

The Porcupine Advance

PHONE 26

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HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

Before the next issue of The Advance, the present year, with all its victories and defeats, its tragedies and its comedies, its successes and its failures, its happiness and its sorrows, will have passed into history, and a grand new year will have opened its pages for the hand of time to inscribe another record of sunshine and of shadow. The Advance again wishes to one and all a happy new year, in the best and the fullest sense of the words. May every reader of The Advance achieve his or her heart's desire in the coming year, and may all others less fortunate attain to the heart's desire of The Advance.

Looking back on the year that is past it seems a sad year from many angles. There have been tragedies and sorrows and sordid happenings. Death has been busy taking men and women of great worth and helpfulness. The casualty lists have been heavy, indeed, for Timmins and the district. There have been occurrences to shock the hearts. Within the last few weeks alone in the Porcupine Camp, two lives have been lost and several injured through hit-and-run drivers. In recent weeks there have been serious reverses on the war fronts of the Allied Nations. But there are other angles that show a brighter outlook. There has been happiness as well as sadness. There has been comfort as well as grief. Courage and faith have come to those bereaved. They feel that loved ones have not died in vain, and the friendship and sympathy of others have eased the burden of grief. Standing out against the odd sordid occurrences there have been scores of examples of gallantry, of humanity, of self-sacrifice, of kindly thought for others. It is true there is a growing casualty list, but it is equally true that there is a growing list of high honours won by men of the Porcupine in the gallant discharge of dangerous duty. Recent reverses on the war front should not becloud the record of victories of the passing year. It has been a year of notable advances by the United Nations. The new year will see again the march forward of the legions of freedom and decency against the embattled forces of evil and aggression.

The new year should be entered with firm faith and high hopes. The man who prayed not for health or prosperity or continuous fair weather but rather for the strength and courage bravely to bear whatever fortune might send, had the right determination for a new year's wish for himself. There will be shadow as well as glorious sunshine in 1945. But in the final analysis, the good will far outweigh the evil, and with this firm faith one and all may well express in all sincerity and full belief the well-worn wish that stands unimpaired through all the years:—"A Happy New Year to All!"

FROM FAR AND NEAR

There was a time in the history of Timmins and the Porcupine when, the great majority of the people here "went home for Christmas." To the pioneer residents of this part of the North some place in East or West or South was home to them. The years have changed that, and now Timmins and the Porcupine and the North mean home to thousands in distant places. This year hundreds came home to this part of the North for the festive season, and the season's greetings that came from far and near to the home town here would impress even the casual thinker. From far and near, from far distant lands, Christmas messages reached the communities of the North. From the Italian war front, from Greece, from France, from Belgium, from Africa, from China, from the seven seas, came Christmas greetings that carried additions such as:—"Remember me to all the folks in the home town"; "Best regards to all old friends at home"; "Say, Hello, to everybody at home for me." Dr. Lee Honey, writing to the Kiwanis Club from Toronto, sent the best wishes of himself and family to all at Timmins. Mrs. G. F. Mitchell, now at Grimsby, sent greetings from Dr. Mitchell and herself to old friends here, with many memories of other days. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shragge, of San Francisco, California, did not forget the North and its people in their Christmas wishes. Jack Faithful, writing from Blackpool, England, sent regards and all good wishes to the old town in the North. Rifleman Jerome Belanger, on The Advance staff until his enlistment, sent Christmas Greetings from Holland to all in this part of the North. Sub-Lieutenant Merton Lake, "somewhere on the seas," had a hearty greeting for all in the North.

One of the particularly treasured greetings reaching The Advance was The Q. A. S. Sun Christmas number with its season's message of a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year inscribed by Percy Whitford. The Q. A. S. Sun is the Month-

ly publication issued by and for the patients at the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium at London Ontario. The Christmas number is a well-printed, attractive and interesting little magazine of some fifty pages. Its brightness and cheerfulness give it full right to use the name of "The Sun." There is health and healing in its rays. The leading editorial gives the story of Christmas in unusual way, concluding with the words:—"In the warmth of this spirit our little magazine brings you our best thoughts for a joyous Christmas, a merry Christmas, and a happy new year." Anyone expecting this magazine to be sad or depressed or querulous will be agreeably disappointed. In addition to the happy spirit of Christmas, it features much of humour and story and optimistic philosophy. For example, John Priddy asks Tom Wyatt, "why do you prefer blondes?" and the reply is, "Because I am afraid of the dark." Another patient tells of his wife going over to Europe to take up grand opera. "She went over big," he said, "but she's coming back slith." Two lady patients discuss the question of kissing being dangerous to health. "I really don't know," said the one, "I've never been." "What?" exclaimed the other, "You've never been kissed?" "No," was the reply, "I've never been ill after it." Still another lady patient claimed her husband was the most bashful man she ever married. "He took along mistletoe on our honeymoon," she said. "Many a man has been caught stealing home, who never played baseball," is one example of the philosophy of the humour department. Then there is the story of the little girl who was heartbroken when her pet canary died, and whose father to comfort her gave her an empty cigar box to use as a coffin for the little bird, assisting the young girl to bury the canary with the greatest of solemn ceremony. "Dad," whispered the little girl, after the funeral was over, "will my dear little birdie go to Heaven?" The father replied that he expected so, and asked why she put this question. "I was only thinking," murmured the youngster, "how cross St. Peter will be when he opens the box and finds it isn't cigars after all." One more sample of the stories should be given:—"Pa:—No, I won't buy you a trumpet. You'd make too much noise with it. "Sonny:—I wouldn't, Dad. I'd play only when you were asleep."

And this reference would not be complete without this one:—"A noted lung specialist says that a man who sings at the top of his voice for an hour a day won't be troubled by chest complaints in his old age:—He probably won't even be troubled with old age.

Under the heading, "Happy New Year," the concluding item in the little magazine says:—"As we close our little magazine for 1944 let us say a prayer for our gallant men and women overseas. May the coming year see them safely in Canada again. From all of us at Queen Alexandra Sanatorium to readers everywhere goes that old, old wish, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Timmins, the Porcupine and the North very sincerely reciprocates all the good wishes coming here from sons and daughters far and near.

ADVICE TO THE SOUTH

The South has never hesitated to give advice to the North. They have always been good enough at that. In addition the South has taken quite a lot from the North, so why not accept a little good advice from the place that more material benefits came from. In any event, The Advance hereby advises the South that it should do something about its horrible winter. A former popular resident of the North, now residing in the fruit section of Southern Ontario—a peninsula that puts on all the airs of California, even without all the air in that state—writes to The Advance:—"We've been here over two years and getting used to living in Southern Ontario, though it is very different from the North. Just now it looks like the North. We're feet-deep in snow. Of course, it's most unusual for this part of the country, and we never suffered such inconvenience from snow in the North. They don't know how to handle the situation here. No roads, no buses, no deliveries, no newspapers! We've had two Globe and Mails this past week." For years here The Advance has urged the people of the South to come North before Christmas and stay here at least until Spring to escape the horrors of winter in Old Ontario. Although the lady writing that letter suggests that the recent conditions that paralyzed traffic, business and industry in the South is something unusual, the fact is that practically every winter the people of Southern Ontario are troubled with winter tie-ups of traffic and other calamities due to severe weather conditions. It is the unusual winter when business is not dislocated in the South some time or another for a few days at least by the fall of a few feet or even a few inches of snow. This is bad for business, for convenience, for health, comfort and safety. On the other hand, a few feet of snow does't make much difference in this free and resourceful North. In this country when trains are late, you know that it is due to traffic below North Bay. A few inches of snow falls and the South is smothered. Twice as much snow in the North doesn't affect anything. Every year there are heaps of snow in and around Timmins but the street buses here continue on schedule, not only around the town, but to the mines and the neighbouring towns. It is literally years since

any of the buses have missed a schedule route on account of snow. As the Irishman would phrase it, the last time the snow interfered with traffic in this part of the country, it wasn't snow at all, but it was the icy conditions of the roads. The ice was so bad that the buses slid back two feet for every foot they went forward, and when this difficulty was promptly overcome by running the buses backwards at twice the speed, the dogged things started to skid around on the roads. Of course, this occasioned a little delay, but even this was conquered before long, the buses being operated backwards on a sort of rotary motion that met all the difficulties and made it possible to run again on schedule. In this country all the snow in Canada wouldn't stop anything, except, perhaps, a dog race. Business goes on as usual in comfort and safety come what snow there may. It is a situation beyond the imagination of the North that a little snow should tie up traffic. In the South, however, it does appear that the situation was really desperate. Traffic completely tied up, business at a standstill, impossible to deliver milk and bread, a score dying from shovelling snow. That is what the South endured. Then came the final blow. Days without The Globe and Mail. That was the fuzzy limit. The South can stand a lot, but that was too much. Maybe the South is now in humble enough mood to even accept a little advice from the North. The Advance has given this advice before, but it was unheeded, even ridiculed and scorned. That was, move to the North to escape the severity of Southern Ontario winter conditions. Failing the

Christmas Meet of First United Church W. M. S.

The Christmas meeting of First United Church Women's missionary society, had as its special guests, members from Mountjoy and Schumacher United Church Auxiliaries, who were warmly welcomed by the President, Mrs. J. Harnden. The church basement, where the meeting was held was gay with lighted trees, candles, festive tea-table, Christmas murals and bells.

After a brief business session during which the president occupied the chair, Mrs. A. A. Rose led in an impressive candle-lighting service, for which Mrs. Ormston sang the opening solo, "The Gift," accompanied at the piano by Mr. Treener.

The service which included coral singing, was built around the theme, "We Bring Our Gifts," emphasizing the love of God to man, and the love of man to God and showing the significance of Christmas, the birthday of Christ, as the Magna Charta day for childhood and womanhood.

At the conclusion of the service the story of "Silent Night" was read by Mrs. A. Gillies, after which Mrs. P. H. Carson sang this delightful carol with all present joining her in the repetition of the first verse as Benediction. Others taking part in this service were Mrs. Ross McLaren, Mrs. H. L. Traver, Mrs. L. Leigh, Mrs. W. M. Mustard, Mrs. G. Golden and Mrs. S. Ireland.

Afternoon tea and a social hour were enjoyed at the close of the meeting, Mrs. Mustard presiding at the tea-table.

Following are the newly-elected officers for 1945:—

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Literature — Mrs. A. A. Rose.
Press — Mrs. W. H. Hansen.
Pianist — Mrs. P. H. Carson.
Social Convener — Mrs. Harnden.

Finnish Students of English Hold Christmas Party

The Fall term of the eighth school year of the free English Language Evening School for Finnish speaking adults at Timmins and South Porcupine ended in Timmins Monday evening, Dec. 18th, when the student bodies of both schools united at a Christmas party, held in the Finnish Hall, Fourth Avenue, at the regular school time. As special guests of honour, the students had invited the wife of the teacher, Mrs. A. I. Heinenon, and their daughter, Mrs. L. P. Punkari Reg. N., for the banquet.

The majority of the ladies of the school are also students at the Home Nursing Course directed by Mrs. Punkari every Tuesday night in St. John Ambulance Hall.

The students of the Finnish Language School had provided a tasty lunch for the Christmas party. The teacher Reverend A. I. Heinenon, opened the programme at the banquet table with a devotional period, conducted in English and Finnish. Mrs. A. Koski, one of the students, presided at the banquet, and on behalf of the student body, spoke to the teacher, thanking him for "his great work and patience at the Evening School, which has been of great benefit to all students."—"And "as a

acceptance of that advice, The Advance kindly volunteers alternative advice. When Toronto sees the snow coming, just send out an S. O. S. and Timmins will forward a couple of old-timers of this country to clear away the snow. If the engineers of Timmins, Tisdale or Whitney were on the job, they would see to it that every man, woman and child in Toronto would have a clear way to office, school, shop, or wherever Toronto people go or come when they do. In any event a happy new year to the South. And as a final tip, perhaps if Toronto had not run that "White Christmas" record so often on their juke boxes, they might have escaped some of the snow sent by an outraged providence.

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

Still stands the motto of the King:

"Put into your task whatever it may be, all the courage and purpose of which you are capable. Keep your hearts proud and your resolve unshakable. Let us go forward to that task as one man, a smile on our lips and our heads held high and with God's help we shall not fail."

News, of Toronto, publishes the assertion that drinking water sells at \$1.00 a bottle in Italy. Local folks complain that adulterated brands of it were sold here at much more this Christmas.

A this year's resolution:—Not to write any more editorial notes this week.

that New Canadians of Finnish origin have a good record of conduct as citizens. Already five of our young men from the Porcupine Camp, serving in the Army, Navy and Air Force, have made their supreme sacrifice, and many have been wounded in the present war. In blood donations they stand high in the list. In war financing they have a good record. And in all other patriotic and social service efforts, they have earned a good name for themselves. The knowledge of the English language will help the Finnish-Canadians to contribute their full share of service for the welfare of

their adopted country.

After the banquet, which took place in the lecture room, the following program of the evening was continued in the main auditorium.—"O Canada,"—sung in English by all present; "To a Childhood Friend," an English translation of a Finnish folk song, sung by the school; Address by Mr. A. Korhonen on "the benefits of the Evening School for Finnish speaking men during the past eight school years"; "Home, Sweet Home," by the school; Address by Mrs. Ida Waisanen on "the benefits of the school for women; Two games were enjoyed; "Holy Night, Peaceful Night," sung by the school; "God Save The King," sung by all. During the program, Mrs. L. P. Punkari presided at the piano. As the students were leaving the Hall into the night, they were heard humming, "Holy Night, Peaceful Night, All is dark, save The Light."

The Spring term will open in Timmins on Monday, Jan. 8th, and in South Porcupine on Tuesday, Jan. 9th. During the Fall term there were fifty students. More are expected for the Spring term.

THEY DECIDE

There were fewer "surplus women" when war broke out than there have been for 25 years. This is revealed in figures just published by the board of trade. According to these, the population of the United Kingdom in the middle of the last year was 47,676,000—22,920,000 males and 24,756,000 females.

But apparently the bachelor still has a choice—until one of the 24,756,000 decides he'll do.—Sudbury Star.

BORED

As the mathematics master was working out an example on the blackboard, he noticed that one of his pupils wasn't paying any attention. So he said sharply:

"Board, Jeffries, board!"
Roused from his day-dream, the lad replied unthinkingly:

"Yes, sir, very!"—Sudbury Star.
Sudbury Star—A Cincinnati man dozed off in a telephone booth and slept for an hour. But it was no use. When he woke up she was still talking.

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