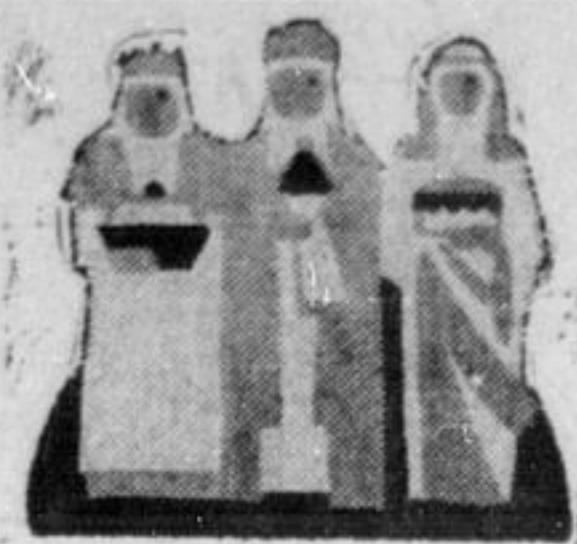


# GREETINGS



MERRY CHRISTMAS

We take this opportunity of extending to the citizens of this community the Season's Heartiest Greetings

**SULLIVAN & NEWTON**

INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

Goldfields Hotel Block

Timmins

# Joyous Tidings



May Your Christmas be Bright and Happy and Every Day in the New Year be as Happy as Christmas for you.

**SIMMS, HOOKER & DREW**

INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

Dominion Bank Building

Timmins

# Best Wishes



We thank you for your patronage in the past and very sincerely extend to all Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

**A. WILSON LANG**

INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

Gordon Block, Room No. 1

Timmins

# A Merry Xmas



To our many friends and patrons, we extend our best wishes for a joyous holiday season. May fortune favour you in the coming year.

**RIVERSIDE PAVILION**

Walter Wilson, Proprietor

## Some "Red Letter" Days at Christmas

Some Famous People Recall Christmas Days that Stand Out in Their Memories.

(By Caroline Ormonde in Everywoman's Magazine)

"There's such a sameness about Christmas—everybody everywhere doing the same sort of thing. A monotonous festival. Christmas—a superior young person in a superior modern novel."

Whenever I come across such a sentiment I congratulate myself on being ordinary, on being the average sort of person whom the very approach of Christmas thrills to the marrow.

For every year it is different, in spite of what our high-brow friend has written. Think of a row of plain little houses in a plain little street, and imagine yourself looking into each on Christmas morning. Something different, perhaps in only a tiny way, is happening in each.

Looking back on our own past years, picking them out of the fragrant lavender sachet of our pet memories, how few there are that exactly tally with those that went before! There is always one Christmas, too, that needs no sorting out from the general medley. The sight of a fir tree, the whiff of an almost forgotten perfume, a particular tune, the sound of a name—and back flood recollections which stand out in our minds.

So when I read that bitter view of this delightful festival of ours I said to myself: "Let's confound that supercilious modern novelist. Let's ask a few well-known people to tell us of their red-letter Christmas Day."

I asked Gracie Fields first. I knew that her most persistent recollection would be of a Christmas when she was not a rich and successful star.

"Lass," said Gracie, with that whimsical earnestness which is one of her greatest charms, "the Christmas I remember best might easily have been the worst. It's years ago now. It fell on a Sunday and the whole family, my brother Tommy, my sisters Edith and Betty and sundry others, with the entire company of 'Mr. Tower of London,' in which I had my first big chance, had to travel in the early morning from the south of England to a remote northern town."

"It meant about 12 hours' greasy confinement in railway carriages, being shunted here and there with hours of waiting in sidings, and, finally arriving, late at night, in a strange town."

"Travelling by theatrical trains is bad enough on an ordinary Sunday, but on a Sunday which also happened to be Christmas Day—well, you can imagine how miserable we were at the prospect! Then I had an idea. We appealed to the railway company. We told them our troubles, remarking wistfully on the lovely Christmas dinners everyone else would be having while we would be cooped up in cold and comfortable railway carriages."

"And although we were comparatively unknown, with not much money between us, those railway officials turned up trumps. They put on our coach a dining car complete with kitchen and cook, and a pullman where we could all dance to a gramophone someone had brought along. It was a great party."

There is a very different setting for the Christmas which the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Vivian remembers best. She is the lovely young wife of the son and heir of Colonel Lord Vivian, and lives in a charming little house in Chelsea.

"I suppose that until the novelty of motherhood wears off, the chief Christmas recollection of every mother is the same—the time when her first child is able to understand what it is all about and take part in the fun."

A Christmas tree smuggled into a nursery in the small hours of the morning, a sleepy little boy awakened for half an hour's cracker-pulling and present-giving while the city still slept—these are the most vivid Christmas memories of Mme Prunier, wife of the famous French restaurateur.

Like Mrs. Vivian, her little boy's first realization of Christmas is most precious to her.

Miss Fay Compton shudders whenever she remembers Christmas, 1932. Then, in the title role of "Dick Whittington," she appeared in her first pantomime in London—at the Hippodrome.

"After a rehearsal which had lasted twice round the clock I developed 'flu on Christmas Eve," Miss Compton told me. "Feeling more and more miserable I went home in the early hours for a brief rest. I had to be back again at the theatre for a further rehearsal at 11 a.m., however—this on Christmas morning! I did not emerge from that until 3 o'clock on Boxing Day morning, and as we played our first performance in the afternoon you can judge for yourself how the prospect agreed with me!"

"By the time the curtain went up my temperature was 103, and when I had to make my first big entrance down a vast staircase—with a sea of jolly faces, excited children full of Christmas pudding and fathers smoking their Christmas cigars in front of me—I had to cling to the handrail to prevent myself from falling."

"Then I had to come down to the footlights and sing a big number. Everything was getting blacker and blacker."

"During the second half of the show I came as near to oblivion as one can without actually fainting. They told me afterwards that I came to the wings and fell into the arms of my dresser. I do know that I shall not easily forget that Christmas! I was ill in bed for a week afterwards!"

Mrs. Claude Beddington, the well-known society hostess and patron of music, a witty, dark-eyed Irish woman who knows "everybody," told me about her Christmas of 1922.

"It will always stand out in my memory because it was so utterly different from any other. On Christmas morning I woke up to New York's gloriously exhilarating winter climate—brilliant sunshine, cloudless blue sky and just enough frost to make the air like champagne."

"After breakfast a brace of millionaires (yes, in those halcyon days there were millionaires and even billionaires in the United States) called for me and transported me in a rather too fast car to spend Christmas Day at the country house of Mr. and Mrs. J. Baldwin."

"There I found a vast music room containing several organs and pianos, on which myself, Baldwin 'pere et mere' and a large troupe of young Baldwins did a satisfyingly noisy rendering of the Tannhauser overture. Letting oneself go on a collection of organs and pianos is an excellent thing for the circulation, especially before sitting down to a Christmas dinner!"

"Later, I was driven back to New York City to the Metropolitan Opera House, packed to such suffocation that there was a queue of thirsty individuals beside the drinking fountains during every interval!"

For the best remembered Christmas of Miss Kate O'Brien, the Irish novelist-playwright, who won the Hawthorn-den prize with her novel "Without My Cloak," one must visualize a family of nine jolly children in a handsome old house on the outskirts of Limerick.

"My favourite memory of Christmas-time is back among those childhood scenes," Miss O'Brien said musingly. "I can still recapture the thrill of that Christmas morning when I awoke to find beside my bed the delicious, utterly adorable doll's cradle of which I had dreamed for an age. I could not believe I had really got it at last."

"On this particular Christmas morning there was terrific excitement as we compared notes on our presents and rifled our stockings for the gifts and goodies with which they were stuffed."

"But we were not allowed to eat as much as a nut, for first we had to go off to church, a long drive behind a brisk pony through chilly streets silvered with frost. Then, when evening came, we clustered about a leaping fire to hear eerie Irish tales of ghosts and goblins. That simple memory means more to me than the remembrance of many a more sophisticated Christmas."

So now that we have peeped into the memories of six women let us leave our young novelist to hide his abashed head. Christmas is always different, and there often is one recollection more precious and outstanding than the rest.

## A Christmas Wish

(Author Unknown)

I could not wish thee better than to pray,  
That there may come to thee this Christmas Day,  
A vision of the star that sent men on  
With trailing light to where a new Light shone.

The night is dark—let thy illumined face  
Bring light and cheer to bless thy day and race,  
Pass on the angel song of hope and peace,  
'Till self be shamed and bitter hatred cease.

God rest thee, faithful heart, this Christmastide!  
May Christ Himself by faith with thee abide,  
And lead thee through the New Year's swinging gate  
To high emprise—the master of thy fate!

## TO A CHILD AT CHRISTMAS

But though you do not understand,  
I'll tell it to you just the same,  
The angels' song, the gleaming star,  
And how the sleepy shepherds came.  
Because of you, I'll read again  
The Christmas story and you'll sit  
And watch me round-eyed as I read  
And understand no word of it.  
It was for you that Santa Claus  
Went out and caught those dappled deer,  
So he could harness them and drive  
A-gallop to our chimney here.  
I never knew what Christmas meant,  
Until you came, you funny mite,  
You little fuzzy-headed thing,  
With eyes like stars, so clear and bright.

—Abigail Cresson.

## Christmas in Other Lands

In sunny France the children do not hang up their stockings but on Christmas eve they put their shoes by the fireplace where St. Nicholas can find them. They say bad children sometimes find sticks left.

In Norway, Sweden and Denmark the birds has a merry Christmas too and a bundle of grain is tied to a tall pole or on a building so the birds can have a feast.

In Mexico they do not have any Christmas trees but tie all the goodies in a large bag and hang it high. The children find it, take sticks and break it to the get the fruits and candies.

In Holland the boys and girls fill a wooden shoes with hay and put it outside for Santa's reindeer. In the morning the shoes are inside and full of presents.

In Syria, if a child has been good all year and leaves a dish of sweetened water for the camel outside the door Christmas eve, in the morning he finds candies, pretty toys and pomegranate jelly left.



FOR PEACE AND PLENTY  
The beauties of life be yours,—  
The hardships of life be forgotten—  
This is our Christmas wish to all.

# A.J. Shragge

LIMITED

In Style and Value the Store that Sets the Pace

Third Avenue, near Imperial Bank

Timmins

# Christmas Greetings



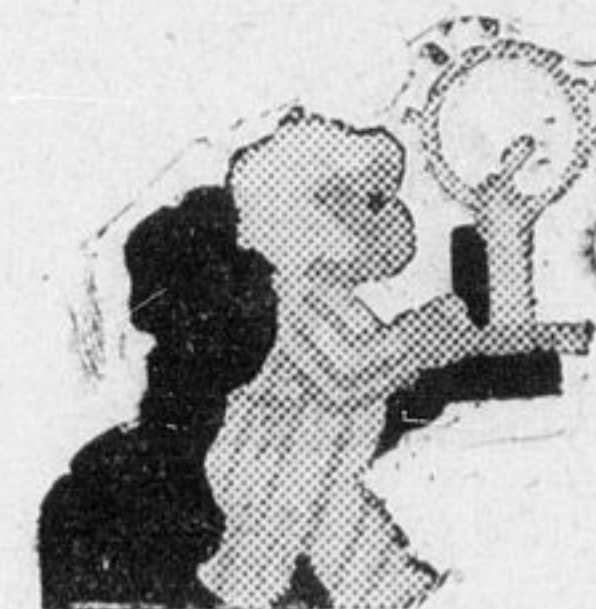
We Wish to Extend to Everyone Best Wishes for a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year

**PATENT'S BAKERY**

Wilson Avenue

Timmins

# Merry Christmas



YULETIDE:—  
A time of Joyous Wishes,  
And in the New Year  
May Prosperity and Happiness  
Be Yours.

**LUXTON CIGAR STORE**

22 Third Ave. (next to Imperial Bank)

Timmins

# Yuletide Joy



A WISH FOR ALL  
A Merry Christmas  
and a  
Happy New Year.

**W. C. ARNOTT**

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