



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 GENTS' FURNISHINGS
24 Third Avenue Timmins 40 Third Avenue

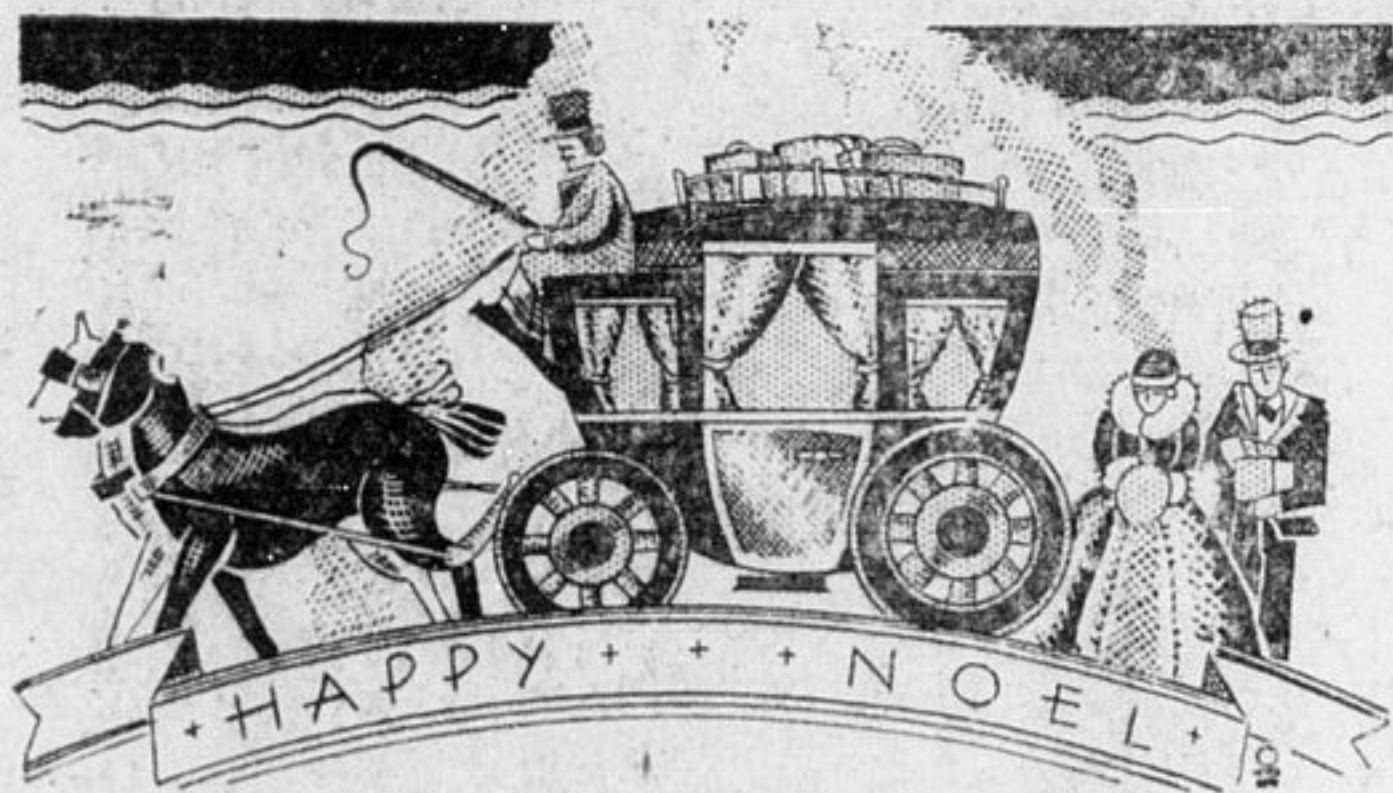
Greetings to YOU!



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



SEASON'S GREETINGS

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

Christmas Story of the Wounded Guest

A Tale from the Days of Alfred the Great, with a Christmas Touch to it.

(By Arthur Mee)

Hidden from the mainland by a shrouding of mist, the treeless promontory of Brean Down stretched like a long stepping-stone far out into the grey waters of the Channel, as desolate a place as one could find, tenanted only in that distant day by screaming seabirds and one old man, old Orrie the fisherman, who dwelled in a little daub-and-wattle hut, which clung like a limpet to the remains of the old Roman fort.

Orrie came to the door to watch a fleet of Danish ships go by, with their proudly swelling striped sails and grinning dragon prows, to work destruction farther inland. The old man groaned as he saw them pass.

A year ago vessels like those had come upon his two young sons fishing in their sea-curragh and their Vikings had slain them.

Because of the Danes, Orrie was doomed to live lonely for the rest of his days on the bare, desolate point of Brean Down.

It was Christmas Day on the morrow. What a festival for him! There was better fare in the hut that day than usual, salmon of his catching, a capon, and white bread, mead too. Edith, his dead son's betrothed, had tramped from the mainland when the sands were bare to bring him those dainties. But there was no one to share the feast. Turning back into his hut, he prayed, "Send me a guest for Christmas," he pleaded, "to break the loneliness."

There seemed little likelihood of his petition being fulfilled, for at the best of times few men came to Brean Down and at that moment everyone was hiding from the Danes. Still, Orrie arose from his knees with the sure feeling that it had been answered. He put food and drink on the table, heaped more driftwood on the fire, and over the bed of dry bracken he laid a pillow of seabird's feathers and a rug of fine otterskins.

Before long he heard the distant crunch of feet on the shingle. The tide had begun to go back, leaving just enough space for a man to creep around the point. The steps sounded faltering, a fugitive's. Orrie went out; in the dim light his keen eyes discerned an armed man in a red cloak, with a white boar-helm and a golden scabbard for his sword. The fisherman knew him to be athane of the West Saxons.

"How went the battle, lord?" asked Orrie, going forward. "Did a live crow fly in the midst of their hated banner again?"

"So our troops believed," answered the stranger; "and in truth we are hard pressed by the Danes. But we shall draw back to charge again."

"There is fire and food in my hut," said Orrie. "Thou art the Christmas guest for whom I prayed to come."

He drew him into the hut. He took his round gilt shield from him and his boar-helm, he knelt to unlace the thongs of his leather shoes.

"Father, thou art the host for whom I prayed," said the weary man; "we shall keep the feast to-morrow."

Swiftly the charmed hours of the next day went by for Orrie. The father so strengtheningly, so consolingly, at times Orrie looked to see a saint's halo shining behind his head. Then again he was so shrewd, so workaday and interested in the fisher's craft and doings, Orrie knew him to be a fellowman.

"Why dost thou live in this bleak place alone?" asked the guest. "Thou wouldst be less lonely, more useful to others on the mainland."

"I can never leave Brean Down," said Orrie. "Many years ago I made a vow to hang out a lantern every night to guide the boats in the dark. When the Danes go I shall kindle it again." He went to a hole in the thatch and drew out a bronze pot full of tarnished Roman coins.

"I dug these up in the fort," said he. "I kept them for my sons, but now I wish thee to take the treasure to the King, to help him in his struggle against our foes."

"The King shall have them, I promise thee," said the other. "He will build warships with the gold."

Even as he spoke, there was a trampling of horses' hoofs on the shore. The fisherman went out to see.

The tide was at ebb. Along the sands a little company of Saxon horsemen came galloping, leading a riderless horse.

"Art alone in thy hut, father?" they hailed the fisher.

"A wounded Thane is with me," the old man replied. "See, here he comes!"

Great was the joy of the riders as they gathered round Orrie's Christmas guest, who was no other than the Shepherd of the West Saxons, Alfred the Great. So the two parted, the King to his many duties, Orrie to his one.

Toy Soldiers Go Back to the Days of Ancient Rome

The toy soldiers which will figure in a number of Christmas stockings can boast of a long and distinguished pedigree. The children of Ancient Rome played with miniature warriors, and some of the toy soldiers of the Middle Ages are real works of art.

A number of them are still preserved in British museums, and are elaborate models of knights in armour of real artistic value. But they were originally made as children's toys.

Later, in the seventeenth century, miniature soldiers were made which were really pioneers of the modern mechanical toy, as they could go through the regulation drill of the time.

A Tribute to Dickens —Poet of Christmas

Our Christmastide is aye more dear
Because he makes it so;
A truer gladness touches it,
A richer, warmer glow;
He bids us to befriend the poor,
And with his kindly breath
Brings back to selfish souls the mind
Of Christ of Nazareth.

He shames us from our baser selves
By all the truths he taught,
His pen reveals life's humblest paths;
With grace and goodness fraught;
His magic pages charm us yet
As in the distant days,
And cherished is his name and crowned
With universal praise.

Some said the glory he had won
Would pass away and die,
That lights more lustrous far, would shine
In Literature's fair sky;
That time with disenchanting hand
His place and power would dim,
And others, all the homage share,
Once freely given to him.

But still we love him as of old,
Mid all the changeable years,
And still he moves our hearts to mirth,
Our eyes to tender tears;
And whatsoever new stars may rise
To cast o'er us their spell,
We'll keep his memory green who wrote
Of Tim and Little Nell.

—Edwin C. Lansdown.

Christmas Greeting Cards Sent in 1844

Several Claimants for the Honour of Originating the Christmas Cards Now so Popular.

(London Observer)

The question as to who first invented the Christmas card is a difficult one to answer. An English clergyman, the Rev. Edward Bradley, was one of the first to put forward a claim. It is not so well established as that of William Dobson. He is credited with having designed, in 1844, a card symbolizing the spirit of Christmas. During the following year he had it lithographed.

Another claimant is Sir Henry Cole, a member of the civil service, who held an appointment in the records office. Sir Henry, who was an amateur artist himself (and, as such, published a number of children's annuals) conceived an idea for a card in 1843. He took it to a friend of his, John Callcott Horsley, who, like Dobson, was also to become an R.A.

This J. C. Horsley was an artist of repute; and had been commissioned to paint several of the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, and an altar piece for the chapel of St. Thomas' hospital. As he objected to nude studies, the comic journals of the day made a point of dubbing him "Mr. Clothes-Horsley."

The rough sketch that was submitted to him by Sir Henry Cole being approved (since all the figures were fully clad), Horsley undertook to elaborate it. He went to work, however, in such leisurely fashion ("Art must not be hurried," he said) that the finished product did not find its way into the shop windows until the Christmas of 1846.

The Horsley card, which cost a shilling, was divided into three sections and underneath was the legend, "A Merry Christmas and a Good New Year to You."

Owing to its rarity, it now has a distinct value among collectors; and a genuine specimen, lithographed and coloured by hand, fetches anything up to \$250. The reprints, however, which were issued in 1881, are worthless.

The design of the Cole-Horsley card was unconventional, for holly, snow and robin-redbreasts were all lacking. Still, the "Christmas spirit" was maintained, since the middle panel depicted a family group (with father and mother and small children complete) enjoying themselves at a good dinner. In the other panels were sketches of hungry and shivering beggars being fed and clothed.

When Mary the Mother Kissed the Child

When Mary the Mother kissed the Child;
And night in the wintry hills grew mild,
And the strange star swung from the courts of air
To serve at a manger with kings in prayer,
Then did the day of the simple kin
And the unregarded folk begin.

When Mary the Mother forgot the pain,
In the stable of rick began love's reign;
When that new light in their grave eyes broke,
The oxen were glad and forgot the yoke;
And the huddled sheep in the far hill fold
Stirred in their sleep and felt no cold.

When Mary the Mother felt faint hands
Beat at her bosom with life's demands,
And nought to her were the kneeling kings,
The serving star and the half-seen wings,
Then were the little of earth made great,
And the man came back to the God's estate.

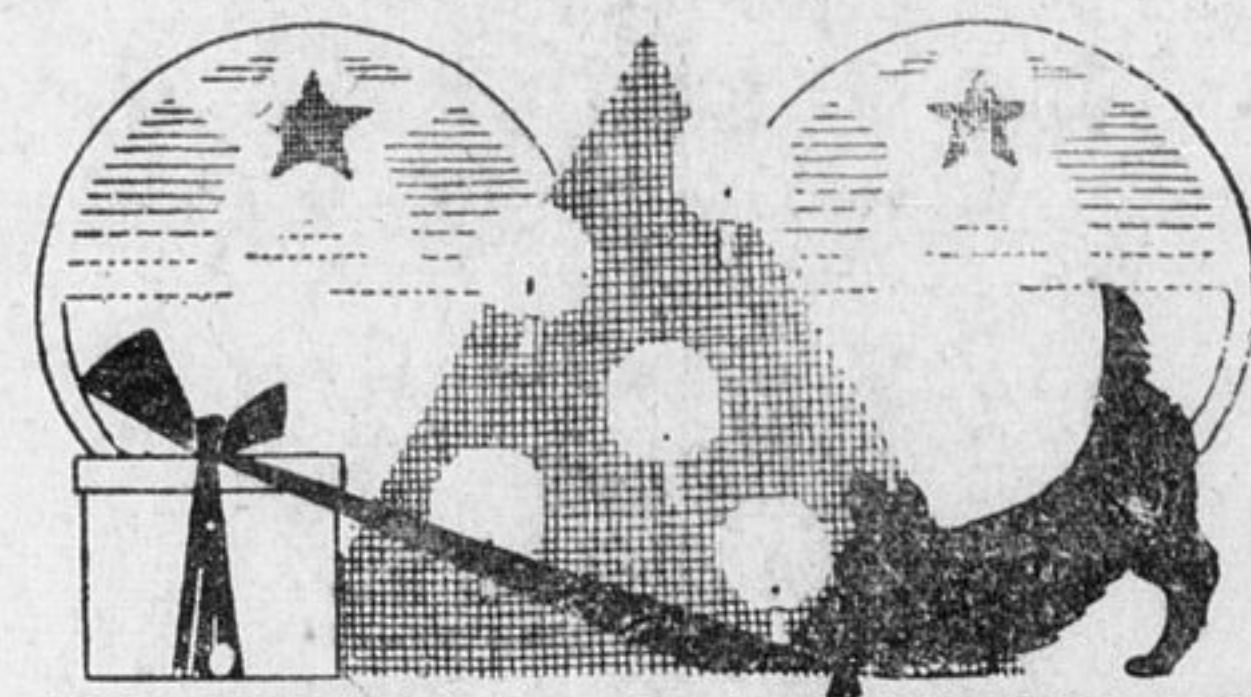
—Charles G. D. Roberts.



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



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

SHANKMAN BROS

92 Third Avenue Phone 207 Timmins



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

FRANK FELDMAN

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS
112 Pine Street South Timmins



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