

Day Days of

Mary Crane emptied the last tub and stood it against the shed to drain, sighing her thanks that if she must wash clothes on Christmas Day the job was at least over and done with by noon. She had just returned to the kitchen when a knock came at the door. It was her neighbor, Hattie Jamieson, decked out in her finest.

"Aren't you the one," Hattie exclaimed, "washing clothes on Christmas Day!"

Mary conceded it wasn't the best way to pass the day, but added that it must be done.

"I wonder if you'd do me a favor," Hattie asked. "John and Fanny have asked us to come to town for Christmas dinner and the tree tonight. You know, times were a little tough for

Henry and me this year. I took those evening?"

"Why, of course," Mary replied, smiling. "It will make Christmas for me, who was spendin' it alone. What time will they come?"

"Fanny's sending the car for us about five o'clock, and we'll drop them off here on the way."

After Hattie had left, Mary mused that she didn't suppose the Lord thought Fanny's children too good to mingle with these two orphans, but after a moment she realized there was much to be done. By five o'clock she had walked to the store and spent her few pennies on two tiny pair of red mittens, which were now hanging on the little spruce tree Mary had cut in the back yard. And in the kitchen a hot, hearty supper was waiting.

Mary sat in the living room, waiting. "Lucky I did that extra washing today, so I feel justified spending those pennies on the youngsters. Those children must have a Christmas, and maybe—" she sighed—"I shan't have a home another year!"

two little State orphans to board. Now, I don't want to leave them at home alone, and Fanny wouldn't want them to come mingle with her youngsters." She sighed faintly. "Would you let them come stay with you for the night?"

Waiting there in the old rocker, her head dropped slowly, and Mary Crane fell asleep . . .

"One thing I'd like to do before dinner," rich old Andrew Craig said to his wife. "Suppose there's time? You remember Mary Crane had some tough luck a few years back. She borrowed money from the bank on her house and couldn't keep up the payments. Well, the directors decided not to give her any more time.



"All tall and bright and — and beautiful."

"I couldn't help remembering our lean years, Sue, when Mary was our neighbor and worked day and night to pull you through pneumonia. So I just gathered in that debt — it was only a few hundreds — and had some papers made out to Mary. I'd kind of like to take them out to her on Christmas night."

She pulled his head down and kissed him. "It will take just 10 minutes to pack a basket for you to take along," she reckoned swiftly. "If you drive there and back in half an hour, you can do it. Remember, we have guests coming!"

It was snowing when Andrew alighted from the car. A lamp showed him Mary's kitchen through the window, the cheery tree, and the sleeping old lady. He tip-toed in and placed his basket on the table, papers on top. The latching of the door aroused Mary.

Her small guests rushed in a few minutes later to find Mary holding the papers to her heart, her face alight with joy.

"Merry Christmas, Mary," cried the little girl. "There was a man on your steps when we came down the lane. We saw him plain as could be!"

"You're right," said Mary. "Andrew Craig is a man, if ever there was one."

"Not the man in the fur coat," insisted the child. "It was another just behind him. All tall and bright and — and beautiful."

"Well," said Mary. "I'm not surprised. Some folks might say it was shadows and lamplight and snowflakes, but — tapping the papers — 'wherever there's things like this goin' on Christmas night, I'm persuaded He's there!'"

Mistletoe Distinct As Yule Decoration

Mistletoe, that distinctive Christmas green so common in many parts of America, is usually thought of as merely good holiday decoration or as a creator of open season on ladies fair for otherwise bashful swains.

Mistletoe did not always hold this position in our lives. The Druids called it "all-heal," and thought it held many miraculous virtues. The Scandinavians dedicated it to their goddess of love, Friga. Probably this goddess of love is responsible for the custom of kissing under the mistletoe. The power to heal, to protect against sickness, to perform magic deeds—all these and more are the qualities ascribed to this plant in legends, traditions and even in ancient histories and literature.

Mistletoe is a parasite, which in-



ests branches of various trees of both hardwood and conifers, but mainly on hardwoods. One species is found exclusively, however, on conifers.

Among the Celts and others mistletoe which grew from the oak was considered to have peculiar magical virtues not possessed by that from any other trees. Some even considered it so rare as to be only cut with a gold knife.

Another old tradition is that the mistletoe supplied the wood for the holy cross, as previous to that time it was a forest tree but after the crucifixion was condemned to exist only as a dwarf parasite.

Mistletoe was taken over into the Christian tradition in due course and dedicated to the Christ Child. An old rhyme reads:

The mistletoe bough
At our Christmas board
Shall hang to the honor
Of Christ our Lord.

LETTER to Christmas

"Wonderful weather for Christmas!" Timothy Rowan thought as he tramped home through the snow with an armful of mail from the post office.

But he was apprehensive, for in the bundle was a letter from Caroline, his daughter. Why, he kept asking, would Caroline be writing now, the day before Christmas, unless to tell her parents that she wouldn't be home for the holidays?

Noisily he stamped the snow from his overshoes on the back porch, then walked into the kitchen which was savory with the odor of his wife Rachel's Christmas cooking. Then, as Rachel approached the bundle of letters he had placed on the table, Timothy found himself shrinking from the room, fearful of how Rachel would take the news.

No Caroline for Christmas! Why never once in her 24 years had Caroline been away. But, then, she was building her own life in the city, now — new friends, new interests. And spending the holidays with two old parents was probably pretty dull.

But how would Rachel take it? If only someone, anyone, would spend Christmas with them to relieve the loneliness! Well, how about young Tom Wakefield, with whom Caroline had once been in love, a fine young chap who didn't have a home, and who probably would miss Caroline this Christmas as much as he and Rachel would?

A few minutes later Timothy was tramping downtown through the snow again, and into Tom Wakefield's garage.

"Merry Christmas, Tom!" he shouted, walking into the small office.

"Same to you, Mr. Stone!" cried Tom. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, Tom," Timothy began, "you can make a couple of old people pretty happy if you'll come to dinner with us tomorrow. You see—I don't expect Caroline will be coming and, well, it would be nice if you'd join us."

"Gosh, thanks Mr. Stone!" Tom answered. He turned red, then pale.

"I'll be there!"

Back home, Timothy was reprimanded. "Well, Mr. Stone, where have you been, leaving me all alone with this news about Caroline?" Rachel's eyes sparkled.

"I know, darling," Timothy said. "It's too bad she can't be here for Christmas, but I've asked Tom Wakefield to join us. It'll be kind of nice having him, remembering how he and Caroline used to be so close. You know, I think that boy is still in love with her—"



Timothy found himself shrinking from the room.

Mrs. Stone smiled. "Well, we'd better get busy, since company's coming. Fix a fire in the hearth, will you?" And as Timothy went off on his errand, her eyes followed him, smiling.

The Stone household was a busy place Christmas morning. While Timothy tended his stock and poultry, Rachel fixed the turkey, set the table and then went upstairs to dress. And shortly after noon Tom Wakefield arrived, handsome young Tom, and the three of them sat down in the living room before the fire for a short visit before dinner.

Then an automobile horn blared out front, and Timothy ran to the window.

"It's Caroline!" he shouted, beside himself. "Rachel, come quick! She must have come in on the noon train!"

Then she burst into the room, lovely Caroline, laughing merrily, tossing her bags on the floor and running to her parents.

Suddenly she saw Tom, standing white and tense beside the fireplace, and momentarily her mouth fell open with surprise.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried. "You here, too? This makes it perfect!" And she ran to his arms, while Rachel drew her puzzled husband into the kitchen.

"You may be a pretty smart man, Timothy," she explained quietly as she lifted the turkey from the oven, "but we fooled you that time! You just assumed, because Caroline wrote the day before Christmas that she wasn't coming home. What she said in the letter was that she was tired of the city and was coming back to stay."

"Of course," she smiled. "I'll give you credit. Poor Caroline's heart was breaking for Tom, so your inviting him here today makes everything perfect!"

YULETIDE

Sincere Wishes to all for a Merry Christmas and Happiness throughout the New Year.

Sloma Odorless Cleaners

7 Balsam St. N. Phone 552 Timmins

SEASON'S Greetings

May your Christmas be one of joy and contentment. May your New Year overflow with good health.

Welcome House
PHONE 980
7 Spruce St. S. Timmins

To all our friends both old and new . . .

Greetings

Superior Fuels
C. E. Holland Prop.
143 Commercial Ave.
Phone 2120 Timmins

SEASON'S GREETINGS

May the joy and happiness of the Christmas Season be with all our Friends and Benefactors every day of the Year

The Sisters of Providence
St. Mary's Hospital
Timmins, Ontario

Christmas Greetings

We bring to you the warmest of wishes for Christmas

. . . a greeting full of good cheer for the entire New Year.

Blahey's Stores
2 Stores — 1 Service
48 Third Ave. Timmins
Phone 303 - 334
Schumacher
46 First Ave.
Phone 733 - 734

Let it be Christmas in our hearts

Amid children's bubbling laughter, lighted trees spread their boughs over many gifts. Our tables are heavy with good things to eat. And church bells tell their song of joy in peaceful heavens.

It's a good Christmas, a happy Christmas, in Canadian homes again this year.

Let it be Christmas in our hearts, too. Let us be thankful we live in a land of plenty . . . glad we can share our many blessings with peoples in countries less fortunate than ours.

Giving, born of the heart, is the true spirit of Christmas. Giving is the one way to "Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men".

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM