



We wish you and those who are yours
the best kind of a Merry Christmas.
We also hope that the New Year will
bring you joy.

BEAVER FUR AND LADIES' WEAR TWO STORES

25 and 25½ Third Avenue

Timmins



All Kind Thoughts
at Christmas
and Best Wishes for
the New Year.

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May your Christmas be a happy one.
May your fortunes improve with those
of the Porcupine in the coming year.

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Phone 166



We wish to thank all our customers and friends
for their patronage during the past year and
extend to them best wishes for a Merry Christ-
mas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year.

JOYEUX NOEL

Nous remercions tous nos clients et amis pour
leur patronage durant l'annee passee et nous leur
souhaitons les meilleurs voeux pour un Joyeux
Noel et une heureuse et prospere nouvelle annee.

BLAHEY'S STORES

Timmins

Schumacher

Tried to Kill Christmas

(By Robert M. Hyatt)

Strange indeed was the Christmas Day that dawned, grey and gloomy, in 1644. Strange and terrible and sad. For Merrie Olde England, where the Yuletide had always been ushered in with hearth-fires and steaming ale and the happy laughter of children was cloaked in fear and sorrow. The celebration of Christmas had become a black sin!

By edict of Parliament, the occasion had been proclaimed a crime almost as dire as murder!

A heavier fog than usual blanketed London. The thick mists rising from the Thames took on the ugly features of writhing demons. Homes were dark and silent. Even the streets were bare of holly berries and green boughs and tiny flickering candles. A dread chill hung in the air, which was not caused by the sudden covering of snow that hid the cobbles. This was Christmas morning, yet there was to be no Christmas! Warnings aplenty had been issued to the townsfolk, and whoever dared the wrath of the stern Parliament sitting determinedly at Westminster took liberty and even life in his hands.

The facts are only to be found in the few existing news-books printed during the Winter of 1647 in England.

That dark year of 1647 saw wartime England suffering from unemployment, exorbitant taxes, crop failure.

In the seven years of their assemblage, the strict Puritan Parliament had dictated outlandish laws to an almost helpless people. Its rabid members had sought to suppress worldly pleasures they had succeeded—even to the closing of all theatres, forbidding puppet shows, animal fights, and Sunday boating on the Thames. They had gone so far as to remove the organs from every church, decriing them as distractions to the long, wearisome sermons. And now they champed at the bit for new evils to abolish.

That they seized upon the festival of Christmas as an opportunity to display their narrow-mindedness is not strange, when one is acquainted with the facts surrounding this intensely moral body. And that such a stupid edict took from their people the one and only form of joyous expression left to them made no difference.

It all came about in this manner: At one of their sittings a member spoke up: "What about this Popish festival called Christmas?"

Militant eyes lighted up at once. Shaggy heads got together, wagging profoundly. Aye, what about it, indeed? The whole ceremony reeked of the church rituals they had driven out of the country.

Sullen mutterings went around the group. Mutterings that quickly swelled to an ominous rumble. In solemn dignity, this serious-minded Parliament debated the matter of Christmas and voted it "an evil of heretics" It was a sacrilege! They would forthwith put a ban on it!

They abolished every Yuletide ceremony. Churches were closed on that day, bay leaves and holly were tabu, and all merry-making and feasting, either in public or private, was forbidden under dire threat of the law. Severe penalties were imposed for any observance of this "pagan, Roman custom."

The laws were so strict that women were arrested for making plum puddings, men were fined and imprisoned for lighting Yule logs; and a whole force of Government spies sleuthed about for clergymen who dared to preach Christmas sermons!

Thus it came about that there was little merriment in Merrie England. Throughout all this ancient land, where Yuletide had for centuries been ushered in with joyous feasting and happy gatherings, there was gloom and fear.

To be sure, a few bold souls dared to break the law against puddings and other tasty things. But those who did feasted hurriedly and fearfully, with one eye on their plates and another on the door, where at any moment a Parliament spy might appear.

A few courageous ministers dared to mount their pulpits on that day, and forthwith became martyrs to the cause of Christmas worship. Occasionally sullen and unhappy working men vented their anger in small riots. But quick justice, or injustice was meted out to the disobedient.

The Royalist press was loud in its discontent. The Roundhead journalists approved the law and offered little comment. A system of strict censorship prevailed purposely to destroy Royalist journalism. Yet they failed.

By imposing heavy fines on printers and writers, and by offering rewards for their arrests, Parliament cut short the lives of many Royalist pamphlets. The three leading ones, however—"Mercurius Pragmaticus," "Mercurius Melancholicus" and "Mercurius Elencticus"—managed to survive two troublous years. Often a substitute served on these sheets while the regular writer did his turn in Newgate Prison.

An Indian Christmas Song

'Twas in the moon of winter-time,
When all the birds had fled,
That mighty Gitchie-Manitou
Sent angel choirs instead;
Before their light the stars grew dim,
And wandering hunters heard the hymn,
Jesus your King is born;
Jesus is born.
In excelsis gloria!

Within a lodge of broken bark,
The tender babe was found;
A ragged robe of rabbit skin
Enwrapp'd his beauty round;
But the hunter braves drew nigh,
The angels song rang loud and high,
Jesus your King is born;
Jesus is born.
In excelsis gloria!

The earliest moon of winter-time
Is not so round and fair
As was the ring of glory on
The helpless infant there
The chiefs from far before him knelt
With gifts of fox and beaver pelt;
Jesus your King is born;
Jesus is born.
In excelsis gloria!

O children, of the forest free,
O sons of Manitou,
The Holy Child of earth and Heaven
Is born today for you;
Come, kneel before the radiant boy,
Who brings you beauty, peace and joy
Jesus your King is born;
Jesus is born.
In excelsis gloria!

—Record and Missionary Review.

No Room in the Inn

No room for Him,
We grieve that it was so.
And then we go
Busy upon our way,
With no more courtesy than they
Who turned our Lord away.
Our rooms are full,
There is so much to do,
Each day so new,
I wonder if the Lord of all
Is sad we grant Him space so small,
Less than a manger stall.

—Anon.

Greetings and Wishes Sincere
for a Merry Christmas and a
Glad New Year.

J. J. McKAY

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20 Pine Street North

Timmins

In grateful appreciation of your patronage
we offer our sincere best wishes for a Merry
Christmas and Prosperous New Year.

I. K. PIERCE FURNITURE COMPANY

42 Third Avenue

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We extend our Hearty Wishes
for a Christmas filled with
Happiness and a New Year of
Prosperity.

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Christmas Greetings



Good Cheer, Health and
Happiness—may they be
yours—Now and Ever.

J. P. ROY

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The spirit of Christmas bids us
appreciate old friendships and
value them more. To our friends
we wish all kinds of good luck.

SHANKMAN BROS.

GROCERS

100 Third Avenue

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