



A Merry Christmas

What more can we convey to you in extending to you our greetings, except the wish that Christmas be the merriest and the New Year the most prosperous of all.

SMITH & ELSTON LIMITED
PLUMBING AND HEATING

71 Third Avenue - - - - - Timmins



Extending our Best Wishes for a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

BERINI MOTORS

Fourth Avenue - - - - - Timmins



May Good Luck attend you during Christmas and through 1933 is our earnest wish.

VENETIAN SWEETS TEA ROOMS

ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE

Corner Third Avenue and Cedar Street North, Timmins



Yours be every joy and treasure, Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure That's our Wish to all old friends and others in the district.

HARRY HERMAN

DRY CLEANING, DYEING AND PRESSING
ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS

3 Cedar Street North - - - - - Timmins

Story of the First Tree at Christmas

Romantic Tale of the First Christmas Tree and the Kindly Hearts from Which the Custom Grew.

Youngsters early learn to curb their curiosity about Santa Claus, his origin, personality, and all else about him. Left to themselves they are ready to accept the story of Santa Claus without question. To grown-ups some stories may seem to be too good to be true, but to the child the very goodness of the tale seems a proof of its truth.

One youngster in town, carefully avoiding all question about the Santa Claus idea, happily accepting his mother's version of the matter, and not disputing his father's careful suggestion that Santa Claus is a spirit, and that in effect the whole tale about Christmas and its mysterious gifts is a true one—this youngster nevertheless has a very lively curiosity about the Christmas Tree. "What do they have Christmas Trees for?" he asks. "And who started it?" Perhaps, he can see the plausibility of Santa Claus coming down a chimney—even when there is no chimney in the house. Little things like that do not bother the ordinary child. The normal youngster has the gift of imagination and so is able to understand many things that are difficult for some grown-ups. Probably the youngster in question feels that a Christmas Tree does not make the ideal place for the hanging of presents. A large box or bin or a series of decorated tables and shelves may appeal to the child as more practical. Sleighs and cars and other things can not even be placed on the tree; they have to rest on the floor underneath. There is always the danger that they might be overlooked, if not upon the tree! Oh is there? Perhaps, not! In any event it seems difficult to see the ordinary youngster overlooking anything at Christmas time.

However, to return to the Timmins youngster with his questions:—"Why a Christmas Tree?" and "Who Started it?" there is a charming little story telling of the origin of the Christmas Tree custom. Here it is:—

The First Christmas Tree
That night a stray moonbeam found its way through the trees and cast its light upon the little cottage in the clearing, making it bright and cheerful in the surrounding gloom of the forest.

Inside the cottage, all was bright and cosy. The flames and sparks danced and crackled merrily in the fireplace shedding a soft, shadowy glow about the room.

Seated in front of the fireplace, an old man sat reading. On either knee sat two small children, their eyes bright, with happiness as they listened to the age-old story of St. Nicholas.

The old man stopped reading and raised his head to listen.

"What's that?" he asked.

From outside the cottage there came a faint cry. In a few moments it became louder—now unmistakably the cry of a child.

The children dashed across the room and opened the door.

"Why it's a little boy," cried one of them.

The man brought with him a glowing torch from the fire.

"Ye, it's a little boy, all right," he said. "But how on earth could he have wandered so far?"

He picked the little lad up in his arms and placed him in the chair by the fireside.

The boy was poorly clad, but his face, lighted by the soft glow from the fireplace, was almost angelic as he slept the tired sleep of exhaustion and hunger.

"He must be starved," said one of the children. "Let's give him some broth." And with that they dashed out into the tiny kitchen.

"No sooner had they returned when the little boy awoke, rubbed his eyes and looked about him.

"Where am I?" he asked, wearily.

"Don't worry, lad, you'll be all right in a minute. Where do you live?"

"I don't live anywhere," said the boy. "I was lost in the woods and I saw the light from your window, and I was awfully tired."

"Here have some of this." And the two children offered him the bread and broth which they had prepared.

When he had finished, the old man spoke again.

"Now, children, you must get away to bed, if you expect Saint Nicholas to visit to-night."

"But where's he going to sleep?" asked one of them pointing to the boy in the chair.

"I guess you'll have to make room in your bed for him," replied the man.

"There's no place else for him."

"Oh, that'll be great," said the children all together, and with their arms around the little stranger they made for their beds.

Soon all was quietness in the house. The old man was sitting by the fire again, smoking his huge pipe and dreaming of days gone by and days to come.

Suddenly to his ears came the sound of music.

It grew louder and louder and he could hear the soft, gentle strains of a harp and the melodious singing of a choir.

The music awakened the children, too, but to their great surprise when they awoke they found that the little stranger had gone.

"Where could he be," they asked as they ran to the window.

There came a knock on the door and when the children opened again, who should be standing before them but the stranger-child, now richly clad in a silver costume.

There was a strange radiance about him as he spoke.

"I am the Christ-child. I spend my life wandering throughout the world bringing peace and happiness to all good children. To-night when I was lost, you took Me in. When I was hungry you fed Me, and when I was tired you gave Me a place to rest. I was a poor child, and now you shall have your blessing."

From a nearby fir tree He broke a twig and planted it in the ground.

"This twig," He said, "shall soon become a tree, and shall bring forth fruits and good things year by year to all who are good and deserving, for it has My blessing."

With that, He and His merry troupe disappeared into the forest, and their music gradually died away until it could no longer be heard.

That is the story of the first Christmas tree, which has since become a part of the Yuletide festival in every country.

Don't Pitch Yuletide Spirit into Alley

Keep the Christmas Spirit Even Though the Christmas Tree Must be Discarded. "The Discarded Christmas Tree."

A year ago Roy L. Smith, a talented writer, who contributes much of the Rotarian Magazine, penned what is looked upon as one of the Christmas classics. It touches on the "Discarded Christmas Tree," preaching a sure moral and giving the needed inspiration that the spirit of Christmas should be carried through into the new year.—that the happy, the generous, the kindly, the kingly spirit of Christmas should be watered and fed, even though the Christmas Tree and the other trappings of the season must be discarded.

This year the message of Roy L. Smith seems to be particularly needed, and so his essay, "The Discarded Christmas Tree," is given herewith in full:—

The Discarded Christmas Tree
It lay in the dirty snow and slush of the alley, a pathetic and bedraggled little Christmas casualty.

Gone were the gay little ornaments that had made it seem like an importation from fairyland. Only a few strands of tangled tinsel clung dejectedly to its twigs. Gone were the twinkling lights it had worn so airily a few short days ago. Instead of the glad cries of children dancing about it in exuberant joy was the clatter of the ragpicker's cart and the rumble of the big truck that lumbered down the alley.

It was a discarded Christmas tree, the most dismal and woebegone sight in all the world.

But more pathetic than the little tree were the hearts of those who had tossed it out into the alley.

For one glorious day they sang and laughed and exulted in the sheer joy of living. A new spirit came into the house and into their hearts—something gladdening, cleansing, heartening. Ticker-tape and bridge scores were completely forgotten. The making of a living was submerged, for one short day, in the merry-making. All hearts became child hearts again, with no room in them for aught else than kindness and good will.

But next morning Mother noticed that the needles were dropping from the little tree and her sense of orderliness was outraged. She could not be cleaning up after an outworn bit of sentiment. Into the alley it must go. Christmas was over!

And next morning Father was at the office again, immersed in the daily grind. Instead of a shouting child upon his back, he bore the burdens of great responsibilities upon his shoulders. His voice of yesterday, so soft and tender in the singing of old familiar Christmas carols, could scarcely be recognized in the brusque, snappy tone of the "boss" as he laid plans for the annual invoice.

Yes Christmas Was Over!

It had been tossed out into the alley along with the little Christmas tree and a joyous, affectionate, happy family settled back to the normal life of hurry and worry.

Occasionally someone rises to protest the terrible waste of Christmas trees, cut by the millions for the entertainment of the homes for but a day. The waste may be serious, opinions seem to differ. But certain it is that a mighty protest is due against the tragic waste of Christmas.

What a transformation Christmas works in our lives for one brief holiday! Families are reunited, mothers are made glad, little children come into their own, feuds are forgotten, poverty is ignored, soldiers in the trenches exchange goodwill greetings with their enemies across no-man's-land, competitors wish one another well, and harassed men and women surrender everywhere to the universal infection of good cheer.

For one day we really live! The whole world is populated by a race that has become care-free, laughing, singing, glad some children again, who trust each other and put love where suspicion and malice have been.

The thing most needed in banks, general manager's offices, and director's rooms, as well as upon the streets, in shipping-rooms, and in factories, is the triumphant spirit that Christmas brings, the spirit of faith, goodwill, and mutual trust.

Christmas is a spirit! To have that spirit anytime makes Christmas anytime. To lose that spirit is to lose Christmas, and all its blessed accompaniment of peace and confidence. Anything that increases the spirit of Christmas in the world lengthens life.

Did anyone ever try taking the Christmas tree down to the office with him the day after Christmas?

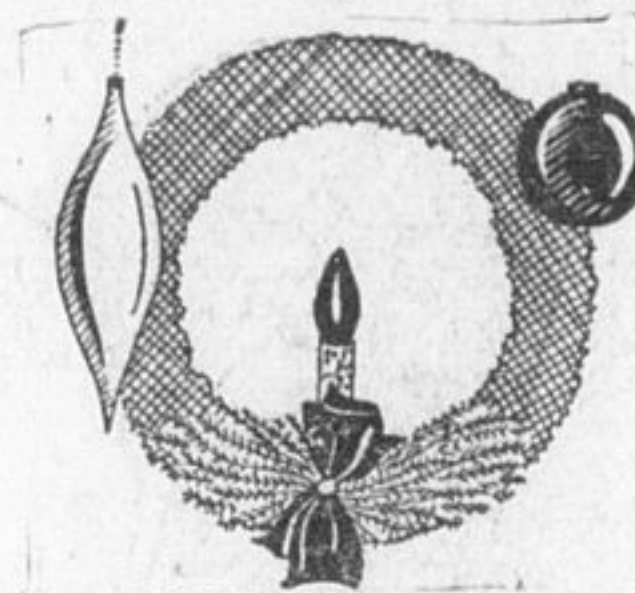


CHRISTMAS CHEER

May the hand of time slowly revolve to prolong your Christmas Season, May the sparkle of health and the ring of prosperity be yours in 1933.

C. A. REMUS
JEWELLER

17 Pine Street North Phone 190 Timmins



Heartfelt Greetings to you and yours for a Happy Christmas and Prosperity in the New Year.

W. C. ARNOTT

MEN'S AND BOYS' FURNISHINGS

31 First Avenue Phone 740 Schumacher



Pleasant business associations during the past have made us many friends and to these and all others we send the one and only wish "Merry Christmas."

STAR TRANSFER

7 Spruce Street South - - - - - Timmins



It is our sincere wish that all our customers and friends have a real Old Time Christmas Day and that Health and Happiness follow you through the Coming Year.

OSTROSSER & CO.

MEN'S WEAR

13 1/2 Pine Street North - - - - - Timmins