

The Porcupine Advance

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Thursday, February 23rd, 1950

Hollinger Mill Deafening

"In the Hollinger mill the noise is so deafening you can hardly hear yourself wink. I'm used to it. And I worked on the road around Cochrane. Anyone who has worked around Cochrane sure knows all about mud. And as for lice, anyone who has worked in a Porcupine lumber camp must know all about lice."

These are the words of Jack Devereaux, explaining to his company captain during the war, how he withstood its horrors — as humorously related this week by Mr. G. A. Macdonald, in "One of the Happy Pioneers," printed elsewhere on this page.

Hard-working, hard-drinking, hard-fighting Jack Devereaux was once called "A dirty so-and-so." He knocked the speaker flat, and said, "I always resent being called 'dirty.' Anytime I get dirty, I clean up as soon as I can. And anytime some lying hound calls me 'dirty' when I'm not dirty I clean up just the same."

These pieces are a pleasure to read, lend balance to current news, and explain why some old-timers, tough as ore, displayed such gallantry upon more important fields — in France.

Dollars Take Wings

Two Timmins merchants are discontinuing business in one line: books. One is about to do so. The other has already done so. This is too bad.

It is not their fault. There is no demand. People are not interested. And after all the Porcupine, regarding books, cannot be expected to boom.

But there is more to it than that. A great deal of book soliciting had been done by mail, which means that dollars take wings from Timmins to Toronto and stay there. Local dealers in books or anything else, could do the ordering just as well, and keep the money here, where it is needed more.

Yes, money sent to Toronto, benefits Toronto. Money spent here, allowing the local merchant to do the ordering, benefits Timmins. Not only that. It benefits every purchaser. Every dollar spent in Timmins circulates in Timmins and enriches Timmins.

Welfare Department

An arrangement whereby the Welfare Department submits a report — weekly — to the Council. A good idea, this. But when was it carried at a council meeting? Are such matters not passed at council meetings?

A Great Light

Dulcet sounds issue from a small room in a church vestry today. Timmins young amateur musicians are taking examinations under the eye of Mr. Frank Welsman, a senior teacher of the Toronto Conservatory.

All these pupils taking examinations, pupils of Timmins' teachers, and of the Sisters of Providence, warrant every encouragement. For the music is oxygen to the soul, balm to hurt minds, nourishment most sadly wanting in a sad world.

In a Toronto hospital a young wife lost her baby, and when she heard that news, she herself, she said, wanted to die, until she happened to turn the radio on and heard "Les Sylphides." Then she wanted to go on living for, she said, "There was still music in the world." She immediately wrote to the conductor, omitting her name. He tried almost every hospital in the city before he found her.

To those who hope to pass examinations this year and next, it would seem wise to take it easy, slowly. Slow practice is undoubtedly the basis for quick playing. Josef Hofmann. Let me recommend very slow playing, with the most minute attention to detail: Teresa Carreno. The worst possible thing is to start practicing too fast: Ernest Schelling. To every one of those participating this paper conveys the very best of luck.

Trombone, piccolo or piano, there is nothing, regardless of instrument, comparable to playing music oneself. Anyone can sit in the Palace Theatre and listen to Edwin Steffe sing, and enjoy it. Despite all argument to the contrary we would iterate and reiterate to friends and enemies that it is better to play than to listen, more worthy to act than to watch, more admirable to stand up and sing than to sit back and absorb. The rink is the place to be in — not the sidelines.

To all the teachers of the Porcupine, then, and to the Sisters of Providence who teach music, let it be said that they transmit a great light, a cultural heritage desperately needed everywhere. That is what they stand for.

Doorstep Bargain

The writer bought a pair of shoes from a Timmins haberdashery. They cost \$22.50. They are made in London, Ontario. And the same shoes, made by the same manufacturers, are being sold in Toronto for \$26.50

The shoes are plain, stout and handsome, the finest ever to grace the feet of the wearer who, immediately, felt inclined to walk to Schumacher and back, and who, almost immediately, wrote to the maker in London and told him so.

The significant fact is the difference in price, here and in Toronto. True, the big merchant can buy in large quantities and offers a more comprehensive range. But he has to pay higher rent, taxes, wages, and so on, whereas in the case of Porcupine merchants overhead is low.

Hence it is that local merchants can often offer greater values. And what applies to shoes no doubt applies to watches, furs, pianos and bird seed.

In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

No. 136—One of the Happy Pioneers

All old-timers will remember Jack Devereaux, even if that was not the name. He may be mistaken for two or three other lads, because he represented a type quite common in the Porcupine in the early days. But most old-timers will know this particular one, no matter what name may be used.

In this series of articles, accuracy has been the invariable rule, even in regard to names. In this article, however, there has to be a very necessary exception. Although the name has been changed, accuracy obtains in every other particular.

The reason for not using the real name on this occasion is the fact that Jack Devereaux, by any name, is a modest man, and would be much offended at any publicity like this.

Never Hit An Easy Mark

The change in name is not true to any fear of physical harm from Jack. Jack isn't that kind of fellow. He often used to say: "I never hit a woman. I never hit a man that I think I can lick quite easily. Not I like a fight." But no old-timer of the Porcupine would willingly hurt the feelings of that other old-timer, and it is not easy to decide just what might offend Jack.

On one occasion in the early days, a big fellow in Fat's Cafe called Jack "A dirty so-and-so" or words to that effect. The words were hardly out of his mouth before Jack had knocked that fellow flat and speechless.

Jack Always Cleaned Up

"Look at the lying corrugated!" Jack said, pointing to the prone fellow on the floor. "I always resent being called 'dirty.' Anytime I get dirty, I clean up as soon as I can." "And," he added, "anytime some lying hound calls me 'dirty' when I'm not dirty, I clean up just the same."

Often the Hard Way

Jack was a cheerful, hard-working, hard-drinking, hard-fighting, hard-living gentleman. He did his share of pioneer work in this part of the North. He worked on railway construction, on the erection of bridges, dams and what-not, on road work, in lumber camps, and in the mines.

And of course, he was one of the first to go overseas in the first world war. His captain overseas described him as one of the most valuable soldiers in the army.

In A Tough Spot

As luck would have it, his regiment finally landed in one of the toughest spots in Flanders.

Added to the usual hardships and horrors of war, the men had to endure appalling noise day and night, lack of sleep and rest, shortage of food on occasion and even when there was food it would be poor stuff. On top of this, there was the mud and the wet, the rats and the lice. Officers and men alike began to feel the wearing strain.

His Second Name Was "Cheerio"

There was one man, though, who never seemed out of good humour, no matter how tough the going. That was Jack. When morale seemed at its lowest, the men had to laugh at Jack's cheerfulness and drollery. Nothing seemed to "get him down." He took everything in his Porcupine stride. When Jack was around, his unconcern with hardship and danger, his happy humour and his cheerfulness were towers of strength to the morale of the wearied men. The captain of the company noted all this, and marvelled at it. "It would be easier going for all of us, if there were more like this fellow from Porcupine," the captain said to himself. Then he began to worry as to how men got that way.

All in the Day's Work

Eventually, the captain sent for Jack for a private and confidential chat, strictly off the record. After the usual formalities had been quickly honoured, the captain explained to Jack that the rest of the interview

was a strictly personal, friendly and unofficial matter.

"How in the devil, Jack," the captain commenced, "do you manage to keep gay and cheerful under these demoralizing conditions?"

"Oh, it's all in the day's work, sir," was Jack's reply. "You see I'm used to it all."

"Day's work?" rasped the captain. "What day's work outside of this cursed war would have this continual blasting and the deafening noise that never ceases?"

Jack answered promptly: "Well, sir, I was on the construction work at the Abitibi dam at Iroquois Falls, and later I worked in the Hollinger mill."

"Do you know, sir," he added quite earnestly, "that in the Hollinger mill the noise is so deafening that you can't hear yourself wink."

Not Afraid of Being Shot

The captain grinned. "And I suppose you're not afraid of being shot? Ever think of that?"

"All in the day's work," says Jack. "I often used to go deer-hunting with a bunch of T. & N. O. trainmen."

"But the food?" persisted the captain.

Jack laughed. "Why the food's fairly good," he chuckled, "if you compare it with the grub we used to get at a lumber camp the other side of Kapuskasing, when the cook had a son who ran a store, and the other son was a cook at the camp."

No Rats In Porcupine

When the captain mentioned the rats, Jack admitted that the officer had him there. "There were no rats in Porcupine when I left there," Jack commented, "so I've got to get used to them."

Then Jack had a cheerful thought. "I suppose that the rats will eventually get to Porcupine, and if they do, well, I'll be used to them after this show."

But Cooties, Yes

"Say, you don't know what mud is!" Jack told the captain. "I worked on the road near Cochrane," he added, "and they sure have mud there. Anyone who has worked around Cochrane or Connaught sure knows all about mud."

"And as for lice," concluded Jack, "anyone who has worked in a lumber camp, or stopped at any of the many stopping places that spring up in a new country, must know all about lice."

The captain never forgot that interview, and he didn't forget to tell about it when he returned home after the war was won. "Give me a company of men like Jack," he said, "and I'll cheerfully face a whole battalion of Hung, and make them run to their ratholes, despite all the roar and mud, and rats, and lice that may be met in the day's work."

An Order Must Be Obeyed

The captain also had another story to tell about Jack to prove that the soldier never lost his cheerfulness nor his ability to meet difficulties.

Jack was in Montreal, as anxious to get out of uniform, as he had been to get in. Waiting an appointment in regard to his final discharge, he entered a pleasant hotel bar.

"Nice, big whiskey, double, and on the double quick," he told the bartender with a grin.

The bartender smiled in return, but then his face took on a heart-broken

look. "Awfully sorry, sir," he said. "But I am not allowed to serve you. It's against the law to serve a man in uniform."

Jack frowned, but soon his face cleared. "All right, ha," he consoled the bartender, "it's your duty to obey orders. But I think I'll be all right soon."

"Good luck to you, soldier," said the bartender earnestly.

A Soldier's Nightcap

Jack hurried to the hotel office and secured a room. He then phoned for a bottle of John Dewar's special. The bottle came up in speedy time, but when the bell-hop noticed Jack's uniform, there was the same old apology, but no bottle handed over.

"Come back in three minutes," Jack told the bell-hop, who obeyed that order to the letter and to the minute.

This time, when Jack opened the door, the bell-hop handed over the bottle with a wide grin. There was no breach of the law. Jack was not a soldier in uniform. He was a lad from Porcupine in his B.V.D.'s.

Letters to the Editor

To The Advance:

Sir, Please accept our thanks for cooperation in all matters pertaining to the Christian Science Society. We are grateful for the friendly relations we have had with The Advance and look forward to their continuance.

D. KEMSLEY,

Timmins

February 10, 1950.

Funeral Services for Christie Shalton Today

The funeral services for Christie Shalton, six-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Shalton, were held this afternoon at the Church of the Nativity, Father Claghain officiating. Burial followed in the Timmins Roman Catholic cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Shalton, Vincent, 9, Ronald B. Gerald 5, and Patricia 4, survive.

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The Power of Example

By REV. J. R. HUNTER, South Porcupine

"Brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them which talk so as ye have us for an example." Philipians 3:17. It is evident from this verse and its context that the Apostle Paul was fully aware of the power of example. He knew that the life of one wholly surrendered to God would lead others to God. Paul realized, as by the grace of God, to live for Christ, that Christ might be revealed to others through him. He wanted other Christians to set a good example because he knew that each one of their lives affected the lives of others, either for good or for evil.

The thought here, then, that should come home to you and me is that of the influence of our individual lives. It is hard to say just how many lives are affected by your life; more perhaps than you are aware of. Once two friends were sitting together on the front seat in a large congregation; and the long meter doxology was sung without announcement at the end of a hymn. "Let us stand up," one whispered to the other, and rose to her feet. The other turned to see, and the whole audience was following her example.

Then, observe the people in a public place where there is a "nickle-in-the-slot" machine. If one drops in a coin half a dozen follow. Just stop on the walk some day and stand looking up. Before long others will be standing and doing the same thing. Such little things illustrate our social human nature. We need not go far, not indeed outside ourselves, to see how words and deeds bound and rebound like shuttles, weaving the fabric of character and society. We are like sheep; when one goes through a hole in the fence all the rest follow. How beautiful to lead in the right direction! We may do more good so than by the eloquence of preaching. In fact, living is the most effective preaching. Paul believed that his example had more weight than his words. "Follow me as I follow Christ," he says.

If your life be a centre of influence, (and it truly is) then endeavour to use that influence rightly. Some are more conscious than others of their effort to influence those round about them, but we all make use of this power, in our homes, among our companions and friends, in our work. Just think of it for a moment and you will realize how true this is. We do try to influence others; make a conscious effort thus, perhaps many times daily.

Then we also have an influence on others that is not a conscious effort on our part. Our character what we really are affects those round about us, one way or another. It should be the desire of each one of us to use our influence for good. There is a very sobering effect in the thought that our bad influence might lead others to disaster.

There is no life that will have as great an influence for good as the Christ centred life. The reason Paul could safely say "Be followers of me" was because his life was given to Christ. In Galatians 2:20 he says, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. The Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me."

Paul had more than a theoretical knowledge of Christ. He had come to apersonal knowledge of the transforming power of the Son of God. To him, Christ had died in his stead that he might live. He saw his sins laid on Christ. And Paul not only realized through Christ's death the taking away of his sins, but because Christ had risen again, the impartation of the life of Christ — a living Savior — to him. The life that he now lived in the flesh he lived by the power of this living Christ.

Yes, your life is a centre of influence; is an example to others. May you so know Christ and live for him that the effect of your influence and example may be such as will bring to those around you who know not Christ, a realization of their need of him, and to fellow-Christians encouragement to live for the glory of God.



GOOD CITIZENSHIP
is a lot
of little things



FALLEN WIRES ARE DANGEROUS

As the result of a storm, falling trees sometimes snap the wires of a high-tension power line. If you should come across such a broken wire, give it a wide berth. Don't touch it. Don't let anyone else touch it. Report the matter to the nearest authorities at once. Contact with the wire will ground the connection completing the circuit, sending thousands of deadly volts through the human body. You might escape with a nasty burn—you could be electrocuted. Always follow safety rules. It's "Good Citizenship".

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