



THE OLD, OLD WISH  
A Merry Christmas  
and  
a Happy New Year  
to All.

**VOGUE SHOE SHOP**

Reed Block

Timmins



We are sincerely grateful for your co-operation during the year that is passing and take this opportunity to thank you and to wish you joy.  
**A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL**

**L. HALPERIN**  
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THE SEASON'S GREETINGS  
A Happy Christmas  
and every  
Good Wish for the  
New Year.

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We wish all our customers and friends a Very Merry Christmas and the Happiest of New Years.

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**Christmas Message  
"Giving is Getting"**

The Lesson of Gifts and the Magic Mirror. Shopping with the Heart as Well as the Purse.

(Author Unknown)  
Giving is getting!  
That is the blessed contradiction. Two thousand years ago it began when a Man came to earth who had no gift to bestow save Himself. But He gave his all, full measure, pressed down and running over.

In return He asked nothing!  
Yet for two thousand years we have celebrated His birthday by giving, as He did, a gift to the ones we love.

His gift on that first Christmas signified boundless love. Do your gifts today?  
There is a magic mirror in which to inspect your gifts. It is called the Mirror of Love. It tells an unpleasant story when you hold up before it a present which is merely the cancelling of a debt. A pair of bracelets set with priceless jewels viewed in Love's Mirror, have been revealed as a pair of hateful handcuffs.

A little frame whittled out of a bit of wood by a small boy for his mother, shows in the Magic Mirror the most ornate covering, inlaid with precious wood, fragrant and beautiful beyond compare.

When even a book of shaving-paper made by a little girl for her father appears to be a precious edition of Love's Mirror.

A Christmas Card reflected in this mirror—just a plain penny postal card with a loving thought and a merry wish upon it—is more attractive than the work of an old master.

Even the candles and puddings and cakes and confections, the apples and oranges, shine with astounding splendor at the Christmas feast where Love is the honored guest.

Christmas is the season when the heart takes possession. It is the time when the self-conscious person becomes demonstrative without a feeling of shame; when the person who is all intellect feels strange, warm stirrings in his breast; when the affectionate person becomes a perfect spendthrift of love.

The heart takes you shopping and carries the purse. The heart keeps you up nights sewing on bright ribbons. The heart spurs you on to all sorts of extravagance.

It has the most wonderful memory. People whom you haven't thought of for years come to your mind and with the memory, the desire to make them happy.

Up and down the streets stalks the Spirit of Christmas, the breath of pine and cedar in its wake. How rich you are! How loving you are! How happy you are!

Giving is getting, you see.  
But what about the rest of the year? Does the spirit of Christmas walk beside you down the avenue of three hundred and sixty-five days? Perhaps you are one of those who bid it good-bye with a sigh of relief on December twenty-sixth. If you do you've missed entirely the significance of the Star, the Shepherds, the Wise Men and the Babe in the Manger.

The Master gave Himself. For thirty-three years. Day in and day out. He spent His life in the service of others.

His that no meaning?  
Look at yourself in Love's Magic Mirror. I pray that you see your soul there glorified with giving.

All through the year there are many people who are lonely. Perhaps they are sitting back of the door, waiting for a friendly rap. Their children are far away, and they have only memories to cheer them. How they would love to talk it all over with you, especially if you are young and have cheery ideas. Will you give a bit of yourself to them during the coming weeks?

In the hospitals, in the almshouses, in the penitentiaries, there are people who need the gift of you. They need your hearty hand-clasp, your smile, the loving cadence of your voice, as you say, "I wish you a Merry Christmas, not just today, but all through the year."

Even to the blind your message will be a boon, for they can see the light in your eye with their inner vision.

But most of all, the gift of yourself will help the people that you meet every day; the members of your family; the grocer's boy that comes to the back door, the gatekeeper's child down by the railroad. A smile, a little treat of home-made candy, the lending of a ready ear to the story of their joys and woes, will be worth far more than the costliest Christmas present.

At Christmas-time you are kin to everybody. Carry that kinship through the year.

**Mince Pies Prohibited in Days of the Puritans**

The mince pie has had many enemies. The Puritan would have none of it, and even in the Eighteenth century it was a forbidden delicacy to a large number of clergymen. During the Commonwealth the holding of Christmas festivals was forbidden.

In 1644 parliament passed an act ordering all citizens to observe Christmas day as a solemn fast, to be spent in silent atonement for previous festivals that had passed in riotous living and merrymaking. This order remained in force for 12 years.

The authorities in several towns tried to reduce Christmas day to the level of other days. In Canterbury, by order of the mayor, it was proclaimed that "Christmas day and all other superstitious festivals should be put down."

People who attended service in the cathedral were mobbed. The inhabitants formed themselves into two parties, and feeling in the matter frequently resulted in the exchange of blows.

In 1652 it was proclaimed that "no observation shall be had of the five and twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas day, nor any solemnity used or exercised in churches."

This order was enforced by soldiers. Ovens and larders were searched, and where seasonable dainties or decorations were found they were carried off and destroyed. A changed attitude towards the Puritan dislikes of Christmas festivities came with the restoration of King Charles.

"As many mince pies as you taste at Christmas, so many happy months will you have."—Old English saying.

**Touching Story of Ragged Madonna**  
A Christmas Story of Maria Rossie and the Answer to her Plea.

(By Elizabeth Moore Joyce)  
As Maria Rossie emerged from the alley with the little Antonio in her arms, she almost collided with a cart of Christmas evergreens.

"The Feast of the Nativity," murmured Maria devoutly, and then folded little Antonio closer under her worn shawl as the baby reached out for the fragrant evergreens.

Maria's dark eyes were sad but not hopeless as she trudged along. It was true she had been somewhat disappointed in this new country to which Luigi had brought her, but perhaps that had been because he was ill so much lately and too, because her clothing was too thin for this cold climate and food was none too plentiful.

Of course when Luigi recovered and the winter was over, everything would be all right. It was only for a short time that the land of their dreams had failed them, but, ah, the Feast of the Nativity was almost here and little Antonio was reaching out for the first time after the joys of Christmas—and she had nothing to give him.

"There must be a way," Maria said to herself confidently. "Oh, there must be a way and I will find it."

Presently from the tower of a church the chimes melodiously pealed out the hour and Maria paused. Amid the throng of eager, hurrying people she stood still for a moment and then her troubled face cleared and her eyes grew soft.

Holding her baby close she entered the church and knelt down reverently in the last pew. For a long time she knelt there while the peace of the holy place gradually stole over her and calmed her troubled spirit, and little Antonio went to sleep in her arms.

But at length from out of the dimness of the great sanctuary one object began to stand out clearer and clearer, as her eyes grew accustomed to the shadows. It was a window close to the chancel that a ray of sunshine had found and as it travelled it brought out in the rich colours of a great painter the figures of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child.

As the window brightened in the sunlight, Maria's eyes became fixed on it as if fascinated. Then slowly she rose from her knees and moved nearer and nearer to the wonderful picture. When at last she reached it she sank on her knees and holding out the sleeping child in her arms she prayed softly.

"Ave Maria Ave Maria! Help—pity!"

"Did she imagine it or did the form of the Blessed One above bend over her consolingly? And did the little hands of the Holy Child stretch out in benediction over her own little one?"

Maria was cold and clad in rags and had eaten little for days so that Luigi, her sick husband, might have the more. Just what happened she did not know, but suddenly she felt sure that her prayer for help would be answered and weak and faint she sank to the floor before the sunlit Madonna with a low cry of joy.

But as the woman in rags sank down exhausted, another woman clad in furs and silks rose hastily from a dark corner of the church and went to her.

"Oh, you poor creature! Tell me how I can help you," she said in a voice so gentle that Maria opened her dark eyes wonderingly and then closed them again with a sigh of gratitude.

"Oh, it is true, it is true," she murmured. "I came to the Blessed Virgin for help and she has sent you to me."

"And I came for comfort," replied the richly dressed woman. "Since last Christmas I have lost my little child and did not know how I could endure this one with all its memories. But perhaps in helping you I may find in a measure the comfort I sought when I entered this church."

"Let my little Antonio comfort you, sweet lady," Maria said, eagerly with her soft Italian accent. "This will be his first Christmas and I will share him with you for the sake," she raised her eyes reverently to the richly stained window above her, "for the sake of the Holy Child."

"You would do this for me—a stranger?" asked the bereaved mother. "Oh, I have been selfish in my great sorrow. Now, I, too, will try to be brave and helpful—for His sake. Come, I will take you home."

So the ragged Madonna came out of the church with her pale face aglow with hope and the sad-eyed woman in her rich garments helped her gently into her waiting car.

The chimes in the tower once more rang out the passing hour as the little party drove off, and within the church the face of the blue-robed Madonna looked calm and peaceful as the wandering ray of sunshine slowly died away and left it as before in the dim shadows.



May Christmas bring you all the Happiness your heart can wish and the New Year the Best of Health and Prosperity.

**R. Abraham & Co.**

LADIES' WEAR AND DRY GOODS 24 Third Avenue  
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With sincere thanks for the patronage given us during the past year, we wish to all our customers and friends A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

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We wish all our Customers and Friends Sincere Good Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

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to you  
and a Happy New  
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