



As Christmas draws near, it is only natural that our thoughts turn to those of you who have contributed to our success. We wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Bountiful New Year.

### SINCLAIR THE VALET

CLEANERS, DYERS AND HATTERS

21 Fourth Avenue

Timmins

The management and our entire personnel join in wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We sincerely hope that we may continue to serve you throughout the Coming Year.

### SHANKMAN BROS.

100 Third Avenue

Phone 207

Timmins

May Christmas be Bright and Happy for All, and may the New Year be a Better and Happier Year than Even the Best of Past Years.

### THE VIKING ELECTRIC

Cedar Street North

Phone 590

In the universal spirit of friendliness at this glad season, we extend our wishes for a delightfully happy Holiday.

### THE STYLE SHOPPE

FURRIERS—Mrs. E. Durocher

Corner Fourth Avenue and Cedar Street

Timmins

We take this opportunity to wish every citizen of The Porcupine District the Best for a Happy Christmas and a Very Prosperous New Year.

### A. BRAZEAU, LIMITED

PLUMBING AND HEATING

8 Cedar Street North

Phone 1872



We trust that every material thing you wish this Christmas to bring will be yours, and in addition Health and Success in the New Year.

### RUDOLPH-McCHESNEY LUMBER CO., LTD.

Phone 584

Timmins

### The Bells of Christmas

(By Fred Williams)

When this midnight we hear the chimes and the church bells usher in the Christmas morn, what an imagery is possible if we think of that constant pealing of the message that the Christ had come all around the world. This afternoon at 2 o'clock you can, if you will, listen through the Canadian Broadcasting System to the bells of the Church of the Holy Nativity, at Bethlehem, and listen in to the Christmas Eve service in the very cradle of Christendom. Then let your mind pass in review the passage of that Christmas message across into Europe, through countries where men dare to seek the abolition of the Word of Salvation, on to more peaceful lands, to Switzerland, to France, to Belgium, the Netherlands, and then across the English Channel to our own home lands and up north to the Scandinavian Christian lands. We shall be sitting down to our suppers in Ontario when those chimes ring out in city, town and village throughout dear old England, up into Scotland, and then over the Irish Channel to the land whence so many of our fathers came. And then, could we but hear, the message of Christmas would for four hours be carried from ship to ship travelling toward us; then we can again take up the passage of the message across our country. A full hour before we hear the Christmas chimes in Toronto they will have rung out from cathedrals and churches in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and "The" Island, and so on to Quebec where (thanks to standard time) the Christmas message will peel out at the same hour as here. And after we have heard we can, if we will follow that message as it passes on to those we love on western plains and Pacific slope, girdling the world with its message, so much needed today: "Peace on earth to men good-will."

Bells have played their part in every epoch of the world's history. They have been rung in alarm; they have pealed in victory; they have brought cheer to untold thousands at Christmas, at christenings and at weddings, and who can ever forget the bells of Westminster as we heard them ring out their glad news at this year's Coronation? We in Canada, young though our country is compared with other lands, have our historic bells. From the Atlantic shore on across our Dominion can be found bells which have done their duty in peace and in war through our 300 years since Champlain founded Quebec. I have not the space to pass them in review; they are scattered right across Canada, each with its story, with its romance, its tragedy and its tidings of great joy at Christmas and Easter.

This past year has brought a most remarkable and valuable addition to the literature of bells in Canada, the story of the "Bells of Red River," written with loving care by Margaret MacLeod of Winnipeg. Rarely have I seen so much romance compressed into so few pages. The brochure is the result of years of research into the early history of Manitoba. She wanted to know what had become of the first bells on the Red River. She was told that it was impossible; but she had faith and vision and energy and patience, and she persevered until she found out.

She tells of her finding of the first bell on Red River, that sent out by Lord Selkirk to Father Provencher in 1819, after his return from Canada broken in spirit and health. That bell had been lost to sight from 1841. No one knew its whereabouts; but Mrs. MacLeod found it in the basement of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, where it had lain cracked and discarded for ninety-seven years. There is no doubt as to its authenticity. It bears the date "1819," the year in which it was made in London, England, and blessed before it was sent across the northern seas to York Factory, and so down to the Red River. It had done its work for Father Provencher and his successors until 1868, when it was thrown from its place in a hurricane and discarded.

The second bell on Red River was that brought out by Rev. John West, the first Anglican priest, in 1820. When he had built his church in 1822 he placed the bell on a log framework, and there it rang until the spire was finished and the bell placed. It remained in St. John's Church until 1862, when it was replaced by three other bells "sent from England for it." Then the John West bell was lost. Nobody seemed to care as to what had become of it, but Mrs. MacLeod found it in the spire of little St. Clement's Church, where on Nov. 15, 1862, for some unstated reason, it was placed "after dark by fire and lantern light." There it was the bell of the official chapel of the Fort. "It summoned to worship on the first day of the week the gallant Gentlemen Adventurers of the Honourable Company, clad in broadcloth, with their ladies in silks and satins," and when Fort Garry had a British garrison the bell rang as the redcoats marched to church. But, until Mrs. MacLeod persisted and discovered the date "1820" upon it, none knew that it was "John West's bell."

The Bells of St. Boniface, immortalized by Whittier, apart altogether from their own romance, are noteworthy for two records in Canadian history. They caused the first strike in what is now Western Canada, and they crossed the Atlantic five times! Made originally by Mears at Westminster, they were shipped to York Factory in 1840. They had cost £101 15s. The bells were set

down from the ship, and the men started with them on their 700 miles of difficult navigation to the south. Eventually they reached Norway House, but there the voyageurs went on strike. They refused to carry the bells any further; a thousand pounds of unyielding iron was too much even for their strong backs. Bishop Provencher finally got Andrew McDermott to take them to their destination. Seven years elapsed before the spire of the cathedral was ready for them. There they rang until Dec. 14, 1860, when the cathedral was burned and the bells crashed to the ground.

Bishop Tache went to England and arranged with the Mears to recast the bells. Their remains were shipped to London, the second trip across the Atlantic. They were recast and placed on a ship for Hudson Bay; but she was wrecked off Newfoundland, the bells were salvaged, sent to Portland, Me., thence by land to St. Paul, Minn. When the Bishop was notified of this he decided that it would be cheaper to send the bells back to England than haul them to the Red River; so back they went to London, and finally, on their fifth voyage, reached York Factory, whence they were brought down, after two years' travelling, to St. Boniface. They were placed in a frame near the church, and were rung for the first time on Christmas Eve, 1864. But it was 1893, nineteen years, before the spire was completed and the bells formally given their right place. In 1908 the bells were placed in the new cathedral, there to, even in the busy Winnipeg and St. Boniface of today, ring out their message, as they did when Whittier wrote:

"The bells of the Roman Mission

"That call from their turrets twain

To the boatmen on the river,

To the hunter on the plain!"

Mrs. MacLeod's little volume should have a wide circulation. It is a rich addition to the story of the Red River and of Canada.

### The Day After Christmas

'Twas the day after Christmas, when all through the flat There were wrappings and boxes and such stuff as that. The rugs were all covered with tinsel and string And various morsels that clutter and cling.

The housewife got up (rather tardy, I guess) And said, with impatience: "This flat is a MESS."

Her daughter got up (being prodded by mother) And lazily viewing this, that and the other

Which people had given her, yawned and declared

"This flat is a MESS and it needs to be aired."

Small brother turned over and groaned in his sleep

His tummy too full. In a quickly-flung heap

Lay bed-clothes which father had crossly vacated

To make for the office a dash quite belated.

Said mother: "Come, Mary, let's straighten this out."

Said Mary: "Oh, WHY did we leave things about?"

This dress I must change and these shoes are too small.

I'm sure that I never can wear them at all.

This book I have read, and I wonder if brother

Will take it right back and then get me another."

By this time young brother was up and about

And making for breakfast a heartrending shout.

"AW, Ma, hurry up fer I want to go skatin'!

The guys are outside, there's a crowd of them waitin'!"

So mother hikes off to get something together.

And Mary stands round doing nothing whatever.

And all through the flat there is string and red paper

With which dear Old Santa had cut such a caper.

The day after Christmas! Poor mother began

With almost despair the disorder to scan.

The daughter looked round with shudder and said:

"I think it's the grippe, so I'll go back to bed."

But (would you believe it?) when father came home

With utter amazement he scratched his bald dome.

For there was the flat all as neat as a pin—

Say! Aren't mothers handy when daughters sleep in?

—Anonymous.

### Bringing in The Tree

(Anonymous)

Father gets the turkey,

Mother makes the pie—

Each one has a Christmas job

To do, and so have I.

Sister strings the popcorn

To decorate—but, gee!

I have got the biggest job—

Bringing in the tree!

Turkey is important,

Pie and such are great.

Popcorn strings you have to have

When you decorate.

But I guess a Christmas

Christmas wouldn't be

If you didn't have a boy

Bringing in the tree!



We take this opportunity to thank the Citizens of the Township of Tisdale for their splendid co-operation throughout the past year.

AND WISH YOU ALL A  
MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

### SOUTH PORCUPINE FIRE DEPT.

### Season's Greetings



GEORGE VARTENIUK

Proprietor of

G. V. HOTEL

CORNER SIXTH AVE. and BIRCH STREET

PHONE 2140

AND

G. V. BOTTLING WORKS

80 SIXTH AVENUE

Bottlers of KIK

PHONE 2260

Once again, at Christmas time, we pause to share in the kindness of friends and neighbours. We extend to you the Season's Greetings—Merry Christmas.

### PORCUPINE BRICK & BLOCK SUPPLY CO.

OPERATING KOZA CARTAGE SERVICE

63 Columbus Avenue

Phone 1680 and 1517

With the entire world happy in the deep joy of Christmas Time, we wish to add our greetings to the many that are coursing through the mails, rolling from presses and spoken words... Best Wishes for a Merry, Merry Christmas.

### THE KING EDWARD HOTEL

Third Ave. and Spruce Street

Phone 324



May the joy and happiness of this Christmas season hover over you throughout the Coming Year. We pledge ourselves now to merit your confidence and loyalty.

### NORTHERN CEMENT, BRICK, BLOCK and TILE CO.

A. MILLAR

Dalton's Brick Yard

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