



Rendezvous

Laurette was dining alone in her apartment, while outside the tempo of a New Year's Eve celebration grew in intensity.

It was quiet, sitting there by candlelight, a beautiful moment to reflect back over the 12 months just ending—except that tonight was so crucial! Tonight the vigil would end, the problem would resolve itself. But which way?

It was a strange thing they had done. Just a year ago tonight, while all New York was going mad welcoming the New Year with raucous gale, they had been sitting in this very room—yes, Harry over there in the big arm chair she occupied at this moment. 'Laurette,' he used to call her; not 'Laurette,' the name everyone

else used, but 'Laurette,' the convenient abbreviation he had invented.

"I'm a failure, Laurette," he said. "Five years on the same job with nothing to show save a thinning of hair and an almost empty bank account."

Laurette remembered how she had tried to comfort him, and then the bombshell:

"No, honey," he had said flatly. "It's no use. We can't be married, for I'd merely be fastening a millstone around your neck. I'm leaving—leaving you right now!"

She had cried, protested, and then he had agreed to make a game of it. His parting words, still vivid, were:

"If you'll wait a year, Laurette, dear—a year from tonight. If I've succeeded, if I've made something of myself by then, I'll be back. A year from tonight. If not, well, probably you'll never see me again."

She still remembered the firm set of his shoulders as he walked out the door that night, bound he knew not where.

She remembered the questions their friends had asked. Where was

Harry? Away on a long trip she had replied, at first. Then she had ceased to offer excuses, and of course friends stopped asking questions.

Only once had there been word of him, and then only very indefinite news.

"I saw him getting into a cab on Market street," Bill Collins had told her upon returning from a trip to San Francisco. "At least I think it was Harry. Saw him only an instant, though, and I couldn't be sure!"



Midnight came, and the noise reached a mighty crescendo.

So tonight she was waiting. Only God and she and Harry knew how important was this New Year's Eve. Bill Collins had asked her out for the evening but she said, no, she wasn't feeling well and would stay home. Then he asked if he might drop around to her apartment and she begged off. Bill had given her a puzzled look, but only God and she and Harry knew.

Laurette washed the dinner dishes, brushed her hair and straightened up the living room, because Harry used to enjoy sitting in front of the hearth with his pipe.

At eleven o'clock there was a knock at the door, and Laurette's heart jumped. But it was only the lady next door, pausing long enough to extend the inevitable "Happy New Year!"

"What's happy about it?" Laurette wanted to ask her.

She picked up a book and tried to read, but it was no use. Midnight came, and outside the noise reached a mighty crescendo. At that moment Laurette suddenly realized that Harry had failed her; New Year's Eve was over, and he hadn't kept the rendezvous!

Then the telephone jangled and Laurette leaped to answer.

"San Francisco calling Miss Windsor," said the operator. Then a long silence, while Laurette held her breath. Hadn't Bill thought he'd seen Harry in San Francisco? Finally the operator came back: "I'm sorry, Miss Windsor but our lines have apparently gone out somewhere. I'll have to call you back."

Then Laurette had an idea. "Operator," she asked, was that call addressed just to Miss Windsor? Wasn't there a first name?"

"Why, I guess so," came the reply. "Yes, here it is—to Miss Laurie, L-a-u-r-i-e Windsor. That's you, isn't it?"

"I'll say it is!" Laurette shouted gleefully. "But only one person in the world ever called me that!"

SCHOOL RECESSES

Need for strict observance of breaks in class routine in school is the subject of a pronouncement from the Department of National Health and Welfare, Ottawa. The health officers point out that recesses should be observed carefully. Class rooms should be given a chance to air, and both teacher and pupil given the benefit of a short spell of freedom from instruction and study.

Miracle Play In Modern Texas Town

Los Pastores, the hybrid Spanish-Indian miracle play introduced to Mexico centuries ago by Spanish monks and presented in San Antonio during the Christmas season, is enacted primarily for its spirituality.

A group of amateur actors go from house to house by invitation and because it is traditional that no one prompted by idle curiosity should witness the performance, only the initiated can find the scene of presentation.

Usually someone's back yard becomes the stage; the doorsteps serve as background for the Nacimiento. Manager scene: various objects are set on the stairs; pieces of crockery, tinsels, pin cushions, patron saints—anything the household considers especially beautiful. In the centre of the lowest step, the Christ Child (a life-sized doll placed on a platter with divers (gaudy candy) is surrounded by plaster shepherds, donkeys, etc.



A tent opposite the Nacimiento gives evidence of representing hell; a bonfire has been built within and live devils emerge therefrom.

The play has no definite time for beginning, but finally, a girl starts to walk back and forth reciting. Overdressed shepherds drone a seemingly endless song. Ermitano, the comic relief, carrying a rosary of spoils, also represents the soul of its earthly journey and is often accompanied by the white-winged Archangel Gabriel.

It is a never-ending performance: seven devils, six in sequined black with animal masks and the fork-tailed Lucifer in brilliant red, are finally vanquished; likewise, a wild Indian is overcome and kisses the Christ Child; the shepherds and all in attendance kiss the Child, solemnly and as slowly as possible.

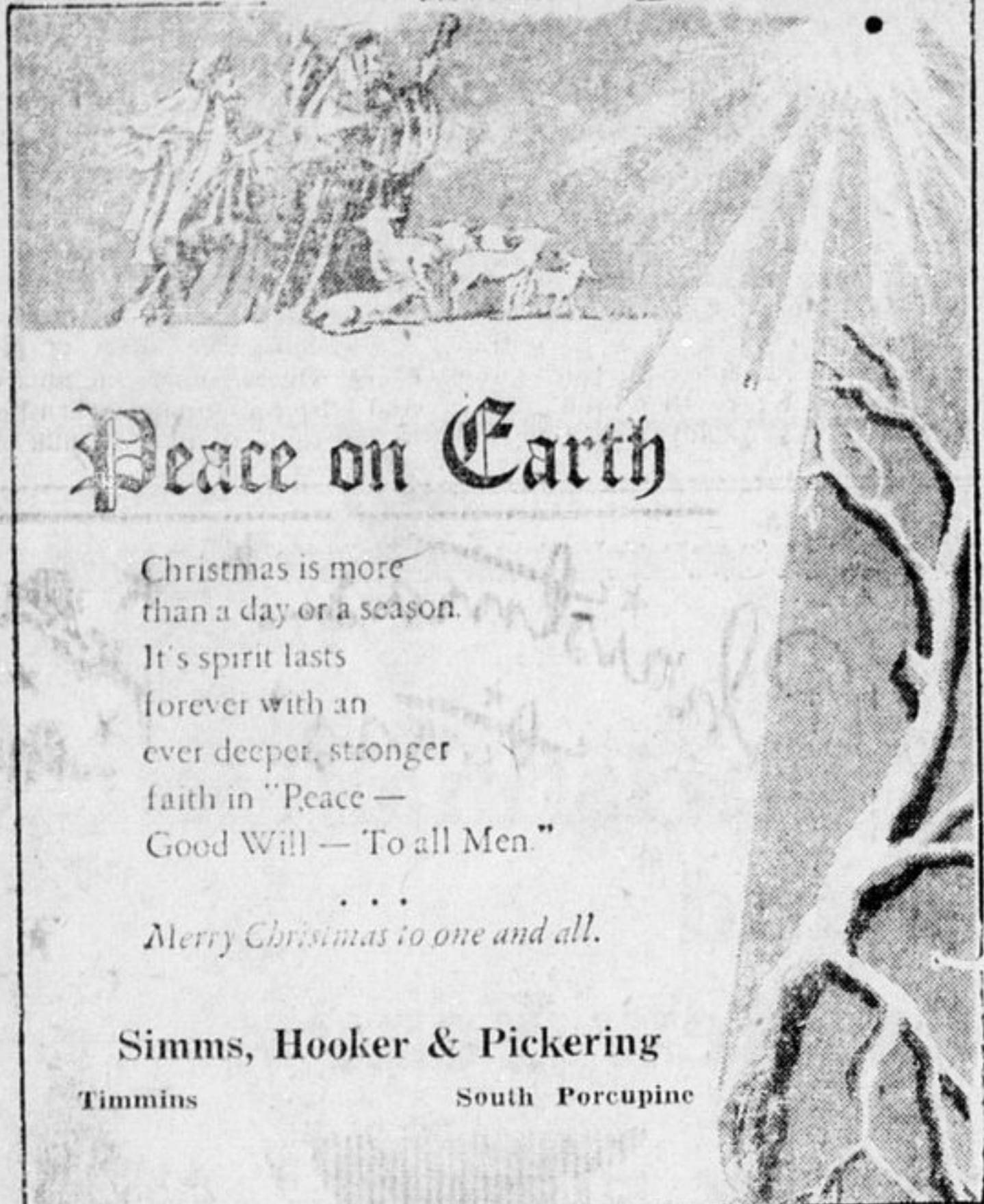


Merry Christmas

Our hearts are filled with song and happiness on this glorious day when He was born. May the coming year be a good one for all.

Rudolph McChesney
Lumber Co. Ltd.

PHONE 584 TIMMINS



Peace on Earth

Christmas is more than a day or a season. Its spirit lasts forever with an ever deeper, stronger faith in "Peace—Good Will—To all Men."

Merry Christmas to one and all.

Simms, Hooker & Pickering
Timmins South Porcupine

Season's Greetings



Canadian Industries Limited
C-1-L Bldg., 259 Algon. Blvd E. Timmins



May Christmas bring you many blessings and much happiness

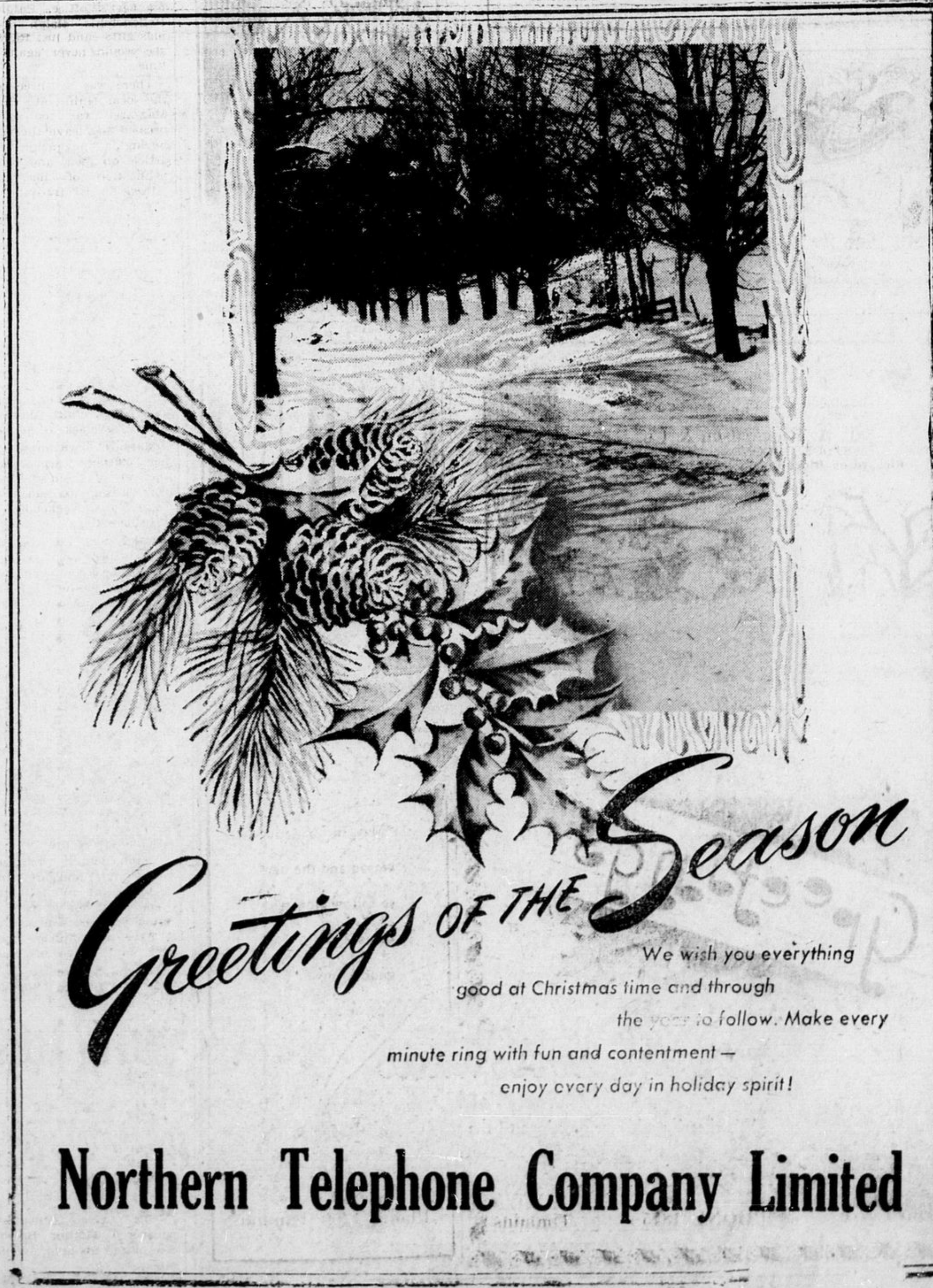
Swift Canadian Company Ltd. WHOLESALE
Schumacher Rd. Timmins



Greetings

May the Good Cheer and Peace of Christmas be with you on this day and always.

Bruce Leek FLOWERS
18 Pine St. N. PHONE 811 Timmins



Season's Greetings OF THE

We wish you everything good at Christmas time and through the year to follow. Make every minute ring with fun and contentment—enjoy every day in holiday spirit!

Northern Telephone Company Limited