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A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

When a man says "Good Day" he may not mean it at all. It may be raining on a harvest day, or snowing and blowing on a sports day. "Good day," is only a form—a greeting of mere words.

When a man says "How do you do?" he may not care a fig about your health, or your business or the way things may go with you. Again it is but a polite phrase.

But when a man says "Merry Christmas!" he means it, every word, and more. There is something different about this greeting than about any other in common life. There is a spirit about the Christmas season that seems to make men truly kind and thoughtful and interested in all their fellows. Christmas does mean a lot to most men and women, and still more to children.

And so to one and all a very Merry Christmas!

There are supposedly sophisticated people who pretend that the Christmas spirit is passing from the world. Fortunately this is not the case. Those who affect an ultra-modern pretension of intellectual superiority make believe to be able to prove that not only the Christmas spirit but the inspiration behind that spirit are fast losing ground in this materialistic world. They point to Russia as an example of how the hard facts of life drive out all sentiment. Then mention other nations where religion, the foundation of Christmas and the Christmas spirit, is fast losing ground before the sweep of the pleasure-loving and self-seeking generation of to-day. Sometimes there are incidents that appear to support this view. Religious teachers who display a peculiar tolerance to unbelief on the part of their fellows lend some colour to the suggestion of the decline of faith. Yet facts have a stubborn way of disproving all these theories. Seventeen thousand people gathered in Toronto for a bible class gathering, with twenty thousand more unable to gain admittance, because there was no further room, is a circumstance that gives full answer to those who argue that belief is vanishing from the people in general.

The Russian Soviet set out some years ago to kill the observance of Christmas, and the organization formed for this purpose still has its work to do. Compared to the achievements made in communizing and industrializing Russia, the efforts to kill Christmas have proved futile, in deed. This year again Russia is making special effort to stifle the spirit of Christmas. It is evident, however, that it will take more than a five-year plan to kill good old Saint Nicholas. Russia has made the mistake that so many nations have made—the mistake of believing that material things are of the most vital importance. Germany made the same error, and many another nation has gone down to defeat and ruin, because of failure to understand that after all the only real things in this world are the sentimental.

The whole world of humanity depends for its progress, for its very life, upon the sentiment, the faith, the loyalty, the friendship and the kindness of people. Without these things there is no material compensation. With these things all material difficulties may be conquered and endured.

Santa Claus has been derided, scoffed at, persecuted! To-day he is stronger in the hearts of men than ever before. Indeed, it is the truth that instead of being banished from the earth, he is being begged to stay longer than the one brief day given him in the calendar. The Christmas spirit lingers in the hearts of men all through the year. There is greater kindness, greater care for others, greater generosity than ever before in history. A greater percentage of people than ever before would play Santa Claus all the year round. They would relieve distress; they would present gifts; they would create happiness; they would prevent suffering and injustice.

"A Merry Christmas!" Yes! And to that wish sincere the average men unconsciously add, "And a Happy New Year!" There is concern to-day, as never before, that equity and right and a fair chance for all should prevail throughout the days. It is the spirit of Christmas!

To one and all a very Merry Christmas—and a Happy New Year!

THE MOST INTOLERANT

In the field of philosophy there appear to be many who can not tell the difference between cornstarch mush and marshmallows. Perhaps, this is the reason why there has been a recent epidemic of editorials and letters to the newspapers on the subject of tolerance. Tolerance is held up to the world as the greatest of virtues and the most desirable of qualities. Intolerance is pictured as the enemy of freedom and the curse of the world. The Ottawa Journal seems to have been the "carrier" in the recent epidemic of the malady of extolling tolerance as a beautiful attribute in its own right. There seem to be many people who are subject to the same disease at various phases of the moon, and especially of The Star. One letter writer the other day took The Toronto Globe to task for alleged intolerance towards the religious views of others. This writer evidently wished The Globe to be equally enthusiastic about everybody else's religious beliefs as it may be about its own. In other words this apostle of toleration asked The Globe to believe everything, and so have faith in nothing. Newspapers and others are accused of being intolerant not because they refuse to others the right to hold opposing views. Seldom is that right questioned. But the real grievance against the so-called intolerant folks is that they maintain their own opinions with sincerity and the earnestness born of conviction. What the so-called tolerant fellow demands is that no enthusiasm should be held for any belief except that of not believing anything. It might be thought that tolerance would tolerate intolerance in view of the pre-eminence given the alleged virtue of toleration, but it is not so. As a matter of fact there is nothing and nobody so intolerant as the professedly tolerant newspaper or individual when dealing with any others that he may accuse of intolerance.

These professors of tolerance ask forbearance for murderers, traitors, thieves, liars and scoundrels, but they themselves show little tolerance for the law and the gospel. In one of its little essays on toleration, The Ottawa Journal dragged in the story of the Crucifixion to point its moral. It gives an apt illustration, but not as The Journal intended. Pilate was the prince of these so-called tolerant fellows. "I find no fault with Him," he said. And then he tolerated the rabble to take out the Innocent One and crucify Him. Pilate washed his hands, but all his wash-

ing will never wash away in the history of the world the aint of his toleration.

The fact is that tolerance in itself is no virtue and intolerance no crime. It depends upon what is tolerated. There should be no tolerance for crime, for meanness, for evil, for selfishness, nor for brutality. -There should be intolerance for greed, for bestiality, for sedition and for unfaithfulness to the virtues that alone make life livable and worth living.

That tolerant old prince of intolerants, Dr. Samuel Johnson, phrased the matter aptly when he said:—"Every man has a right to express his opinion, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it." Too much tolerance has a tendency to too much violence for the peace and happiness of mankind. There would seem to be a real necessity for a little intolerance to prevent tolerance from becoming an intolerant curse. There is so much toleration for minorities and their rights and privileges that majorities too often receive but scant tolerance. Hence this tolerated plea for more tolerance for the intolerant.

THE UNEMPLOYED

It is gladly admitted that the town of Timmins and the North Land generally will have a better Christmas and a more joyous one than some other places in the world, and even in the Dominion. At the same time it is true that there are some in Timmins and this district who will find this Christmas a sad one because of lack of the necessities of life or because of the uncertainty or absence of employment at living wage. Timmins has suffered less than some other sections of the country, but it has had a burden greater than its share. Because of the chief industry of the district and because of other favourable circumstances, Timmins would ordinarily be enjoying unprecedented prosperity and progress. With a thousand more men employed than two years ago the prospects should be the very best, but all this is more than offset by the fact that the area has been deluged by an influx of unemployed from all quarters. Transients have flocked here from all over the country. The result is that the district is faced with the problem of unemployed men whose unemployment is no fault of Timmins but is the direct responsibility of the province and the Dominion. The Dominion has long since accepted its responsibility by contributing money for the relief of unemployment. The province appears to have fallen down sadly in its part. Work has been provided for only a small fraction of the unemployed. Winter is here and little, pitifully little has been done. The fact should be fairly faced that the responsibility rests upon the province. The town has already done its share. The province should open up enough public works to give proper employment for all. Men can not surely be allowed to starve. Yet unless this is to occur, to the disgrace for ever of this supposedly civilized country, then work must be provided, or direct relief given. With all the necessary work to hand to be done for the development of the North Land and the advantage of the province in general, there should not be a dollar thrown away on direct relief. The government should provide work for all, and do it at once. If the government of this province listens to those preaching a false economy and a saving of money at the expense of the lives of a portion of the people, then the government can expect no tolerance from thoughtful people in the days to come.

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

In a word, the difference between The Ottawa Journal and The Advance amounts to this:—that The Journal favours the bootlegging of speech, while The Advance is in favour of some sort of Government Control of alien talk.

If you know of some family that may miss the joy of Christmas unless someone gives them a helping hand, play Santa Claus yourself. This suggestion is another way of sincerely wishing you a very merry Christmas.

A daily paper goes back nineteen hundred years to find a case of intolerance to suit its purposes. Pontius Pilate was one of your typical tolerant fellows. "What is truth?" he asked, and he went out and washed his hands. That is the trouble with these tolerance fellows they forget to wash their faces and clean their boots.

It takes all sorts of people to make a world! One young fellow this week was bemoaning the fact that he would not be able to go home to the South for Christmas and he did not know what he would do all of Christmas Day. Well, he might practice writing it "1932," in preparation for next week.

A local philosopher says:—"A couple of years ago I made three thousand dollars on the stock exchange and lost thirty-seven hundred before I was through, and I've been kicking about it ever since! Last year I gave a three dollar Christmas treat to a family in need and I've been "getting a kick out of it ever since."

Some weeks ago The Advance ventured the opinion that the depreciation of the Canadian dollar in the United States was due to unwarranted manipulation by the financial ring in that country. What practically amounts to official confirmation of the suggestion is now given out and it is indicated that the Canadian Government is considering the establishment of an exchange in the Dominion that will make manipulation by the United States interests of little importance to anyone but themselves. On several occasions in the past the United States powers, financial and political, have used their opportunities to the detriment of Canada, and the result has been for this country's ultimate advantage by making the Dominion look to her own interests only to find that where there's a will there's a way.

Pierre Van Paassen, European correspondent of The Toronto Globe, last week was refused permission to enter Russia. The incident tells its own story. Mr. Van Paassen is a journalist with an international reputation for ability and fairness alike. The very qualities that make him acceptable to other people make him impossible for Russia. The Soviet knows that should he be allowed to enter Russia he would tell the truth about the country and its conditions, and this is the one thing Russia does not desire. The Soviet found it a simple matter to feed the stomach and the vanity of Bernard Shaw, and then to let him see only what they wished to be known, and all the rest they could tell him. No such attitude could be adopted with Mr. Van Paassen. It would take more than dinners and flattery to turn him from his duty. Accordingly, Mr. Van Paassen received the same sort of treatment that has been meted out to every other outstanding newspaper man, including the representative of The London (England) Times. The Russian Soviet fears the truth above all else, but all their effort to suppress the facts seem vain, after all, for the newspapers by one plan and another, have succeeded in securing the inner story of the Russia of to-day. Fear force and are the real Russian rulers to-day; Lenin is only a czar.

Christmas 1911 at Timmins Townsite

There Were Fifty Men or More at Timmins Twenty Years Ago for Christmas Though the Town was Only in the Making.

Twenty years is thought to be a long time in the life of most mining towns, but it is no so great a part in the life of the town of Timmins. It is over twenty years now since Timmins was cut out of the virgin bush, and the town today is apparently just starting on its premanent care. There is no limit ventured by those in a position to know in regard to the life of the mines here that are responsible for the presence of the town, while all through the district there is rich promise of further mines to add to the life of the community and continue its career indefinitely. More than twenty years ago Cobalt was said to be done, but it is still on the map and actually doing better than most people imagine. Timmins has not begun yet to touch the resources and mineral wealth of the district, so the natural vision of the people of this young town turns toward the future.

It will surprise most people to realize that the town of Timmins is over twenty years old. Elsewhere in this issue will be found a list of the mayors and councils of the town, and it will be noted that 1912 had the first municipal council here. In the fall of the previous year, September, 1911, the sale of lots at the Timmins townsite was the first step in the foundation of the town built on gold.

Alex Miller, who staked some of the claims that now form part of the Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines property, tells of his first impressions of the section of the bush where now stands the city of Timmins. "In the summer of 1911 I passed through here," he says, "on my way back to Kelso and the South, and I thought of the forest of gallant jackpines standing where Third avenue now runs as being like a beautiful English park." After the forest fire of July, 1911, Mr. Miller was through here again and his beautiful English park was gone, the fire having swept through it and ruined it, and later the woodsmen cutting much of it down to make way for the townsite of Timmins.

Mr. Miller was here for the sale of lots and says that at that time it seemed as if the town would be built chiefly in the section where the railway station now stands. Later, the real town seemed to centre more to the north and west. J. P. McLaughlin, Chas. Pierce, the late H. Peters, C. B. Duke of the International Saloon, and others commenced building operations that fall. The Hollinger erected bunk houses and cookery building. Previous to the fire the Hollinger had a small mill and a vault built of brick, and that little brick vault building was the only structure left after the fire swept its way along in July, 1911. After the sale of the lots, the residences were chiefly "en's, but soon buildings began to take shape. By Christmas, 1911, there were a few log structures to house the people here, as well as the camp buildings of the Hollinger.

Around Christmas time in 1911 there were probably fifty men at work at the Hollinger, while there were several buildings at Aura Lake (now Schumacher). As many as were able to do so went home for Christmas, but so far as old-timers remember there would be seventy-five men, or near that, who spent Christmas, 1911, at Timmins. South Porcupine was flourishing again after the fire and Golden City was also a centre then. Some from here went to friends at these places for the Christ-

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mas Day, but those who had to stay here made the best of it and it was a merry Christmas because of the goodwill of all. It was the children that were missed here, because Christmas without the youngsters lacks a vital touch. Apart from the natural difficulties, the lack of the wives and kiddies, Christmas in Timmins in 1911 was much as other Christmas times, because the spirit of Christmas—good humour, friendliness, kindness, hospitality and generous helpfulness—are the marks of the pioneer, and this spirit makes Christmas real wherever he may be.

Christmas Times in Auld Lang Syne

How Christmas was Observed Years Ago in Scotland and England. Notes on Odd Facts About Former Christmas Times.

The old idea that all sorts of government publications are dry as dust is receiving many a crack these days and nowhere is the idea being more frequently shattered by the actualities than in the columns of The National Revenue Review, issued by the National Revenue Department at Ottawa. A magazine like The National Revenue Review would seem to be the last place to seek for Christmas literature, yet this is not the fact. An interesting story of past Christmas observances is given in the current Review and is reprinted herewith:—

"The Christmas season with its cheery gift giving, the laughter of happy children, its family reunions and gaily-decorated trees, its holly and mistletoe, Santa Claus and his eight reindeer, and the big, hospitable fire, holds a cherished place in everyone's heart. The editor contributes this seasonal story of Christmas observances and festivities down through the ages for the entertainment of readers of the Review. In no country were these festivities more whole-heartedly enjoyed than in mediaeval England. With the lighting of the Yule Log on Christmas Eve celebrations reached their height, but they did not begin then, for the Lord of Misrule, who was appointed to superintend the revels, began his reign on All-Hallows eve and continued in authority until Candlemas day, February 2. In Scotland a similar functionary was appointed, called the Abbot of Unreason. This latter observance, however, was prohibited by Act of Parliament in 1555.

"Favourite pastimes of a typical old English Christmas included gaming, conjuring, dipping for nuts and apples, dancing, fool plough, hot cockles, blind-man's buff, etc. The most popular dishes for breakfast and supper at this season consisted of a boar's head with an apple or orange in its mouth, and set off with rosemary, plum-pudding and mince pies. A fairly substantial breakfast that. In some European countries Christmas was celebrated in a purely religious manner. New Year's Day, however, was the occasion for high revelry, in addition to certain religious observances. In old French Canada a number of interesting New Year's customs were observed in the beginning of the nineteenth century that have since been discontinued. One such celebration was called the Guignolee and took place on New Year's eve. Shortly after daybreak young men made the round of the houses to receive gifts. Most of the townspeople were prepared for these callers, and had tables piled high with crockignolls to be served out. To provide against the possibility of the good people of the town being asleep at that unseasonably hour the young visitors carried long guns which they discharged in the street before ringing the door-bell. A peaceful time was had, apparently, by one and all.

"Another New Year's custom strictly observed in Canada in those old days, and continued in many districts to the present time, was for the gentlemen to pay calls on all friends and acquaintances, wishing them the compliments of the season and a happy New Year, and incidentally consuming large quantities of cake and wine. Visiting continued for three days. In describing these customs Lambert in his Travels, written about 1806, says:—

"It was formerly the practice on these occasions for the gentlemen, when paying their respects to the ladies, to salute them with a chaste kiss. The French ladies presented their cheek to the gentlemen, but the British ladies were saluted on the lips. This fashion prevailed until within these few years when it was most likely dropped on account of the visitors being so numerous.

"The giving of La Benediction Paternelle was a venerated old custom. A typical scene as it occurred many years ago is preserved for us to-day as follows:—

used to bring tears to the eyes of our dear mother. Our father, in an impressive manner, accompanied his blessing with a few words, raising his hands heavenward. Of course the crowning part of the ceremony was the distribution of the New Year's gifts which he kept concealed behind him.

"The happiest event of the first week in January, when a family reunion took place in the evening at Epiphany, was known as Tirer le Gateau. Amongst other ceremonies the most important was to draw the pea and bean out of the large Jour des Rois cake.

"And so many good old customs change or die out, yet others arise to take their place, and to enrich our Christmas and New Year of to-day with a glory all their own. The laughter of long vanished lips echoes in our ears, and the patter of little feet, forever stilled, is heard again. "Sweet dreamland faces, passing to and fro Bring back to memory days of long ago."

THE WONDER OF CHRISTMAS AND ITS UNIVERSAL JOY

The following paragraph is by an anonymous writer in The New Liskeard Speaker Christmas edition:—

"The universal joy of Christmas is certainly wonderful. We ring the bells when princes are born, or toll a mournful dirge when great men pass away. Nations have their red-letter days, their carnivals and festivals, but once in the year and only once, the whole world stands still to celebrate the advent of a life. Only Jesus of Nazareth claims this world-wide undying remembrance. You cannot cut Christmas out of the Calendar, nor out of the heart of the world."

Chatham News:—A course in baseball for girls as an aid to housework is advocated by Dr. Edward L. Cornell, professor of Northwestern University of Evanston. The idea, he explained before a group of child welfare workers was that if girls know how to handle a ball, they wouldn't be as apt to drop carelessly a baby on the floor or break their best china.

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