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Major Developments in Pickle Lake Area

New Mill, Addition to Mill, Power Plant in Progress, Freight Delayed.

A despatch from Hudson, Ontario, this week has the following to say:—

The three major developments in the Pickle Lake mining area of the Patricia district are now in the final stage of completion. Progress on the power development at Rat Rapids and the installation of mills at Central Patricia and Pickle Lake mines is steady and satisfactory.

A. J. Anderson, manager of Central Patricia Gold Mines, reports that construction is now completed of the addition to the mill building which will accommodate the extra machinery to be installed to bring the present operating mill up to handling 100 tons of ore per day. The 100-ton mill will go into production by the end of February.

Work is being concentrated on the first three levels for mill feed at Central Patricia, but after the shaft had been completed to the fourth level at 500 feet, other underground work came to a standstill.

Mr. Anderson also reports that the Springer claims located four miles east of the mine will be fully developed this winter. A complete mining plant will be moved in and a shaft sunk to a depth as yet to be decided upon.

At Pickle Lake underground work is continuing and installation of the mill up to the point of the head frame being completed is satisfactory. With winter freighting due to begin within a few weeks, the remainder of the machinery can be delivered, and it is likely Pickle Lake Crow will be in production about the end of February.

Progress at the Rat Rapids power development has been somewhat delayed owing to machinery not being delivered right at the site. Most of the cement work has been completed and the power line 21 miles to Central Patricia is finished while the additional five miles to Pickle Lake Crow will be completed next week. Reports here to-day point to the first power being delivered about the 15th of February.

At all three developments progress is hampered by non-delivery of machinery held up owing to winter-roads not being frozen. It is likely the first of the new year at the latest will see the ground transport operating. The winter's program calls for about 100 tons of freight that is now scattered along the summer route being picked up by tractor and delivered to the Hydro at Rat Rapids. Central Patricia has about 500 tons and Pickle Lake Crow about 700 tons of freight, mostly at Savant Lake with some scattered along the summer water route.

Holding the three freight contracts The Northern Transportation Company is mobilizing a fleet of at least twelve tractors to operate out of Savant and move to pick up and deliver the freight which is scattered along the shores of Lake St. Joseph, left there by the boats during the last fall-ice-up rush.

The whole development in Pickle

Lake area depends on the beginning of winter land freighting, while the beginning of operations of Pickle Lake's 125-ton mill and the new 100-ton mill of Central Patricia depends on Rat Rapids being completed to furnish power.

By-law Forbids Presents for Teachers of Schools

The following article by Richard Tompkins in The New York Times should be of interest at this season of the year:—

"With the approach of the Christmas season an old by-law of the Board of Education has cropped up to remind pupils and teachers of a prohibition against contributions for gifts within the school system.

"The by-law, however, will not put a damper on school and class exercises held before the holidays, such as caroling, Dickens plays, pageants and other celebrations which require no financial underwriting, favors or paraphernalia entailing expense to the pupils.

"In accordance with a recent resolution adopted by the Board of Education the schools will be closed on Dec. 24 and Dec. 31, in addition to the regular holiday period between those dates. This gives freedom to pupils and teachers after classes close next Friday until Jan. 2, an eleven-day vacation.

In a circular to school officers last week, noting the holidays, Dr. Harold G. Campbell, Superintendent of Schools, called attention also to the old by-laws relating to gifts and testimonials. It reads:

"No teacher or pupil shall be permitted to contribute toward any gift or testimonial to a principal, teacher, superintendent or other school officer, nor shall money or any other thing be in any case collected, taken or received from a teacher or a pupil for the purpose of presenting a gift or testimonial to any principal, teacher, superintendent or other officer. Collections of money from pupils for any purpose shall not be allowed unless by permission of the Board of Education."

"The by-law came into existence about twenty-five years ago, it was explained, following complaints that teachers were being solicited to contribute to the expense of a dinner and the purchase of a clock as a gift to a certain principal. The solicitation, Dr. Campbell said, "amounted to social coercion."

APPOINT NEW REGISTRAR AT HAILEYBURY FOR DISTRICT

Replacement of T. J. Meagher, of Halesbury, by William Thuercok as local registrar of the Supreme Court in the district of Temiskaming and clerk and registrar of the County Court was announced some days ago by Hon. A. W. Roebuck, Ontario Attorney-General. The Attorney-General stated Mr. Meagher was being retired on account of ill health and advanced age.

The Moose are sending hampers as far as Connaught to-day.

Belgian Bicyclist Full of Vim and Wit

Jack Koford Can't See What Keeps Some of the Cyclists Still Going Round and Full of Tricks.

Jack Koford noted sports writer, putting his thoughts into words in "Thrillo in Sports," cannot understand what makes the wheels go round in cyclists. This is the way he writes about his anxiety in the matter:—

I have been banging around the sports racket for a good many years now... and it seems to me I have most of the games and performers tabbed pretty well. It would take a dense person not to fathom most of the ins and out... but darn it all this six-day bike business has me down.

While the world series was burning up the loyal natives of Detroit, a stocky, chubby checked fellow named Harry Mendel had a race running in the Madison Square Gardens of that city. They went round and round and round and reaped the usual crop of bruises, cracked bones and sick stomachs. Then, with eight or nine days layoff they opened in Philadelphia last night.

They'll keep banging around the board track of the Arena until eleven o'clock Saturday night. Then they tie themselves to Chicago and later to New York, and, in short, spend most of the winter on exhibition. It seems to me that even a bike rider ought to have a little rest now and then... but the boys don't seem to think they need it.

As usual the cast-iron Reggie McNamara is among these present. For quite some years now the experts have been asking what was holding Mr. McNamara up. He is getting engaged in his middle forties, and has engaged in some 112 six-day races during his long and arduous career. He has broken most of the bones in his body at one time or another and those in his head as well... but seems to enjoy himself quite as thoroughly as though he had never been hurt.

His legs aren't quite as good as they used to be. In most races he keeps well up to the front until the end of the week, and then, wearied by his effort, falls back into second, third or fourth place. But I think it very remarkable that Mr. McNamara is able to go around that squirrel cage for six days, no matter where he finishes.

It is worth the price of admission to go to the Arena... and I speak to the Philadelphians and not the New Yorkers, who will unquestionably see Reggie in December... just to see and wonder Mac's grim expression never alters. He may be a mile in front or a mile behind, but you wouldn't know which from his visage. Even when he runs a splinter as big as a bread knife into his thigh or breaks a collarbone while doing a header he retains his immobile manner. He is one of the most remarkable athletes who ever collected a check for a hard week's work.

Next to Reggie, my favorite is Gerard Debaets, the Belgian, who acts as cuckoo as the clock of that name. Gerry takes the whole thing as a great big joke... but not to the extent of not giving what is known as his best efforts.

When the jams are on Debaets can ride most of the boys right down into the ground, but when times are slack he pedals leisurely around doing tricks and tormenting the boys. He has done this so successfully in the past that some have climbed down off their wheels to take a poke at him.

The Belgians are a hardy race. I remember one who rode some years ago and became a tremendous favorite. His name was Harry Stockely and he looked pretty nearly as big as Carnera when he perched on his wheel. Stockely had a habit of riding the rim during the time when the others wanted to rest.

He would get in front the daisy chain of riders and carry them along the top of the track. This took a toll of leg muscles, but Harry's were so strong the exercise didn't bother him. He usually teamed with a fellow named Goosens, who was almost as screwy as Debaets and just about as good a rider. Harry, it appears, became involved in romantic troubles both here and in Belgium and his bike career ended when he was still a top notch performer.

I have been watching six day bike races since back in 1916, but I still don't understand how the athletes can keep up the pace... appearing in half a dozen grinds within three or four months. You'd think they'd wear out quickly... that their hearts would go bad and their legs lose their kick. But, as a tribe they last longer than ball players and men in more sedentary sports. There must be a trick to it... but I haven't found out yet what it is.

Maids Give Many Reasons for Quitting Their Jobs

Some weeks ago The Advance referred to an address by H. C. Hudson, general superintendent of the Ontario offices of the Employment Service of Canada, in which Mr. Hudson touched upon the fact that despite the hard times and unemployment it was difficult to secure good maids for housework. He gave some of the reasons, both from the side of the maids and the viewpoint of the homes. Two points he stressed—that there should be a more general consideration shown towards maids so that the standards of that line of employment might be raised to attract and hold the best workers; and that the household workers should centre on the gaining of knowledge and experience so that they might be more valuable, and so more valued in their positions. A committee of domestic employment experts in New York have been studying the

question very carefully and it would seem that they have arrived at much the same opinion as Mr. Hudson, and offer much the same lines of remedy. This committee reported that the girls "feel that housework is in a class inferior, and abandon that occupation as soon as an opportunity occurs to go back into industry." A survey of reasons why maids quit brought the New York committee the following explanations, which follow along the lines suggested by Mr. Hudson in his address reported in The Advance:—

1. Told to crush the dog's teeth.
 2. Employer forced her to press satin underwear manufactured in the home for an apparel shop.
 3. Lots of work, but little to eat.
 4. Too much washing.
 5. Not allowed to use bathtub.
 6. Could not use the telephone and not allowed to entertain friends.
- And a survey of why mistresses fired their maids showed:
1. Lacked experience.
 2. Didn't like to do all the work asked.
 3. Couldn't take a scolding with good grace.
 4. Unreliable.
 5. Wanted to entertain boy friends too often.

Mary S. Fisher of the Family Consultation Bureau, Columbia University, reported that if mistress and maid quarrel, it may be that:

1. Maid feels she is being watched (although in some cases the mistress is simply trying to learn how to do housework).
2. The maid is being made the "escape valve" for someone's ill-humor.
3. Faults such as petulance or lack of maturity in the employer make the maid feel superior.
4. Children are permitted to "speak down" to the maid or make extra trouble for her.

The conference decided that the way to keep a good maid is:

- Assure her a place in the social scale equal to that employed by factory and office workers.
- Pay her a "decent wage."
- Give her "security, variety, friendliness and respect."

The experts said housework training in schools should help.

All of which is very much along the lines followed by Mr. Hudson's address of some weeks ago.

BEVERAGE ROOMS MUST NOT OPEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Several had asked whether or not the beer parlours will be open to-morrow (Christmas Day). The answer is an emphatic No! When asked about the matter at Toronto last week Liquor Commissioner Odette said that all beverage rooms in Ontario will be required to remain closed Christmas Day. Also, he noted that in municipalities where elections are being held on Jan. 1st, the beverage rooms must also close on New Year's Day. The municipal elections here being carried through in December the New Year's closing does not apply here, but the Christmas Day closing certainly does.

Jim Brodie and the Mighty Day of Days

Settlers Keep Alive the Old Spirit of Christmas and Make it a Day of Joy for All.

(By Edward J. Tucker)

There is one man from whom I feel the deepest sympathy at Christmas time. He is the efficiency expert. His is a limited world of graphs and charts. But his neat little universe, with its puppets so methodically arranged and tabulated is rudely upset when Christmas comes around. For then the plodding Bob Cratchitts shine forth with unsuspected brilliancy, and the Scrooges tagged so confidently "one hundred per cent." prove to be most dull and inefficient merry-makers.

I don't think the efficiency experts would rate Jim Brodie very high, for Jim cannot be hurried, and indeed never knows the exact time. Not that he doesn't work hard. But he is a plodder and likes to take his own time to figure things out. He has learned to do a lot of things well that way. Without much schooling he has learned to make most anything he needs by hand.

Jim can make his own pleasures too. Few people get as much joy out of Christmas as he and his family. To the Brodies, it is not a question of "capturing the Yuletide spirit," for the very atmosphere of the Christmas picture is theirs to start with—even to a wee babe in swaddling clothes, lying in a homemade crib, and patient cattle standing in a stableyard.

The secret of their happiness lies in the immeasurable joy humble folk derive from simple things.

Jim and his wife have to do some pretty scheming to provide a warm hospitality, for which they are famous in their section of the North. How they manage on such a slender purse as their's is a marvel. But somehow, with miraculous provision a large turkey is procured; a jolly round plum-pudding is made and set away with tempting Christmas cake and wine, many weeks before the great feast. The people of the backwoods are like that. They just go ahead and do impossible things out of warm hearts!

Those who complain that the old-fashioned Christmas is a thing of the past should visit the Brodies then. Their door is wide open when you call and there the "Dickens Christmas" is still celebrated with traditional gaiety and mirth!

I can't help feeling that what makes all the difference between just Christmas and the Merry Christmas of the Brodies and their kind is a vital appreciation of the spirit of the Christmas story. Just as his home is the centre of all this world holds dear to Jim Brodie, so a simple Faith gives warmth and colour to his life.—It helps to round it out.

Bundled up warmly, the Brodies and a goodly number of his neighbours are off early Christmas morning over snowy roads to St. David's. Inside the little place of worship nothing sensational is needed to fill every heart to overflowing at the beauty and wonder of the first Christmas. When carols have been sung and the tiny congregation is settled back in rough pews, little Betty Brodie, who looks like no one so much as the dainty Princess Elizabeth, thrills by the story. She can hear the feeble cry of the Holy Babe and feel the heavy warmth of the steaming bodies of the cattle standing by.

Service over, there are hearty handshakes all round, with a "Merry Christmas!"—and then away again home! There at last, around his rough hospitable board, Jim Brodie sits down with his family and guests to a substantial Christmas dinner. The jolly plum-pudding, gaily garnished with holly, fills the centre of the table and in front of Jim sits the largest roast turkey in the world, bursting with fragrant spiced stuffing.

Merriment isn't measured here. After the last scrap of plum-pudding has disappeared and fruit and candy and nuts have been passed around, the happy household gathers about the open fireplace, in which a huge blazing pine log hisses and crackles cheerily. Soon everyone is rollicking with laughter at the inimitable tales of Daniel Crooks, who will play a lively tune on his fiddle presently; when he feels those about him have had enough of his yarning.

Did you whisper something about the miracle of Christmas? Why! Not only is anything liable to happen, with such a jovial spirit abroad. It does happen, in the backwoods. A troubled world is miraculously changed in a twinkling to something like what man dream it ought to be. It is as if they said, "Let's forget our problems. Let's make believe it's true." And lo, the Spirit of Christmas stoops and touches their hearts and behold, for a little day it really becomes true. Men pause to worship, who never worshipped before; the dollar standard is lost in happy contemplation of a sacred mystery; and callous men—veritable Scrooges—discover they have hearts after all and turn in sympathy to their fellows.

And the secret of it all? In the backwoods the spirit of a child rules on Christmas Day and it is whispered that unless we all become as little children we can never be really happy!

Brother of H. Kearney, Died in Kirkland Sunday

Word reaching town gives the sad news that Edwin Kearney, barrister, of Kirkland Lake, and brother of Harold Kearney, formerly of Timmins, died at the Red Cross hospital on Sunday morning.

Kincardine Review.—There are a great many people who are not good at arithmetic, but it was left to Samuel Insull to make a mistake of \$10,000,000.

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