



A Merry Christmas

To Our many Friends and Patrons we hereby broadcast greetings of the Holiday Season.

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Timmins

Reindeer, Penguin, on Christmas Menu

Foods from Santa's Own Domain Considered Rare Delicacies and Growing in Popularity for Christmas Fare.

I will be interesting to most people to learn what may well be termed a special Canadian Christmas menu is growing in popularity for Christmas fare on this continent and even beyond. Of course, turkey is now looked upon Canadian enough, the Western turkeys being made famous by Lap's Timmins Charity Turkey Stag, and the Manitoulin Island turkeys also having some celebrity. But even more typically Canadian than turkey "and trimmings" is the menu suggested by a writer in The Toronto Mail and Empire.

Thousands of people who wouldn't think of eating turkey at any other time would be profoundly shocked if you suggested that they buy anything else for Christmas Day. As they will tell you, they believe in keeping up the ancient traditions by eating the good old Yuletide fare on December, says The Mail and Empire, the writer continuing:—

Really, they are doing nothing of the kind. Both turkey and plum pudding are modern innovations, and the traditional English Christmas dinner consisted of boar's head and peacock, supported by geese, capons, pheasants, pies of carp's tongues and frumenty, a dish of which wheat was the basis.

So our Christmas bill of fare has changed. And although at present it is the most stereotyped in the whole world it may change again.

For instance, a big new food industry is growing up on the fringes of the Arctic Circle in the raising of reindeer. Surely steak from Santa Claus' steeds would add a picturesque and very appropriate touch to the Christmas board.

These steaks, incidentally, are real delicacies. They are very sweet and tender and epicures who have been the first to sample them are enthusiastic about their virtues.

The story of how reindeer farming has developed is one of the big modern romances. About thirty years ago the United States bought 1,200 reindeer and had them transported from their home in Siberia to Alaska. To-day in the Northern state about 300,000 are slaughtered annually and a good deal of the meat is exported finding its way in New York and other large American cities.

Americans, however, don't claim the credit of having discovered reindeer meat as a delicacy. The Scandinavians knew all about its good qualities hundreds of years ago. One dish of which they were especially fond of was reindeer tongue.

The Canadian Government is trying out the possibilities of raising these useful beasts in the "Barren Lands" in the northern parts of the Dominion, a region of 1,500 square miles in extent, between the Mackenzie River and the Arctic Ocean having been set aside for this purpose. The land here is said to be ideal for reindeer raising.

Experts look forward to the day when the Canadian Arctic regions will be among the great food-producing areas of the globe, and millions of reindeer will roam over great ranches in the lands that have lain untrodden and secret since the beginning of time. Reindeer meat they say will be sent all over the world and millions of money will be invested in the once desolate wilderness where so many daring pioneers have perished.

The Antarctic as well as the Arctic, can add its quota to our Christmas dinner. Explorers there have found that turkeys and geese are not the only big birds which are good to eat. They report very favourably on the breast of the penguin. The eggs of this bird are also useful—they make excellent omelettes. And surely, if one is on a light diet at Christmas-time, and has to eat such things as omelettes instead of richer and heavier fare, it would be at least some consolation to know that the romantic penguin had been laid under contribution to provide the frugal meal.

But perhaps the Antarctic's "top notch" in the food line is whale steaks. It may not sound very inviting, but it tastes better than it sounds, and those who know vote it well worthy of a place in the festive board at Yuletide.

You can't urge this objection against the hippopotamus which an ingenious American plans to introduce into the Mississippi and the Great Lakes as a means of increasing the food supply of the Western Hemisphere. It will certainly do that—there is a lot of meat on a hippopotamus. If this experiment succeeds, and there is surplus for export, hippo should make a Christmas joint fit for heroes to feed on.

Even now you can ring the changes on the turkey and its companions. Many families get a ham for the festive season. If it weren't too expensive you might try a bear ham instead of the more ordinary kind. There are restaurants in London which serve this, and those who have tried it say it is very good.

But what is the use of going over the possibilities? This year, next year, ten years from now, the Canadian housewife—or her husband—will still be sallying out round about Christmas time to buy the inevitable turkey. Even if they happen to find themselves in a foreign land on Christmas Day, they'll do their best to get the usual Canadian Christmas dinner.

Of Course, There is a Real Santa Claus

Material Things After All are Less Real than Matters of Sentiment. Santa Claus Lives, Indeed.

"Is there really a Santa Claus?" That question has been asked by many an anxious child, and by many an adult, too.

And there have been people actually mean enough or thoughtless enough to say "No!"

There are some, and that is too many, who are sophisticated like the lad in the argument with his chum. The chum believed in a personal devil and was strenuously maintaining that there was a devil all right, flesh and horns and tail, as pictured. "Naw!" said the sophisticated one, "There ain't no devil. It's just like Santa Claus! It is your father."

"All right," said the chum, "your father may be the devil to you, but anyway that just proves what I've been saying—that there is a devil!"

The same with Santa Claus. There is a Santa Claus, no matter how you look at it! There is no other way of explaining the Christmas spirit. The man that would deny the actual material and, more important, spirit of Christmas, has neither eyes to see nor ears to hear. Every Christmas there is that Christmas spirit of kindness, generosity, thoughtfulness for others. It is coincident with the yearly visit of Santa Claus. "If there is no Santa Claus, there is no Christmas, no nothing!" one youngster aptly said.

When Grace Dale, the author, was asked the question, "Is there a Santa Claus, this is the answer she made:—

"Of course, there's a Santa Claus! It's all very well to sniff and be cynical about it—but, if you are, it's because you don't know. Just ask the kiddies—they know. Who fills the stockings, then, on Christmas Eve when everybody's asleep, if there's no Santa Claus? Answer us that.

"When we hardened oldsters look back over the disillusionments, the broken ideals, the heartaches which are our common lot in life, wasn't the most crushing blow to our idealism that which we received when some precocious cynic, several years older, first told us there was no Santa Claus? Remember how we cried?

"But somehow that ideal survived the hardening cynicism of advancing years. Other ideals, other faiths lie dead as corpses, but the childish faith in Santa Claus still exists somewhere beneath the ashes and debris of ruined hopes. It may take years—we may be old and bald and wrinkled before it emerges.

"But soon or late, we see with clear vision that Santa Claus lives indeed—lives in our hearts and the hearts of our kiddies. And then we know that the innocent faith of our childhood had a vision of great wisdom concealed forever from cynical worldliness."

The Christmas Spirit

(Nixon Waterman)

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.—Proverbs xii.10
A righteous man is mindful of his beast;

He owns compassion for God's creatures, all;

Nor mid the comfort of his Christmas feast

Forgets he those in croft or cote or stall.

Nor suffers he the joyous day to pass Without a gift bestowed on such as them.

For knows he not it was an humble ass On which Christ's mother rode to Bethlehem?

The Christmas spirit, if it stands for aught,

Will mercy grant to every living thing;

Unless the heart with tenderness is fraught

It must forego the grace the day would bring.

He, in the truer sense, has ceased to live

Who is, by Christmas charity, unmoved;

They who the most receive the most do give,

And he who loves the most, the most is loved.

Christmas Memories

(By Molly Bevan)

The "Bells of Yule"—The merry bells—

Are chiming through the snow, The very words are silver strains

So tunelessly they go; And as each carol clear ascends

To haunt the wintry sky, Its echo wakens memories

Of Christmases gone by.

Old scenes that faded long ago

The passing pageant brings, While half-remembered faces smile

And gay ghost-laughter rings, Once more are former feasts respread

That well-loved friends may dine, And all across the treasured years

Re-kindled hearthfires shine.

So lovely, so intangible,

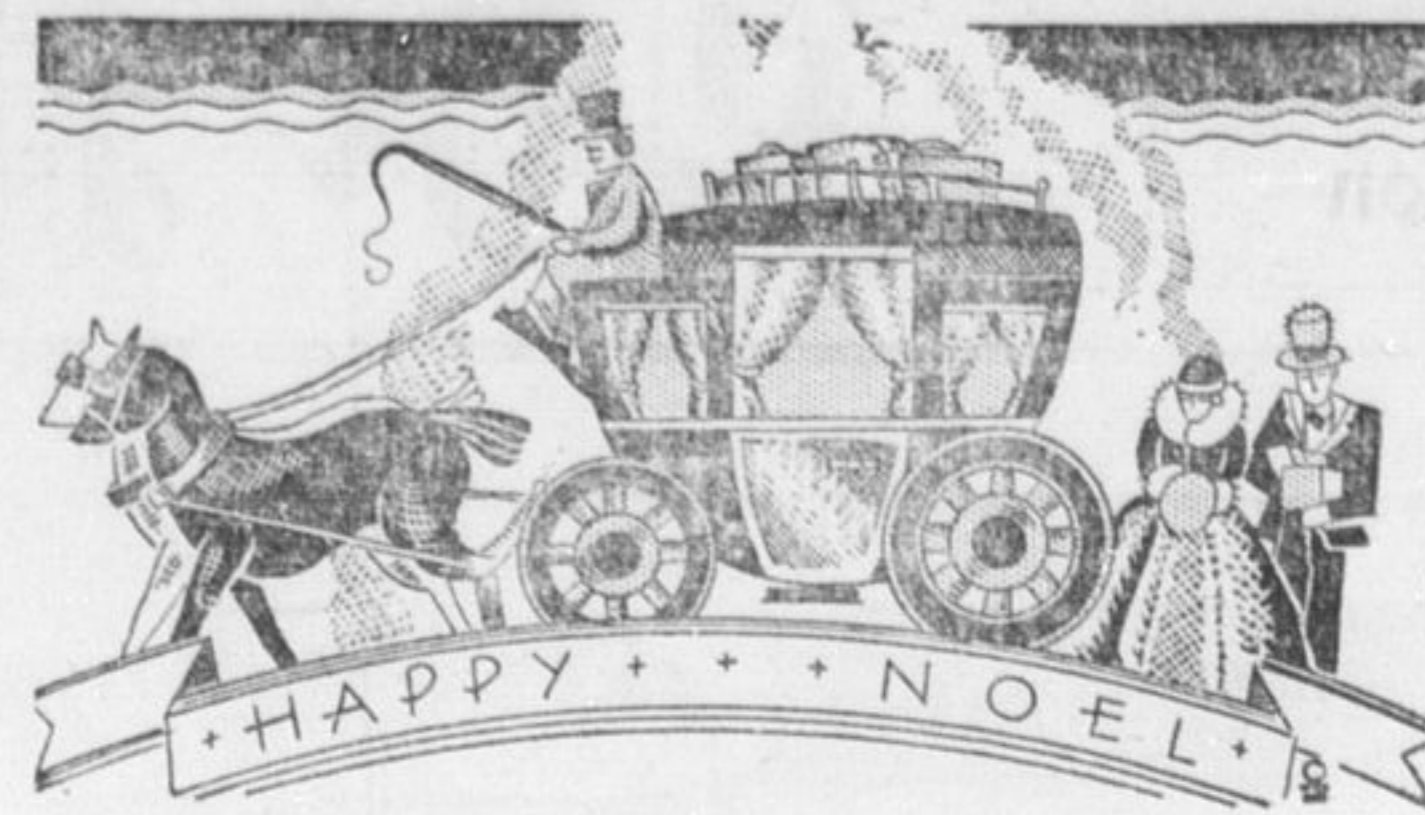
And than all gifts more sweet, These precious memories that flock

Our Christmastide to greet; O "Bells of Yule"—ye golden bells!

Chime from your frosty towers A joyous Christmas anticline

For unforgotten hours.

What historical character spent his entire lifetime standing?—George Washington, who was never known to lie.



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and all that this wish can convey. May it be the very best any of you have yet experienced, and may the New Year bring to Us All, Health, Wealth and Happiness

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