

The Northern Post

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GROWING WITH THE NORTH

MAY 2/73

MOTHER'S DAY IS HERE AGAIN

-J. Hopf

Mother's Day is here again
The second week of May
A time of happiness for her
This is what we pray.
All through the year she toils
for us
And joy is what she brings.
To all her sons and daughters
Their praises she does sing
She gives them things which
they must have
To be just like the rest
But when she gives of just
herself
I think this is the best
So all you little boys and
girls
and all you big ones too
Remember mother on her day
And send her love from you.

WHAT IS A MOTHER?

What is a mother? She is someone who is always there when you need her. She is the one who dries your tears be they true or false. She is the one who goes without so her children may have more. She is the one who understands when no one else does. She is the one who sits up all night with her child when he is ill, then goes on in her weariness next day to bake that child's favourite pie. She is the one stands between her child and his fears. She is the one who tries to teach her children right from wrong and when they slip from the right and narrow never lets them down. A mother is the one who has all her children's love because she has given of hers so freely.

EARLY DAYS AT THE MISSION

-by Donald Pugh

The Mission is undoubtedly one of Ontario's invincibly romantic communities. Bordered downstream on the south by the thundering waves of Lake Superior, upstream by the picturesque falls of the Magpie River, the Mission stands on the sandy terraces of what was once a mighty glacial river. This picturesque community, situated among scattered birch and pine, first gained its being as a tiny missionary church administering to the needs of the Ojibway Indians, following the signing of Indian Treaty No. 60.

During construction of the C.P.R. from 1883-85, the Mission began to boom. Mormon teamsters freighted material from the Mission to the construction camps of Grasset and Missanabie by corduroy and gravel roads. Following completion of the C.P.R., the Mission again sunk into near oblivion until the discovery of gold in 1897.

As prospectors rushed in, the Mission buzzed with activity. Small sloops carried miners and supplies from the Harbour, seven miles below, to the Mission Rd. The Michipicoten Land Speculation Association registered a townsite at the Mission as "Michipicoten City". The fact that the 25 foot lots were laid out without a ruler and without so much as taking the contours of the ground into consideration did not contribute to the failure of the project. It was simply that as the gold rush declined, so did the demand for housing.

(Continued Next Week)

EARLY DAYS AT THE MISSION

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

-by D. Pugh

Those hardy pioneers who remained behind were surprised to discover that according to the Michipicoten Townsite Company survey of 1920, many owners had built their houses in the wrong lots, and sometimes in the centre of what was once planned to be a roadway. Orders were given by the Company, for houses to be moved, but an appeal to the Lands & Forests approved the existing arrangements.

Life during the period from 1900 to 1930 was serene. For a long period of time there was no public school and it took considerable effort on the part of inhabitants to obtain a small white school house which was established on a hill commanding a view of the Michipicoten and Magpie Rivers as well as Lake Superior. The schoolhouse was later rented by the Masonic Lodge.

First view of the village was not impressive. One saw a score of substantial log houses strung along the high sandy bank, with the little Mission church carrying a big black cross. Life did, however, have its excitement. In spring, large log drives were pushed down the swollen Magpie and Michipicoten Rivers to the harbour where the logs were boomed and towed to the Abitibi pulp mill at the Sault.

THANK' YÔU'

Mr. & Mrs. Omer Pomerleau and their family wish to extend their heartfelt thanks to the many people who were so kind to them in their recent bereavement of their beloved son Michael. It will never be forgotten.

IN TRYING & FAILING THERE IS NO SHAME, THE SHAME IS IN FAILING & NOT TRYING

May 11, 1973

HAWK SUPPL SHOP & COMPANY

PORK RIBLETS. 49¢ LB.

PORK SHOULDER

STEAKS. 83¢ L

BABY BEEF LIVER. 85¢ LB.

CREAM OF THE NORTH

BUTTER. 79¢ LE

VALENTINE GRADE A

LARGE EGGS. 72¢ DO

CAVALIER POP 24 CANS

\$ 2.79 CASE.

TOWNSHIP POLICE REPORT

Seventy-one general occurrences were handled by the Township Police during the past week.

One motor vehicle accident was reported and investigated in which the damages to the vehicles involved was estimated at \$450. No injuries were reported.

Two charges were laid under the Liquor Control Act and three under the Highway Traffic Act.

Four minor theft investigations were instituted in which a total of \$170. was stolen. Three of these cases have been cleared and stolen articles valued at \$140. has been recovered. The remaining theft remains under investigation.

Three children reported missing from their homes were located and returned without harm coming to them. The lesson learned from the missing person checks is that the speed of lightning is slow compared to a child on a tricycle.