

The Porcupine Advance

PHONE 26

TIMMINS, ONTARIO

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Vote For A New Garage

Inspection of the town garage proves the place to be an antiquated fire trap which is inadequate to house the town's equipment properly. In view of the conditions existing, with the heating system located in an unprotected spot in the centre of the building, with several open greasing pits a few feet away and vehicles jammed in pell-mell, it is surprising that the building has not burned to the ground in the past. A backfire from any of the machines or trucks might turn the structure into a blazing inferno in a few moments.

Moreover, the place is on the verge of falling down. Built originally as a horse barn almost a quarter of a century ago, it cannot properly support the floor loads required on the second storey where much equipment is kept. As a result floors have heaved and steel struts are required to keep the place from collapsing.

There is no question whatever of the need of a new garage for the town of Timmins. The Advance believes it advisable to vote "yes" at the coming plebiscite to council's request for \$75,000 to erect a new structure. Not only is the town's valuable equipment in jeopardy, but town fire services would become dislocated if a fire occurred during a period of heavy snow, when fire trucks would be unable to reach the scene of a fire due to lack of snow removal equipment.

A New Low

Something new in shoddiness appeared on the newstands of Timmins last week, when New Liberty magazine, the senior sister of the Giggling Girl of Cedar street, our local daily, was placed up for sale. In a series of pictures which approached the border line of obscenity, the rag-tag weekly purchased last year by Messrs Thomson and Cook, former local wonder-boys, presented the act of one Miss Lil St. Cyr, noted edcys'ast and strip tease performer who displays her wares for the "appreciation" of goggle-eyed Montreal businessmen.

The photographs portraying the peculiar activities of this "artist" were too vulgarly nude to even bear description in a respectable newspaper. It would be no surprise to us to hear that the publishers have been hailed into court on charges of selling obscene literature; and indeed we suggest such charges be laid in order to halt the publication of material calculated to pollute the minds of Canada's youth.

It seems obvious that this fifth-rate magazine has failed to reach the circulation expected despite one of the most resounding barrages of publicity and advertising ever to be forced on the general public; if it can't be sold as a legitimate publication, apparently it is going to be sold for its value as filth — until the law clamps down.

Water Shortage

Old Mother Nature has been a fickle dame indeed in her treatment of Northern Ontario this year. First she provided a Spring which witnessed some of the worst floods on record, a Spring which washed out bridges to halt tourist traffic, held up log drives of lumbermen, and delayed the ploughing and planting of Northern farmers.

Then the clear, sunny weather of this Fall created another kind of record. No rain fell and watersheds of the North grew narrower and shallower, while small tributary streams dried up altogether. Today pulp and paper manufacturers find that they have insufficient water to carry on normal operations in their mills, some due to lack of electric power and some due to lack of water power to operate ground wood plants.

The situation in these plants is not such that a serious lay-off of labor seems imminent, but on the other hand, unless there is a thaw on a grand scale to melt most of the snow in the bush, operations will be considerably impeded. The situation can become serious if a long cold Winter occurs, for water supplies are not such to last till a late Spring.

Who Is Crazy?

We note this week that the Giggling Girl, in a fine burst of editorial frenzy, accuses the entire Timmins town council, except Mayor Emile Brunette, whom in time past and present it has extolled to near-sainthood, of being unmitigated crackpots. The Press also declares that the entire town populace is "nuts" or words equivalent. That is, "nuts" unless it bows to the editor's infallible judgment and superhuman omniscience of town affairs, of which he gets a second-hand and inept version in the first place.

The Giggling Girl is outgiggling itself. Is everybody crazy but her editor?

Another Viewpoint

THE GOLD BONUS of \$7 per ounce on additional production simply admits that the Government now realizes that it made a mistake in lowering the price of gold from \$38.50 to \$35 an ounce, when the premium on U S \$ was removed. The correction is made in an unnecessarily complicated fashion. It would have been economically sounder and administratively simpler to have paid a subsidy of \$3.50 per ounce on all gold production. (The Letter Review)

Your BRAIN BUDGET

1.—When was the first telegraph line extending from New York City to Washington, D. C. installed? (a) 1826, (b) 1836, (c) 1846, (d) 1856.

1.—The first commercial telegraph system in U. S. was used for what purpose? (a) election returns, (b) horse race returns, (c) police purposes, (d) war purposes.

2.—Which is the highest dam in the United States? (a) Shasta, (b) Boulder, (c) Grand Coulee, (d) Arrowrock.

3.—When was a balloon first used in warfare? (a) 1794, (b) 1804, (c) 1834, (d) 1914.

4.—When were the Bahamas first settled by Europeans? (a) 1647, (b) 1687, (c) 1747, (d) 1787.

Answers

1.—(b) Race returns from Long Island City, N.Y., in 1827.

2.—(b) Boulder dam which is 726 feet high.

3.—(a) In 1794 during the French Revolution

4.—(a) 1647.

When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

No. 27. When Timmins Had a Tax Rate of 29 Mills



"A Residence on the Hill, in 1915"

If the members of Timmins Town Council in 1915 had not been brave lads, they would have been "in the dumps" about the town dump. There wasn't any garbage disposal allotment, or anything as refined as that. It was unsightly, and unpleasant odors arose from it. It was a real "dump." People complained about it. Members of council visited it; then they complained too. "Why, it's no better than a regular dump," one councillor commented. Something simply had to be done about it. So council decided to have it purified by fire. So, tenders were called for the work of cleaning that odorous, unsightly dump.

At a council meeting on April 21st, 1915, the tender of Jack Dubantien and Michael Androvitch was accepted. They were to purify that dump for the sum of \$270.00 and the work must be completed by May 20th, that same year. If the dump wasn't completely pure and beautiful by May 20th, then the tenders forfeited all their rights to that \$275.00. The council was not long left with hopes that the dump would soon be less dumpy. On April 26th, Councillors McCoy and Dr. Moore reported that the tenders had quit their smelly job, and something more must be done.

Accordingly a resolution was passed instructing work to be started on that dump immediately, if not sooner, or words to that effect, and that the enterprise be rushed along and actually ended and completed by May 20th. Yes, the 1915 council did get action on that dump. It was made a lot better. But after all, the same town councillor commented: "Still, it looks and smells, too much like a town dump."

Speaking of "cleaning up," it is interesting to note that thirty years ago, Timmins declared a civic half-holiday, to be observed by everybody turning out and cleaning up the town. The civic-minded gentleman who last year proposed a "Clean-Up" day for Timmins was apparently born just thirty years too late for Timmins. Anyway, the minutes of council for April 29th, 1915, had the following paragraph: "Moved by Dr. Moore, seconded by E. Laflamme that the mayor be authorized to proclaim Wednesday afternoon a half-holiday to get the town cleaned up. And that proceedings be taken against anyone not complying with the above hours of closing, to be 1 p.m. to 6 p.m.—Carried."

At the same meeting of council, the councillors felt that they would not need to get into the dumps again, for Eli Leblanc had taken the contract, and they were confident that he would do a first-class job, and do it on time.

Too much emphasis cannot be given to the fact that the early town councillors had a big job on their hands, and that town affairs must have taken a lot of time and effort to achieve the results that were won in those years. At the same time it will be noted that from time to time, the council stepped aside a moment or two to endeavor to achieve something that might not be strictly in the line of town business, but still indirectly might effect the town's welfare. On occasion, it might be only a kind or friendly gesture. Again, it might be something on which it was thought there might be built something of some advantage to Timmins. Examples of both these forms of digression from formal council business may be found in the minutes of council during the Summer of 1915.

That Northern friendly spirit showed in the following item from the minutes of June 1st: "Proposed by E. Laflamme, seconded by Chas. Dalton, that the council having been informed that H. B. Cullen our present agent, is to be let go on the first of July, that this council pass a resolution requesting the T. & N. O. Commission, if possible, to give the above Mr. Cullen another chance here, as we have found him a very painstaking and obliging official.—Carried."

In taking a long view of the welfare of the town, the looking to the future, the 1915 council on July 5th, passed the following resolution, proposed by Councillor McCoy, and seconded by Councillor Dalton: "That the council of the municipality of the Town of Timmins request the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario to give an estimate of the price to be charged to the said municipality for 5,000 horse power of electric energy, to be supplied at Timmins, ready to be distributed by the said municipality.—Carried."

In other words, the above resolution comprised ideas about the Hydro coming in to Timmins. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that for many years appeals were made to the Hydro to come in to this camp. These appeals came from boards of trade as

well as municipal councils. Usually the reply to delegations was that a gold mining camp was a speculative proposition, and that Hydro should not speculate with the people's money. Without arguing about this, it must be noted that in its early days Timmins and the Porcupine had to depend on private enterprise in this matter. Only private enterprise would take a chance. That the Northern Canada and its subsidiaries did not ask too much profit for the chance taken is proven by the fact that any time the Hydro did quote figures as to their charges for supplying power here the rates mentioned were always as high, or higher, than charged by the private corporation.

One interesting item in the minutes of July 27th is to the effect that \$100 would be appropriated for the erection of a band stand on the ball park.

The minutes of the August 2nd meeting record the fact that August 10th was to be declared Civic Holiday for Timmins. This seems to be the first civic holiday, formally proclaimed here.

Ah! Somebody spoke too soon! Here are the dumps again! That town dump was cleaned up, and cleared up, and everything, but it simply wouldn't stay that way. So, along in August of 1915 the dump question was dumped again into the lap of the town council, or words to that effect. This time it was dealt with by appointing Councillor Chas. Dalton as "a committee of one to investigate and make arrangements for the better keeping of the town dump."

The same August, the Timmins council awarded tenders for clearing town streets of stumps. Many stumps were taken from the streets. But still many stumps remained. In regard to getting all the stumps from all the streets, the town councils all were stumped until 1917.

On August 9th, the town council struck the rate for the year 1915. If councils of today could strike the same kind of rates, they would be as popular as the 1915 council. Indeed, people might return to the early-day plan of electing mayor and council by acclamation. The 1915 tax rate was 29 mills for public school supporters, and 34 mills for separate school supporters. Details of the rate were: general rate, 5 mills; waterworks debentures, 15 mills; Provincial war tax, 1 mill; separate schools, 13 mills; public schools, 8 mills.

It may have been that the Council felt they had done a big day's work when they struck that low tax rate, but in any case it appears as if they did not intend to wrestle with the scavenging business of the town. Apparently, that too, had been causing some trouble. In any event, one paragraph in the minutes of council for August 9th resolved that "H. E. Montgomery be a committee of one to arrange the proper handling of the scavenging of the town, and that he be authorized to hire such men and teams as he may see fit, and that he make arrangements for the town to receive the revenues. Further, that motions regarding any previous keepers and scavengers be rescinded."



REV. ROBERT H. HARPER

The Way of Love.
Lesson: 1 John 2:7-11, 15-17; 3:3-18.
Memory Selection: 1 Corinthians 14:1.

The lesson may be considered in a series of contrasts between those who love and those who hate. The man who hates his brother is in darkness; he who loves abides in the light. The love of the evil of the world is enmity toward God; he who loves God overcomes the world and its lusts. Whoever hates his brother is a murderer; he who loves God is ready to serve.

To love is an old commandment, and was in John's time, because Jesus gave it. It may become new to those who learn its meaning in their hearts through faith in Jesus. Love distinguished the early disciples—their pagan neighbors were wont to exclaim, perhaps in wonder and maybe in scorn: "Behold how these Christians love one another!" Love brings an assurance of a man's acceptance with God. He may know that he has passed from death unto life because he loves the brethren. And to this assurance may be added the witness of the Christ who loved

Scott's Column

The enterprising gentlemen who populate the towns of Rouyn-Noranda, Quebec, have taken the lead in Northern Ontario in doing something to provide a recreation centre for their community. And the plan under which they are operating is one to which advocates of a similar centre in Timmins might give serious consideration.

The able gentlemen at Rouyn are not asking the municipality to foot the bill in this era of increased taxes and zooming living costs. They know they haven't got the proverbial snowball's chance of obtaining funds from this source if a plebiscite of the population were to be taken. Neither are they seeking a major handout from the mines in the district,—another unlikely source of revenue in this day of high production costs and inadequate mine manpower.

The businessmen of Rouyn-Noranda have formed an association known as the Rouanda Athletic Association. Prominent men, municipal officials, service club members and N. E. Lariviere, MLA, have been appointed directors.

This association is at the present time selling shares of \$5 each to the public. A reserve of 25,000 shares has been established and when all are sold the tidy sum of \$125,000 will be realized. And from the fashion in which shares are being purchased, the entire issue should be sold in the near future.

The establishment of a community centre in Timmins has been the subject of intermittent discussion for more than two years. Once already a proposal for the town to foot the bill has been defeated at the polls; and it appears that a second plebiscite would meet the fate of the first if tax-payers were polled again.

The subject was brought to life again shortly after the TCAC became active during last January and February. At that time rumors flew about the town that a kind-hearted beneficiary of great wealth would present such a centre to the town, lock, stock and barrel, in the near future. No such magnificent gift has materialized, however, and we wonder whether the existence of this person was not the figment of optimistic imagination.

Latest proposal is for a joint drive by the town's service clubs to get the plan underway. Details of the methods to be used have not been published, but it seems likely that a stock-selling method such as the one at Rouyn-Noranda may be employed. In our opinion this is the only feasible manner in which the town can obtain the type of building it needs.

Incidentally, it becomes more apparent as months pass that Timmins has serious need of a community centre, or at least a building of some type which can be used in the Winter as a rink for the town's youngsters and at other seasons of the year for the other purposes to which a public sports centre is put.

To ensure success in promoting such a centre, it appears that those fostering the plan should aim low for the present at least. Money is not abundant about the town and for this reason a modest plan is preferable to a grandiose scheme, no matter how attractive the latter may seem to planners.

Money "Tight"

If you have any doubt that money is exceedingly "tight" in the town of Timmins today, take a walk along Third avenue and ask merchants how they find business. They will be almost unanimous in telling you that it is harder to get a dollar today than fifty dollars three years ago.

They blame it all on higher prices, combined with the drying up of wartime money. Though perhaps you won't believe it, the merchants themselves do not like the increased costs for most things on sale today any more than you do. Whatever little margin of increased profit per individual sale it may mean to them is amply discounted by continual mark-ups drive customers out of your store.

Normally in Timmins, there is a considerable "lay-away" business for Christmas. Wise customers budget ahead to provide gifts for family and friends. But lay-away business is practically nil this year, apparently due to lack of cash.

One merchant reported to us that in one day two customers offered him down payments of \$10 on fur coats, then \$10 a month. He explained that he could not accept such sums for luxury items of this type. He argued that if customers could not put down more money, they needed what cash they had for more important things; and that as a result it was unlikely that he would ever be paid. He was probably right.

Pet peeve: To grab a taxi, arrive at work just in time, and then have the boss phone to say he won't be down.

For Britain, lacking coal in February, this has been Dunkirk all over again, with its blood and tears but no sweat.

him even unto death. And no man can love God and be callous to the needs of men around him.

This old lesson of love is quite applicable today—in a world that has recently known so much of hatred and suffering. There is need that Christians shall know the spirit of love in all the activities of every-day life—in the home, in business, everywhere—if our country is made a good place for all our people to dwell in. If we would be loyal to Christ, be loyal, we must be willing, at any cost, to be spent in a ministry of love. We must be loyal to our fellows. To love and helpfulness toward others.

Reunion Occurs!!! Wilbur Meets Booby

(In our last episode we left Wilbur and the Phantom Prospector in the act of washing dishes in an Ansonville restaurant, in payment for some \$3 worth of food the two starving travellers had cosumed. They had made a deal with Pete, portly restaurant proprietor, after the latter had ejected his regular dishwasher for philandering with his (Pete's) daughter. Wilbur had entered the kitchen to spy this comely lass rolling a pie crust on a table in the corner of the room. "Whew!" the ex-scribe had said to himself. "I can't blame the dishwasher." Continue from here.)

The North may abound with glamour gals with fetching pharms but Rosa had 'em hog-tied. I saw at a glance. Raven black hair, demure, lustrous eyes and skin like white marble. A physique like Betty Grable (the common man's Sarah Bernhardt).

"Hi, babe," said I, turning on all the personality I could muster. It is tough to be a Romeo when one is five foot two in height, wears eight-candlepower spectacles and has buck teeth. For some reason the ladies don't respond. Rosa didn't either.

"Quiet, shrimp!" said she. "Didn't you see what happened to Harry?" Apparently Harry was the name of the dishwasher who had fled for his life. He had high-tailed it out of there as though someone had applied a hot foot to the seat of his trousers. Strangely enough, Rosa spoke the word "Harry" as a term of endearment.

"Harry is certainly a fast runner," I observed. "Hey, Wilbur, ain't you going to help with the dishes?" asked the Phantom who was already elbow-deep in a sudsy tub of dish-water. Beside him a mountain of plates teetered dangerously. I rushed over to straighten them up.

"Never mind the women," advised the old prospector. "We'll never get to my old mine if you stop to play around with every wench who crosses your path."

"Who's a wench?" demanded Rosa, lifting her rolling pin from the pie crust.

"Now, now!" I admonished. "Nothing personal. It's just a manner of speech with the old boy. Anybody can see you're a perfect lady."

"You bet I am," enunciated Rosa. "At this Pete wandered into the kitchen to see how we were getting on. Since I had no desire to be beheaded with a cleaver for making passes at his daughter, I dived into the pile of dishes to assist the Phantom."

We worked away quietly for a time as the old man babbled about his remarkable gold mine—a mine where the yellow stuff came in semi-liquid form. Apparently when the time arrived to get this mine into production it would be more like operating a glue factory than a goldmine. According to the Phantom, the most sensible way to handle the stuff was to put it up in bottles.

Now and again I stole surreptitious glances at the fair Rosa, who appeared to be brooding heavily over something. It struck me suddenly that she must think that this dishwasher who fled was a bit of alright. Which goes to show you can never tell when it comes to females. Their affections are as unpredictable as the results of the coming elections in Timmins.

Finally we finished our chore and there appeared to be nothing else to do but leave. With regret on my part at least, we walked from the kitchen into the restaurant.

Who should be sitting there munching on a tender steak but my old pal and associate, Councillor James "Boobytrap" McTavern! I let out a holler and old Booby nearly strangled over a large portion he had just placed in his mouth.

Our reunion was a touching scene, for we had not met for two months. Booby having left at that time for his annual excursion to Banff. Usually in my financial difficulties, he had acted as an anchoring rock to cling, but with him absent from Timmins, my financial ship had foundered completely.

"This calls for a beer!" exclaimed Booby, a spark of life appearing momentarily in his heavy-lidded eyes. "In fact it calls for several. And who, pray, is your venerable friend?"

I introduced the Phantom and the two of us sat down while good old Boob plowed through the rest of his meal. We adjourned at once to a neighboring pub, amidst a shower of felicitations.

As the leading light of Timmins council ordered the first round, I glanced about to see Harry, the harrassed dishwasher, sitting at a nearby table.

Already he looked four parts squiffed.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

TO THE EDITOR

Box 7 Editor,
Chatham, Ont. The Advance,
Timmins.

Dear Sir:
The Fall of 1947 is here and we all are preparing for Winter. During the past year there has been an acute labour shortage on our farms. The labor picture for next Spring is not any better and so we would suggest that farmers in your district prepare now to solve their labor problem for next Spring.

I think we have a solution. Many experienced farmers will emigrate to Canada from Holland beginning early next year, both families and single men. In order to engage an immigrant farm laborer, farmers are required to make out an application now through our office.

We also receive from the Netherlands the necessary names and qualifications of prospective immigrants and match those with applications received here from farmers.

Farmers are required to give year round employment, supply a suitable house and pay prevailing wages, start-out with a minimum of \$75.00 per month.

There are a number of single men available and it is our policy to place single men in each district in equal numbers to the families that are placed there. Conditions for single men are: year-round employment, room and board, prevailing wages beginning with a minimum of \$50.00 per month.

May we ask you to inform farmers in your district about this Holland immigrant farm labor movement. During the past Summer we have placed more than two thousand immigrants on farms, on the whole with good success. This may well be the means to beat the labor shortage in your county.

Would you, through your office, inform us about interested farmers and in so doing assist us and also your own farmers.
If at any time you would want us

That these days and scenes are on the way back is abundantly evident. Many would like to see The Advance a "daily." And heaven knows this town needs a good "daily" and an educated editor.
Good luck to you sir. The green light is yours. March on.

A. W. STEWART,
129 Hart St.

to come to your district to supply additional information or to talk to farmers about these matters, we will be only too glad to do so.

Hoping to be of assistance to the farmers of your district and at the same time helping immigrants who are eager to come here and to become useful citizens of this good country of ours, I am

Yours very truly,
JOHN VALLINGA.