



SEASON'S GREETINGS

Merry Christmas to all our many friends and may we add also that this be the Happiest Christmas of all.

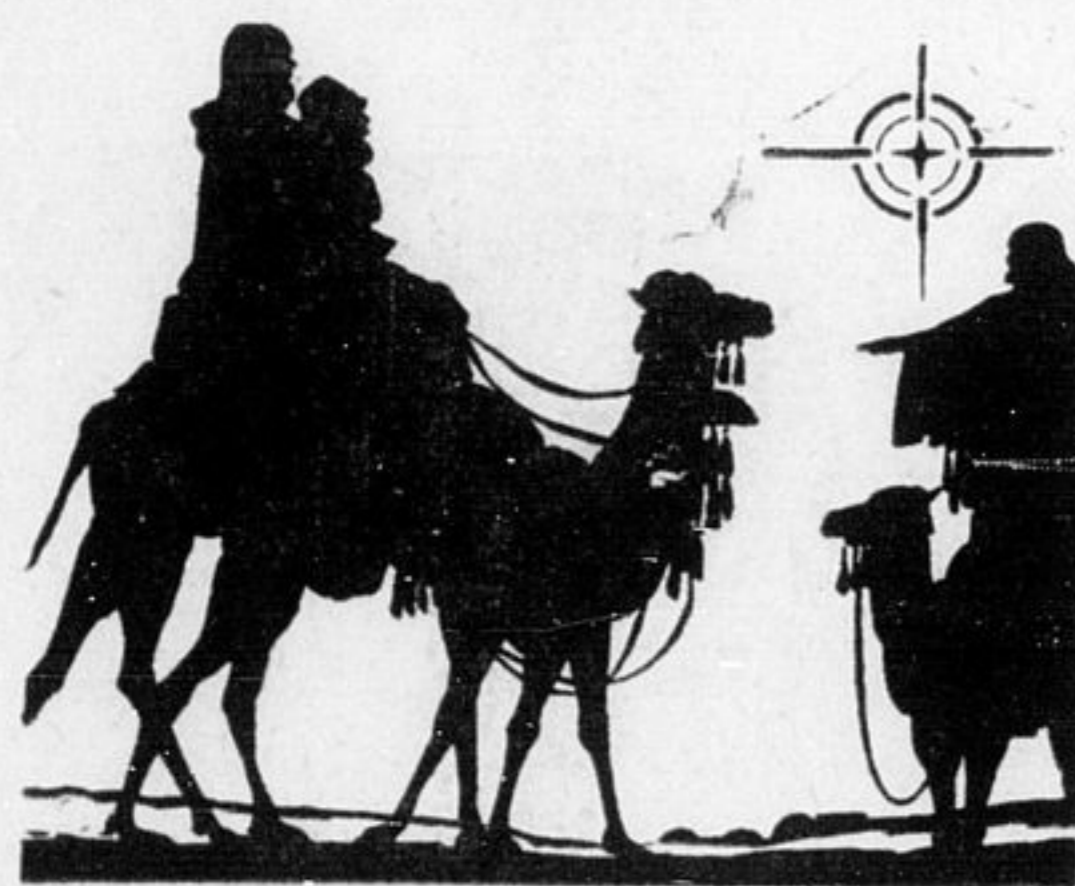
HY-WAY SERVICE STATION
Schumacher Road Phone 880

Greetings to YOU!



In the universal spirit of friendliness at this glad season, we extend our wishes for a delightfully happy Holiday.

VANSICKLE TRANSPORT
Second Avenue Phone 435 Timmins



Greetings

To all Old Friends
and all New Friends
in the North Land

A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year to all

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED

EXPLOSIVES DIVISION

Fourth Avenue Timmins

Christmas Dinner in the Year of 1890

Story of Christmas Time Nearly Fifty Years Ago

The following description of Christmas in 1890 is from The Leamington, Ontario, Post and News:—

Christmas, for nearly all of us, has always had two climaxes. Remember how to you, as a child of the 90's, waking Christmas morning to find a Christmas tree in all its magic mystery right there in your very own house, it seemed that the season's excitement had reached their pinnacle right then and there?

Remember that when somebody reached up into that tree and pulled down from its highest branches and laid in your arms the sleeping doll with real hair for which you had implored Santa Claus and mentioned more times than a few to Mother and Father, it seemed to you that Christmas could hold no greater rapture?

Remember that great thrill as you see yourself again, a happy little girl retiring, with the hubbub of tree and breakfast over, to your sunny play corner of the bay window, content to inspect again your spoils from the Christmas tree, and to caress this loveliest and newest member of all your big doll family? Your own particular concerns just now are Christmas gifts and their turning over and over again; but somehow you sense that insofar as the elders of the household are concerned, the climax is yet to come.

The coast has cleared early this morning for excess activities with which the kitchen has already begun to hum. By the middle of the morning they are well under way. Mother is in command in the kitchen with Hilda helping—Hilda, the hired girl, devoted to the children and beloved by them in her long term of service to them, and devoted to Mother not only for her own sweet self, but because she sees that her wages have a magnificent edge on those of the rest of the hired girls in town. Does she not get each week the generous sum of \$4, and is she not kept comfortable in her pretty warm room and does she not work for the best cook in town?

The approach to noon finds them rushing around, organizing the last-minute preparations for Christmas dinner. This will follow the longtime family tradition and be served at noon, of course to all one's kinfolk close enough to come by sleigh, carriage or steam train to partake of it.

Dinner preparations have been begun weeks before with the making of the mincemeat and the boiling of the puddings. This dual ritual annually involves the collective energies of a group of feminine relatives or neighbours, and commandeers the use of the deep copper wash boiler for the hours of pudding steaming. For days the pantry has been in the stocking, flour and sugar barrels filled to brim, molasses and vinegar jugs, spice cabinets and extract shelves "full up," cinnamon sticks and wooden nutmegs, tiny scarlet cinnamon drops and striped paper bags of caroways covered with coloured sugar added to the year-round staples with papers of coloured sugar itself—all of these latter now lending their gay adornment to the tops of the many dozens of little "cup" cakes and frosted cookie animals. The great cookie jars—vast wells into which go dozens of ginger and sugar disks, are filled to the top, and one remembers with watering mouth the little tarts of sugared piecrust and their little scarlet mounds of currant jelly that are ranged in row upon row—Mother's special treat for the children's table.

Hilda in Her Glory

And now here has come Christmas morning, and Christmas noon is fast drawing near. Hilda is in her glory out there in the kitchen. With a sense of great importance she rattles the dampers and drafts of the cook stove, opens the door at its front to cram in another stick of split cordwood, seizes the black tin scuttle and rattles in a bit of coal, juggles the dampers of stovepipe and oven, and the fire cracks merrily and blazes away for dear life.

She jerks open the door of the oven and bastes the browning turkey and the goose. Their heavenly smell of sizzling juices and sage and onion stuffing mingles with the delicious blend of steaming fragrances rising from beneath the palpitating lids of the kettles on top of the stove. Deep whiffs inform the nose of the sniffer that turnips, onions, cauliflower are in the boiling out there, that the coffee is beginning to simmer in the great tin coffee pot sacred to such gatherings of the clan, and that the mince pies are out of the oven and set to cool.

Tantalized, one abandons the Christmas doll for a minute, and goes to the kitchen door to take a peek for oneself. Mother does look beautiful! Her frizzes are soft above her flushed and burning cheeks so pink and pretty now. She is brave in her best Sunday dress of gray serge with its tight waist meeting its full gored skirt over the smart little bustle at the back, its cascade of lovely lace ruffles down the front of the waist, and its long skirt trailing just a little on the floor at the back. Crinoline makes these sleeves stand out so large and fulsome above the tight lower length of leg-o'-mutton cut, and brush binding protects the hem all around the bottom of the skirt. She has donned a "dressy" apron of fine white lawn with a wide band of hand crocheted thread lace; she has pinned a little cap of lace like that on her waist above her frizzes, and over the snowy apron, gathered into its band and strings about her middle, she has tied a second apron of checked gingham—this for protection, the other for fashion.

The Old-Time Menu

One observes all this as Mother pauses for a minute or two in her nervous

darting about the kitchen to scan again the menu pinned inside the open cupboard door. She found it in her November issue of Harper's Bazaar that winter of 1890, and it reads like this:

- Raw Oysters
- Giblet Soup
- Bolled Fish, Caper Sauce
- Roast Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing
- Cranberry Sauce
- Olives Celery Salted Almonds
- Salmi of Duck
- Grape Jelly
- Sweet Potato Patties
- Mayonnaise of Chicken
- Browned Turnips and Lima Beans
- Potato Croquets
- Stewed Tomatoes Cauliflower
- Cheese Wafers
- Mince Pie Christmas Plum Pudding
- Orange Sherbert
- Christmas Cake Assorted Cakes

Coffee Fruits Bon Bons
Nuts Creme de Menthe
She counts on her fingers:
Oysters . . . weren't we lucky, Hilda, to get the last of those from Bradley's? Everybody in town must be going to have oysters to-day . . . Celery! Oh yes, Hilda, get that out of the entry and put it in the tall glass dish with the standard and the low boat celery dish . . . Almonds—You salted those so nicely . . . Oh, how's the goose coming? Dear me, I did want to try that new duck recipe that's here, but Grandpa Hutchinson would never forgive the lack of a goose on his Christmas table. That's the English for you, Hilda . . . Too bad we couldn't buy ice-cream in this town. Nobody ever hears of it here in the winter . . . But they love my snow pudding and they'd miss it if I didn't make it . . . Oh, dear, no, none of the big crackers out of the wooden box to-day, my dear. Don't you remember those Long Branch wafers there on the shelf? In the pasteboard boxes . . . yes, those . . . And oh, Hilda, get out the napkins . . . we forgot those . . . twenty of the big square white ones for the big table and ten of the red and white fringed ones for the children . . . Oh, here's Em; she'll help you . . . Hello, there!"

Now Come the Guests!

A bevy of arriving aunts swarm into the kitchen. One is kissed and hugged and pinched, and Mother flutters out of the kitchen and into the sitting room where all the hand-shaking and greetings are going on, with uncles and cousins everywhere all seeming to have arrived at once. The smallest of the cousins cling close to their elders' skirts, and you are shoved towards them and instructed to show them "where to put their things." The men are shooed into the spare room upstairs, crisp with its clean white fluted ruffled counterpane and pillow shams. Mother leads the women and children into her bedroom off the sitting room where the snowy crocheted bedspread soon disappears under the pile of winter wrappings.

While the confusion is on, explanations as to how this one narrowly escaped tipping over in the cutter with the horse so skittish on so cold a morning, offering help in the kitchen, joking and teasing of the youngsters, Mother slips back kitchenwards, doffing her gingham apron as she gives the table in the dining room a last survey.

It has been set since early morning, drawn out to its farthest length, all the extra leaves put between in rounded ends of walnut, and two of the very longest white linen damask cloths brought out to cover it. These join in the centre where a large round white linen embroidered in coloured silks conceals the seaming. So appropriate to the day is the cheery colour of the green holly leaves and red berries of the silk embroidery, and so sweet are the little wreaths of the tumbler dollies that go with it and are set at each place. And my, how handsome is the new Christmas gift vase of cut glass holding the spraying red carnations—a whole two dozen of them—and the smilax wreathing about the base. Every place has its silver—spoons and spoons and spoons, the "set" eked out with the souvenir spoon collection. Every place has its pretty little pat of embossed butter in its little round butter dish. At each end the silver castors shine, their etched glass bottles in the silver frames filled with the condiments—salt, pepper, vinegar and so on. High bowls of lacy "milk" glass on standards hold apples, bananas and a few oranges.

Dinner Is Ready

Mother rushes back into the kitchen and fills the tallest of the glass pitchers from the water pail, baling it up with the floating tin dipper. Back into the dining room she darts, fills the gay array of glasses—amber ones in basket weaves, blue ones of hob nail, ruby ones of thumb print, and the precious new half-dozen of cut glass ones sacred to the back of the sideboard except for such occasions. Pie plates, fruit plates and fruit knives sauce dishes and vegetable dishes, silver dishes of bon bons and bowls of cracked nuts, range themselves thick on the sideboard. Frosted cakes stand on high glass cake dishes, and slices of frosted fruit cake fill silver cake baskets. With the last wild hope that none of "the girls" will have read the dinner menu in Harper's and miss the liquor off the end of it, she helps Hilda put the hot foods on the table, comfortable in the assurance that no respectable household like hers would ever dream of having liquor of any sort within its doors, even on Christmas.

Coffee and Black Cigars

Reserving the coffee to make a delicate, if uncustomary ending to the feast, and compromising again with Mr. Harper by serving it in regulation coffee cups, Mother sighs finally that the end of the meal has come. Then such a scraping of chairs and confusion as follows! You children have broken table ranks some time ago and are fully reacquainted, romping about the tree. Heavy black cigars are lighted and
(Continued on Page Six.)



May the Spirit of the Season reflect itself in all the Happiness, Health and Joy that surround you and yours at Christmas Tide.

E. L. URQUHART
GROCERIES AND MEATS FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
85 Maple Street South Phones 2100—2101



As Christmas draws near, it is only natural that our thoughts turn to those of you who have contributed to our success. We wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Bountiful New Year.

KINGSTON HOTEL
MONTY McLARNEY
Third Avenue Timmins



Northern Ontario Power Company, Limited

Extends to all
Hearty Wishes

for a

Joyous Christmas

and a

Happy and Prosperous
New Year