



Here's to a Christmas Day so happy as to cast a beam of sunlight over all the Coming Year.

**F. W. WOOLWORTH CO., LIMITED**

11 Third Avenue

Timmins



May your Christmas be a Jolly One and may your New Year be Prosperous and Happy

**A. SHAHEEN**

19 Pine Street South Phone 605

Timmins



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS and all Good Wishes for a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

**FRANK FELDMAN**

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

112 Pine Street South

Timmins



May your Christmas this year abound in all that is dearest to you and your family.

**SHANKMAN BROS.**

92 Third Avenue Phone 207

Timmins

**Making Christmas on Snowbound Train**

Cowboy, Cattleman, Drummer, and Minister Combine to Make Children Happy.

Here is a story published one Christmas by The Canadian, the interesting journal issued at the School for the Deaf at Belleville:—

Four travellers who were snowbound in a Western passenger-train on Christmas Eve speedily became acquainted with each other, and sat about the stove at the end of the car "talking it over." One of them was a drummer, another a cowboy, the third a big cattleman, and the last the minister who tells the story. They finally fell into conversation with a poor woman and her two children, the only remaining passengers, and found that the mother who had tried to maintain herself by sewing since her husband's death, was giving up the unequal struggle and going home to live with "grandma."

The little threadbare children had been promised a joyous Christmas there, and when they found that the blockade would prevent their getting farther, for the present, they cried bitterly until sleep quieted them. Just before they dropped off the drummer remarked:

"Say, parson, we've got to give these children some Christmas."

"That's what!" added the cattleman.

"I'm agreed," said the cowboy.

The children were told to hang up their stockings.

"We ain't got none," quavered the little girl, "ceptin, those we've got on, and ma says it's too cold to take them off."

"I've got two pairs of new woollen socks," said the cattleman, eagerly. "I ain't wore 'em, and you're welcome to 'em."

The children clapped their hands, but their faces fell when the elder remarked:

"But Santa Claus will know they're not our stockings. He'll put in all the things for you."

"Lord love you!" roared the burly cattleman. "He won't bring me nothin'! One of us'll sit up, anyhow, and tell him it's for you."

Then the children knelt down on the floor of the car beside their improvised beds. Instinctively the hands of the men went to their heads, and at the first words of "Now I lay me," heads were off.

The cowboy stood twirling his hat, and looking at the little kneeling figures. The cattleman's vision seemed dimmed, while in the eyes of the travelling man shone a distant look—a look across snow-filled prairies to a warmly lighted home. The children were soon asleep. Then arose the question of presents.

"It don't seem to me I've got anything to give 'em," said the cowboy, mournfully, "unless the little kid might like my spurs. I'd give my gun to the little girl, though on general principles I don't like to give up a gun."

"Never mind, boys," said the drummer, "you come along with me to the baggage car."

So off they trooped. He opened his trunks and spread before them such an array of trash and trinkets as took away their breath.

"There," said he, "just pick out the best things, and I'll donate the lot!"

"No, you don't," said the cowboy.

"I'm goin' to buy what I want and pay for it, too, or else there ain't going to be no Christmas round here."

"That's my judgment, too," said the cattleman, and the minister agreed.

So they sat down to their task of selection. They spent hours over it in breathless interest, and when their gifts were ready there arose the question of a Christmas tree. It had stopped snowing, and tramping out into the moonlit night, they cut down a great piece of sage-brush. The mother adorned it with tinsel paper, and the gifts were prettily disposed. Christmas dawned for two of the happiest children under the sun, and a happy mother, too, for inside the big plush album selected for her, the cattleman had slipped a hundred-dollar bill.

**The White House Returned Greetings in the Address**

(The New Yorker)

Our little story a few weeks ago about the young lady in Paris, and her Christmas cards, has reminded a distinguished resident of Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, of an incident of the same nature, only twice as good. He has a friend, a middle-aged gentleman, who is a lawyer in Cambridge, and who knew Calvin Coolidge through having been in the Massachusetts General Court at the same time. Six years ago, in the happy times, this lawyer travelled in France and found somewhere some neat and dignified cards bearing in shaded engraving on a panelled white background the simple message:

Joyeux Noel  
Heureuse Annee

At Christmas time that year, back home again and thanking God for America, the Cambridge gentleman sent one of the cards to the then President. Under the greeting as given above he simply wrote his name firmly and decorously. After New Year's he received the customary engraved acknowledgment from the White House. It was addressed as follows:

Mr. Joyeux Noel  
Mr. Heureuse Annee  
Mr. John C. Bannon  
24 DeWolfe St.  
Cambridge, Mass.

The greatest of greetings:—A Merry Christmas!

**Hospitality Given Christmas Visitor**

Never a Christmas but He Tests the Kindness of the People Everywhere.

(By Ruth Harrington)

At ten o'clock young Brown turned in his story, put on his overcoat, and started down the creaking wooden stairs of the old newspaper office in the Rue du Louvre. American friends had invited him to join them in a gay Christmas Eve at Zeilini's but to-night he felt that jazz and crowds would be intolerable. Memories of mother and sister back home in Wilmington were revived by letters received that morning. He wanted to be alone.

He turned toward the humble restaurant where he dined most frequently. The night wind swept down the ancient street. He felt something eerie and alive in that unpeopled stillness. Driving snow flurries caused his face to tingle. His footsteps made a hollow sound like someone following him. The gray, ancient church of St. Paul's loomed dimly across the horizon. He drew his coat collar closer. The snow under his feet was soft as down. A strange and prophetic silence pervaded the street. Not a person did he meet. Here and there a light flickered dimly in a window. No moon showed in the dark cloudy sky above.

One particular window was more hospitable than the rest. Toward this Brown went, and crossing the cobbled street, he entered the restaurant.

Smiling, the proprietor advanced to meet him. "Welcome, Monsieur—here is your table I saved for you!" Brown wearily dropped to the seat.

Across from his table were two men whose blue smocks proclaimed them farmers.

"What you call 'religion'?" one of them was saying, "is only a mass of superstition, and all this nonsense about Christmas is part of it."

The speaker, tall and gaunt, looked fiercely into his companion's gentle blue eyes. "It is superstition built up by the rich and the priests to make fools of us poor, and part us from our hard earned money."

"If religion were only superstition" protested the younger man, "it could not have lasted these hundreds of years."

"Haven't the peasants believed for hundreds of years in goblins and ghosts? The Christ legend, like the rest, is only a folk story."

"You would be happier, my friend, if you had faith."

"I believe in the truth. Were my hands warmer, was the distance less to-night because it was Christmas Eve? No, I tell you!"

So they went on. With the arrival of soup Brown ceased to listen. His thoughts turned to home—his mother's cottage, fir trees, bowed with snow, the Christmas tree glittering with tinsel, his mother and sister—gradually he became aware of a conversation near the door.

"I don't like to turn anyone away to-night," the proprietor was saying "but it's impossible to give everyone who comes here food."

The man to whom he spoke was wrapped in a shabby coat, one end thrown across his chest and shoulders concealing the lower part of his face, already shadowed by the wide brim of an old hat.

In the murmured reply as he turned to go, Brown caught a note of apology. He started to speak; the young farmer across the way stopped him.

"No! no! he musn't go! let me pay for his soup!"

Everyone now was interested.

"I'll pay for his bread and cheese," spoke up a market man. "And I, his meat," said another. Brown to complete the repast offered dessert.

The proprietor led the stranger into the rear room.

"Here," called out the tall, gaunt man, "he can have my wine."

Peltedly the guest dissented. "No Monsieur, I can at least pay for that."

The proprietor presently returned.

"So many come here—" he said, "but this one is different—educated and refined. Shabby but clean and so gentle."

He left then—but returned soon with a dusty bottle. "Here, monsieur! to celebrate."

They touched glasses, "Joyeux Noel!"

"Midnight is near—soon we shall hear the bells of St. Paul's." He left then for another table. A curious stillness in the room caused Brown to look up. The other diners were staring toward the door, where stood the man who had been fed.

His gray robe hung in folds. His sensitive face, with his flowing locks and soft brown beard, from which great eyes looked forth, was sad and infinitely gentle. A misty radiance surrounded his head. His hand was raised in benediction. "It shall not be forgotten."

He was gone—there was a breathless hush. The world seemed to stand still. The diners had risen. The blue-eyed farmer crossed himself.

"My mother used to say that He is always seen somewhere on Christmas Eve."

"When he passed his footsteps made no sound," said one.

"Because of the sawdust," replied the tall, fierce farmer.

"But," whispered another "there was a light about his head."

"From the lantern on the church," said the unbeliever stubbornly.

Brown leaped to the door. The Visitor had gone. The night wind swept down the ancient street. He felt something eerie and alive in that unpeopled stillness.

Suddenly the air was shaken by peal after peal of bells, midnight bells, joyous and triumphant.



Never a Christmas morning, Never the old year ends But somebody thinks of somebody, Old days, old times, old friends. To our friends old and new, we wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

**JOHN W. FOGG, LIMITED**

HEAD OFFICE AND YARD

BRANCH OFFICE

Timmins, Ont.—Phone 117

Kirkland Lake—Phone 393



To the Business Men and their Customers in Timmins and District we extend Sincere Good Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

**SWIFT CANADIAN COMPANY LTD.**

WHOLESALE

Phones 400 and 401

Timmins



May the true spirit of Christmas fill your homes and linger in your hearts all through the coming year.

**SCHUMACHER HARDWARE AND FURNITURE COMPANY**

31 First Avenue

Schumacher



That Christmas be a day of dreams come true is what we wish our many friends

**F. O'HEARN & CO.**

STOCKS BONDS GRAIN

TIMMINS OFFICE

G. F. Black, manager

Phone 100