



May your joys be added,—
Your sorrows subtracted,—
Your wealth multiplied,—
This is the Christmas Wish
we give to all.

MISS BETTY

CLEANING AND PRESSING SHOP

10 Cedar Street North Phone 1120 Timmins

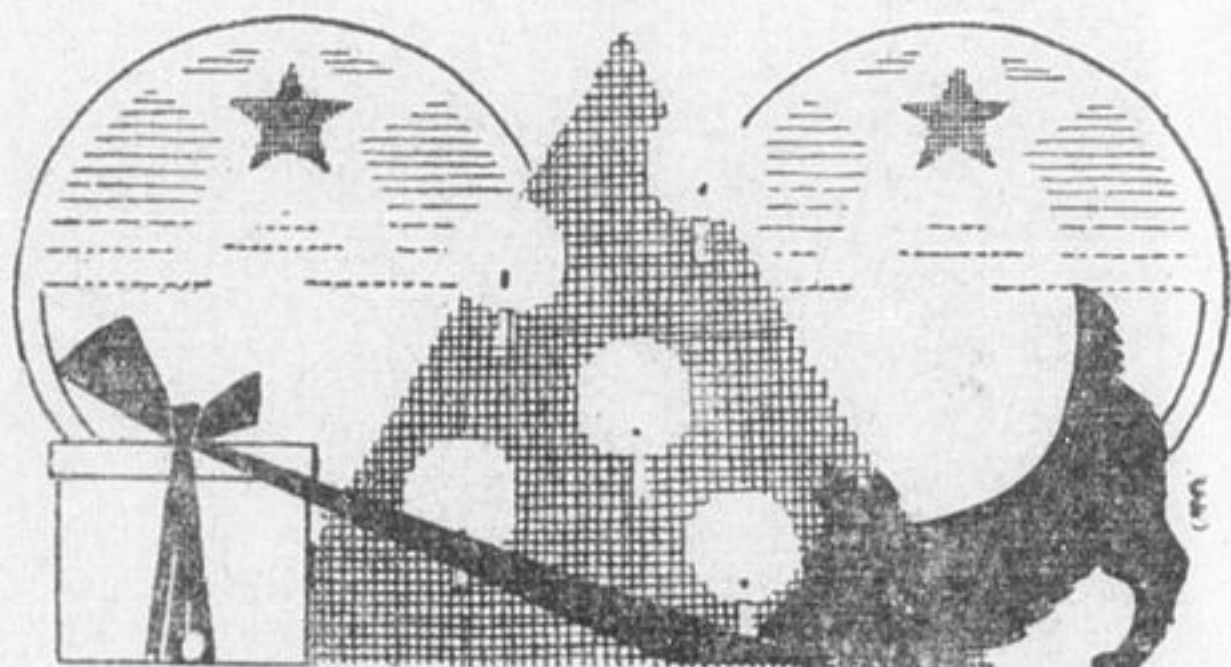


Christmas is a fitting time
Old Wishes to renew,
We hope it brings you happiness
To last the whole year through.

GREEN APPLE PIE

(MRS. SHEPHARD, Proprietor)

Corner Fourth Ave. and Cedar Street Timmins



THE SAME OLD WISH
With New Fervour:—
A Merry Christmas and
A Happy New Year.

MOISLEY & BALL

DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACISTS

Third Avenue Timmins



MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY
NEW YEAR

and we are at your service for
Better Comfort and Good
Cheer Now and in the Coming
Year.

YOLLES

FURNITURE COMPANY LIMITED

46 Third Avenue Timmins

**Old Ontario Story
of Christmas Faith**

Little Tess Had Both the
Coveted Carriage and the
Priceless Boon of Faith
Preserved.

By "SHAKES" (Timmins)
"Down below" there's many a town
when the big industry is closed down
and half the residents are forced to
apply for relief. Life savings have gone,
insurance is sold, taxes pile up, and
hope, that should spring "eternal" is
almost gone.

Mrs. Dayton lives in one of these
towns. Her husband is dead. He gave
his life to the big industry but there
could be no pension. His widow tried
hard, too hard perhaps, and ill health
overtook her. Soon there was next to
nothing left. One son had a job, the
other was out of work, and one of her
married daughters had come back to
town with her two children when her
sailor husband found himself walking
the docks most of the time.

Tessie, Mrs. Dayton's granddaughter,
brought sunshine into the old lady's
life. When Tessie came running to
"Grandma" (as she did more often
than to her mother) Grandma was like
another woman. She lived through
that child, but how her heart ached
when she found she could not even
offer Tess a cookie when she came
running into the kitchen.

Christmas time came round to the
Dayton home. Grandma knew it when
the first white blanket of snow lifted
the drabness from the town. But to
Grandma Dayton it was as if the sun
had ceased to shine. Kiddies in the
house and no Christmas.

Tess had heard of Santa Claus. He
had visited her house last year and left
the most prized possession of her young
life a sturdy rag doll. Where golden-
dressed Tess was, there was Patsy, the
dark-eyed doll. Patsy was astonishingly
well preserved.

"I did something last you don't know"
announced the five-year-old shortly
after that first warning snow. "and I
didn't tell mama."

"You did now, did you?" asked
Grandma Dayton. "and what would
you be doing that you wouldn't tell
your mother?"

"Wrote to Santy!" burst out Tess, as
Grandma looked away quickly, "and
he's going to bring a carriage for Patsy
Do you think he will, Grandma?"

Grandma didn't answer at once. She
seemed to be busy with something else.
"Will he, Grandma? Will he?"

"Yes, child, yes. Surely he'll bring
Patsy's carriage. But you must pray,
Tess darling. Ask God to help Santy."

Grandma realized afterwards that
she had made a mistake. Asking God
for things was all very well but what
would happen to Tess's faith in the
Almighty when Christmas morning came
and Patsy was carriageless? God had
refused the one thing she asked, so in
Tess's estimation he wouldn't be much
of a God. Oh, what a fool she'd been to
put such a thought in the child's head.
What she had really meant in her own
heart was that God would provide some
means of making a Christmas for Tess.
"What's the matter Grandma?" Tess
kept asking her for days after that.
"You look so cross."

But Grandma wasn't cross. She
just didn't feel like smiling. To hear
that child every night finish her prayer
with "and please God, don't let Santy
forget Patsy's carriage. Amen" was
enough to take the joy from life.

Grandma had looked in all the shops.
Doll carriages were few and far be-
tween that year for so few people in
the town could spend anything on
Christmas. But what few there were
just made Grandma's heart sink within
her. Dollars asked where she had cents
to spend.

One shop seemed promising. It was-
n't much to look at and there was a
sign in the window "Girl Guides Trade-
in Store." All sorts of things, from
shotguns to rosaries were shown there.
None of them were new. She went in
and asked if they had a doll carriage.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Dayton," said the
Guider in charge. "We haven't one here
just now. But someone may bring one
in any day. You see, the way we work
here they don't want or don't need
around the house. We take half the
proceeds and the people get the other
half. I might ask a few if they have
have a doll carriage around the house
their children have outgrown. How
much would you like to pay?"

Mrs. Dayton hesitated. It sounded so
cheap. "Well, I could pay a dollar and
maybe just a little more if I could get
it before Christmas."

The Guider didn't laugh. She didn't
even smile. "I see Mrs. Dayton. We'll
do the very best we can. But don't
hope too much."

Day after day Mrs. Dayton went to
the Guide shop. Each time she brought
the dollar and the few cents she had
saved from her own food. Each time
she went more slowly up the street.

It looked as if God would surely not
be able to help Santy. And it was all
Grandma's fault.

The Guider wasn't idle. She couldn't
forget the look on Mrs. Dayton's face
when she came in every day and the
change that had come over it before
she left. The Guider asked and asked
but there didn't seem to be a doll car-
riage in town that wasn't in use. One
day one of the Guider's friends was at
the Guider's home. She had a daughter
now grown past the doll stage.

"Bertha," said the Guider, "has May
a doll carriage left from her doll days?"
"Why yes, I think she has."
"Would she let us sell it as the Guide
store?"

Bertha didn't know. The carriage
was May's and it was hers to do what-
ever she wished. But she'd see. And

how much did the Guider thing she
could get?

"Oh, I think we could manage a dol-
lar."

The 21st of December came. Mrs.
Dayton appeared at the Guide store as
usual. Still no carriage. The 22nd
and the 23rd passed and the Guider
almost gave up hope. Mrs. Dayton had
long ago ceased expecting but she still
kept that dollar, "just in case."

On the night before Christmas Eve,
Bertha phoned the Guider. "May says
she'll sell the carriage if you'll get her
a dollar for it."

When Mrs. Dayton saw the beautiful
thing, she wept. She just couldn't help
it. Shamefaced, she apologized to the
Guider. "B-b-but how m-m-much is
it?" The dollar she still had but the
cents had gone.

The Guider understood. "It's a dol-
lar."

That was one transaction the Guide
store did not realize any real profit on.
But Santy and God were fixed forever
in Tess's heart.

Mrs. Dayton smiles again, even
though she can't bake cookies for Tess.

**Lights of Christmas
Go Far Back in Time**

Light Always the Emblem of
Religion and of Happy
Progress and Content.

(By Fred Williams in Mail and Empire)

Do you know that when we light up
for Christmas we are following the tra-
ditions of dwellers in northern regions
for ages? From time immemorial
light has always been the emblem of
religion in lands where the revolution
of the months brings the darker days.
Perhaps it is a development of the sun
worship in other lands; perhaps a de-
monstration of the sentiment that light
means life. In our own far north the
return of the light is an annual festi-
val with the aborigines, as in all north-
ern lands. In ancient Britain, before
the advent of Christianity, the festivals
in honor of Woden, Thor and Saturn in
December centred around the fires at
which the Yuletide logs were consumed.
In Iceland, the land of Thor, Christmas
is a festival of light. The housewife
makes a large number of candles for
use at Christmas, using candle moulds
which have been in the family for gen-
erations. On Christmas eve every
member of the family is presented with
a candle which is lit at midnight to
welcome the coming of the Christ Child.
Every nook and corner of the house
must be ablaze with light until the
dawn comes. Something of the same
sort prevails in the rural districts of
Quebec where those returning from
midnight mass look for the light in the
windows which on other nights would be
dark many hours before.

Now, when electricity has sent its
benefits to city and country alike, we
multiply a thousandfold the scant illu-
minations of candle and lamp. The
light of Christmas takes on new signifi-
cance. We poor humans do our best
to express by our Christian lights our
joy at the birth of the Redeemer, but
magnificent though some of our dis-
plays seem to our human eyes how far
short they fall when compared, with the
light of that first Christmas when "The
glory of the Lord" shone around the
shepherds watching their flocks by
night. How wonderful are God's lights!
We see the now again when the aurora
borealis sweeps across the sky, making
everything alive with the throbbing of
amber and violet, sometimes hanging
like streamers of gold from the blue
bowl of the sky, to quote an Ottawa
poet.

The lights on our church altars are
but tribute to Him Who is the Light of
the World, Whose words brought light
into dark places and Whose first
followers, as they worshipped Him in
caves and catacombs, perhaps before
going to martyrdom for His sake, have
transmitted through all the ages the
tradition that Christmas must ever be a
festival of light. So the lights on our
dining tables and on our Christmas trees
have a meaning of their own if we but
seek it.

Let us all seek to make this a happy
Christmas, stressing not so much the
merriment as the help we can give to
those around us. To some the day will
be sad because since the last Christmas
some dear one has passed over, but
they should remember that those who
have gone are now enjoying the
greater Light which encircles the
throne of Him whom Heaven made
visible through his wonderful master-
piece.

We have Biblical authority to eat,
drink and be merry, for to everything
there is a season, but let us all take
heed of the advice to be moderate lest
in the morrow the whole head is sick
and the whole heart faint.

May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Great Expectations

(Paul Rayson in New York Sun)
With the approach of Santa Claus
The sternest individual thaws;
Parental discipline demands
Less, and the heart again expands,
Angelic faces, all scrubbed clean,
Enliven the domestic scene.
It's Father this and Mother that—
They have their manners now down
pat,
Eager to please our every whim,
A flock of perfect cherubim!
And one must be obtuse indeed
Who give these many hints no heed.
Well, we must look around, before
Sleigh bells start jingling at the door
Next Saturday perhaps we'll do
Some window-shopping; Junior, too,
Might like to see what kind of toys
Have been devised for little boys,
That model motor boat, I feel,
Should have a positive appeal.
Skates or a bike? Get out that list
And jot down anything we've missed!
Meanwhile, I'm hardly reconciled
To so much virtue in a child!

Greetings to YOU!



We thank the people of Timmins and
district for their patronage and friend-
liness during the past year, and
sincerely extend Best Wishes for a
Merry Christmas and a Happy and
Prosperous New Year.

PIONEER STORES LIMITED

GROCERS AND BUTCHERS

Timmins Schumacher Dome Mines



We extend heartiest wishes for a
Happy Christmas Season to all our
customers and friends, and we cor-
dially invite your continued patron-
age and goodwill

NEW TRANSFER

11 Spruce Street South Phone 647 Timmins



We wish one and all of our customers
and friends a Very Merry Christmas
and a Happy and Prosperous New
Year.

SMITH & ELSTON LIMITED

PLUMBING AND HEATING

71 Third Avenue Timmins



We thank our many customers and
friends for their support during the
year. To one and all a Merry Christ-
mas and a Happy New Year.

May a wealth of deep contentment
And a host of lovely things
Be some of the many blessings
This happy Christmas brings.

TIMMINS DAIRY

MORANDIN & BERNARDI, Proprietors

Corner Kirby and Birch Phone 935 Timmins