



To Wish One and All in
the Porcupine

**A Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year**
and may the New Year
be the best year yet.

Canadian Industries Limited
C-I-L. Building Timmins



For the friendly interest and co-operation shown by the general public in the work of the Timmins Fire Department sincere thanks and appreciation are expressed, and

**The Fire Chief and Members of the
Timmins Fire Department**

Wish for One and All a Very Merry Christmas
and a Very Glad New Year.



Sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year for all, and
may the New Year usher in Victory and
an era of Peace, Prosperity and Happi-
ness

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Christmas Greetings



We thank our customers and friends
for their consideration and co-opera-
tion during the passing year with its
many difficulties, and to one and all
very sincerely we wish: A Right Merry
Christmas and a Glad New Year that
will usher in Still Better Years.

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GROCERIES—MEATS—FRUITS—VEGETABLES

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were known as Guisards, and the period of their riotous fun was called in France the "Fete des Fous." From this title Scotland derives her "Daft Days". Like the French clergy the Kirk of Scotland had to take steps to curb the lawless element in the observance of Hogmanay, but wisely did not attempt to suppress the holiday itself.

In passing it may be noted that Hogmanay is quite widely celebrated in the Isle of Man. After almost two centuries of give-and-take fighting between Norse and Scots, Man and the Hebrides were finally wrested from Norway for the Scottish Crown. Scots influence has doubtless been at work to make the Manx Hogmanay. There are guisers, first-footing, singing, and of course bottles a-plenty.

Visitors are given a warm welcome in every home at this time; the first one to enter after the stroke of twelve being the "first-foot." In order to bring good hap, health and happiness to the house this first-foot must be of dark complexion and dark of hair. Why so it would be interesting to find out. It is certain there was an original reason for this selection but it seems to be hopelessly lost in the misty past. Maybe the fact that most of the Scottish fairies and other little folk are dark complexioned and dark haired may have something to do with it.

Nowadays the guisers have degenerated into child racketeers. They don't sing songs much now. When the door opens upon them they shout "Hogmanay; please to help the guisers" and demand money. Gone are the days when the children used to stand and sing:

"Rise up, guid wife, an' shake your feathers,
Dinna think that we're a' beggars;
We're the bairns come oot tae play,
Rise up an' gie's oor Hogmanay"

Then, their visits were looked forward to with pleasure and they were admitted to the house as a matter of course. They were real guisers and earned the food and gifts given them by acting and glee-singing.

There is a streak of mysticism in the make-up of most Scotsmen—a mysticism they are at great pains to conceal from the world that after all is mainly concerned with bread and blankets. That mysticism quickens at the approach of midnight on Hogmanay. An eerie sense of standing upon a divide takes possession of one. On the one hand there is the dying year with all its achievements and failures, its dreams and its happenings, its pleasing and its bitter memories. Does the sum of its span indicate peace and happiness or worry and grief? Was it worth the living through? On the other hand there is the coming year with all its hopes for betterment—illusory all too often, but then the wells of hope are never-failing. Some of us can even sense on Hogmanay just what the new year has in store for us, whether it is going to be one of happiness or of stress and disappointment. Yes, Hogmanay means much to the Scot, even if it only be that he stands for a moment to take stock of himself.

On Hogmanay watchers gather together and just before the stroke of twelve the door is flung wide to let in the New Year. Glasses are filled, usually with the wine of the country, everything is in readiness. Outside all is still; all are waiting. Then a clock strikes the first stroke of midnight and all the clocks near and far take up the tale. In pre-war days church bells chimed in and the ubiquitous sirens raised their clamour to high heaven. At once the night is alive; the silence is shattered. Within doors glasses are emptied and filled up again; good wishes, kisses and handclasps circle around.

And then gradually the sounds die down. The bells and sirens soften their clangour and finally cease. Save for the hurrying steps of first-footers the stillness of night settles down anew. Come laughing voices, they pass, fade—then silence. Another year is born. The moment holds much to the Scot. It is the instant of suspension between all that has gone and all that is to come. Illusion? well maybe, but it is very real to us who are of the faith.

Peace settles down over the old streets which have seen so many of these celebrations; and now out of the darkness comes a clear if slightly alcoholic voice troling:

"A guid New Year tae ane an' a'
An' mony may ye see,
An' through the lang, lang years tae come
Happy may ye be."

Yes, it's a guid auld Scottish custom, and it's a gr-r-and institution. —Hamish Duff

Asleep Among His Toys

(Author Unknown)

I found my babe asleep among his toys,
A quarter-hour I'd missed his jocund noise
And wondered what so quieted the lad,
Saying, "He's never still unless he's bad".
But when I tiptoed in—Love's stealthy spy—
A touching picture met my dotting eye:
One hand lay on the engine of his train,
The other grasped a tiny aeroplane:
Upon his face a world-old look of care—
Mankind in miniature lay dreaming there!

I lifted him and hugged him to my breast,
Kissed him, and laid him gently down to rest
Upon a couch. The weary limbs relaxed;
The puckered brow, with wondering overtaxed,
Released its troubled frown; and with a sigh
Of deep relief he slumbered on, while I
With murmured words of choking tenderness,
Smoothed his warm cheek, his hands, his wrinkled dress—
Did all the things we love—mad parents do—
Old, old caresses that are ever new.

Some day the great, kind Father of us all,
Noting we make no answer to His call,
Tiptoeing in to where we've been at play
Through all the hours of our allotted day,
Will find us 'mid our playthings, fast asleep,
Our toys about us in a tumbled heap,
Each weary hand upon a trinket laid—
Some phantom hope born in the marts of trade.
Then, in His arms, the cares our hearts possessed
Will yield their place to sweet and dreamless rest.

Using Christmas to Foretell Weather

Weather prognosticators have found means of forecasting most of the coming year's weather by cocking an eye at the sky during Christmas week. You may not believe them, but here are a few of the varied—and conflicting beliefs about Christmas weather:

If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas day, there will be a good crop the following year.

If ice will bear a man before Christmas, it will not bear a mouse afterward.

Thunder and lightning Christmas week means much snow in the winter.

Wet causes more damage than frost before than after Christmas.

If it snows Christmas night, the hay crop will be good next year. At Christmas meadows green, at Easter covered with frost.

If windy Christmas day, trees will bring much fruit.

Christmas wet gives empty granary and barrel.

A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard.

A warm Christmas, a cold Easter.

A green Christmas, a white Easter.



May you find full Happiness this
Christmas and Still Greater Joy
in the New Year.

TIMMINS BUSINESS COLLEGE

ELLEN M. TERRY—PRINCIPAL

Hamilton Block

Timmins



Best Wishes for
a
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year.

GOLDFIELDS DRY GOODS STORE

5 Pine Street, N., Timmins

Phone 84



May Joy and Health and Happiness be
Yours this Christmastime and May a
Glad New Year bring, Unity, Prosperity
Peace and Happiness to all.

**Schumacher Hardware and Furniture
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31 First Avenue, Schumacher

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In every cheery way,
And New Year bring you happiness
Increasing day by day.

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