



We are Hoping that Everyone of You enjoy the Happiness of Christmas and the Holiday Season. We take this opportunity to express our thanks for your support and patronage in the past year.

FRANK FELDMAN

Pine Street South

Timmins

Christmas would scarcely be complete without expressing our deep appreciation for your patronage and Wishing you and yours the most of Season's joy.

DICKSON and CAMERON

Pine Street N.

Phone 455

Timmins

May every home in Timmins and District be specially brightened by the good cheer that the season deserves throughout this holiday season.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

Opposite T. & N O.

Timmins

May a Wealth of Deep Contentment And a Host of Lovely Things Be some of the Many Blessings This Happy Christmas Brings.

ALBERT'S BAKERY

Pine Street South

Phone 1875

Timmins

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

DAPPER DAN'S CLOTHING

Cedar Street and Third Avenue

(Downstairs)



THE CHIEF AND MEMBERS of the TIMMINS FIRE DEPARTMENT

take this opportunity to thank the public for co-operation and friendliness during the year, and very sincerely wish one and all

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

Short Section From How the Story Began

Joseph and Mary Journey to Bethlehem

(By R. J. Campbell)
A long line of pilgrims, their figures outlined against the glow of the sunset is climbing the stony hillside of Bethlehem. They are chiefly footcamps and asses bearing rich and poor to an appointed rendezvous. Moving slowly near the end of the line is an ass bearing a young woman and led by a man in the garb of the labouring or artificer class. They have come from the north of the small country of Palestine, now a part of the mighty Roman Empire. Their home is in the highland village of Nazareth, but they have been summoned to report themselves at this small Judean town with which they have ancestral associations. The caravan they joined has been three days on the road, and this husband and wife, for such is their relationship, are now weary of the journey. The husband is specially anxious because of his wife's condition; she is in need of the care of persons of her own sex, but he and she are strangers here and of little importance in the eyes of those around them; Bethlehem is full of visitors on the same errand as themselves and there is likely to be insufficient accommodation for a company so unusually large. What hope of shelter will there be for latecomers of small means in this town whose flat-roofed houses are visible on the skyline in the waning evening light?

With quickened steps the patient ass brings his burden through the crowded street of Bethlehem to the doorway of the only inn. It is a rough caravan-sal at the best, but to-night not a few wayfarers find themselves obliged to seek shelter elsewhere than within its walls. Some make themselves as comfortable as they can in the open air as was not uncommon in those days; and had already been practiced by them at the several halting places where the caravan had rested in its leisurely progress hither, the major portion of it probably from distant Damascus or Tyre and Sidon and adjacent lands; but the Nazarene artisan shrinks from exposing his wife to this hardship to-night and to the proximity of fellow travellers; he must find a roof to cover her and a measure of seclusion. Anxiously he inquiries of the innkeeper where they can go, and it is reasonable to infer that some hint of his purpose in asking stirs the compassion of the innkeeper or some member of the household who conducts them through jostling throng to a place where cattle are stabled near by and gives them rude bedding there.

This is not a building erected by human hands, though human hands have fashioned the doors that close it in and have built the feeding troughs that line the walls inside; it is a dry rocky cave. In this poor refuge, which possibly they share with some animals in addition to their own beast of burden, the couple repose themselves.

During the silent night a son is born in these austere surroundings. The young mother unattended has no soft couch on which to place him or herself and no little garments ready wherein to clothe him. A few handfuls of straw gathered by the husband's hands and placed in the nearest feeding-trough or manger form the infant's bed, and for clothing he is wrapped in some of the coverings that have protected the mother herself and her few belongings from dust and chill during the journey from Nazareth.

Can anyone imagine that from the event taking place in these lowly conditions shall spring a stream of gracious influence whose ever-growing volume shall refresh the whole heart and become the most potent factor in the shaping of the higher destinies of mankind? Yet so it is, and some glimpse of the august significance of the birth of this child is afforded to a little group of people whose duty keeps them awake this night.

Outside on the slopes of the Bethlehem ridge the visitor to Palestine today will see an enclosure called the Shepherds' Field. Therein on this focal night of human history some shepherds wrapped in their sheepskin cloaks are keeping watch over their flocks. Why are they doing this? We do not take too much for granted in saying that they are engaged in what they regard as an act of piety. The great national Feast of the Passover is not far off, and these men are rearing the sacrificial lambs for the occasion. They are talking together of the hope of Israel and praying for the great deliverer to appear to whose advent the paschal lamb is symbolic in a deeper sense than as yet they know. They are reminding one another of the prophecy that the long-expected prince and saviour will be born in this same town of Bethlehem, and as they talk their fervour and devotion grow till on a sudden they behold a thrilling and glorious sight—not the first time nor the last in which a corner of the veil between heaven and earth has been lifted for men of vision and faith. There before them stands a celestial being, the starry firmament radiant with a splendor not of this world; and at the spectacle their simple hearts are filled with fear.

Not for long, however. The fear is soon changed into awe and wonder at the reassuring words of the angel and the announcement conveyed therein.

"Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

In these simple terms, so grand in their very simplicity, so time-honoured

in their seventeenth-century English form, were the watching shepherds told in brief the story that has created Christmas, nor did the supernatural accompaniment of the telling end with their utterance.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Praying for Shoes

A quaint and heart-stirring poem is "Praying For Shoes" by Paul Hamilton Hayne. The thought is beautiful, and the story is one that is taking place every day, and at every time of the year. Perhaps there are ladies like this in our town, too. If only they were numerous!

Praying For Shoes
(By Paul Hamilton Hayne)
On a dark December morning,
The lady walked slowly down
The thronged, tumultuous thoroughfare
Of an ancient seaport town.

Of a winning and gracious beauty,
The peace of her pure young face
Was soft as the gleam of an angel's dream
In the calms of a heavenly place.

Her eyes were fountains of pity,
And the sensitive mouth expressed
A longing to set the kind thoughts free
In music that filled her breast.

She met, by a bright shop window,
An urchin timid and thin,
Who, with limbs that shook, and a yearning look,
Was mistily gazing in.

At the rows and various clusters
Of slippers and shoes outspread;
Some, shimmering keen, but of sombre sheen;
Some, purple and green and red.

His pale lips moved and murmured;
But of what, she could not hear,
And oft on his folded hands would fall
The round and bitter tear.

"What troubles you, child?" she asked him,

In a voice like May-wind sweet.
He turned, and while pointing dolefully
To his naked and bleeding feet.

"I was praying for shoes," he answered:
(Just look at the splendid show!)
I was praying to God for a single pair,
The sharp stones hurt me so!"

She led him, in museful silence,
At once through the open door,
And his hope grew bright, like a fairy light,
That flickered and danced before!

And there he was washed and tended,
And his small brown feet were shod;
And he pondered there on his childish prayer,
And the marvelous answer of God.

Above them his keen gaze wandered,
How strangely from shop and shelf,
Till it almost seemed that he fondly dreamed
Of looking on God Himself.

The lady bent over and whispered:
"Are you happier now, my lad?"
He started and his soul flashed forth
In a gratitude swift and glad.

"Happy—Oh, yes!—I am happy!"
Then (wonder with reverence rife,
His eyes aglow, and his voice sunk low),
"Please tell me: Are you God's wife?"

Christmas the Home Festival of England

The Yule Log, the Mistletoe, the Candles, the Carols!

(By T. G. Crippen)
"Christmas!" Is there any other word in our whole English vocabulary that calls forth such a flood of joyous emotion as that which designates the Festival of Humanity—the day which we are accustomed to regard as "peculiarly the Home of Household Festival of England? Longed for as the season when our shining hearths, our domestic comforts, and our social felicity are the brightest under heaven; the chosen season of peace and goodwill, of family reunions, of happy visits, of friendly greetings, of interchange of gifts, of kindness to the poor, of mutual esteem and universal joy"; the blending of sport, mirth, and laughter with Faith, Hope, and Charity, this is a real English Christmas. Within, the house is gay with holly and ivy, laurel and fir; the mistletoe hangs in the place of honour, shimmering with pearls that seem to have dropped from Freyja's necklace; the Yule log blazes on the hearth; the Christmas tree towers aloft in fiery splendour; and the Christmas candles burn in homely remembrance of the Star of Bethlehem. Without, the stars look as brightly down on an expanse of snow, deep and crisp and even, as once they looked upon those holy fields where shepherds watched their flocks by night. Borne upon the frosty air comes the merry chiming of Christmas bells, or mayhap the solemn tolling of the knell of the Prince of Darkness. And, mingling with the brazen music, we hear the sound of youthful voices caroling "Joy to the World," or "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," or, better still, that simplest and dearest of all our old English carols (case-hardened must be the heart that does not respond to it):
"God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember, Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day,
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray:
O tidings of comfort and joy!"



We've been wishing folks a Merry Christmas for a number of years... and aren't tired yet! So once again—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

LADY LAURIER HOTEL

MR. and MRS. PETE LACROIX

Cedar Street and Second Avenue

Timmins



There are no fancy words that express the honest thought more clearly than just—"A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year."

SOUTH END GARAGE

Bruce and Main Avenue

South Porcupine

Greetings to YOU!



We trust that every material thing you wish this Christmas to bring will be yours, and in addition Health and Success in the New Year.

RIVERSIDE PAVILION

Walter Wilson, Proprietor



Once again, at Christmas time, we pause to share in the kindness of friends and neighbours. We extend to you the Season's Greetings.—Merry Christmas.

PORCUPINE CREDIT ASSOCIATION

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Timmins