



# Season's Greetings

to our many friends and customers!

Thanking you for the confidence you have placed in us during the past, we wish you A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



## Sam Bucovetsky Limited

Timmins Schumacher South Porcupine Kapuskasing Cobalt Rouyn, Que.



A Very Merry Christmas and with it our sincere desire that the Coming Year finds you in the Best of Health. Your continued patronage will be appreciated, as always!

**A. WILSON LANG**  
INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

Gordon Block, Room No. 1

Timmins

May the joy of successful achievement be yours for this Merry Christmas and throughout the many months of the New Year.

**L. HALPERIN**

JEWELLERS AND OPTOMETRISTS

7 Pine Street North

Timmins

We offer Greetings and Good Wishes to all our friends in The Porcupine District. We sincerely hope that there are many pleasant surprises in store for you in 1938.

**KORMAN'S DAIRY**

Wilson Avenue

Phone 859

Timmins



**GOOD CHEER**

AND

**JOY TO ALL**

**ST. CATHARINES WINE CO.**  
OF CANADA LIMITED

25 FOURTH AVE.

TIMMINS

### Christmas Dinner at Child's

(By Wilson MacDonald)

Yesterday the merchant-men  
Slew an army of young trees,  
All for the benedicts  
With the children at their knees;  
But none for the bachelors:  
I am one of these.

Fatter, patter 'round the world,  
From the early dawn  
Children's feet will tramp my heart  
Till this day is gone—  
All last night their diamond eyes  
Through my dreaming shone.

Every whiff of evergreen  
On the scented air  
Tells my heart what might have been  
Had a word been fair:  
Twenty winters old to-night  
Is my soul's despair.

Turkey has a lonely taste,  
On the Christmas Day,  
Without loving hands to baste  
All the loneliness away.  
Was he jesting—he who placed  
On this card a holly spray?

To the waitress: "Bring me, Miss,  
Christmas dinner, table d'hôte."  
But I'd rather order this:  
Two young arms about my throat,  
Little rosebuds in a kiss,  
Fingers tugging at my coat.

Few are here to-night to dine:  
"Thank for that the god of Fate!  
"Merry Christmas" on a sign  
Does not ease this crash of plate  
Or the winter winds that whine  
At the slowly-swinging gate.

Comes a ghostly merchant-man:  
"Here, my lad, 's your evergreen;  
Weight it with the gay things  
From the Might Have Been.  
Even in this hueless place  
It will have a lovely sheen."

I hung it with the broken words  
Of a thoughtless maid,  
I lit a censer of her smiles  
And saw the slim smoke fade  
In fear of that cold crash of glass  
And metal serenade.

I took a rose, that once she wore,  
And a gown of lovely gray,  
And hung them high and for a while  
My heart was very gay;  
And all our unborn children laughed  
About me in their play.

Crash of silver, smash of plate,  
And the vision is no more:  
Long, white tables, cold, sedate,  
And the slowly-swinging door—  
Mock accoutrements of state  
Of a lonely bachelor.

Yet to-night had held for me  
All for which my spirit longs:  
Little children at my knee  
Chanting me their joys and wrongs—  
All were mine had I not given  
To my land a hundred songs.

### Christmas Aboard H.M.S. Albemarle

Local Sailor Gives Amusing Account of One Old-Time Christmas Day.

Timmins, Ont., Dec. 20th, 1937  
To the Editor of  
The Advance, Timmins.

Dear Sir:—An old-time Navy man asked me if I could revive some yarns of days of yore, that is to say, a Christmas yarn.

Well, I can recall one special Christmas pollution on board H.M.S. Albemarle in 1917. We were taken off Dover Patrol and drafted to H.M.S. Albemarle lying off Devonport, to await drafting to Queenston patrol, Ireland.

We happened to arrive for Christmas and we are anchored off-shore. Our leave had been suspended on account of being good boys by overstaying leave ashore.

Preparing for Christmas  
Christmas Eve arrived and a bunch of us innocent sailors put our heads together to enliven matters on board. With a little bribery we were able to procure half a dozen bugles and two

drums. Of course, what we couldn't borrow we swiped for the festive occasion.

"Pills and Things"  
Now the main thing was to rig up a Santa Claus. Two of us were assigned as a delegation to borrow some wadding (cotton wool) from the Sick Bay steward to make whiskers for Santa. A clean-shaven Santa Claus wouldn't do for the Navy. The steward informed us that the only thing he had on hand was No. 9 pills, to which we were welcome. We declined his kind offer. I told him to forward a few to the Kaiser.

Red Whiskers for Santa  
Now, having failed to procure white whiskers for Santa, we dived down to the engine room and swiped some picked oakum. When we returned to our fellow conspirators we tossed up to decide who should be Santa Claus. There were no volunteers. The lot fell to a tall sailor. We got some wire and by threading the oakum on it, we manufactured a red whisker that would have gladdened the heart of Bernard Shaw, when he was a young Irishman.

No Whitewash in the Navy  
One sailor suggested that we use whitewash on the oakum to make the whiskers look proverbially Santa-Clausy, but that motion failed.

Sloppy Weather  
Then we fell in, two deep, with a joyful toot of bugles and a triumphant roll of drums. We stopped outside the galley to cheer up the cooks on middle watch, but as we brightly sang, "Hail, Smiling Morn!" somebody dumped the "Rosy" (slop pail) over us.

In the "Rattle"  
Nothing dismayed, we fell in again and marched to the officers' quarters. But it seems that the din of bugles and drums had advised our coming only too well. As a consequence we had the "Jaunty" and the Corporal of the Gangway waiting for us. We all got shoved into the "Rattle" for the evening. But next morning, Christmas Day, we were released with a "caution" not to exceed our commemoration of Christmas, or we would be picking oakum, instead of wearing it as whiskers for Santa.

Blow the Man Down!  
So, we all returned to our mess, singing—"Heigho, Blow the Man Down!" Some may think the bunch were pickled that night. I hardly think so. Of course, I do not know for sure, because I was there myself. I remember we some of us drank Lord Nelson's health before our bugle parade. On my part I figure that boat must have been rocking.

Well, Mr. Editor! Cherrio!  
This is all, except to say that some of those sailor lads who commemorated Christmas Day, 1917, are fast asleep beneath the wave till the sea gives up its dead. So I figure they deserved that one Christmas Eve jollification. They'll be a long time dead.  
Come! Men of Britain in your strength!  
Come! British women in your beauty!  
Our flag unfurled throughout the world  
Tells us our lads have done their duty!  
So let us shout like this ring out,  
"We, too, will do our duty!"

Yours truly,  
Harry Nichols,  
Service No. 2646, Volunteer Reserve.

### Christmas

(by William Wordsworth)

The minstrels played their Christmas tune

To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;

While smitten by a lofty moon,

The encircling laurels thick with leaves

Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,

That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze

Had sunk to rest with folded wings;

Keen was the air, but could not freeze

Nor check the music of the strings;

So stout and hardy were the band

That scraped the cords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened?—till was paid

Respect to every inmate's claim,

The greeting given, the music played

In honour of each household name,

Duly pronounced with lusty call,

A merry Christmas wished to all.

The oldest name for Christmas is

"The Feast of Lights" in remembrance

of the lighted heavens in which the

angels appeared on the first Christmas

Day



To our ever-widening circle of friends we are especially grateful this year. We wish to extend to you Christmas Greetings and Good Will and may Good Health and Prosperity be yours in the Coming Year.

**GOLDFIELDS DRUG STORE**

30 Third Avenue

Timmins

We thank you for your patronage during the past year, and wish for you and yours a full measure of the Season's choicest delights.

**TIMMINS FURNITURE EXCHANGE**

40 Third Avenue

Phone 1548



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.

**DEVLIN'S FINE FURS**

Fourth Ave and Cedar St.

Mrs. E. Durocher, prop.



May you find among your presents on Christmas morning the priceless gifts of Health, Happiness and Contentment. We take this opportunity to thank our friends and customers for a Prosperous Year.

**WINDSOR HOTEL**

Cedar Street South

Phone 429