



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.

J. VAN RASSELL

BUILDING CONTRACTOR

10 Commercial Avenue

Phone 583



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.

THE GEORGE TAYLOR HARDWARE LTD.

"A CHAIN OF SERVICE"

Phone 300

Timmins



We've been wishing folks a Merry Christmas for a number of years ... and aren't tired yet! So once again—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

Cedar Street North

Timmins



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

WATT'S BAKERY

95 Wilson Avenue

Timmins

Their Last Christmas

(By Mrs. N. J. N. Sanderson)
Twas a dear December evening,
shadowy and damp and chill;
The snow had frosted the meadows,
the woods were white and still.
A lonely hut on the hillside, 'mong the
mountains bleak and cold.
The firelight danced o'er the rafters of
a kitchen quaint and old.

As sat lovingly two forms bending with
the weights of years and care,
Lingering with soft, warm fingers, 'mid
their locks of silver hair.
"Mother, tomorrow is Christmas—"
(this voice had a husky tone),
"And I know that you'll be lonely, you
and I here all alone.

And tonight I sat here thinking of all
the years that have gone
Since you left the friends of childhood
and came to gladden my home.
And ever in my joy and sorrow we have
stood close side by side;
For such love as ours my darling,
nothing in life can divide.

And as I've sat here and watched you
knitting so silent away,
With your face so calm and patient,
I've felt that I could pray.
For somehow, it seems I wronged you,
wronged you for our children's
sake.

For them, have robbed you of com-
forts—that I have made a mistake.
I remember you that Christmas (sixty-
four since then we've known)
When I took you to the cottage that I
proudly called my own:
You so young; and how I loved you;
to me you've kept growing fair.
Till now your face I imagine, has the
look that angels wear.

Yes, mother, those days were happy,
though mingled with sorrow and
pain.
How we cried when our two first babies
side by side in the grave were lain
And sometimes you thought 'twas lon-
ely as the years flew by apace;
Till alone we had reached life's noon-
day, and none came to take their
place.

But at last in tender pity God heard
your earnest prayer
And sent us Robert and Jennie to
claim our love and care.
How proud we were of our children;
and Robert, a finer lad
Or a nobler one, no mother in all the
country had.

We never thought it a hardship, even
when we mortgaged the farm.
To send him away to college, for we
knew the boy could learn.
And Jennie, she wanted music: we
could hardly see the way.
Love seldom denies its object, so she
learned to sing and play.

But times grew hard and harder, and
we, we were growing old,
And at last our home in the valley
under the hammer was sold;
Our Jennie was rich and petted in the
city where she lived.
But the money was her husband's and
she had nothing to give.

And Robert was working faithful, but
fame and wealth came slow,
Before he reached the summit he'd a
long, long way to go
And here in this hut on the hillside,
that can scarce keep out the cold,
At last we have found a refuge from
the poor-house, now we're old.

Today I saw in the paper but I didn't
read a word,
That a speech in the halls of Congress
had all the nation stirred.
I saw 'twas by our Robert, and I al-
most cursed him there,
For I felt that in his triumph, for us
he'd no thought or care.
And as I thought of both our children,
how they'll spend their Christmas
day,
That I cannot read my Bible; and
mother—I cannot pray."

From her trembling, aged fingers the
knitting had fallen down,
And her hands lay idly folded on the
lap of her homespun gown,
Lifting one, she gently laid it in his,
resting by her side.
And raising her eyes all swimming
with the tears she could not hide.

A smile like the far-off rhythm of a
half-forgotten song
Played over her wrinkled features, and
her voice was clear and strong,
Pressing close the hand beside her,
"No, father, there's no mistake;
Love, in sacrifice you've given, not for
them, but for my sake.

I asked our God for our children. He
gave them with talents rare,
He'll require of me in a measure, what
He trusted to my care;
And father, we've never given what
our Father for us gave,
We love Him though oft we wander,
and forget Christ died to save."

"Let us pray," said the old man softly,
and kneeling together there,
The waiting angel bore to heaven a
broken and contrite prayer:
"Forgive me as I have forgiven; 'neath
the shadow of Thy wing
Take us, O Father in heaven!—we are
tired of wandering!"

The fire grew dim on the hearthstone,
the embers to ashes burned,
The hut was buried in silence; the
shadows to blackness turned—

"Father, 'tis Christmas morning, and
the world is all aglow—
She touched the hand there beside her
—the hand was colder than snow!

God had answered his petition that the
angel bore above:
To His secret place had borne him
'neath the shadow of His love.
"I'm tired," she said, as they bore her
from his, new-made grave away.

"I'll rest me awhile till tomorrow; how
cold it has been today."
But her patient hands they folded, ere
the morrow's sun in the west
Had set, and they laid her beside him.

Foods from Many Far Lands for Christmas

Trade Routes Wind Around the World to Bring Christmas Dinner.

(Montreal Gazette)
Trade routes winding around the world find their terminus on our Christmas dinner table.

Canada raises its own turkeys, most of them coming from the Western plains where prairie housewives tend them. Some are from Chateauguy district farms, but far too few to cope with Montreal's Yuletide appetite.

Cranberries hail from Cape Cod, mostly, though the Maritimes contribute a few of the tons of these consumed in this city on December 25th.

Fresh vegetables? Except for the roots, they are importations, unless the homemaker shops for the semi-frozen varieties available at surprisingly low prices. If she chooses these, she will know that a large part of her Christmas dinner is "made-in-Canada."

According to the manager of a provision shop, the only vegetable Canadians need import during the winter is the sweet potato from the South. He ticked off the list of Canada-grown fresh vegetables and fruits available in the semi-frozen state: Peas from the Gaspe Peninsula, beans, spinach, broccoli, asparagus, corn; Nova Scotia blueberries; Island of Orleans and Niagara strawberries; Niagara peaches and raspberries.

Ask for canned vegetables and fruits, those packed in Canada are unrivalled for flavour and food value. (The writer, visiting British Columbia during past summer, heard complaints that Quebec canned fruits had captured the market here which formerly was held by products from the Okanagan Valley).

So many countries contribute to the Christmas pudding and cake that these confections almost might serve as emblems of the League of Nations. The flour and beef suet, of course, are Canadian; the sugar comes from the West Indies. The raisins and currants are grown in Australia and enter Canada duty-free. Molasses used in Canada comes from Barbados, British West Indies. Ceylon provides cinnamon. Nutmeg is sent from Africa or from Grenada, B.W.I., which also supplies mace. Ginger comes from Jamaica, and shelled almonds from Spain or Italy.

The citron and orange peel, which goes into Christmas cake and pudding, comes, in its "raw" state, from Sicily, according to a local importer. Then what happens? It goes to Lachine—yes, Lachine—and there it is "candied."

Turkey and trimmings, pudding blazing with ignited brandy from France disposed of, on come the nuts and Australia's raisins. England having turned most of her once-famous walnut trees into antique furniture, we go to France, Rumania or China for our walnuts, Brazil nuts, however, still come from Brazil—along with the coffee.

Christmas dinner this year will be eaten on a Sunday. Hard luck, say those who would have had an extra holiday had December 25th been any other day of the week. But they might console themselves with this old verse—and try to put it into current English:

"Lordings, I warn you all before me,
Yet that day that Christ was borne,
Falls on a Sunday;
That winter shall be good par fay."

Christmas is Held Early in the Kingdom of Holland

(From an Exchange)

St. Nicholas paid a visit to good little children of The Netherlands on St. Nicholas' Eve.

With his Negro servant, Black Pete, the saint appeared beside his white horse, as is the custom of every December 5th.

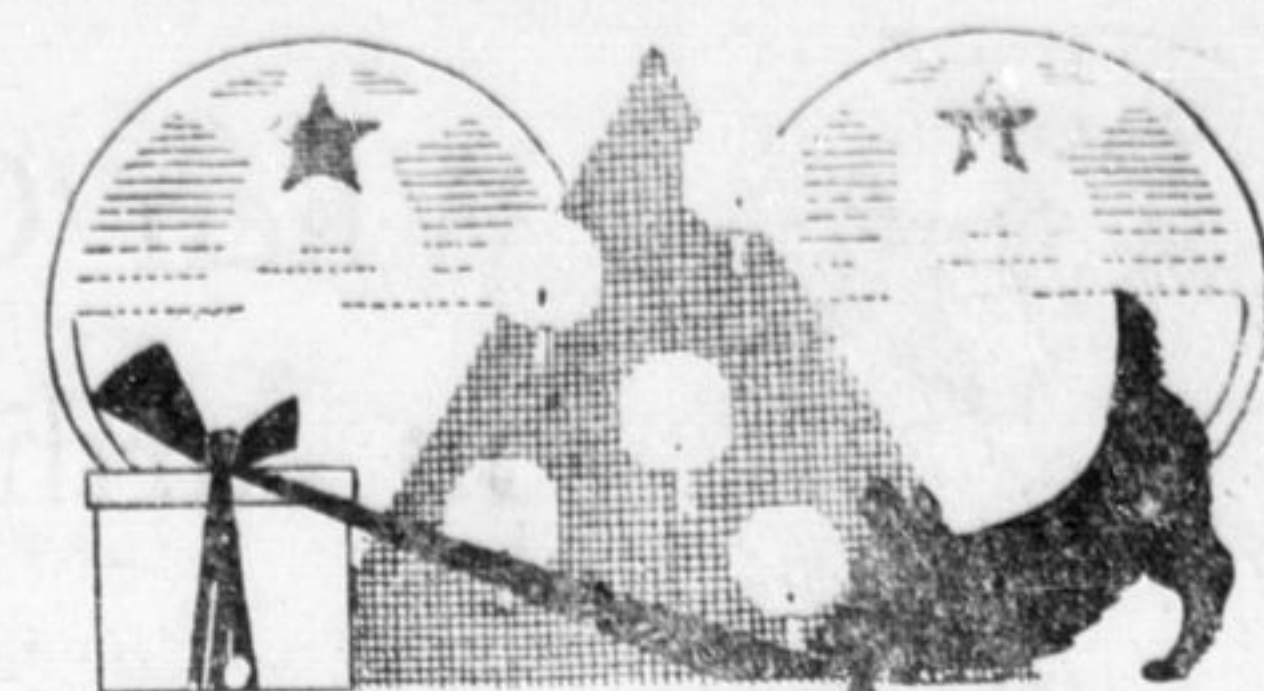
At twilight, all the family are at home.

The doorbell rings, and there are St. Nicholas and Black Pete. The marvelously informed saint questions each child on his behavior, and presents are given to the whole family.

Goes Back to A.D. 345
There follow servings of "Bishop wine" for adults, chocolate milk for children. St. Nicholas songs are sung until late.

This "Early Christmas" goes back to December 6th, the year 345, when the Archbishop of Myra (St. Nicholas) died after being imprisoned by Diocletian and freed by Constantine. The prelate's surreptitious bestowal of dowries on three daughters of an impoverished citizen supposedly started the custom of presents on St. Nicholas' Eve—a custom later transferred to Christmas Day in many countries.

One the Hollanders tried to abolish St. Nicholas' Day in favour of Christmas, but St. Nick and Black Pete were easy winners.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

We trust that every material thing you wish this Christmas to bring will be yours, and in addition Health and Success in the New Year.

BEATTY WASHER STORE

33 Third Avenue

Phone 391

Timmins

Season's Greetings



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

MOSE NASH MOTORS

28 Second Avenue

Phone 1401

Timmins



Season's Greetings

When Christmas rolls 'round, and you find yourself away from your loved ones, a phone call can do much to shorten your hours away. The personal expression of cheer and love by telephone is supremely more satisfactory than any other form of communication. Regardless of your position on the globe, a swift connection can "bring you home" again!



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