



GREETINGS

To all our many friends—young and old alike—we wish the Season's Greetings with the hope that our friendships increase throughout the Coming Year.

FRANK FELDMAN

110 Pine Street South

Timmins



Christmas Greetings

The management and our entire staff 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.

LADY LAURIER HOTEL

NOW UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Cedar Street and Second Avenue

Timmins



To you we send a Cheery Holiday Greeting and express the hope that our paths will meet often in 1939.

HI-WAY SERVICE STATION

Schumacher Road

Phone 880



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.

RIVERSIDE PAVILION

Walter Wilson, Proprietor

The Little Grey Lamb

(By Archibald Sullivan)

Out on the endless purple hills,
Deep in the clasp of somber night,
The shepherds guarded their weary ones—
Guarded their flocks of snowy white
That like a snowdrift in silence lay,
Save one little lamb with its fleece of gray.

Out on the hillside all alone,
Gazing afar with sleepless eyes,
The little gray lamb prayed soft and low.

Its weary face to the starry skies;
"O moon of the heavens, so fair, so bright,
Give me — O, give me — a fleece of white."

No answer came from the dome of blue,
Nor comfort lurked in the cypress trees;
But faint came a whisper borne along
On the scented wings of the passing breeze,
"Little gray lamb, that prays this night,
I cannot give thee a fleece of white."

Then the little gray lamb of the sleepless eyes
Prayed to the clouds for a coat of snow.

Asked of the roses, besought the woods,
But each gave answer, soft and low
"Little gray lamb that prays this night,
We cannot give thee a fleece of white."

Like a gem unlocked from a casket dark,

Like an ocean pearl from its bed of blue,

Came softly stealing the clouds between

A wonderful star, which brighter grew

Until it flamed like the sun of day
Over the place where Jesus lay.

Ere hushed were the angels' notes of praise,
The joyful shepherds had quickly sped
Past rocks and shadow, adown the hill,
To kneel at the Saviour's lowly bed;
While, like the spirits of phantom night,
Followed their flocks—their flocks of white.

And patiently, longingly, out of the night,

Apart from the others—far apart,
Came limping and sorrowful — all alone—

The little gray lamb of the weary heart,
Murmuring: "I must hide far away;
I am not worthy—my fleece is gray."

And the Christ Child looked upon

humbled pride,
At kings bent low on the earthen floor,
But gazed beyond at the saddened heart
Of the little gray lamb at the open door.

And he called it up to His manger low.

And laid his hand on its wrinkled face,

While Kings drew golden robes aside
To give the weary one a place.

And the fleece of the little gray lamb
was blessed.

For lo! it was whiter than all the rest!

In many cathedrals grand and dim,
Whose windows glimmer with pane and lens,

'Mid the odor of incense raised in prayer,
Hallowed about with last amens,

The infant Saviour is pictured fair,
With kneeling Magi, wise and old;

But His baby hand rests—not on the gifts.

The myrrh, the frankincense, the gold,
But on the head, with a heavenly light—

Of the little gray lamb that was changed to white.

The Little Christ

To see You, painted by those mighty men

Whose magic still outlasts the cynic years,

One might suppose You always sad,
a lad

Shadowed by grief and tears.

For rarely do they smile, those haloed Christs,

While Mary has a look of lonely pain;

The shepherds, too, seem sorrowful, as though

Their King were born in vain.

Yes You were young and fair in old Judea,

You knew the sharp delight of wind and sun,

Any boyish games to play and sleep at night

When play and work were done.

Your little world was big with mortal joys;

You loved your mother's oval, olive face,

Her voice, her laugh, the arms that held you close

In passionate embrace.

And how You loved the silly, tumbling lambs,

And John, the eager boy beside You there,

Who helped You find bright blossoms in the spring

To bind in Mary's hair!

—Elizabeth Newport Hepburn.

North Bay Nugget: It doesn't make sense . . . that there are better times to come in which we shall look back at these good old days.

Most Beautiful of the Christmas Hymns

The Story of the Writing of "Silent Night."

(From Leanington Post and News)

Because an organ broke down, and a blizzard broke out in a little village high up in the Tyrolean Mountains over a century ago, we have today the beautiful Christmas hymn, "Silent Night."

This serene hymn, so tranquil in tone, was written hurriedly when all was not calm and all was not bright. For, inside the tiny church of Arnsdorf, near Salzburg, Franz Gruber was anything but calm when he discovered on the day before Christmas Eve that his organ was broken. And outside, the weather was anything but bright, with a raging blizzard cutting off all chances of getting repairs from the neighbouring village and all his hopes of playing the elaborate Christmas music he had practiced for so long a time. Desperately the organist rushed to Joseph Mohr, the assistant priest, and begged him to write something so simple that it could be sung without even one rehearsal. That evening Father Mohr, returning late from administering the last rites to a dying woman, paused in the snowy heights overlooking the town and fell to musing. The blizzard was ended. Only a faint light glimmered from the dark outline of the village. Over all was the vast stillness of Nature on a winter evening. It occurred to him suddenly that it must have been much like this upon that holy night in Bethlehem. Tremendously moved, he hurried home and wrote the verses of what we now call Silent Night. Franz Gruber set them to an unpretentious melody that could be played with a few cords on a guitar—and that mid-night the congregation listened to the first playing of Silent Night. The members listened placidly, thinking only that it was a "nice enough little piece," never dreaming that they were listening to one of the greatest Christmas hymns ever to be written. Nor did Franz Gruber himself think it any more than that, when days later he happened to play it again, merely to test out the organ. But the listening repair man from near-by Zillertal was so impressed by its quiet beauty that he asked for a copy of it to take home with him. And so, on the tongues of the famous Zillertal singers and yodelers, Silent Night started its way around the world. (On Christmas Eve in 1936, the origin of Silent Night was re-enacted in part for radio listeners. From Hallein, a village near Salzburg, Austria, the hymn was sung with feeling by Felix Gruber, using his great-grandfather's original guitar). Composed to be sung only once—in an emergency—by a humble village choir, this hymn has lived through the years, to be sung by the most celebrated artists of every land. The beloved voice of the late Madame Schumann-Heink glorified it over the air each Christmas Eve for many years. The radio artistry of "Cavalcade of America" has dramatized its modest birth from coast to coast. The homespun charm of Zona Gale's writing has graced it in her unforgettable short story, "A Great Tree." Very truly did the little old lady of her Friendship Village remark in that story "Ain't it funny how big things work out by homely means . . . by homely means!"

Sanctuary

Now God be praised for Christmas!

For Christmas everywhere!

Midst strain and stress

And weariness

And moaning of despair,

Midst all our woes

The Christ Child Goes—

We Bless Him unaware.

The Bells! The Bells of Christmas!

Their chime is everywhere—

They ring us in

From strife and din

And horrors gaunt and bare,

To joys and ways

Of other days

When life was kind and fair.

—Emma Lorne Duff.

REFUGEES

(For the hundreds of thousands of refugees, Jewish and otherwise, from Czechoslovakia, Germany, Austria and Poland, who stand at our door and knock, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."—Acts 17:26.)

I am the Voice of the voiceless.

Of those whose lips are mute,

Whose homes are ravaged and despoiled

Of a striving lifetime's fruit.

I am the Voice of the outcast,

I seek a friendly door,

Ah, do not say there is no room

Upon Canadian shore.

I am the Voice of the hungry,

Of all who sadly weep

For bread which is now denied them.

"If ye love Me, feed My sheep."

I am the Voice of the Saviour,

Crucified anew.

Has the world forgotten, ceased to care

That Christ was born a Jew?

I am the Voice of the voiceless,

Will no one heed their cry?

Stripped bare of hope and home and love—

We dare not let them die!

CLARA BERNHARDT.



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

VOGUE SHOE SHOP

Reed Block

Timmins

Greetings to YOU!



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.

PORCUPINE CREDIT ASSOCIATION

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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.

SIMMS, HOOKER & DREW

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

13A Pine Street North

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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.

HILL-CLARK-FRANCIS LIMITED

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