



We take this opportunity to express our appreciation of your generous patronage during the past year, and to Wish you all a Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year.

McDOWELL MOTORS

AUTHORIZED FORD DEALERS

8 Balsam Street South

Timmins



We extend heartiest wishes for a Happy Christmas Season to all our customers and friends, and we cordially invite your continued patronage and goodwill

BEAVER FUR and LADIES' WEAR

Empire Block

Timmins

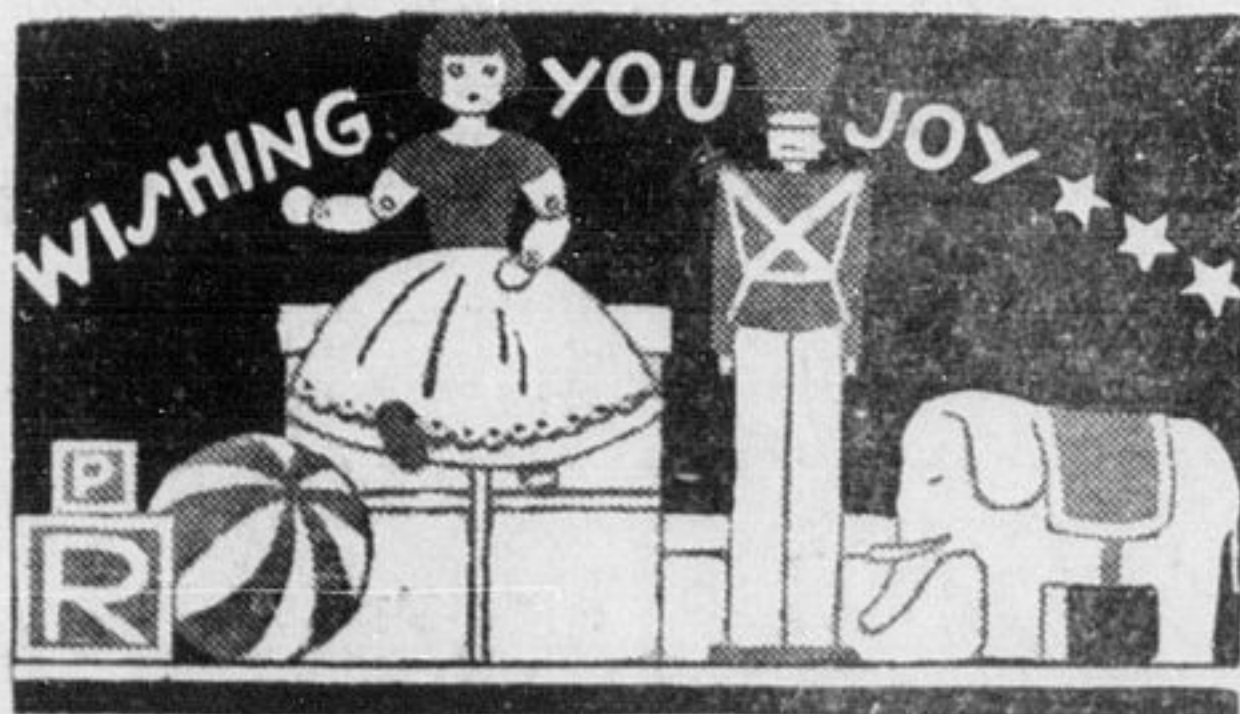


We wish all our Customers and Friends Sincere Good Wishes for A Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year

BERINI MOTORS

Fourth Avenue

Timmins



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

OSTROSSER & CO.

MEN'S WEAR

13 1/2 Pine Street North

Timmins

Origin of the Well-Known Santa Claus

How a Kindly Bishop of Olden Times Became a Legendary Saint Nick of the Present Day.

(From Catholic Mirror) It is not difficult to understand how St. Nicholas became Santa Claus. His Latin name was Sanctus Nicolaus, the vocative of which is Sancte Nicolae, which, pronounced quickly, is almost Santa Claus. The tendency of time and frequent usage to shorten and abbreviate explains the rest.

This good saint, a native of Asia Minor, and Bishop of Myra, was an historic figure, famous for his piety and miracles. Born about 350, he died on December 6, 426.

His parents died while he was young and left him immensely wealthy. He regarded God as the owner and himself as the steward of these riches, which he accordingly dispensed as God would have had him dispense them—for the relief of the needy and the promotion of virtue.

When a neighbour fell upon evil days and was reduced to direst poverty, the daughters were faced by the temptation of a life of shame. The good St. Nicholas, at night, threw bags of gold through the window at the old man's feet and so enabled him to meet his obligations and arrange suitable marriages for his children.

Once, when famine was abroad in the land, a vessel from Alexandria, laden with wheat, cast anchor in the harbour. The bishop pleaded for wheat for his starving people, but was refused until he promised the amount in the vessels would not be diminished by what he took.

What he said was true. What remained in the vessel was equal to the original cargo. What he took multiplied in his hands so that all suffering was relieved and plenty was left for the next planting.

During a voyage which he made to the Holy Land, a terrific storm threatened to engulf the vessel. The prayers of the saint quelled the storm, and all reached port in safety.

Invited to dine by a monster who killed little children, he knew that the meat served was the flesh of a murdered child, rebuked the man and restored three children to life.

When the Emperor Constantine had unjustly condemned three soldiers to death, St. Nicholas appeared to him in sleep and warned him of the injustice. Unlike Pilate, of earlier days, he accepted the warning, pardoned the men, sent them with presents to thank St. Nicholas.

These are types of the miracles which tradition and popular devotion ascribe to St. Nicholas. It may be they are not authentic, but what is historically certain is that scarcely was he dead when his devotion became universal in the Greek Church. The Emperor Justinian erected a beautiful church in his honour at Constantinople.

He became the patron of young women, of children, of mariners, and of merchants. The instantaneous popularity of his devotion, the multiplication of churches in his honour in the very period following his death, show that his reputation as a miracle worker was based upon his life. He was patron of all Russia when Russia believed in patrons and prayers.

He is sometimes called St. Nicholas of Bari. About six centuries after his death, merchants from this Italian city stole his remains from Myra and placed them in their own cathedral. From that event dates his popularity in the western church, where, in England alone, 376 churches are dedicated to him.

Sailors are especially devoted to him, and seaport towns throughout Europe abound in his chapels and shrines. Such distant places as Limerick in Ireland, Naples in Italy, Apulia in Italy, and Moscow in Russia, chose him as their patron saint.

In his case, the voice of the people was the voice of God. His generosity most reminded them of the divine generosity.

Popular fancy decked him out in a gorgeous robe of Christmas red, gave him reindeers which outstrip the aeroplane as his steeds, pictured him as carrying a cargo of everything to delight the heart of childhood, attributed to his ample proportions the gift of subtlety that enables them to pass quicker than thought through the smallest chimney, and the good Bishop Nicholas became the better St. Nick, the messenger of the Divine Babe in spreading sunshine in the hearts of childhood on every Christmas Day.

Charles Dickens One Time Made Plum Pudding in Hat

Charles Dickens, who wrote A Christmas Carol, creating old Scrooge and Bob Cratchit, and the Tiny Tim whom all love, as well as hosts of other famous characters was a very good actor in his day and quite a clever magician. "The best conjurer I ever saw," exclaimed Jane Welsh Carlyle, wife of the celebrated Thomas, describing a party when Dickens conjured for an hour. "This part of the entertainment," she said in a letter, "concluded with a plum pudding made out of raw flour, raw eggs—all the usual ingredients, raw-boiled in a gentleman's hat—and tumbled out reeking—all in one minute before the eyes of the astonished children and astonished grown people. That trick—and his other of changing ladies' pocket handkerchiefs into comfits, and a box full of brag into a box full of—a live guinea pig, would enable him to make a handsome subsistence, let the bookseller trade go as it please."

Once More—Christmas Bells

Once more the bells of Christmas chime their message Across the desert hot, the fields of snow; Once more we gather holly red, and cedar. Hang up the branch of pearly mistletoe. Once more we sing those dear, enthralling carols That strangely stir our hearts to deeper things; Once more we seek the customs old and merry. Round which the joy of ancient usage clings. Once more we listen for that song of angels Upon the midnight air so holy, still; We upward gaze in hopeful meditation To see a Star that ye, our souls can thrill; Once more we turn in spirit to the Manger. In wonder look upon a Heavenly Child; Once more we consecrate our gift, our offering— Our lives, in service to a Saviour mild.

Once more—ah, may we ever say it— Sweet Christmas comes! Within its circling round May earth be safely clasped; and love's kind magic, Goodwill, and peace at that one time abound. For if we ever lose the Star, the Carol, The sacred rites, the holy Christmas tryst, Then we shall die for having scorned that Mystery; The Manger with its Potentate, our Christ.

E. A. Gormley.

Santa Claus Failed to Pass Locked Door

True Story for Children About the Time Santa Missed Two of His Little Friends.

(By Agnes M. Riddle, Peterborough) Since it's getting on to Christmas how busy old Santa must be these days reading all the letters from boys and girls, some marked with sticky fingers, some with smeary blots of ink, but how carefully he ponders over each line, and how his eyes are twinkling at the thought of all the pleasant surprises he has in store for them! And watch, too, the red-cheeked, white-whiskered, merry-eyed old fellow, as he listens to the older brother, wiser grown, talking vaguely of certain little articles he has seen, and mother, too, slyly mentioning bits of jewelry and fur—mother, little girl, and lad, all thinking they are fooling him.

Can't you just picture him in the evening looking at Mrs. Santa and saying with a merry smile, "That's what they think?"

Now some years ago there lived two little girls, with their father, in a farmhouse in England, and in the summer of that year these little girls had lost their mother; she died very suddenly one evening, and how those little girls missed her, nobody knows.

The night before Christmas came and when preparing for bed, one sister looked at the other and said, "Shall we hang our stockings up to-night?" "Why, of course," said the other sister. "Santa will be sure to come; he always has."

Next morning those little girls woke up bright and early and creeping down to the foot of the bed reached carefully for their stockings hung up the night before and found what? An empty stocking! Such consternation, whatever could have happened to Santa Claus? Could he be dead too, like mother?

Such a possibility was too much for the little girls and burying their pale little faces in the bedclothes they cried as though their hearts would break.

The noise of their crying awoke their dad, sleeping in an adjoining room, who coming in to see, what was the matter caught sight of the two empty stockings and heard two little voices repeating over and over again, "He never came, Oh he never came."

A queer look passed over the father's face and a slight tremor shook his voice, as tenderly gathering his two motherless girls in his arms, he said, "No, no, Santa didn't forget but he couldn't get in last night; our chimney is too narrow, and I forgot to leave the door unlocked like mother always did. Take these silver shillings and tomorrow you can buy all the toys you want."

Poor, dear daddy, he never could understand why his gift of money just made them cry more and more—he couldn't make out why they wanted Santa Claus instead of money. Methinks their mother would have understood, don't you? And when an hour later those two little girls came downstairs, red-eyed but neatly gressed, they were more than sure old Santa had been locked out, for sitting there on the table was the piece of cake they always left for him on Christmas eve.

I wonder, boys and girls, whether you ever thought what a busy man Santa is at Christmas time, and how glad he would be to have you for one of his assistants, just to send him the name and address of some boy or girl you know that may have lost a dear mother too. Don't you think old Santa would just creep up to that house of theirs and hide the door key so that their dad wouldn't forget and lock him out, wouldn't that be fun?

SANTA CLAUS IS POPULAR

"Dat gen'lman Mistah Santa Claus," said Uncle Eben, "is sho' popular. Nobody else could carry around so much valuables wif'out sooner or later bein' hijacked."

Merry Christmas

Season's Greetings

At this holiday season, we pause a moment to review the past and view the future.

Most cherished among the gifts bestowed by the passing year is the memory of the pleasant relations with those whom we have been privileged to serve.

And because the spirit of Christmas is so beautifully expressed in the thought—Good-will—it is indeed fitting that as friend to friend, we should express to you at this time our heartiest good wishes for the Season.

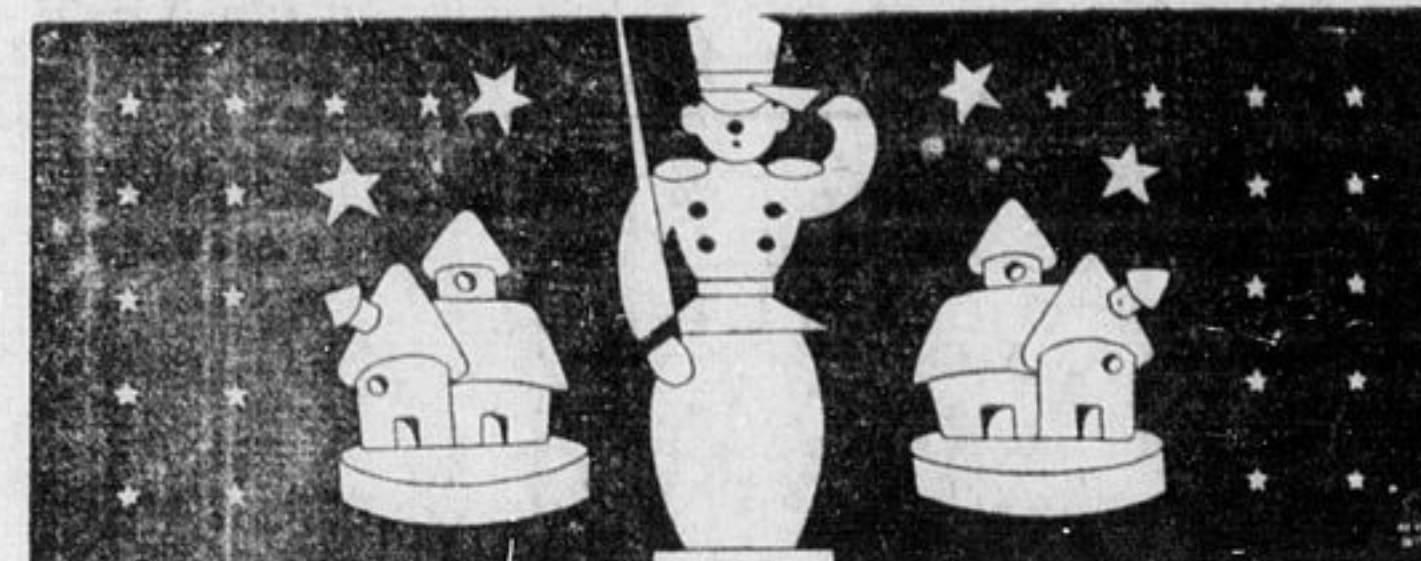
We hope you will read, in our "Merry Christmas" to you, something of our deep appreciation of your courteous co-operation; likewise, may our "Happy New Year" bring to you a sincere wish for the uninterrupted continuation of our pleasant business relations.

PURDON & LAFLAMME

GROCERIES, MEATS AND VEGETABLES

41 Third Avenue Timmins

Main Street, Phone 150 South Porcupine



GREETINGS

We wish to thank our customers And friends for their patronage In the past, and extend to all, Good wishes for a Joyous Christmas And a very Prosperous New Year

GOLDFIELDS DRUG CO. LTD.

30 Third Avenue

Timmins



MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

SKY'S LADIES SPECIALTY SHOP

Timmins, Ont.

SKY'S STORES LIMITED

South Porcupine, Ont.



The best of all life's blessings, The warmth of Yuletide cheer, Be with you this glad season And continue through the year.

STAR TRANSFER

James F. Passmore, prop.

Our Motto:—Service and Satisfaction

7 Spruce Street South

Timmins