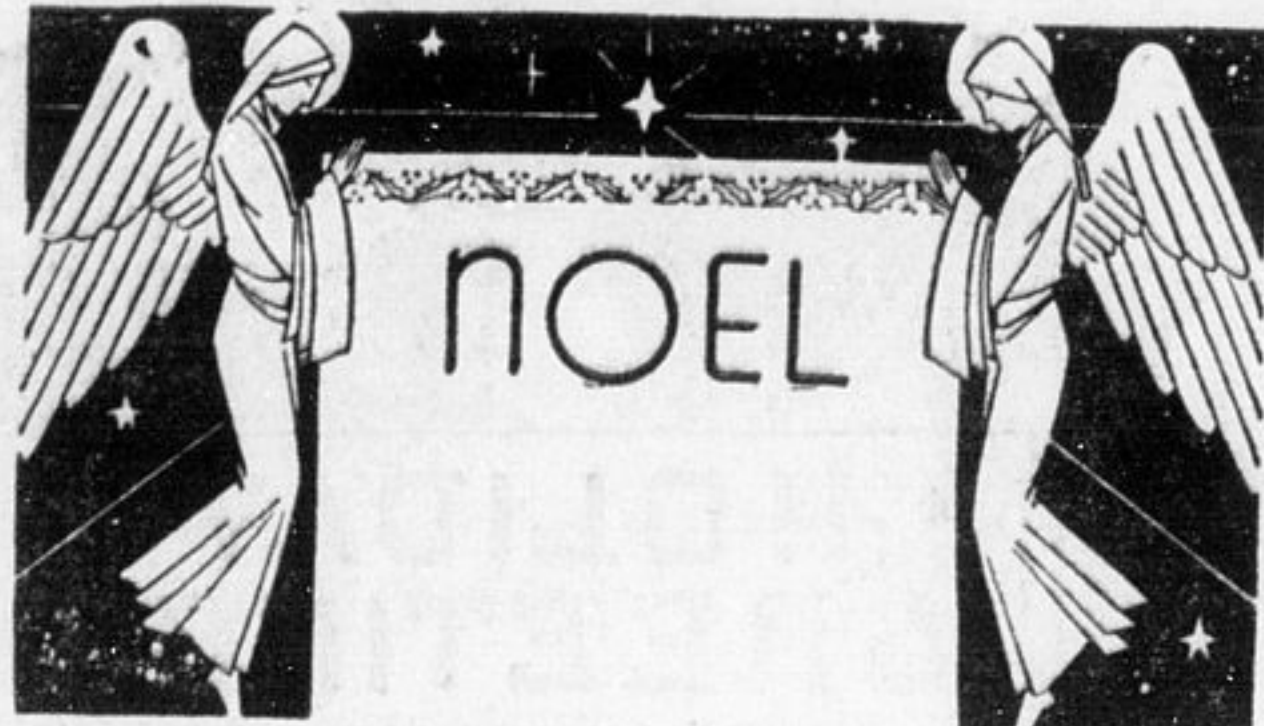




We wish our patrons and friends all the joy and happiness that can be crowded into each Christmas stocking. May the Coming Year bring happiness to you and years.

McDOWELL MOTORS
AUTHORIZED FORD DEALERS

Pork Road and Schumacher Highway Timmins



The management and our entire personnel join in wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We sincerely hope that we may continue to serve you throughout the Coming Year.

OSTROSSER & CO.
MEN'S WEAR

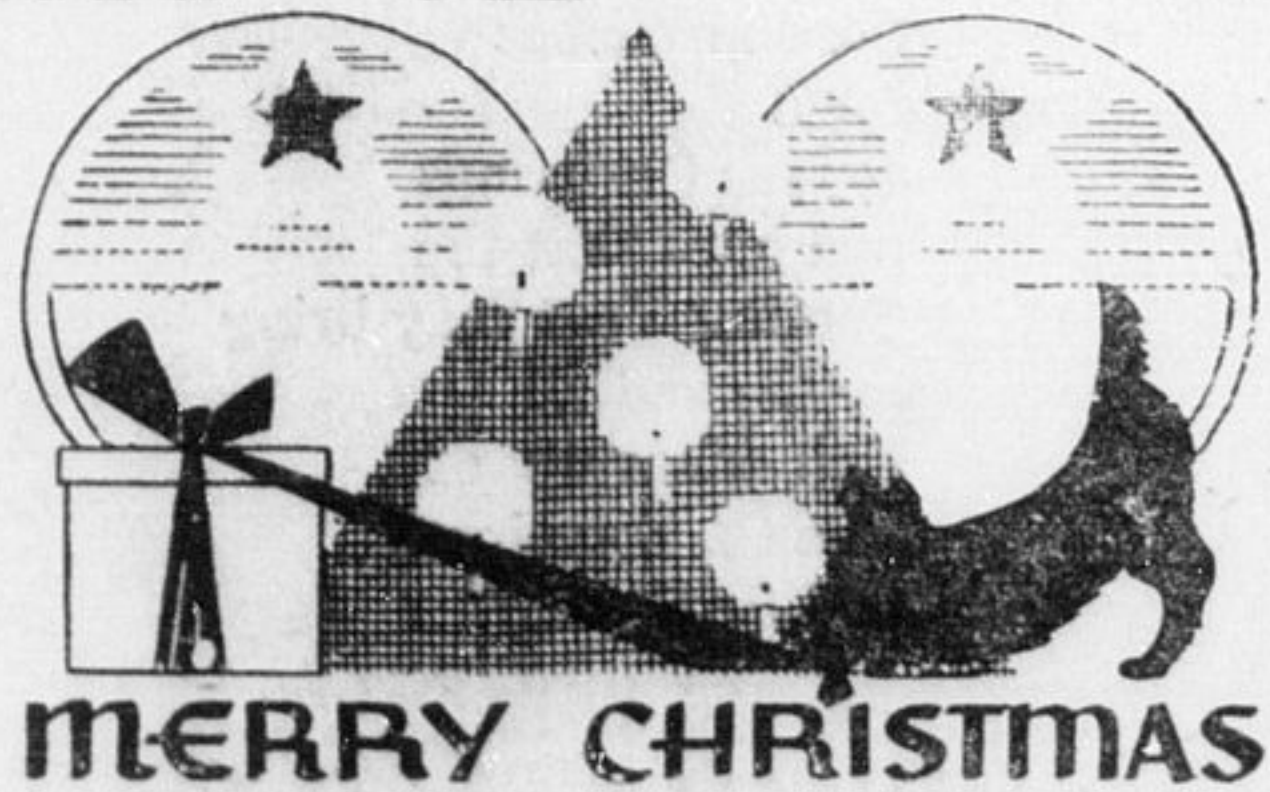
Pine Street North Timmins



We wish for you and yours the very merriest of Merry Christmases. We hope that the Yuletide will bring new pleasures and joys to you all.

THE TIMMINS NEW METHOD LAUNDRY

Cedar Street North Timmins



May the joy and happiness of this Christmas season hover over you throughout the Coming Year. We pledge ourselves now to merit your confidence and loyalty.

STAR TRANSFER

JAMES F. PASSMORE, Proprietor
OUR MOTTO—SERVICE AND SATISFACTION

Spruce Street South Timmins

Wise Man Tells of the Spirit of Christmas

A Story of Mother Goose's Home One Christmastide

(A Fable by L.P.N.)

It was Christmas Night and at Mother Goose's tall red, orange, yellow, pink and green candles glimmered in every corner of her house, so there wasn't a shadowy place large enough to hide a pin. From outside, the house looked like a slice from the night sky, with hundreds of stars twinkling a Christmas greeting to all who passed by. The family were all home, and gathered around the table in the immense hall to feast with their mother. Just as the kettle was on the boil, Polly, who was in the kitchen waiting to make the tea, heard a knock at the door and hastened to open it.

There upon the threshold she saw a poor child, dressed in a long ragged cloak, shivering with cold.

"Oh, please may I come in?" he begged. "I'm so cold and ill. I've had nothing to eat since yesterday."

Polly noted how flushed his face was, and did not dare ask him in, fearing he might be ill of some awful fever. "Wait till, Mother comes!" she told him and ran to tell her mother of the child at the door.

"Oh, deary me!" cried Mother Goose in distress. "I'll go and see. Come with me, Doctor Foster, you will know if his disease is catching."

But when the dear lady saw the child at her door all blue with cold, she never thought of fever, or of danger to herself but hastily drew him into the kitchen, and to a seat before the fire.

Then the doctor felt the child's pulse, looked at his tongue and took his temperature.

"There's nothing the matter but a chill and he's very hungry," the doctor stated. "No cause for alarm at all."

"Tell the others there's nothing to be afraid of," she told Polly, as she held a glass of hot milk to the blue lips. Then she wrapped the boy in warm blankets and leaving him all cosy, rejoined her family.

"We aren't afraid of fever, mother!" they exclaimed when she repeated her message. "We would not want to see one of our own dear little ones turned away if they were cold and hungry."

"Not at Christmas!" she returned, and her eyes filled with tears as she gazed upon her dear family. "No one could be unkind to a child at Christmas."

Then they took their places at the table and the meal went on. After the table was cleared, there was a programme of music, speeches and dances. There was singing of Christmas carols by Tommy Tucker. There were wonderful stories told, of "Christmas in Other Lands," by a Wise Man of Gotham. There was Christmas music by the Fiddlers Three, by Tom, the Piper's Son, and many others.

Then when the tea pot was empty Polly and her mother went to make some more.

"Look, Mother, the Beggar Child!" cried Polly, and they stood amazed at the changed appearance of the boy they had thought was sleeping by their fire. The tattered cloak was cast aside, and the child came to meet them, clad in garments rich and warm.

"I give you my blessing, dear lady," he said. "Your kind heart could not refuse warmth and shelter to the beggar who huddled beneath yonder tattered cloak. You knew not 'twas I, the Spirit of Christmas, who wore that disguise best to test you. From now on my home is with you."

Then the company gathered around the guest, and even Simple Simon felt the joy and wonder of being in such illustrious company.

Softly the Fiddlers Three began to play "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen" and the company all joined in singing, till the oaken rafters rang to the strains of their song. When its echoes had died away the eldest of the Wise Men of Gotham arose to address the guests.

"I wish to make a speech," he announced. "Its title is: 'How to be happy on Christmas Day and every day.' Find someone who is poor, sick and sad, and give them your best of love and kindness. Then when day is done you will find your heart contains a large parcel of happiness, for this is the gift of the Spirit of Christmas."

The Wise Man sat down and Polly passed around refreshments. After singing more carols the party broke up. It was time, too, for the stars were fading when the last guest kissed Mother Goose good-night.

Midnight Mass for Christmas Eve Only

Origin of Christmas Mass Goes Back to the Fifth Century.

(by T. G. Crippen)

Most readers will remember Scott's poetic enumeration of Christmas customs; amongst which he reminds us that

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung, On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung; That only night of all the year Saw the stole priest his chalice rear."

Reference to the Roman or Sarum Missal will confirm this statement, provision being made for three masses on Christmas Day, while on no other festival is a midnight mass permitted. The custom was instituted at Rome in the earlier half of the fifth century. The Pope sang the first mass at midnight, at St. Maria Maggiore; the second at St. Anastasia; and the third at St. Peter's.

There can be little doubt that "Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve only" originated in a belief that the Birth of

our Lord occurred about midnight—a matter about which there is no real evidence one way or the other. The belief had, however, some support in a misapplication of a passage in the Book of Wisdom (ch. XVIII, 14-5): "When peaceful silence enwrapped all things,

And night in her own swiftness was in mid-course,

Thine all-powerful word leaped from heaven out of the royal throne. A stern warrior into the midst of the doomed land."

This, as the context clearly shows, refers to the slaying of the first-born of Egypt; but mediaeval divines applied it to the Incarnation of the Word. Hence a beautiful Latin carol, probably of the fourteenth century, beginning "Quando noctis medium":

"When in silence and in shade Earth at midnight had been laid, Working out the Father's plan, In the Virgin's womb made Man, God His earthly life began."

In Paris, and probably in other French cities, it was usual to proceed direct from the Midnight Mass to a family gathering, where as sumptuous a meal was provided as funds would allow, and where family affairs were discussed, and endeavours made to appease quarrels and put an end to misunderstandings. In Brittany poor old women wait about the church door to take charge of the lanterns which the country folk all carry to light them on their way. After the mass the owners of the lanterns, on reclaiming them, always give substantial aims to the caretakers.

At Madrid people traversed the streets with torches, tambourines, and guitars, and after mass danced in the body of the church. A similar custom existed in the Spanish-American cities. In Sicily the midnight service was often sadly lacking in reverence downright pagan licence intruding and it is said to have been much the same in the Rhineland until Midnight Mass was abolished.

At Rome, at St. Maria Maggiore, certain pieces of wood were preserved, which were said to be part of the actual cradle of our Lord! These it was usual, within the last century, to bring forth in solemn procession early on Christmas Morning, and after high mass to deposit them on the principal altar.

According to Kirchmeyer it was customary in some parts of Germany, after the third mass, to place on the altar an effigy of the Holy Child, duly wrapped in swaddling clothes; around which the boys and girls would dance and sing carols. A variant of this custom was—perhaps still is—observed in the Church of the Holy Nativity at Bethlehem. At the end of the mass the "Bambino" is placed on the altar, and then carried in solemn procession to the crypt; where it is laid on the silver star in the pavement which is supposed to mark the actual place of the Divine Birth. The narrative is read from the Gospel of Luke; and when the reader comes to the words "laid Him in a manger," the effigy is lifted from the floor and placed in a rock-hewn trough which represents the manger, and which many pilgrims believe to be the veritable cradle of the Holy Child. In mediaeval England, after matins, a deacon—or the bishop if he were present—chanted the "Genealogy" in St. Matthew (chap. I), followed by the Te Deum. This custom still survives in some Benedictine churches.

Christmas Week

(By Emma Sophie Stilwell)

A rush, a roar, a gleam, a glow;
A great procession and a show;
A blare, a shout, a rush, a rout;
A threading in, a thridding out;
A snatch of song, a merry word,
To tell a common joy has stirred
The common heart;
That's Christmas week on Chestnut Street.

Rustle of silk and faint perfume,
And brim severe and loddng plume,
And some come late and some come soon

To list the fair soprano's strain,
"Glory and peace . . . Goodwill." Again
The vaulted roof gives back the strain—
That's Christmas week off Chestnut Street.

O list! A moan, a whispered prayer;
Does pity'ng angel linger there?
Or would his pinion get a stain
Even at Christmastide beneath
Not mistletoe and holly wreath,
But cobwebbed roof that glowers o'er
A wretched bed, a cold, bare floor,

A creature hollow-eyed and wan
Who shrinks from dark, who shrinks
from dawn.

Who hears from far the cheerful roar
Of life's strong surge on lifes strong shore?

Ah, in that warm humanity
She has no part; kind Death with free,
Befriending fingers lifts earth's dark.
That's Christmas week near Chestnut Street.

Yet, something in the atmosphere
That tells of joy undamped by fear;
A something dear that loving bides
At temple shrine or dear hearthside;
Something like echo of sweet strain
After the song is done; in vain
The street hum strives to still its tone,
The human hear claims it its own
On, off, or near, this Christmas week,
The gay turmoil of Chestnut Street.

HEIGHT OF CHRISTMAS TREES

The average height of Christmas trees is from 1 to 15 feet or more, the greater number probably being 4 to 5 feet tall.

Carol singing by waifs, strolling street musicians, is an old British custom.



May we have the pleasure to Wish you the Happiest Christmas of all, and may the holidays hold an abundance of joy and merriment for the whole family.

HERMAN'S DRY CLEANING

Cedar Street North Phone 524



As the Wise Men in the past were selected to know the happiness of the first Christmas, so may you be selected to find true joy and peace during this Christmas and the years to come.

BURKE'S I. D. A. DRUG STORES

Phone 7 Phone 423 Phone 870
Pine St. N. Pine & Third Ave. 17 1/2 Wilson Ave.



May your heart be as light as the snowflakes whirling round the roof tops, and as warm and merry as the ruddy glow of the firelight in the hearth.

VOGUE SHOE SHOP

Reed Block Timmins



There are so many ways that we could express our best wishes that we find it hard to do it at all . . . but the best way after all . . . is just an old fashioned—Merry Christmas.

SCHUMACHER HARDWARE AND FURNITURE COMPANY

31 First Avenue Schumacher