

# The Porcupine Advance

PHONE 28  
TIMMINS, ONTARIO

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## A Cause Of Dissension

The Advance does not like to criticize the TCAC for the reason that this organization is doing excellent work for the residents of the town, particularly the children. However, when the manner in which this organization operates causes dissatisfaction and hard feelings among town employees, criticism is justified.

Bearing in mind the relative values and importance of certain employees of the TCAC and those of the town of Timmins itself and bearing in mind the fact that all are paid out of the public funds, an inequitable situation appears to exist. Up to the present, the town chief of police and the town fire chief have been paid \$325 per month. The town clerk has been paid \$300 a month. The town engineer has also been paid \$300 per month.

All of these men are capable and qualified for their positions. They are all vital to the operation of the town. All of them shoulder direct responsibilities of considerable importance. The fire chief supervises 31 paid firemen and 20 volunteers. The chief of police directs a staff of 25 constables. The town clerk is general superintendent of all town affairs, a man who knows municipal law and municipal procedure. The town engineer is qualified for his position by long experience and a university degree.

In view of the salaries of these men it does not appear equitable that the director of the TCAC should receive a salary of \$300 a month. Either he is being paid too much or the others are being paid far too little. Comparison with other municipalities shows they are not.

Then there is the matter of the amount paid to the boxing instructor of the TCAC? This man who knows his job no doubt, is being paid \$250 a month. Yet the town treasurer, a qualified accountant whose value and importance to the town is at least on a par with the director of the TCAC himself, is only paid \$225 a month. There are other men who have worked for the town for ten years or more in varying degrees of responsibility who would not know the color of \$250 a month if they saw it.

Although council has no direct control over how the TCAC spends its money, it is council's obligation to rectify a situation which causes dissension among town employees. Perhaps this is one reason why council has cut the TCAC's budget for 1948 from a requested \$56,000 to \$35,000. If the TCAC won't voluntarily curb extravagance, it appears that the town is going to force it to.

## No Credit To The CCF

One man who will unquestionably be thrown to the wolves at the next provincial election, both by his own party and the general electorate, is Robert Carlin, CCF representative for Sudbury. Through his slavish adherence to the Communist line and by his complete domination by Reid Robinson, Carlin has divorced himself from the principles of his party and from the affections of the workingman who placed him in office both in the provincial government and in the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers.

Carlin's probable alibi for his actions would be that he has been defending trade unionism. He hasn't been. When the government announced its ban on Communists entering Canada, he was among the first to protest and among the loudest to howl. This was before any of the American Reds in his union were specifically named as likely to be involved in the ban. But Carlin knew they would be, so he sputtered over half of Northern Ontario. How did he know they would be? Simply because he knew in his heart they were Communists.

When a CCF member of the legislature takes it upon himself to defend Communists, something is radically wrong, either with the CCF or the member. Although this paper is no proponent of socialism, it believes that the CCF party is an entirely loyal, Canadian movement and as such worthy of respect.

For this reason, it is up to the CCF to clarify its position on Carlin and his actions. It is time that the party branded him as the Red stooge which he is.

## Married Women Working

In a letter to town council this week a citizen suggested that the town pass a bylaw prohibiting married women from working so long as their husbands were also employed. Of course the town has no authority to pass a bylaw of this type, but nevertheless this citizen's request brings light to bear on a subject worthy of examination. In some respects such a bylaw would be advantageous.

All winter here several hundred men have been unemployed and have subsisted on unemployment insurance. At the present time these numbers have been swelled by the conclusion of work in the bush; today the streets of the town are thronged with unemployed from the bush; these bushmen have no claim for unemployment insurance.

At the same time, many married women have been holding jobs which could be occupied by men. It is questionable whether these women are morally entitled to jobs when men with families to support can find no work. Furthermore, a number of these women have children at home and they should be at home looking after them instead of "parking" them with in-laws or friends. We are not referring to widows, or women who are supporting themselves after separation with their husbands. These women are certainly entitled to jobs.

But it is unnecessary for married women to work while their husbands are also employed. Whenever possible, employers should hire married men or, if a job is specifically one for a woman, an unmarried girl should be hired. Every year capable and skilled young ladies graduate from the local high school only to find that they are shunted from clerical work due to the fact married women are occupying the jobs which should be available to them.

There are important social ramifications to the fact that married women work when it is unnecessary. Women in this capacity seldom have children or want them. Instead of being occupied with the natural task of providing a home for a man and raising a family, these women are not performing their natural obligations to the country and to their husbands. They prize their "independence" above the very things which will make their lives fuller and happier in the days of later life.

There is no substitute for a woman for a home and children.

# In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

## No. 47. Advertisements in the Early Days

In the early days of the Porcupine, many of the merchants were regular and steady advertisers, but, in general, there was a tendency to "splurge" rather than indulge in smaller spaces each week. The tendency was to half-page and full-page advertisements, when it was decided to advertise, and often the advertising was as striking as the space taken.

Among the regular weekly advertisers in The Advance in 1917 were: J. R. Gordon, Groceries and Meats; Timmins, Schumacher and South Porcupine; Marshall-Ecclestone, Hardware; The Northern Canada Supply, Hardware and House Furnishings; Geils the Tailor; E. G. Dickson, Insurance and real estate; Sullivan and Newton, insurance and real estate; The Central Palm Rooms (late Laub & Stockwell), Geo. Shippam, proprietor; Ostrosser & Co., men's furnishings; John W. Fogg, lumber and supplies; Kiely, Smith & Amos, A. S. Fuller, Homer L. Gibson, and Mark Harris, stocks and bonds; Timmins Townsite Co., lots for sale; A. Brazeau, plumber; cigar store, A. Brazeau, plumber; King's Amusement Parlours; Wm. Leduc & Co., grocers, successors to Graboski & Chervinka; Bucovetsky Bros., general merchants; New Empire theatre; M. J. Roche (later P. L. McHale), Jeweller; M. Boivin, lumber; L. Halperin, Jeweller; E. M. Allworth, electrician; S. Wheeler, South Porcupine, livery; L. Stadel, man stationery and music store; Superior Shoe Store, A. Shaheen, proprietor.

Of course, these were not all the business places in Timmins, but the others did not advertise each and every week. Among the other frequent advertisers may be mentioned J. T. Easton & Co., undertakers, South Porcupine; Murtagh & Ryan, men's wear; J. P. McLaughlin, general merchant; Chas. See, druggist ("Pills and Things," his sign said) and his successor, E. J. Meyers, whose store was on the corner where the Bank of Nova Scotia is now located; J. W. Reed, diamond driller; L. E. Dorway, tailor; South Porcupine Nurseries, B. Dewar, proprietor; Chas. Pierce & Sons; F. M. Burke, druggist; Duncan's Limited, wholesale fruit and commission merchants.

Among the specially interesting advertisements in the advertising columns of the early days were those of John Power, reporting on the safe deal of trips up the river, on the Steamer Agnes. The Steamer Agnes not only made regular trips during the season, but could also be chartered for parties in the evenings and on Sundays.

J. R. Gordon's advertisement each week in The Porcupine Advance was an invariably and as carefully read by all here as Toronto folk peruse the departmental and chain store advertisements. Even to-day, thirty-one years after publication, those Gordon ads. are still of interest.

Mr. Gordon invariably named prices in his ads., and to-day those prices are most attractive. For instance, note these prices: 2 pounds best coffee, 65c; 11 quart basket apples, 75c; prime shoulder steak, 20c; lean chopped steak, 18 cents per pound; choice boiling beef, 15c; choice steer shoulder roasts, 18c per lb.; choice steer briskets, 12½c per lb.; choice sugar-cured breakfast bacon, 29c per lb.; the same price for choice sugar-cured smoked hams; fresh pork shoulder, 19c per lb.; canned corn, 15c per tin; canned tomatoes, 2 for 35c.

In a full-page advt. published several weeks in succession at the beginning of 1917, J. P. McLaughlin advertised prices that would certainly be considered bargains these days. The page advertisements were literally crammed with genuine bargains. In most cases the regular prices were quoted, as well as the sale price. These days the regular prices of 1917 at McLaughlin's would be esteemed as remarkable bargains.

For example in the grocery department the following were listed: sev-regular 5c, 6 for 25c.; Japan rice, regular 8c., special 6c per lb.; cheese, regular 22c.; salt price 22c.; canned strawberries, regular 30c., sale price 25c.; plums, regular 15c.; two for 25c.; canned peas, regular 25c., sale price 20c.; dried figs, regular 12c., sale price 10c.

In the J. P. McLaughlin dry goods section, there were equal bargains. Men's coat sweaters, regular \$5 and \$6, were on sale at \$3.75. Standfield's \$3.50 underwear was available at \$2.95, and Red Label combinations, regularly \$3.50, were selling at \$2.95.

Blue serge and fancy tweed suits, regular \$25, were on sale at \$20. Overcoats, regular \$32, were at \$22.50. Silk ties, regular 75c, to \$1, were going at 50c each. Black cashmere socks, regular 40c were offered at 29c. Men's fine shirts, usually priced at \$1.50 to \$1.75, were on sale at \$1.24. Ladies house dresses of excellent quality, usually sold then from \$1.25 to \$2.25, could be bought for 98c to \$1.10.

There were real bargains offered in the advertisements of Marshall-Ecclestone and Northern Canada Supply Co. A particularly interesting advertisement thirty years ago offered an \$85.00 electric refrigerator to the highest bidder. It is evidence of the enterprise and good sportsmanship of all concerned that the advertisement sold that refrigerator at a price that was not unreasonable. Everybody concerned was well pleased with the result.

The winner was Hugh Boyle, of South Porcupine, whose bid was \$72. Marshall-Ecclestone Co. had a large number of bids, most of the mover \$50.00, though one was as low as \$7. It was suspected that this bid was sent in by a stranger to the camp.

None of the prices quoted in the advertisements of Marshall-Ecclestone and Northern Canada Supply Co. A particularly interesting advertisement thirty years ago offered an \$85.00 electric refrigerator to the highest bidder. It is evidence of the enterprise and good sportsmanship of all concerned that the advertisement sold that refrigerator at a price that was not unreasonable. Everybody concerned was well pleased with the result.

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## Letters to the Editor

Maple Street South  
Timmins, April 12, 1948

Editor, Porcupine Advance

Dear Sir:—

I enjoy reading your paper and your editorials are certainly the product of a big man with a big message. Congratulations to you, sir, and may your shadow never grow less.

There is every indication of two elections in the near future. I have it from Toronto that Premier Drew will ask the electorate of Ontario to pass on his Government during the month of June. That the Drew Government has done a good job none will deny. That he will be given a new lease of life all must admit.

It occurred to me that if the people regardless of politics let their politics go into cold storage and gave the Drew candidate an acclamation, what a great thing it would be for this North Country. Whether this suggestion will be acted upon or not, there is no question but the riding of Timmins will send a supporter of the Drew Government to Queens Park by a majority never before dreamed of.

If R. S. Potter of Matheson can be persuaded to accept the Government nomination who dares oppose such a man?

Mr. Potter is the type of man we need in public life, a man who knows the needs of the North and a man who will work day and night for his constituency.

I have never cast other than a Liberal vote in my life but I see absolutely no hope or future for the Liberal Party while Premier Drew is conducting the affairs of State, as his past record reveals.

By all means then let us show our appreciation of his doings by sending Bob Porter down to support him and let us send him acclaimed by the good people of the riding and prove to the world that we are big enough to lay our politics aside when the good of the North is at stake.

Yours for Drew and Potter wholeheartedly.

Liberal

## Your Pastor Speaks

ST. STEPHEN, OR, REGARDING DEATH

By Rev. J. H. Morris, Rector St. Paul's Anglican Church, South Porcupine.

It is not uncommon to hear death spoken of easily, as though it were to be regarded lightly. Perhaps Christian writers have erred in this regard more than any others, when they have suggested that death is not to be taken as a hard blow, and that in the end it is only the passing from one world to another. There is an attitude to be taken, of course, by Christian men and women which makes death bearable, but it is no teaching of either the Old or New Testaments that death is an easy thing to meet, whether in the lives of our friends and relatives, or in our own. Rather is the contrary to be found in our Bible.

Many references could be made. Let us take a few. Taking those of the Old Testament first, there is the story of the Shunammite woman and her boy. It was the custom of Elisha to travel along one road frequently, which brought him past the home of this woman of Shunem. (We do not know her name.) She said to her husband one day: "I perceive that this is a holy man of God, which passeth by us continually. Let us make a little chamber . . . and let us set there for him a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither." So Elisha had a place to stay. And later on, desiring to show his gratitude for their thoughtfulness, he asked the woman if there was anything she desired — perhaps he could help her. She echoed the wish of many a heart. She longed for a child to hold in her arms. In the course of time her wish was granted, and the child grew into a bonny lad. And then one day as they were gathering the harvest the boy came crying with a pain in his head — perhaps sunstroke — and in a short while he died. In no time this mother of Shunem was out with a servant and a cart, rushing over the miles to Elisha. She rushed Elisha back to her home, and there the prophet of God restored the child to life.

If the Old Testament is remarkable for one thing, it is remarkable for the frankness of its writings. The Old Testament may at times appear crude, but that is for the simple reason that it portrays life as it is found. Life is often crude. Here is this story of the woman of Shunem we have a picture of life in Old Testament days. It is a pleasant picture at first, giving us an insight into gentleness and kindness which were not too plentiful in those days. Then into the home of this good woman there comes great calamity. There is no suggestion that death is easy. The loss of the little fellow destroyed any happiness that the home had — and with him there was much.

That this incident is not alone, let us look to the life of David. If ever a man had a rascal of a son it was David in Absalom. The writer of the Book of Kings tells us that, "In all Israel there was none to be so much praised for his beauty as Absalom." But Absalom spent time before the mirror. He was vain. The time came when he thought he would make a better king than his father David. Eventually, Absalom came right out into the open, and waged war against David. When Absalom was killed in battle, many thought he had gained his just deserts, but there was no such thought in the mind of David. Listen to his outcry: "And the king was much moved, and went up to the

(Continued on Page Six)

(Second Section)

# Noted Moose Stolen; Enter The Inspector

The theft of Hatrack, the academic moose owned by Wilbur, was perpetrated some time during the night hours of last Tuesday, when moose thieves backed a truck into the alley beside McCafferty's boarding house, yanked the door off the woodshed and made off with the beast under cover of darkness, evidently inducing him to get aboard the truck by waving a carrot under his nose.

One can hardly believe that such an educated and intelligent moose would be captured in this way unless he was willing. Indeed it appears that the animal went voluntarily. Most certainly he could have easily driven away the thieves or have placed them in the hospital, or for that matter, the cemetery, if he had chosen to attack them.

It was Tree-Year who made the discovery that the moose was gone, when he went out to the woodshed to play after breakfast. He came running back to the house shouting "Hatrack is wanted, Hatrack is wanted!" (Tree-Year is a terrible grammarian). Mrs. McCafferty immediately aroused Wilbur, who customarily sleeps till noon since he became rich on the proceeds of Bottleworks Consolidated Gold Mine Limited.

The runt rushed downstairs in his pyjamas and out to the woodshed, much to the edification of a lady who was hanging out washing in the next yard. The runt's worst fears were realized. Hatrack had vanished as completely as a bottle of rye at a fireman's convention.

Wilbur dashed indoors once more as the lady next door bashfully looked elsewhere, grabbed the telephone and called the police department. He got the chief on the phone.

"Will you come down here at once?" he yelled. "My moose has been stolen!"

"Why all the excitement about a goose?" asked the chief. "Not a goose, a moose," exclaimed Wilbur. "He's a very valuable animal. He's one in a hundred thousand. Why, I have him insured for half a million dollars."

"That's a lot of money for a goose," said the chief. "Not a goose! A moose, M-O-O-S-E," Wilbur shouted. "Oh, a moose," replied the chief. "When did you shoot him? Moose are out of season. I'm afraid we'll have to lay a charge against you."

"There must be something the matter with this phone," shouted Wilbur. "Stay where you are. I'll be right down."

Wilbur leaped into his canary-colored phaeton with the built-in cocktail bar and headed for the police station, still clad in his pyjamas. It was fully an hour before he returned accompanied by the chief and two detectives. The chief was scowling. The two detectives stuck close to Wilbur as though they were waiting for him to become violent. The chief went directly to Mrs. McCafferty.

"Would you mind telling me what is going on, madam?" he asked.

That sterling character quickly convinced the chief of Wilbur's veracity. None but the most skeptical would disbelieve that buxom lady; the truth was in her like gold is in the Porcupine.

The chief eyed Wilbur with new respect. "But what makes this moose so valuable? Why have you got him insured for half a million dollars?" he enquired. "Man," exclaimed Wilbur, "He can talk. He can speak the King's English as well as you and I. When I get through with him he will have earned five million dollars."

He ran upstairs and produced the insurance policy covering Hatrack. The chief gazed at it with awe.

"Say, this is a big thing," he muttered. "We had better call in the CIB."

"You're right," said Wilbur. "Call the best police experts in the land, spare no expense. I hereby offer a reward of \$5,000 for Hatrack, one-quarter of which will go to you personally no matter who finds him and returns him!"

Inspector Isadore Fagend arrived in the Porcupine last night, a pair of handcuffs dangling from his waist, a .45 in a shoulder holster under his left armpit and a saucer-like badge on his right lapel. The badge, which appeared to have been polished with the vigor and persistence of a lance-corporal looking for an extra stripe, bore the fearsome letters "CIB".

Fagend was a squarely built man with a centre of gravity as low as a ten-wheel International truck. He had iron grey hair, an iron jaw and steely grey eyes. He was the prototype of all that a human bloodhound was supposed to look like.

Fagend pulled a bag of his own personal blend from a gold monogrammed case and placed it aggressively in his mouth. He pointed his finger aggressively at Wilbur. He stamped aggressively up and down the front room of McCafferty's boarding house.

"Tell me all," he shouted. "Hold nothing back. It is vital that all details be in my hands. And have no fear, I will have your moose back in short order. . . . By the way, how much is the reward?"

"\$5,000," said Wilbur.

"Not much of a reward," Fagend grunted. "But tell me everything."

Wilbur began at the beginning and traced the story of Hatrack from the time he had entered the cabin at Bottleworks Consolidated Gold Mines till the time the moose disappeared from McCafferty's boarding house. The great man grunted appreciatively at various points in the tale. (Later Mrs. McCafferty said she believed he was burping). He pulled a printed form from his pocket.

"Now for the vital statistics on the animal," he said. "First, what is his full name?"

"Hatrack."

"Hatrack . . . Is that his Christian name or his surname?"

"I don't know," said Wilbur. "That's the only name we call him."

"According to this form he has got to have two names," said the Inspector. "I can't just put Hatrack. It is not following the letter of the law. We investigators have to follow the letter of the law very closely."

"Well, my last name is Smith and perhaps you can call him Hatrack Smith, since he belongs to me," suggested Wilbur. The Inspector frowned. "It is all very irregular. But I suppose we will have to do it. Now what is his age?"

"Two."

"Two . . . and how many months?"

"I don't know how many months."

The Inspector fixed Wilbur with a steely glare. "You should know. There is a space here for months. We have to put something in it."

"Put in three months."

"Father's name?"

"I don't know. He told me he didn't know himself who his father was, or his mother, either."

"You are making things very difficult," said the great man. "We simply have to know who his father and mother is. What would the commissioner think if I returned this form with the spaces blank?"

"I don't know what he'd think. But I still don't know the names of Hatrack's father and mother."

"How much did you say the reward was?" enquired the Inspector.

"\$7,000," replied Wilbur, "\$2,000 of it goes to you, no matter who finds him."

"That is better," said the Inspector.

(TO BE CONTINUED)