



We take this opportunity to extend Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes to our many friends. May joy and happiness be yours throughout the New Year.

### TIMMINS FLOWER SHOP

R. RICHARDS, Proprietor

Hamilton Block (downstairs) Phone 225 Timmins



It is our hope that you may have a Christmas filled and running over with the good things in life, including good health, happiness and prosperity.

### HERMAN'S DRY CLEANING

OUR MOTTO — SERVICE AND SATISFACTION

Cedar Street North

Phone 524



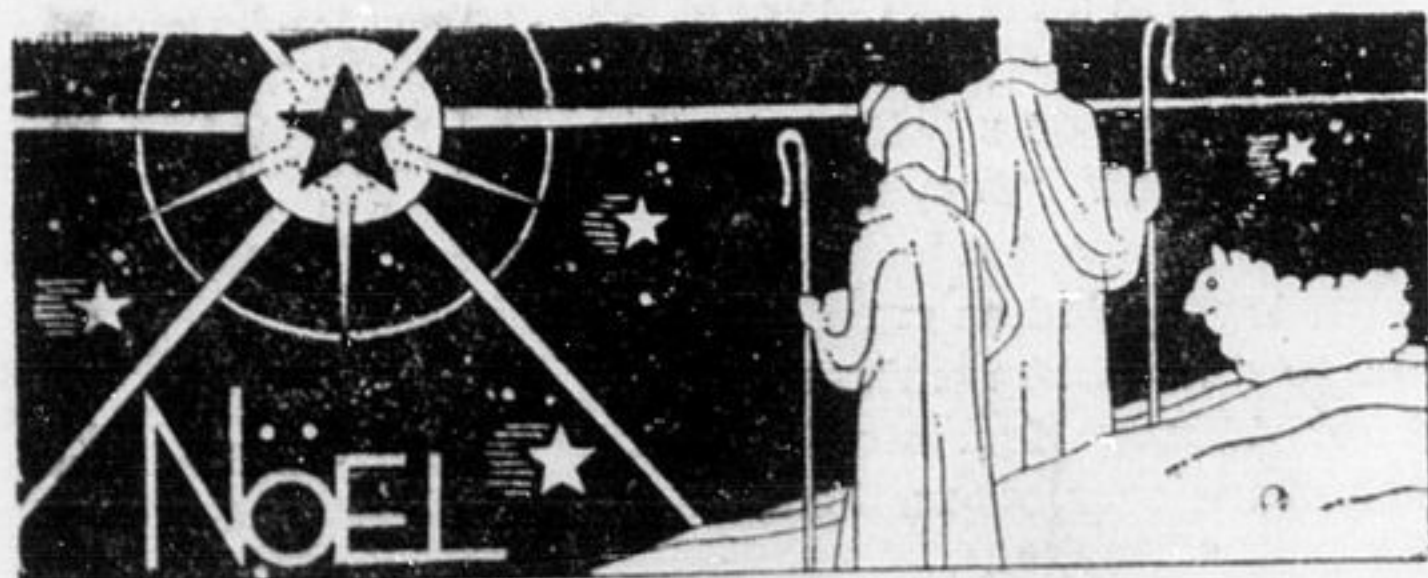
We wish for you and yours the very merriest of Merry Christmases. We hope that the Yuletide will bring new pleasures and joys to you all.

### TIMMINS BOTTLING WORKS

BOTTLERS OF COCO-COLA

63 Birch Street North

Phone 646-J



We wish our patrons and friends all the joy and happiness that can be crowded into each Christmas stocking. May the Coming Year bring happiness to you and yours.

### INDIAN SERVICE STATION

W. BARBER, Proprietor

Schumacher Hy-Way

Phone 645

### Christmas Eve in Martin's Land

"Martin's Land" was a tenement high where the chimneys seemed to touch the sky. Its crowded rooms were dingy and bare and the whole place reeked with fetid air. A grimy, squalid unwholesome slum where the denizens mostly lived on rum.

In the topmost attic of the lot a woman sat by a little cot. Her face looked weary and wan and old.

As she shivered and crouched in the garret cold. 'Twas the old, old story, a ruined life, A drunken husband and hopeless wife.

The guttering candle a faint light shed O'er golden curls in the ruckle bed. The mother turned and faintly smiled As her eyes fell on her slumbering child.

For surely one of the angel band Lay sleeping that night in Martin's Land.

Baby Nellie but two years old With laughing eyes and hair of gold Was loved by all in that human hive Where love was but seldom found alive. Drunken women and men as well, Had a place in their heart for little Nell.

The wearied mother's eyes were wet As she tenderly smoothed the coverlet. For a little stocking hanging there Gripp'd the woman's heart with a numb despair. As she thought of a happier bygone day When Santa Claus might have come that way.

What could she say when Nellie woke? It was even now on midnight's stroke, And Jim had never been home all day. He would come, she thought, in the usual way.

The way that no doubt you'll understand, If you've seen men come home to Martin's Land.

She bitterly thought of the long ago, Of the loving Jim that she used to know. As together they lived on the breezy down Before they came to this cursed town. Just one short year of wedded bliss And then temptation, and sin, and this.

But, hark! a step on the creaky stair, And the woman paused with a frightened air. As with eyes that strove to pierce the gloom, Her husband entered the dingy room.

Jim had come—but, was it Jim? If so, it was strangely unlike him.

"Lass," he said, "don't shrink away, I've had a stroke o' luck to-day. I've got a job and joined T.T. It's better days for you and me And for the little 'un as well I've brought home toys for baby Nell."

"Oh, Jim," she cried, "can it be true! Oh, how I longed and prayed that you Would just come to yourself again, And end this misery and pain." Then, as he softly stroked her head: "It's true, my lass, please God," Jim said.

For long they sat and talked and planned. Sat as they used to, hand in hand. Then as they filled Nell's stocking up Their happiness surely brimmed the cup. And the Christmas bells pealed an anthem grand That echoed even in Martin's Land.

### It Was a "Real" Christmas

My child came running in with troubled eyes, And stood beside me as I made mince pies.

My mind was full of plans for Christmas week And I was rushed—I didn't even speak! "Why don't we ever have a real Christmas now?"

She asked, with puzzled voice and wrinkled brow.

"My teacher says that Christmas is the night

That Jesus came to earth, and it was bright

With angels singing, and the Shepherds came—

Mother, I wish that we could do the same!

We'd take Him gifts the way the Wise Men did."

I looked into her eyes and prayed, "Forbid

It, Lord, that I should ever change her thought.

Of keeping Christmas as we people ought."

My pies were made, soiled dishes neatly piled,

And in my arms, held close, my little child.

Such happy plans I whispered in her ear!

"We'll make a real Christmas here this year.

On Christmas Eve we, and your play-mates ten,

Will play that Baby Christ has come again;

I'll take my little harp and in the street

We'll sing all the old carols, clear and sweet.

Then we'll take gifts and—to the

Foundling Home Over the starry hills pretend to roam. The babes shall be Christ, the Holy Child; The nurses shall be Mother Mary mild; We can be Shepherds and the Wise Men too, Doing the lovely things that they would do."

My child's enraptured eyes were clear and bright, Knowing she'd find the Christmas Babe aright.

—Evelyn Shaver. Kempville, Ont., Dec., 1938.

### Christmas Comes Again

(By Alice Wise) Once again we welcome in the happy Christmas time, Hopefully we listen to the joy-bells' merry chime;

How their happy clamour seems to banish grief and pain. Chiming, "Joy be with you, for old Christmas comes again."

Once again we gather round the yule-log's cheery blaze, Happily on all the faces dear to us we gaze;

As the sparks fly upward, we can hear the bells' refrain: "Love and Peace be with you, for old Christmas comes again."

Whistling winds and snow-wreaths cannot reach the ingleside, Home, sweet home, is sweeter now, where love and joy abide; From each happy homestead, as the bells sing their refrain, Send forth Peace and Goodwill, for old Christmas comes again.

### A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Lord, give our hearts their youths at Christmastide;

Let us believe, as did the three who went

To lay their gifts, their honour, and their pride

Before a Child. We who have richly spent,

The coin of years need now replenished store

Of simple faith and hearts that seek the light.

We, too, would stand beside an open door,

To see the glow that circled earth's deep night.

Lord, help us find again the long-lost way.

That led to wonder: in the welcome glow

From friendly windows, something of the gay

Comradely spirit that we used to know. The Star shines on for those with eyes to see;

A finite gleam toward all infinity.

—Eleanor Alleta Chaffee.



To Old Friends and New Friends—to everybody—Best Wishes for a Right Merry Christmas and a Glad New Year.

### A. WILSON LANG

INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

Gordon Block, Room 1

Timmins



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.

### TISDALE HOTEL

NICK PECANIC, Manager

51 First Avenue

Schumacher



## Seasons Greetings

The management and entire staff of Sam Bucovetsky Limited extend to you sincere greetings of the Christmas Season.

Through the hard times and the good times we have enjoyed our associations with the customers that patronize us. At this time of the year we are desirous of expressing our appreciation for your loyalty and friendly attitude during the year past—May 1939 bring you the fullest share of prosperity, health and happiness.

## SAM BUCOVETSKY LIMITED