



**The Chief and Members
of the
Timmins Fire Department**

take this opportunity of thanking the public for kindness, co-operation and goodwill during the year, and very sincerely to wish one and all

**A Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year**



May Your Christmas
Be a Happy One
And Your New Year
Full of Good Luck and Happiness

PEARL LAKE HOTEL

Frank Klisanich, Proprietor

First Ave., Schumacher

Phone 788



Hearty Good Wishes for
A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS
and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR

DISTRICT SERVICES LIMITED

Schumacher Rd., Timmins

Phone 880



Wishing you Sincerely
A Merry Christmas and
A Happy New Year

W. C. ARNOTT
MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR

37 First Avenue Schumacher

Phone 740

THE CASE AGAINST SANTA CLAUS

The shy old man in turkey red trimmed with rabbit-skin began to look worried. He wasn't used to crowds. And the court room was warm. And he didn't like the way people kept staring at him. It made him feel a good deal like a polar bear in a Zoo.

He was almost glad when he heard a crack-voiced court attendant shout "Everybody rise!" For that meant, of course, the Judge was coming out of his chamber and seating himself in the big black chair under the solemn crossed flags.

But the prisoner at the bar, as he mopped a broad red face with his rabbit-fringed sleeve, was a trifle disappointed about the Judge, whom the Crown Attorney absent-mindedly addressed as Father Time. For that Judge seemed a bit too old for his job. He looked as though he hadn't cracked a smile for a half a century. His glance, it's true, was sharp as a weasel's, but his shoulders sagged and his face looked tired, as though he had heard too many cases and seen too many prisoners pass out the side door with the iron grill and never come back.

Nor did the portly figure in turkey red altogether like the appearance of the Crown Attorney. He too was an old man, hard-eyed and gaunt and lean, with a nut-cracker profile and an eye that told you he'd be as quick and merciless as a steel trap. His narrow face, in fact, wore an acid smile as he glanced about at the rubicund old figure in red, a smile which said as plain as words: "Well, Old Boy, it won't take me long to finish you up."

Santa Claus, as he shifted in his seat, wished there had been a few children about. He seemed to get along better with children. His earlier impression that he wasn't among friends deepened as he turned and studied the jury. He had really hoped for a different sort of jury, one that could give a chuckle now and then and whisper behind their hands and nudge neighboring ribs, and perhaps make a spitball or two, and wonder how you wound up Exhibit A on the prosecutor's table and whether the red paint on Exhibit B had the adorable painty smell all Noah's Arks ought to have.

But the twelve good men and true on this jury impressed him as twelve dried-up old prunes who wouldn't know anything more about putting a toy airplane together than they'd know about spinning a musical top. He didn't like the enmity in their rheumy old eyes when they blinked down at the Christmas Tree, marked Exhibit X. And Santa Claus wasn't used to enmity. He didn't thrive on it. Those twelve jurors, in fact, looked so much like twelve old owls blinking solemnly down on a blighted world that he was glad to turn away and let his eyes rest on the counsel who'd been assigned to defend him.

That lawyer, the Big Policeman downstairs had said, was just the man for him. He'd never lost a case. On the other hand, he'd never won a case, for the simple reason that he always got them so mixed up they never came to an end. He was invariably addressed as Mr. Folly & Faith. But he too was plainly too old for his job. And the prisoner was further disturbed by his learned counsel, who, instead of paying attention to the court procedure, occupied himself by shooting paper wads with an elastic band and trying to balance three pencils on an inkwell.

And those court proceedings obviously ought to be paid some attention to, the prisoner realized, for the prosecuting attorney was already on his feet but he was talking about the prisoner, and talking about him in a way which very promptly gave that prisoner goose flesh. And the attorney for the defence, as the tirade went on, merely leaned back and laughed at the way the Prosecutor's Adam's apple went up and down with a three-inch plunge.

"This prisoner," the latter was proclaiming, "is an imposter. He's more than an imposter; he's an absurdity. And for the good of the people I want him abolished. I want him gone away with, just as we've done away with witch-craft and miracle-mongering. I speak, Sir, for Science and Truth. And before we can progress into perfect statehood we must abolish these foolish old myths that are an affront to reason and a confusion to the mind of youth."

"Objection," casually announced the prisoner's attorney as he succeeded in balancing his third pencil on the inkwell cover.

"Objection denied," barked back the old grey-beard, on the bench.

"This scoundrel," proceeded the prosecutor, directing a long and bony finger towards the cowering prisoner, "has not only outlived his usefulness—if he ever had any—but has also blocked the highway to progress. He is pagan in ancestry and pagan in spirit. We know, gentlemen, that in this enlightened age we never get anything for nothing. We know all life is struggle and combat, and to the victor belongs the spoils. Yet this old receiver claimed to give us things for nothing. He seeks to delude our children with the contention that for one day in the year the iron-clad laws of commerce and competition can be dispensed with. He keeps youth credulous and soft-hearted when they should be practical-minded and satisfied with an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. On his one crazy day in a year of reason, he says, the laws of give and take can be abrogated and things can come to us unearned. He claims, in other words, that miracles can be brought about in this workaday world of ours. That claim is not only fraudulent, but this ruddy prisoner is fraudulent in the way in which he presents it. Even his piece of abode is fraudulent. He contended, I understand, that his home was in the conveniently vague neighborhood of the North Pole. But that Pole has

been found and explored without disclosing any such abode. This is an age of steel and stone, of express trains and airplanes. Yet today, in this era of elevators and steam-heated apartments, this old imposter claims to travel by sled and reindeer and—"

"Objection," said the lawyer for the defence, interrupting his doodling on a scratch-pad.

"Objection noted," proclaimed the Bench, rousing himself from what looked like forty winks.

"And even here," pursued the Prosecutor, "I shall not only anticipate but I shall elucidate my opponent's objection. Why that sled and reindeer, I ask. Simply because, in the mediaeval era of his origin, sled and reindeer stood for the speediest means of transportation known to semi-civilized man. But we live in a new age, an age of progress. And any self-appointed peddler of unsolicited charities who can't today travel one-tenth as fast as one of our mail planes is no longer entitled to his job."

The Prosecutor took a drink of ice-water and bowed at the murmur of approval that swept through the court room.

"There's something else this old imposter lays claim to. He contends that while on his brief but incredibly active annual pilgrimage of debauching and pauperizing our rising generation by entering their home mid-night by way of the chimney. By the chimney, mark you, and under cover of darkness. And that, gentlemen, is as far as I need go. We may not be versed in Norse mythology; but we all know modern architecture. So I merely ask you, gentlemen of the jury, to take one good look at this charlatan. Note his ample proportions, his pot-belly, his obesity, doubtless due to a life of over-indulgence. All I ask of you is to give him the once-over and then decide for yourselves if a figure of those dimensions could get down a modern chimney flue!"

"But that, gentlemen, is not all. This crafty old imposter not only succeeds in deluding youth, he triumphs as well in depraving parenthood itself. He beguiles careless-minded mothers and fathers into a communion and deception. He makes them active agents in his nefarious enterprises. He prompts them to perpetuate a tradition that is a blot on this nation of truth lovers. And above and before anything, we must have Truth."

It was at this juncture that the blithely infirm Mr. Folly restored to the table of Exhibits the picture-puzzles he'd been working over.

"If your Honor will permit me," he casually observed, "I am prompted to move for a mistrial."

The Judge who looked so ominously like Father Time sat back on the bench, blinking at a window which a court attendant had opened to cool off the overheated room.

"On what grounds?" he finally demanded.

"On the grounds," said Mr. Folly as he directed a paper dart towards the jury box "that my client is not being tried before a body of his peers."

"That looks like a pretty intelligent jury to me," ventured the Judge.

"I'm not attacking their intelligence," said Mr. Folly. "What I'm criticizing is their age."

"Fiddlesicks," retorted the Judge. "It's no crime to be old. And I can't say that client of yours is any spring chicken."

"Appearances your Honor are sometimes deceptive," contended Mr. Folly. "This client of mine is mentally a child. He has never grown up. And these white whiskers you see are only a disguise. I won't go so far as to say he was a trifle off in the upper story. But the foolish old fellow sticks to a forlorn sort of craving for happiness. He keeps on believing in good will and all that sort of thing. It's a very sad case. And instead of cluttering the Calendar this way, he really ought to be handed over to the care of his friends."

"Has he any friends?" demanded the Judge.

"Not here," said the astute Mr. Folly.

"Then how are we to know he actually has any?"

Mr. Folly scratched his bald head in perplexity. "That's not an easy question to answer, your Honor. But I'd suggest, under the circumstances, that we let the children decide it."

"But there are no children about," demurred the Court.

"Then we might take a ballot," suggested Mr. Folly.

But that question remained unanswered. For the woe-begone prisoner, who had got unsteadily up from his chair, was crossing to the open window. Through it he thrust his two fat arms encased in turkey-red. And a tear ran down his plump cheek as he stared out at the wintry sky that had darkened as the afternoon wore away.

"Children," he cried out in a voice tremulous with emotion, "children, do you want me?"

A hush fell over the court room. And in that hush three hundred straining ears heard the wind rise from a whimper to a cheer. And as it rose two objects of white fluttered down and rested on the outstretched hands of the wistful old figure in turkey-red. Then came more and more. They came in a stream, and then in a cloud. Some people said, and still say, those wisps of white were slips of paper with "YES" written on them, but other old hard-heads contend they were only especially large snow-flakes. But the Big Policeman had to pull down the window, to keep them from covering the court room floor. And even then they flattened themselves against the panes, and piled up about the outside walls, and grew deeper and deeper, until the room darkened and the hushed watchers looked at one another with childish wonder in their eyes.

Christmas Greetings



Greetings for Christmas
and Best Wishes for the
New Year

Our Winter Term Begins January 3rd

TIMMINS BUSINESS COLLEGE

ELLEN M. TERRY, Principal

Hamilton Block

Timmins



It is a pleasure and a privilege to extend
to all Best Wishes for A Merry
Christmas and a Happy
New Year

FRANK FELDMAN

GROCCER — BUTCHER

110 Pine St. South

Phone 130



Sincere good wishes for a Merry
Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous
New Year, and may all
work together in friendship and co-
operation for the common good.

J. W. SPOONER

INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

Broadway Theatre Bldg., 83-A Third Ave. Phone 966



May all your Christmas
Hours be Bright and Happy
And the New Year bring you Joy.

ALBERT'S HOTEL

J. ALBERT McGEON, Proprietor

Corner Mountjoy and Second Ave.

Phone 1965