



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.

E. L. URQUHART

GROCERIES AND MEATS

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

85 Maple Street South

Phones 2100-2101



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

We take this opportunity to wish every citizen of The Porcupine District the Best for a Happy Christmas and a Very Prosperous New Year.

SHAHEEN'S

Department Store, Ladies' and Children's Wear

19 Pine Street South

Phone 605

Timmins



CHRISTMAS CHEER

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

RINN BROS.

13 Pine Street North

Timmins



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.

A Christmas Legend

(From The Kiwanis Magazine)
Told in many languages, in prose and in poetry, is this old legend of the humble cobbler and his vision.

The legend comes to The Kiwanis Magazine as a suggestion for "A Christmas Sermon for Kiwanians" as clubs in general and individual members in particular spend many hours and days and weeks working for children, underprivileged physically and otherwise. Christmas means much to Kiwanians and still more to the children they serve.

There lived in the city of Marseilles centuries ago an old shoemaker, loved and honored by all of his neighbours, who was affectionately called "Father Martin."

One Christmas Eve, as Father Martin sat alone in his little shop, reading of the visit of the wise men to the Infant Jesus, and of the gifts they brought, he said to himself, "If tomorrow were the first Christmas and if Jesus were to be born in Marseilles, this night, I know what I would give Him!"

He arose and took from a shelf two little shoes of softest, snow-white leather with bright silver buckles.

"I would give Him these, my finest work. How pleased His mother would be! But I'm a foolish old man," he thought, smiling. "The Master has no need of my poor gifts." Replacing the shoes, he blew out the candle and retired to rest. Hardly had he closed his eyes, it seemed, when he heard a voice call his name, "Martin!" Intuitively, he felt aware of the identity of the speaker:

"Martin, you have longed to see me. Tomorrow I shall pass by your window. If you see me and bid me enter, I shall be your guest and sit at your table."

He did not sleep that night for joy. Before it was dawn he rose and swept and tidied up his little shop. Fresh sand he spread upon the floor, and green boughs of fir he wreathed along the rafters. On the table he placed a loaf of white bread, a jar of honey, a pitcher of milk, and over the fire he hung a pot of coffee.

When all was in readiness he took up his vigil at the window. He was sure he would know the Master. From childhood had he not gazed in awe and reverence at His image above the great altar in the cathedral? And as he watched the driving sleet and rain in the cold, deserted street, he thought of the joy that would be his when he should sit down and break bread with his guest.

Presently he saw an old street sweeper pass by, blowing upon his thin, gnarled hands to warm them. "Poor fellow, he must be half frozen," thought Martin. Opening the door he called out to him, "Come in, my friend, and warm them." No further urging was needed, and the man gratefully accepted the invitation.

An hour passed, and Martin next saw a poor, miserably clothed woman, carrying a baby. She paused, wearily, to rest in the shelter of his doorway. Quickly he flung open the door.

"Come in and warm while you rest," he told her. "You are not well?" he asked.

"I am going to the hospital. I hope they will take me in, and my baby," she explained. "My husband is at sea, and I am ill, without a soul."

"Poor child!" cried the old man. "You must eat something while you are getting warm. No? Then let me give a cup of milk to the little one. Ah, what a bright, pretty little fellow he is!" Why, you have put no shoes on him!"

"I have no shoes for him," sighed the mother.

"Then he shall have this lovely pair I finished yesterday."

And Martin took down the soft little snow-white shoes he had looked at the evening before, and slipped them on the child's feet. They fitted perfectly. And shortly the young mother went her way, full of gratitude, and Martin went back to his post at the window.

Hour after hour went by, and many needy souls shared the meager hospitality of the old cobbler, but the expected guest did not appear.

At last, when night had fallen, Father Martin retired to his cot with a heavy heart.

"It was only a dream," he sighed. "I did hope and believe, but He has not come."

Suddenly, so it seemed to his weary eyes, the room was flooded with a glorious light. And to the cobbler's astonished vision there appeared before him, one by one, the poor street sweeper, the sick mother, and her baby, and all the people whom he had aided during the day. All smiled and said:

"Have you not seen me? Did I not sit at your table?"—and vanished!

Then softly out of the silence he heard again the gentle voice, repeating old, familiar words:

"Whosoever shall receive one of these little ones, receiveth me. I was hungry and ye gave me meat; I was a stranger and ye took me in. Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

BETTER AND BETTER CHRISTMAS

"Never was the world so wide for happiness, never so deep for the current of friendliness. Never so many men of good will, never so ardent a desire for peace on earth, never so many things to make Christmas merry. —Woman's Home Companion.

Some Favourite Christmas Hymns

Below are given some of the favourite Christmas hymns, many of them holding their appeal through generations.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light,
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the Holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

SILENT NIGHT

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds pray at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born.

Silent night, night, holy night,
God on high, love's pure light;
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus Lord at Thy birth,
Jesus Lord at Thy birth.

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world! The Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills,
and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.

THE FIRST NOEL

The first Noel the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in
fields, as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their
sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so
deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star,
Shining in the east beyond their far;
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and
night.

This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in the wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold.
"Peace on earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King,"
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hast'ning on,
By Prophets seen of old,
When with the ever circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heav'n and earth shall
own

The Prince of Peace their King,
And the world, send back the song,
Which now the Angels sing.

Be Careful in Regard to Lights on Christmas Trees

Ontario Fire Marshal W. J. Scott issued his annual warning against the use of lighted candles on Christmas trees.

He also cautioned against the use of electric lights which were not approved proof decorations.

Records show that Christmas produces an unusual number of fires, and Mr. Scott also suggests to merchants that their fire precautions should be even more extensive at the season when their stores are particularly crowded.



CHRISTMAS CHEER

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

SLOMA DRY CLEANERS

7 Balsam Street North

Phone 592

Timmins



TO ALL OUR FRIENDS
May this Christmas bring added Pleasures of True Health And Happiness to each and Every One of you. And May the Coming Year be One of Lasting Peace and Goodwill.

MIKE'S GROCERY

MEATS AND GROCERIES

69 Commercial Avenue

Timmins



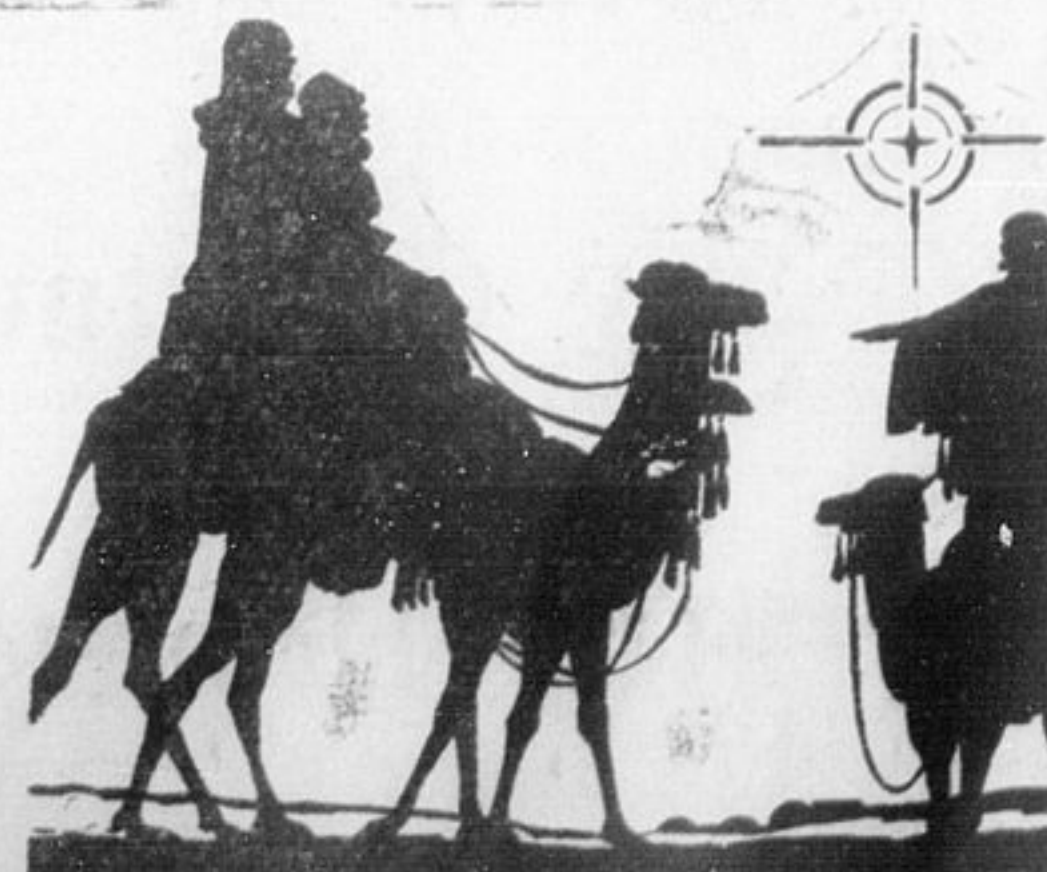
As the Christmas Season draws to its climax we wish to thank you for making this a Very Merry Christmas, and to Wish you complete Happiness for the Season and throughout the New Year.

KORMAN'S DAIRY

68 Wilson Avenue

Phone 850

Timmins



The spirit of Christmas calls us to a better appreciation of old associations and the value of old friendships. May you have a Christmas replete with all the joys of life.

FELDMAN TIMBER CO., LTD.

Schumacher

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