



365 days are not enough to hold all the Good Fortune we are wishing you this Christmas. Prosper friends and be everlastingly happy.

SCHUMACHER HARDWARE AND FURNITURE COMPANY

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THE SEASON'S GREETINGS
To Our Patrons, Past,
Present and Future
we extend
Best Wishes for a Happy
Christmas and a
Prosperous New Year.

SINCLAIR THE VALET

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MANAGER—MISS E. SINCLAIR

21 Fourth Avenue, Timmins

Phone 625



THE STAFF OF THE PIONEER STORES.

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Old Friends and New
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Compliments of the Season
and
Best Wishes for
Prosperity in the New Year.

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A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS

At this Season of the Year we wish to express our thanks to our customers and friends for their patronage during the past year, and to Wish them All a Merry, Merry, Christmas and a Happy New Year.

BEATTY WASHER STORE

35 Third Avenue : : : : Timmins

Christmas Gives a Challenge to World

The Spirit of Christmas Should Survive the Year Round or Else it Fails of Its Whole Purpose.

(By E. Roffe Thompson)

If there is one thing that stands out more than another every time that Christmas approaches it is the warmth and kindness, the goodwill and friendliness, that we call "the Christmas spirit." It is a vast and astonishing reservoir of power, and the one magic word "Christmas" unlocks its floodgates and, for a few days, allows radiant humanity to reign unchecked.

Even where the dark shadows of want are resting little Christmas trees will be lit in dark places; on tables where, through all the year, sheer necessities have been lacking there will be at least some measure of good cheer. Christmas allows us to show what we could do if we really tried. Somehow, it almost makes us show what we could do.

It is something of an annual miracle, this changing of a nation's heart—and it is something also of a tragedy. For how short is the time! How little of it all remains when once the candles on the trees have gone out and the holly and the mistletoe and the gay streamers have been taken down! In a few short hours it is as though Christmas and its magic have never been.

I often wonder if Christmas is a reality or a mighty sham, a hollow mockery, a gross orgy of sloppy sentiment. Do we mean it—or do we just deceive ourselves? It is very easy to give away a little money, to subscribe to a charity in a sentimental moment in order to provide a Christmas dinner for someone or other, to pack up a few unwanted toys and send them to some hospital or into some slum. It is really not much trouble to help to provide a Christmas treat for some ragged and half-starved kiddies—and when we have done it we feel quite a comfortable little glow at the heart don't we? Our consciences feel beautifully and smugly at ease, don't they? We can draw the curtains and light the lamps and feel that everything is now all right. I think, somehow, that we have forgotten that Christmas means Christ's Mass.

One of my dearest friends, the late Rev. Studdert-Kennedy, known to millions as "Woodbine Willie," sat in my room one Christmas Eve and said something to me I have never forgotten. "Christmas?" he said. "Anyone can buy a Merry Christmas for the price of a bottle of whisky or a night out! Men and women will drink and dance this Christmas, not because Christ is born, but because Christ is dead and buried in the grave of out-worn creeds, impossible ideals, and silly superstitions—or so they think.

"But that's not 'keeping Christmas.' The only way to make Christmas a reality is to face the contrast between the kindness of Christmas and the cruelty of life, to let the pain of it sear you to the soul and drive you to an honest effort to make a better world. Christmas means nothing, means less than nothing, unless love becomes the law of life. War must be ended and hatred killed. Cruelty to children and tyranny of greed must be abolished."

That has always remained with me as the straightest challenge to both our hearts and our heads that I ever heard. It is no good murmuring pious platitudes about "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men" if we mean to do nothing about it once Christmas is over. It is no good celebrating Christmas at all unless we are prepared, every one of us, to do something to translate our aspirations into a code of social conduct that approximates at least a little to the simple and human philosophy of life laid down by Him whose birthday we reverence on Christmas Day. If Christmas doesn't mean that to us, it means nothing.

During the war a soldier wrote to his mother: "I hope you are not worrying too much about us out here, because a soldier's death is a glorious death to die, only mothers don't think so. Besides, you know, we are fighting for a good cause, so that things will be better for everyone at home."

During the war there must have been thousands and thousands of letters like that sent from the trenches to anxious mothers at home, and thousands on thousands of the writers never lived to come home to the bitter disillusionment that those who were left have experienced as the years passed by.

Do they know, they who laid down their lives so "that things might be better for everyone at home," what has happened since their passing? I sometimes hope that spiritualists are wrong, and that those who have passed over cannot pierce the veil, for I can imagine no more soul-destroying vision than the realization of the painful truth.

We stand on the threshold of another Christmas—the thirteenth since the war that was to make everything better for everyone at home, and soon we shall hear again the music of the Christmas bells. Music? Or mockery? For we are going to celebrate anew the birth of Christ. How far do our standards of life, our conditions of labour, or our attitude towards the moral law reflect the spirit of that birth? Little enough! Vast wealth on the one hand and abject poverty on the other still turn cradles into coffins.

Profiteers and thieving combines in industry still pursue a theory of business that spits at Christianity. The enmity and hatreds that the war was to slay are still painfully alive. The old sores of civilization are still open and running. Old wrongs are still un-

Santa Claus and His Packsack of Toys

Origin of Some of the Toys that Delight Youngsters. Many of the Toys Come from Abroad. Other Notes About Toys.

Around this time of year toys have an interest for adults that is, perhaps, lacking at other seasons. Some youngsters think the adult's have so much interest in the toys that the poor kiddies themselves who have received these toys from Santa Claus do not have full chance to play with them. However, that may be, adults show particular general interest in toys around this time of year, maybe on the principle that they seek something for their money.

"Where do the toys come from which are in the pack of jolly old Santa Claus as he climbs down the chimneys to delight the little hearts, and bring Yuletide joy, to good Canadian children?" asks The National Review in its last issue, and answering itself as follows:—

"The toys are not all made at home, although many are, and Canada even exported to other countries, chiefly to the United States, New Zealand and Newfoundland, toys and other fancy goods valued at \$28,342 during the last fiscal year.

"Many of the toys enjoyed by children of this country are purchased abroad. During the fiscal year ended March 31, 1931, Canada imported toys, including dolls, to the value of \$1,974,434. Of this total those imported from the United States were valued at \$830,634; from Germany, \$637,179; from the United Kingdom \$241,415; from Japan \$192,679; from France \$28,544; from Czecho-Slovakia \$17,374.

"The origin of toys is lost in the mists of antiquity. Probably the children of Adam and Eve improvised the first dolls, clothing them in the simple fashion of the day. One of the oldest actual relics of childhood days, however, is a tiny clay horse made by a potter of Ur of the Chaldees to delight the heart of some small Methuselah. Many toys have been preserved from ancient Egypt consisting chiefly of dolls made of wood, stone, earthenware and metal. In the British Museum on his last visit there the editor saw a wooden Egyptian doll with mud beads representing hair, also a number of other Egyptian toys including a wooden calf, a porcelain elephant, and leather and papyrus balls stuffed with hair or straw. In the museum at Berlin there is a small limestone lion fashioned much like a toy of to-day, but which was the property of a child of Persia about 1100 B.C. Greek and Roman children played with go-carts, building blocks, balls, tops, rattles, dolls and many kinds of games. One of the most popular toys with the children of the middle ages, however, was the tin soldier, and next in popular esteem came the puppets. These puppets originated with the Greeks, and were taken to France in the reign of Charles IX by an Italian named Marion. In the sixteenth century the puppets blossomed out into the famous Punch and Judy shows, and today they are represented by the beautiful marionettes."

righted.

Goodwill to the Hungry and Workless

Things will never be "better for everyone at home" until we really learn to differentiate between the true and the false.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going; let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Why, don't we? Why don't we all make an effort to keep the spirit of Christmas alive all the year round? If for one day in the year we can brighten little forlorn lives and fill empty plates we can do it just as easily on all the other 364; if we can bestir ourselves to think kind thoughts, to spread smiles and joy and happiness around us on Christmas Day, we could, if we would, do it just as easily all the year round.

It is sixteen years since that soldier wrote his letter home. He was one of those who did not come back. He died the soldier's death of which he wrote. Maybe he was lucky not to return; for if he had come back he would have found his parents and his little brothers and sisters living in two rooms at the top of a slum tenement, and all around him he would have found hunger and want, misery and squalor—and he would not have understood. "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men" . . . how could he have understood?

Christmas may be a festival, but it is more than that. It is a challenge, and a terrific challenge, to every man and woman who call themselves Christian. Have you ever faced it? Dare you face it now?

I dare you to face the challenge of Christmas fairly and squarely and ever again be content to shirk your duty towards those who are not as fortunate as you.

It is not good enough to be charitable and well-meaning on one day in the year—and to be careless and indifferent until that day comes round again. It is because we behave like that that even today there are hungry children and homeless children, workless fathers and despairing mothers. It is because we behave like that that there are still slums and sweat-shops, and the whole devil's trade of armaments. The challenge of Christmas is just that—to do in reality what not one of us would be unwilling to do in the glow of the Christmas spirit. We have pretended for almost 2,000 years. Do not you think it is about time that we did something?



THE GOLDALE CAFE

Wishes you a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and if you Eat Here you will Have Them.

21 Pine Street South : : : : Timmins



TO OLD FRIENDS AND NEW

we extend Greetings for a Real Merry Christmas, and extend the Sincere Wish that the New Year bring in its wake, Happiness and Prosperity to All.

SIMMS, HOOKER & DREW

INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS

and we take this opportunity to thank each and everyone for the patronage accorded us during the past year, and hope that happiness and prosperity be yours in the coming year.

FRANK BYCK

COAL AND FUEL MERCHANT

64 Spruce Street South : : : : Timmins



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

and may this year bring you the Merriest One of All. For 1932 we can only wish that Each and All enjoy the fullest measure of Health, Wealth and Happiness.

L. HALPERIN

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