

A Terrific Lover A Marvellous Man

By STEPHEN SCHOFIELD

He fell utterly in love with all the power of his dynamic being. He could not speak. He could not move. He sat dumbfounded.

From the beginning she did her best to put him at ease, for he had had no education; his grammar appalled her, his manner appalled her, and yet his raw, bursting health, his biceps bulging under ill-fitting sleeves and his blazing eyes which bore right into her, could not but attract her in a way she had never been attracted before.

Some Class

Thus Martin fell in love with Ruth Morse, a wealthy girl who lived in the lush elegance of a world he had ever dreamed about but never set eyes upon.

He had rescued her brother in a barroom brawl with a Mexican, suffering a cut neck and a bitten nose in the effort.

Before showing him off to any of her friends, she undertook to "improve" him, to teach him niceties of the well-bred posture, quiet speech, taking the tone of the company, the avoidance of conversational acute angles, of saying what might cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast. Martin, a crude youth bursting with strength and imagination and ambition, she found a most willing pupil.

Newspapers—Hackwork

Meanwhile he wanted to write. He tried and tried and failed and failed. He would not take a job on a newspaper. He said that newspaper stuff was hackwork, ground out with a lead, and the other points in logical sequence. That was all. No life. No spark. No color. He wanted to write about "the stress and strain of life, its fevers and sweats, the mad lovers, and men who fought amid tragedy, making life crackle with the strength of their endeavor." He plodded on.

Mrs. Morse, Ruth's mother, would not allow her daughter to marry him; and Ruth herself, although she loved him, conceded he was not "her kind," had a tainted past, and was certainly most unfit to show off amongst the elegant society in which she had lived all her life.

Mr. and Mrs. Morse forbade Martin to enter their home again. Martin struggled on on half a shoestring and no overcoat and one pair of pants.

Two years later he crashed the magazine editors and book publishers. Sales zoomed. Editors asked him to name his price. Organizations invited him to speak. Weeklies ran long features about him. His old schoolmaster went out of his way to be nice to him. And one day Ruth came back on her knees and asked him to marry her.

Came Back On Knees

Alone in his room, she pushed herself into his arms. He did not recede because he knew that a cold shoulder would inflict the deepest hurt a woman could receive. He held her in his arms. But the old thrill of her touch was gone. There was no spark, no fire in his feeling for her any more. He would not marry her now.

Why? Why? Why?

He could not understand the organizations and wealthy people who fawned upon him now, nor the women. He was the same fellow that he was a year ago. Exactly. He had not changed. Not a particle. Nor had he done anything now that he had not done a year ago.

The work which they were all clamoring about had been in editor's hands a year ago, and longer, some of it. It was all work performed long ago. He had the same mind, the same brain; the same fellow he had always been.

Why did they fawn upon him now? Why did they not invite him to dinner a year ago, when he needed it, when his cheeks were sunken, when his overcoat was in pawn. The work had been done then. He was the same fellow exactly. Martin could not understand.

The Chasm

In the homes of the elite, the high fivers of whom he had dreamed about for so long, where he had expected to find Miltonic-minded scholars, connoisseurs of great men and works, Martin was bitterly disillusioned. With one or two exceptions, he found only superficial chattering, men and women who lived in little grooves, knew nothing of life as it really was, and were not interested in knowing any more than they knew—unless it was "something nice." He termed the whole bunch of them a glut of fungus on the face of the country.

C.C.F. Parallel?

Once, speaking before a political gathering—possibly of some interest to C.C.F.—Martin said, in part: "The old law of development still holds. In the struggle for existence, the strong and their children tend to survive, while the weak and their children tend to perish. The result is that the strong survive, and so long as each the struggle obtains, the strength of each generation increases. That is development. But you slaves

—it is too bad to be slaves, I grant—but you slaves dream of a society where the law of development will not hold, where no weaklings will perish, where every weakling will have as much as he wants to eat, and where all will marry and have children, to weak as well as the strong. What will be the result? No longer will the strength of each generation increase. On the contrary it will decrease. Your society of slaves will weaken and go to pieces as the life which composes it weakens and goes to pieces. No society of slaves can endure because, in its very nature, such society must annul the law of development. No sooner can a slave society be organized than deterioration sets in. It is easy for you to talk of annulling the law of development, but where is the new law of development that will maintain your strength?"

These are cheap little outlines of Martin Eden (Penguin, 25c) by Jack London.

The story is true. Ruth Morse is in reality a Miss Mabel Applegarth. And when this book was reviewed at a Womens' Association meeting by a certain woman lecturer, who praised the book but flayed "Ruth" right and left for being so stupid as to turn down "Martin's" love and proposals—how was the lecturer to know that a woman with death in her eyes, sitting right there in the front row at the meeting, happened to be "Ruth" herself: Mabel Applegarth?

How do I know this? I asked Irving Stone, London's biographer. How does he know? He verified it with several friends who were present at the meeting. It wasn't very long ago. S.S.

A New Arena For Town Of Timmins

YMCA WANTED

What do they need a rink here for? There is a wonderful rink over in Schumacher. If they want to build something, why not spend \$2,000,000 on a YMCA in Timmins—which would serve Schumacher, too, as the Schumacher arena now serves Timmins. A swimming pool inside. All winter. A gym. Handball courts and a good recreation hall. The point is this: There are a lot of young people in town, in their twenties and middle-aged, who never have a chance to play anything, good exercise and showers, you know what I mean. Those fellows could keep in shape. Good for health. YMCA's like that are established in other towns of this size. Gower Markle is doing a good job, a wonderful job with the "Y" here. But he needs money. If there is money to be spent for the benefit of the town, that is how it should be spent—on a "Y" for old and young.

—Timmins business man (ex-YMCA member).

It would give us something to do besides going to the "Y" to play ping-pong.

—Eric Connell, student.

I think it is a good thing. I don't see why people should have to go to Schumacher. I think it would pay those who invested in it. I skate myself, I go over to Schumacher now. But I would skate more if there was a rink here.

—Richard Wilson, truck driver.

At present there are three senior clubs making the "Mac" their stamping grounds; four merchant teams; four juvenile teams, and countless kids teams. Throw in the skating club and public skating and you begin to wonder if there aren't more than 24 hours in the McIntyre day. No hockey player or figure skater has enough time on ice. The camp is fast becoming known as the place where they find gold and hockey players and figure skaters. An arena in Timmins would certainly improve production. It would run into money but it would be money in the bank. And you could be sure your kids were getting all the skating and hockey they could.

—Doug McLellan, sports writer.

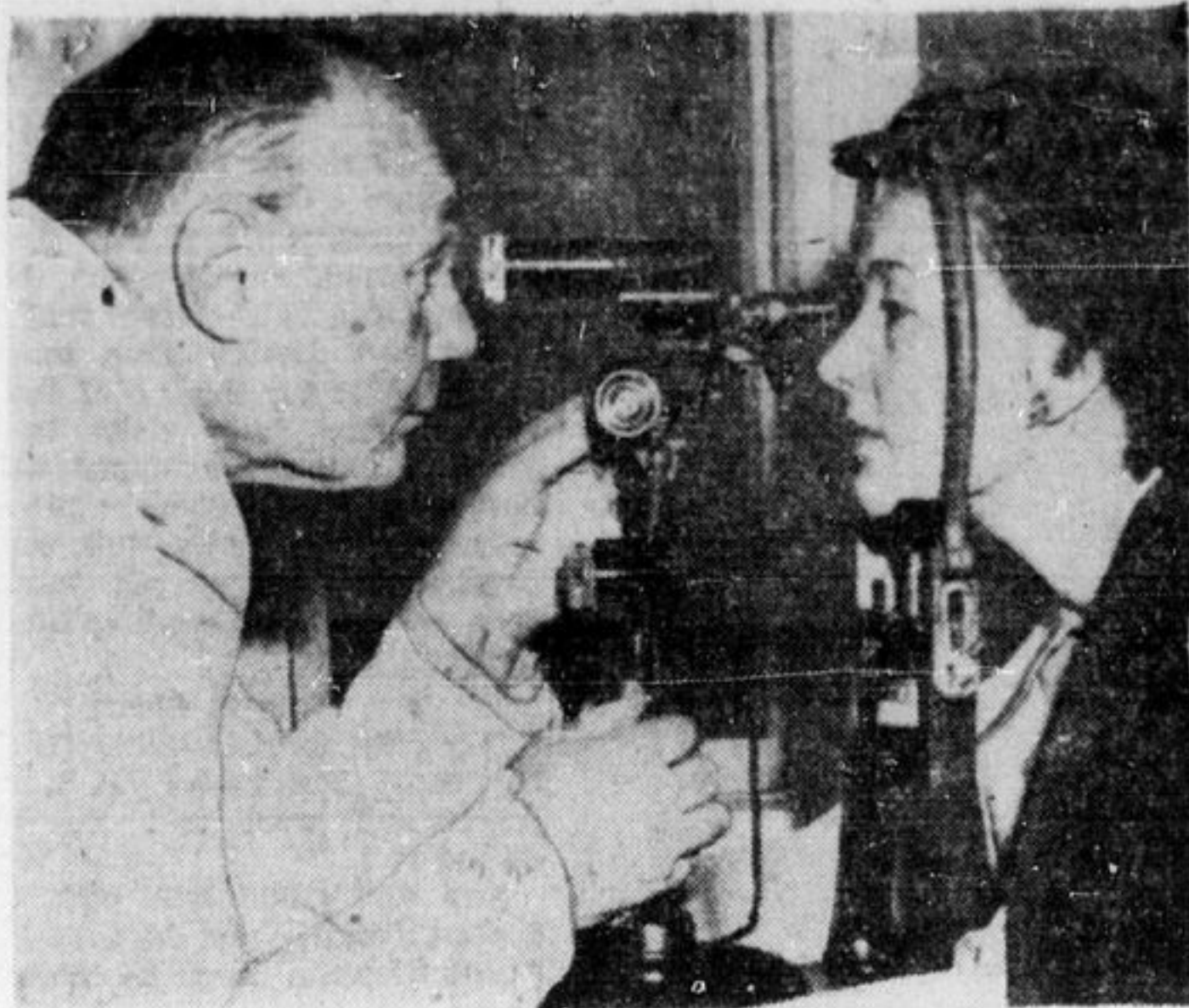
Would it pay? It would pay. I don't see why not. It should have a gym, too, and an auditorium for dancing. It should cost 4,000. If they get 2,000 at Schumacher, they should get 4,000 here. People won't go to Schumacher because it is too crowded. And if you don't come out five minutes before the game is over you miss your bus. They don't wait. They don't have enough buses. The last two weeks have been pretty cold. My

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Boy or Girl? Perhaps an Eye Test Will Tell



—S.N.S. Photo

If Dr. Wilhelm Witzel, a German doctor, is correct in his theory, there may no longer be that last minute switching from blue booties to pink or vice versa when the stork drops in with his "surprise." Dr. Witzel claims he can tell the sex of an unborn child by examining the eyes of the mother. He is shown using a device he calls a "slit lamp" on Mrs. Florence French, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, now residing in Neu Isenburg, near Frankfurt, Germany. At the general hospital in Frankfurt where Dr. Witzel is conducting his examinations, officials said the outcome of tests will be revealed after 100 patients, whom the doctor has examined, have given birth to their babies in the near future.

Timmins Woman Has 16 Children in 19 Years

cars nearly froze waiting. In other towns of this size lots of old people go and see the hockey games. But not here. Why? Because it's in Schumacher, and cold. There have been no midget leagues this year because of the weather. Lots of youngsters could not play. No rink. I would like to see the business man pay for it. They can afford it. Not the working man. The only way the working man can afford it would be by monthly payments. They would get their money back all right. It would pay. For myself I would not mind giving \$25 as a gift—anything to see the place go up. In Rouyn they have just built one. In Sudbury they are building one. In Kirkland Lake they have had one for quite a while.

—"Chick" Guardia, Hollinger emp.

We need one, a rink, but not a community building. We need one like the one in St. Catharines.

—Albert Zincone, business man.

Well, I think myself there are a lot of young guys that are good but haven't any place to play. And if they had proper coaching and the ice, a lot of them would be pros. And I think it would keep a lot of guys out of trouble.

—R. Caron, mechanic.

It would be good sport. Good exercise. I might even get my skates out and skate myself.

—John Proulx, miner.

The town is big enough. It should have one. We shouldn't have to go out of town for our rink. Not so far to go. It costs to go outside. That's all.

—Wilfrid Raymond, miner.

I think the same as Wilf.

—Bob Belanger, student.

A new arena would bring a lot of people here, not for cocktails, but for something to see. It would bring new teams. Figure skaters in the summer, too. Keep people from hanging around pool rooms.

—Robert Boisvert, warehouseman.

We certainly do need a rink. So many children are deprived of figure skating for the simple reason that they have so far to go. Every time we have a game we have to get transportation, which is an expense, which we have not got. Not only games, for practices also.

—Tim Del Villano, business man.

Mrs. Cerise Roy, a 37-year-old Timmins woman, has had 16 children in 19 years. The sixteenth was born on January 10, 1950. Diane, seven pounds, four ounces.

The are:

- Arthur, 18.
- Annette, 15.
- Rheal, 13.
- Yvonne, 12.
- Elise, 11.
- Bertha, 10.
- Lucien, 8.
- Colette, 7.
- Leonel, 6.
- Claire, 5.
- Pauline, 1.
- Diane, 3 (weeks).

Four died.

Life in the Kitchen

On Sunday evening, Mrs. Roy, eight children and two cats, were in the kitchen, which was festooned with laundry, coat hangers and Biblical pictures.

All the children were immaculate and nicely dressed, with the exception of Pauline, who toddled around the floor in a diaper. Mrs. Roy was clearing up dishes and dishes and dishes.

Yvonne goes to St. Charles School, sixth grade.

Combien dans votre classe? "Forty-two," she said in English. And where do you come?

"Sixth."

Your favorite subject?

"I like writing."

All Laugh Easily

Four of them go to St. Anthony School, three to St. Charles.

Arthur, 18, is a taxi-driver.

Annette, 15, is a domestic.

On Sunday evening, Colette, Elise and Yvonne bore traces of a deep red nail polish on all fingernails. They laughed at that. They all laughed at almost anything.

"And they all sleep well," says Mrs. Roy, "but the baby has been sick."

Musical Talent

Mrs. Roy plays the violin extremely well. She plays around town for square dancing. Rheal and Arthur play the guitar and mandolin, respectively. The three play as a trio. And the whole family sings with them.

Mrs. Roy is 37. She looks more like 50. She has a cast iron constitution.

Mr. Roy, the father, works for a Timmins construction company.

The family receives \$88 monthly in

Matheson And District News

By Mrs. C. R. Weir

FIRE DESTROYS GARAGE

A fire of unknown origin completely destroyed the Government garage Sunday, January 29th, at 4.45 p.m. Children at the nearby skating rink were the first to notice the black smoke coming from the roof and Roy Hubbard, an eleven-year-old Matheson boy was the first to break the glass and give the alarm. The town fire brigade responded to the call but nothing could be saved. The men concentrated their efforts on bridge timbers, firewood, the warehouse and gasoline pumps, and surrounding buildings. There was very little breeze at that time and the fire was confined to the one building. There were four explosions. The debris smouldered all night and men were on guard to prevent further damage. Everything in the building was a total loss, damage estimated at about \$40,000.

Two large graders returned to the garage about half an hour before the fire and were destroyed. The large truck-snow plough had got stuck in a snow bank near Ramore and was delayed until after the fire, otherwise it too would have been destroyed.

This building was erected after the Matheson fire of 1916 and was first used as offices and stables. About 1930 the building was renovated and extended both sides to accommodate the more modern machinery. It was a frame structure covered with galvanized sheeting.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. J. Atwell Hough of Matheson left for Detroit, Mich. last week after receiving word that her aged mother had fallen and was in a critical condition.

Pete Rivett of Anthony recently froze his finger-tips and right thumb, he was treated at Kirkland Lake and Matheson.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dpal of Matheson have their daughter Jean, of North Bay, to visit with them.

Bob Findlay of New Liskeard visited with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Findlay of Matheson over the week-end.

We regret to learn of the sudden passing of Mrs. D. Ward, Friday morning, January 27 at her home in

baby bonus cheques. They have lived in Timmins for 16 years.

"Twelve kids is a lot," said Mrs. Roy as a parting shot. "That's enough for me."

Englehart. Mrs. Ward is the youngest sister of J. Atwell Hough and Thos. Hough, of Matheson, Bill Hough of Swastika, Alex. Hough of Kirkland Lake, and others at Englehart. A new sign has been erected on

the O.N.R. property near the station which reads, "This is Matheson, site of the Munro Mill, Ontario's first Asbestos Mill Development. Owners and Operators, John-Manville, The Foundation Company of Ontario Ltd., Engineers and General Contractors." If signs such as these were placed along the Highways of Northern Ontario our tourists would be able to make the most of their visits and at the same time give us the publicity.

More Women

A woman can keep a secret just as well as a man; but, generally, it takes more of them to do it.

Some Dancer

Dancing with her was like coming in with the tide.

Do You Ski?
If you ski, you might be interested in Ski Tales and Trails, elsewhere in this issue, by Leona Prince, a member of the Porcupine Ski Club.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME
A woman has two views of a secret:
1. It is not worth keeping.
2. It is too good to keep.

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Please God! Not to Mine!

- Not to mine, this horrible crippler.
- Not to mine this thing with the long scientific name, poliomyelitis, this thing that means misery and pain in the language of the little ones.
- Not to mine to wear a brace, to hobble, to limp.
- Not to mine to hear the laughter of others, to watch them at play, to cry the bitter tears of childhood lost forever.

Please God! Not to mine!

And let me help those to whom it does come, this crippler, this destroyer.

Let me give to help the helpless;

Let my dollars and my prayers go with these little ones, that some day, some time, children everywhere will walk without fear, free of childhood's greatest enemy, Poliomyelitis.

I am glad I have the privilege of giving to the Canadian March of Dimes.



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