. Howard Ferguson. Few were able to help the North in so many ways. It was largely his friendliness, his knowledge, his sympathy and his interest that made the Ferguson highway possible. It was very petty politics that prompted the attempt to change that name to a number or to a number of numbers. It was on a par with the attempt to defraud Swastika of the name that it had honestly held for so many years. The people boldly refused to drop the name

of Swastika. The public still call the highway "the Ferguson highway." The Drew Government should take advantage of the opportunity to officially confirm the name "The Ferguson Highway." Why not drop the numbers and return to the name, "The Ferguson Highway," a name that honours the North, because it honours an old and loyal friend of this North.

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."

Last week there was premature announcement over the radio of the invasion of Europe. The explanation of this was more ridiculous than the error itself. It was explained that a teletype operator was simply practising making an announcement, not realizing that his set was connected up and the announcement was going over the air. No doubt gullible people will accept the explanation,

Famous Editorial by Late W. A. White of Emporia, Kansas

Kansas Editor Did Not "Pull His Punches."

The Advance has had several recent requests for the famous editorial, "What's the Matter With Kansas?" written by the late William Allen White, of Emporia, Kansas. Emporia is a town of only a few thousand but the Emporia Gazette, with a small circulation, had a mighty influence—an influence felt all over the nation. The following is the main part of the editorial, "What's the Matter With Kansas?" as recently published in The Globe and Mail, with an explanatory note:

The recent death of William Allen White recalls his fame as editor of The Emporia (Kansas) Gazette, especially his attacks on the Populist movement. That was in 1893. In succeeding years crops were bad; the farmers were suffering. Then Editor White published the editorial that brought him instant fame. It was a vigorous attack on William Jennings Bryan, the Democrats generally, and the Populists particularly. Mark Hanna of the Republican National Committee distributed a million copies of the editorial which had wide publicity throughout the country. Following is an extract from the editorial, "What's the Matter with Kansas?":

Yet the nation has grown rich, other States have increased in population and wealth—other neighbouring States. Missouri has gained more than 2,000,000, while Kansas has been losing half a million. Nebraska has gained in wealth and population while Kansas has gone downhill. Colorado has gained every way, while Kansas has lost every way since 1886.

What's the matter with Kansas? We all know; yet here we are at it again. We have an old mossback Jacksonian who snorts and howls because there is a bathtub in the State House; we are running that old Jay for Governor. We have another shabby, wild-eyed, rattle-brained fanatic who has said openly in the dozen speeches that "the rights of the usher are paramount to the rights of the owner"; we are running him for Chief Justice so that capital will come tumbling over itself to get into the State. We have

tion, which is equivalent to saying that a newspaper would be pardoned for anything it published if its excuse was that it forgot the press was running when the type was set up just for pure fun.

People of the North should not forget about the matter of the development of the lignite fields north of Cochrane. Now is the time to speed up the development. Is the government overlooking anything in this matter? Is there an untried process that promises early and effective use of the lignite?

The heavy rains during the past week have effectively stopped the bush fires in this district. It will take several weeks of dry weather to again turn these bush areas in to any menace. It is well to remember, however, that with conditions favourable to bush fires there is always danger. Clearances and fireguards and increased skill in dealing with forest fires have reduced the danger to the towns of the North.

The latest guess about the coming Dominion election is that it will be held in October of this year. Before or after the next war loan?

Whoop it up for the ragged trousers; but the lazy, greasy fiddler who can't pay his debts on an altar, and bow down and worship him. Let the State ideal be high. What we need is not the respect of our fellowmen, but the chance to get something for nothing.

Oh, yes, Kansas is a great State. Here are people fleeing from it by the score every day, capital out of the State by the hundreds of dollars; and every industry but farming paralyzed, and that crippled because its products have to go across the ocean before they can find a labouring man at work who can afford to buy them. Let's don't stop this year. Let's drive all the decent, self-respecting men out of the State. Let's keep the old clod-hoppers who know it all. Let's encourage the man who is "posted." He can talk, and what we need is not mill hands to eat our meat, nor factory hands to eat our wheat, nor cities to oppress the farmer by consuming his butter and eggs and chickens and produce. What Kansas needs is men who can talk, who have large leisure to argue the currency question while their wives wait at home for that nickel's worth of bluing.

Oh, this is a State to be proud of! We are a people who can hold up our heads! What we need is not more money, but less capital, fewer white shirts and brains, fewer men with business judgment, and more of those fellows who boast that they are "just ordinary clodhoppers, but they know more in a minute about finance than John Sherman"; we need more men who are "posted," who can bellow about the crime of '73 who hate prosperity, and who think because a man believes in national honor, he is a tool of Wall Street. We have had a few of them—some 150,000—but we need more.

We need several thousand gibbering idiots to scream about the "Great Red Dragon" of Lombard Street. We don't need population, we don't need wealth, we don't need well dressed men on the streets, we don't need standing in the nation, we don't need cities on the fertile prairies; you bet we don't! What we are after is the money power. Because we have become poorer and ornerier and meaner than a spavined, distempered mule, we, the people of Kansas, propose to kick; we don't care to build up, we wish to tear down.

"There are two ideas of government," said our noble Bryan at Chicago. "There are those who believe that if you just legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, this prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous their prosperity will find its way up and through every class and rest upon us." That's the stuff! Give the prosperous man the dickens! Legislate the thrifless man into ease, whack the stuffings out of the creditors, and tell debtors who borrowed the money five years ago when money "per capita" was the greater than it is now, that the contraction of the currency gives him a right to repudiate.

North Bay Nugget: Some folks are home so little they don't notice whether or not their home life is unhappy.

Death of Mrs. J. Robins in Alaska Some Days Ago

There will be very general regret here at the sad news of the death of Mrs. J. Robins in Alaska recently, and much sympathy for Mr. Robins and the family of four children left to mourn her loss. Mr. Jim Robins, son of Mr. P. A. Robins, former manager of the Hollinger Mine, lived here for some time, having been on the staff of the McIntyre Mines some years ago, and he and Mrs. Robins living in Schumacher. In recent years he has been engaged in placer mining in Alaska.

SAD MISTAKE

Called before the orderly officer, the private was being "put through it." "What's that you say," snapped the officer sternly. "You break a bottle of beer over the corporal's head and then have the audacity to stand there and say it was an accident." "Yes, sir, that's right, sir," replied the private; "I didn't mean to break it." —Sudbury Star.

SUCH RELIEF!

Sharp received from his friend McGreen a letter which bore no stamp, and he had to pay double postage. The letter concluded: "You will be delighted to hear that I am enjoying the best of health, old chap. Yours, McGreen." Sharp wrapped up a large stone and, without paying postage, sent it to McGreen with the following reply: "This great weight rolled off my mind when I heard the good news." —Exchange.

DON'T WEAR YOURSELF OUT!

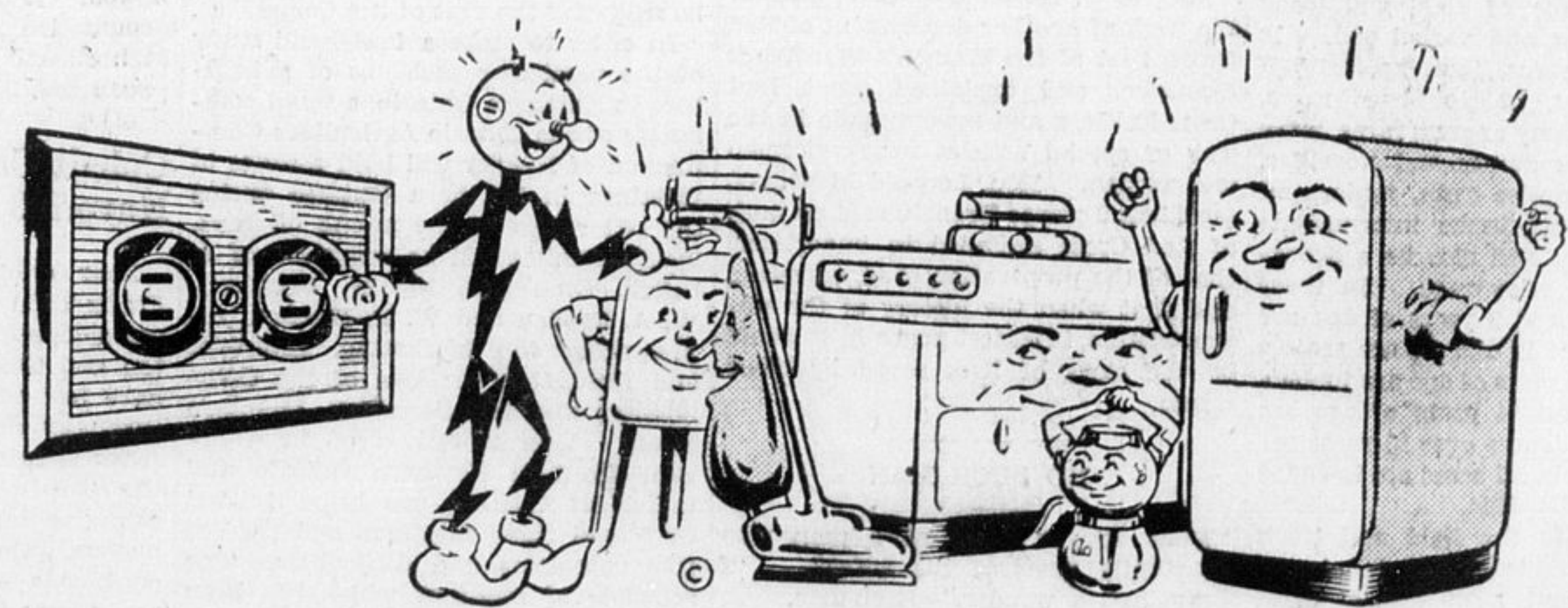


TAKE IT EASY



with GILLETT'S

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ARE WE HAPPY IN THE SERVICE?

● Yes, folks—we're happy in your service—And we'll give you good service, too, if you keep us happy with the regular attention we need. Motors must be oiled—Vacuum bags emptied—Wires and plugs kept in good repair—Rubber rollers loosened and washer emptied and dried after use.

We like to work for you when you keep us "happy in your service".

REDDY SAYS:

"Help those in the services of your country by your regular purchase of War Savings Stamps and Certificates."

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