



There are many elaborate ways in which we might express our wishes for a good Christmas and a Happy New Year, but we prefer the old fashioned "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

The Management
And Staff of

THE GEORGE
TAYLOR HARDWARE
LIMITED

12 Third Avenue Timmins Phone 300



The Officers and Personnel
of
Northern Ontario Power
Company Limited

Extend
Heartiest Christmas
and
New Year's Greetings

to all their Customers and
Friends in the
Porcupine District

-:- **Two, Plus Two Baby Dolls** -:-

This charming little Christmas story is by Mary Harper, South Porcupine. It appeared in "Tisdale Talent," the school newspaper printed, edited and published by the pupils of the South Porcupine Public School:—

Two, Plus Two Baby Dolls
(By Mary Harper)

In the city of Paris and in a rich mansion, sat two girls and a gentleman. Yvonne and Marie were discussing the topic of Christmas presents with Uncle John.

"And so Uncle we would like a life size doll, one for each of us, and mind, life size."

"Certainly, children, if that is your wish. Come, we will order them now."

And so that is how it happened that a poor and unemployed man bumped into the merry threesome as he entered the store. Paul Riviere was looking for work. Here he hoped to secure a position as delivery man.

He was a widower, and father of two children, twins, Jean and Joan. He must have work or they would starve. He had hunted for work for weeks now and had been turned away from any hope he had had.

"Ah, at last—a chance?—Yes?—at five francs an hour?—for to-day. Certainly, with pleasure—and I must start now?—My first parcel is a toy train to 299?—and hurry? Ah work! Work! blessed work! Now my children will not starve!"

"Eleven o'clock at last. Now I may rest and return to seek work to-morrow. But I must return for one more parcel. Ah! to the "Mansion of Pierre Benic."

"And I must return for one more parcel and it is the last. Fifteen hours with no stop—no food—no rest! From one end of Paris to the other. Oh for even a bench to rest my limbs on. Ah! the last to my miserable home it leads. I must rest there—rest. The first street the second street—the third street—my house—a knock—enter—"

"Oh, father, we knew you would bring us a present."

(The Ohs and Ahs)

The voices of Jean and Joan—the sound of tearing paper—the Ohs and Ahs of delight—the hugs and kisses—then—the blessed sleep.

Worry predominated in the LaMarr household. Uncle John spoke in whispers to Aunt Marie. Conferences held in the library. Phone calls were made. Frowns appeared—but still the baby dolls came not.

Yet?—the door—no not the messenger—but—

"May I speak to M. LaMarr?"

"I am he. What do you want of me?"

"Could I possibly speak to you alone, sir?"

"Why, certainly, this way please."

Uncle John closed the door.

"Now what is the trouble?"

"Well sir, you ordered two life like size dolls. I was the delivery man. I was ordered to deliver these dolls but I passed my home on my way, so I stopped to rest. As I entered my children pounced on me, took my parcel, opened it, and came to the conclusion that it was for them. You see, sir, I am a widower. I had not the heart to take the dolls away so I thought it best to come to you (despairingly).

"What is your name?"

"My name is Paul Riviere. I can do secretarial work. I have done none of this, however. I have taken any job I can get though this is usually none. I was sick and this delivery job was my last chance, so I took it. My wife left me and my two children, Jean and Joan. I had no money to provide for them."

"Well I am badly in need of a secretary, and may be able to offer this position to you until better work can be obtained. In the mean time, come bring your children and stay with us."

"But sir, that is intruding on your hospitality and I don't want charity."

"This is not charity. This is a fair offer at one hundred and twenty-five francs a week, working every day including Sunday."

"Yes sir, it is fair, but living in this house with you?"

"Yes my boy, to have you in my employ you must stay here, and that is final."

"All right sir, I shall accept that offer on one condition. As the management does not trust me I shall pay for the two dolls with my first salary."

"Well certainly I suppose that is fair. You must come to-night. James, send a car to 116 Oakville Ave. to pick up Joan and Jean Riviere. Tell them that their father sent for them. Hurry! and send M. LaMarr in."

"Mary, meet my new secretary, Mr. Paul Riviere until better times. He and his two daughters will stay with us to-night and from now on."

-:- **Christmas Carol** -:-

If ye would hear the angels sing
"Peace on earth and mercy mild"
Think of Him who was once a child.
On Christmas Day in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
Rise, and spread your Christmas fare;
'Tis merrier still the more that share,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Rise, and bake your Christmas bread;
Christians, rise! the world is bare,
And blank and dark with want and care,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

If you would hear the angels sing,
Rise and light your Christmas fire;
And see that ye pile the logs still higher,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Rise and light your Christmas fire,
Christians rise! the world is old,
And Time is weary and worn and cold,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

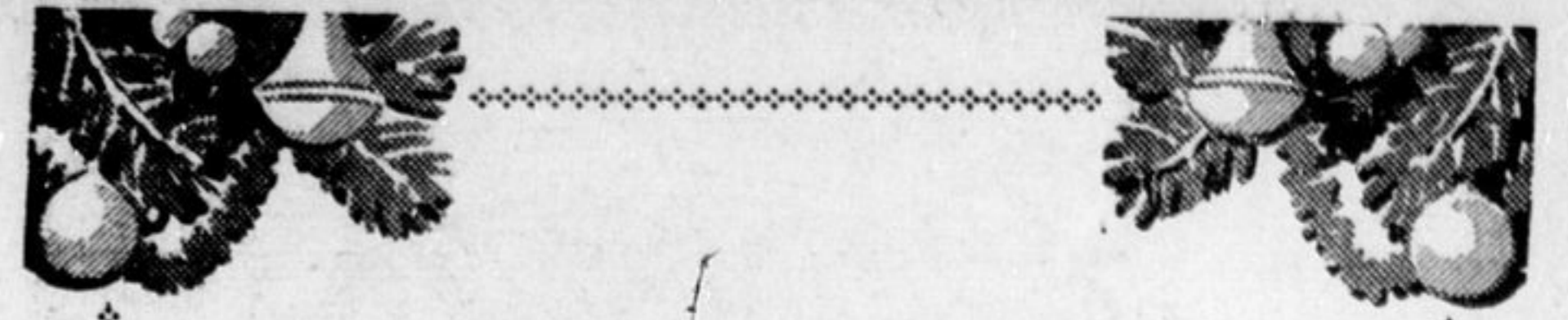
If ye would hear the angels sing,
Christians! see ye let each door
Stand wider than it e'er stood before,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Rise and open wide the door;
Christians, rise; the world is wide,
And many there be that stand outside,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.
(Antwerp, 1539)

-:- **There is Still Hope** -:-

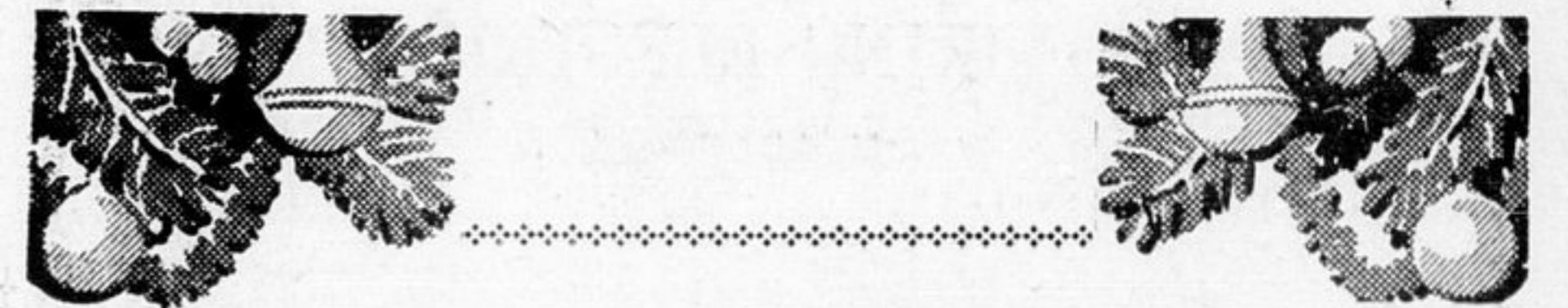
"So long as there are homes to which men turn
At the close of day;
So long as there homes where children are,
Where women stay—
If love and loyalty and faith be found
Across those sills—
A stricken nation can recover from
Its gravest ills.
So long as there are homes where fires burn
And there is bread;
So long as there are homes where lamps are lit
And prayers are said;
Although a people falter through the dark—
And nations grope—
With God Himself back of these little homes—
There is High Hope.

—Anon.



Season's
Greetings

Sam Bucovetsky
LIMITED



A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

It is our sincere wish that your holiday be at your service, and holiday rates the most friends. But if loved ones be far away, bring them into the circle by telephone. When a telephone is at hand there is no such thing as distance. Our facilities are always at your service, and holiday rates are most reasonable.



Northern Telephone
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