

When Christmas bells toll their message of "Peace on earth, good will toward men," may their resonant tones convey our greetings to you.

A Very Merry
Christmas

Friedman's
DEPARTMENT STORES LIMITED

And A Happy
New Year

Best Wishes for
a Happy
Christmas.

F. O'HEARN & COMPANY



The good will of the Christmas Season reminds us of your good will throughout the year for which we give you heart-felt thanks. May happiness, prosperity and success attend you in the New Year.

WINDSOR HOTEL

8 Cedar Street South

Timmins



CHRISTMAS TIME!

May it find you surrounded by old friends and true, and may their companionship be as warm as the fire-light coming from the hearth.

BILL'S TAXI

W. and J. ROBINSON, proprietors

Cedar St. N. (just off Third Ave.)

Phone 1800

The Conversion of Scrooge

(From Bowmanville Statesman)

Scrooge thrust a handful of letters into the desk and locked it with precision; then straightened the blotter with its hammered brass corners. He was alone in the office and in a disgruntled mood since his secretary had demanded time off to do a bit of shopping this Christmas Eve. The man of business deplored this wasted expenditure of time. He slipped his finger inside his waistcoat as he struggled into his fur-lined coat.

Yes, it was safe and he brought out to the light the severely plain card with its funeral lettering in black, which acknowledged Scrooge's membership in the S. P. U. C. G. (Society for Prevention of Useless Christmas Giving). Yes, his dues were paid and he had conscientiously perused the literature of the association and, with the "burning of the Yule log" this season, had renewed his pledge not to indulge in the foolish extravagance of squandering money on Christmas presents. There had been no difficulty in keeping this pledge, as in preceding Christmases he had buried himself in business during the day and as a commuter taking the late afternoon train to Islington and his bachelor home.

A Blocked Railroad

But this Christmas Eve as he approached the gate at the Union Station he was greeted with the news that a derailed train had blocked the railroad and no train would leave for Islington till midnight. Scrooge turned back to his office, planning an evening of intensive work; then as he slipped his fingers in his pocket for the office key he discovered his predicament. Stupidly he had left the key on his desk, and his secretary gone, there was no chance of admittance. How was he to gain entrance?

Pondering the problem, Scrooge ambled along the street of his business into the great thoroughfare agleam with red and green and purple lights. Then, suddenly caught in a mad swirl of humanity surging aimlessly, recklessly along the street, he felt himself overpowered.

"What has got the old town?" he demanded, puzzled by the carnival spirit abroad. "Has the world gone mad?" he questioned shortly as a mighty army drove him into a lobby-way for shelter.

Panting for breath, he stared down at the scenery, which doubtless would be his main interest for some hours—or at least until the carnival had spent itself. The scenery presented the picture of a little boy stumbling down the stairs to gaze upon the Christmas tree and its thousand and one mysteries hiding under the evergreen branches, and as Scrooge stared at the picture, being bored with the carnival spirit, he found his eye gradually choosing the mysteries and naming them mentally.

"That queer shaped box will be a drum, I bet, and the funny wriggly sort of package a train of cars," he commented. "Hello, didn't see it at first, but there's a dinky little automobile hiding in the rear. Bet Boy Blue's eyes pop out when he finds that."

A Doll Playing Hide and Seek

Fascinated, his face glued close to the window pane, he puzzled out other packages, other boxes and toys hiding coyly in the shadows. "Go way! Boy Blue's got a sister. Perhaps her name is Becky. There's a doll in that box with the red ribbon, I know. And that's a dandy little doll carriage next door to the little old motor."

Funny that he should have named the little fellow on the threshold of the picture room "Boy Blue," for that was the name they called him when he was only knee-high to a grasshopper. Forgotten was the carnival of the Christmas Eve, the annoyance of jostling crowds. Scrooge had slipped back to a Christmas morning forty years earlier, when he had tumbled down the stairs and had left wee Becky asleep in her bed. Funny, the thrill he had sensed that day, and how relieved he was that there weren't just mittens and stockings and handkerchiefs on that tree, but toys—some so perishable

that they were "useless" before the day was ended. But, oh, the unalloyed joy of that Christmas morning!

A curious sensation had gripped him and he realized that his knees were trembling violently. Stranger still, an impulse was whispering to him. It was overmastering him. The spirit of "Boy Blue" had taken possession of him. He staggered uncertainly toward the door. It opened to permit a woman to enter, and he followed in her wake. He stood a little apart as the woman did her shopping. With a little hesitancy she asked the prices of the wee automobile, the doll's carriage, the train of cars and the doll; then shook her head as she counted over the dimes left in her purse.

"I guess I won't be able to give Buster and Betty anything after all, but really and truly useful gifts," she murmured. "You see there are the two older girls and Grandpa and Grandma, and it has cost a good bit for the tree and all—"

"Please, please won't you let me help?" broke in the hoarse voice of Scrooge. "I came in here purposefully to buy those toys, but blessed if I know what I'd do with them with not a chick nor child out at my bachelor's camp."

Fifteen minutes later the woman and the man, their arms laden with incongruous looking parcels, emerged from the store. The obliging clerk had given them directions where to find books and novelties for the older girls, knick-knacks for the old folk.

"Pray tell, and who might he be to have dropped from the sky for all the world like a fairy-tale Santa Claus?" demanded one of the clerks.

"When I first saw him squinting through the window pane I wanted to call him Scrooge," laughed the other clerk, adding: "See, the card he dropped when he pulled his wad of bills, I offered it to him, but he threw it aside contemptuously, and called it waste paper basket rubbish. See what it says, 'Membership in the S.P.U.C.G.'," she read aloud.

"It looks as though Scrooge had been properly converted," rejoined the other clerk merrily. "He's certainly resigned from useless giving and no mistake."

Putting the Problems Right up to Santa Claus Himself

(By Jocile Webb Pearson)

Patsy liked to take her doll out in the sunny kitchen and watch Ann, the cook, roll out the cookie dough and cut round moons; then put them in a long pan ready for the oven. When they came out all smelly and warm Ann would put some on a paper plate for Patsy to eat. Ann had the nicest dimples when she smiled, and Patsy would smile right back at her and say: "Thank you, Cookie lady."

Sometimes there were brown cookies and fruity ones, too, but the red and green candied ones that Ann made for Christmas were the very best of all. Patsy adored Ann. Through the seven short years of her life she had been her constant companion. Mother was just the lovely lady who was always busy with her clubs and going places, and Daddy was too busy at the office to be bothered much; but there was always Ann.

Patsy liked the nice postman, Tim, who came to see Ann and sometimes they all went to the movies together. Tim could play "pretend" almost as good as Ann. But once she heard him call Ann his best girl, and say: "Some day you're going to cook for me." After that she did not like him so well. Things seemed all wrong, and Santa hadn't answered her letter, and it was only two days till Christmas. She had said: "Please write soon," and that had been days ago. He must help quick, or it would be too late. Several times a day she would go to the mail box and stand on tiptoe to look in for fear her letter had been overlooked.

"Here, Tim," said one of the office clerks, "is another of the kid letters to Santa Claus guess this one's up to you." Printed in a childish scrawl on the envelope, Tim read: "Santa Claus, care of Tim." He drew out the folded paper. It read: "Dear Santa, please bring Tim another best girl cause Ann has to cook for us."

"Your friend, Patsy Reynold." Tim stared, then chuckled: "Santa, old boy, you're up against it this time."



There are no fancy words that express the honest thought more clearly than just—"A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year."

RYAN DIAMOND DRILLING CO.

217 Spruce Street South

Timmins



Well, folks, another year is drawing to a close and once again it's time for Santa's annual trip down from the North Pole. And once again it's time for us to add our voices to the chorus of "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to You all."

BEAVER FUR and LADIES' WEAR

Empire Block

Timmins



It was many years ago that we wished our first "Merry Christmas" To-day, as we did then, we sincerely hope that the Coming Year will mean continued prosperity and happiness for you and yours.

MARK BOWIE, LIMITED

17½ Pine Street North

Timmins