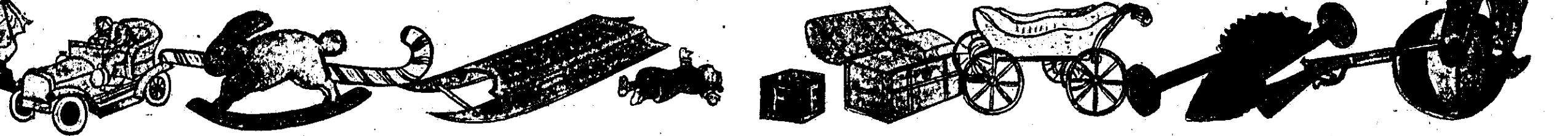
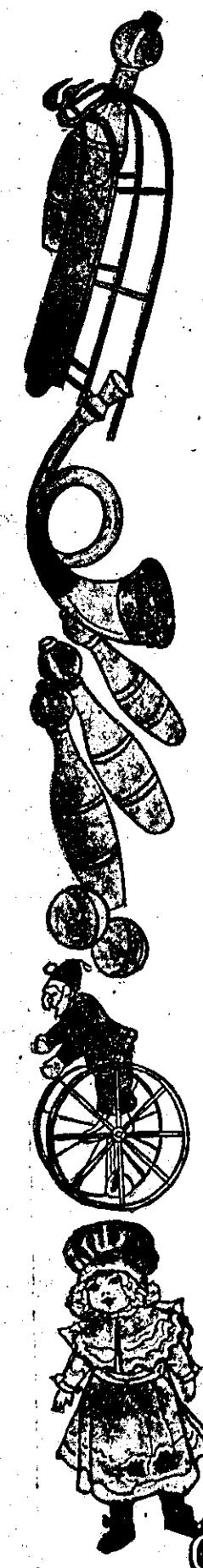


THE CLIO MESSENGER

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1911





Hello! Hello!

What Will You Have For
Christmas?

Groceries and Provisions

Our stock of Groceries and Provisions is complete and up to date in every particular. See us for your table supplies.

Candies, Fruits and Nuts

We have an excellent line of box and bulk Candies for the Christmas trade. Also Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Malaga Grapes and everything in the way of Fruit, Nuts, Filberts, Almonds and Mixed Nuts.

Don't Look Elsewhere for Anything in This Line

Toilet Soaps, Stationery, Purses, etc.

With a full stock of the best obtainable Toilet Soaps to choose from, selection is made easy. We also have Box Stationery in various styles especially for Xmas gifts. Excellent assortment of Coin Purses, Bill Books, and Pocketbooks for both ladies and gents.

A Merry Christmas to all

At this time allow us to extend our thanks to you for your generous patronage in the past and we hope to warrant the same in the future.

With the Compliments of the Festive Season
Wm. G. Goodrich
Groceries Clio, Michigan Provisions

Merry
Christmas

A Box of Cigars

Merry
Christmas

MAKES a very acceptable gift for the man who smokes. Our stock contains the best brands on the market so that your choices in Smoker's supplies can easily be made here.



Fine line of
Box Candies, Pipes and Tobaccos. If you enjoy a
Game of Pool, try our tables

WE TAKE THIS opportunity of thanking you for your past patronage and wish you a Merry Christmas. Don't forget the place.

Jewell's Pool Room, Clio,
Michigan

○ Little Town of Bethlehem

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Words by BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS

Music by W.C. WILLIAMS

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Moderato

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie:—
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath-ered all a - bove,—
3. How si - lent-ly, how si - lent-ly! The wond'rous gift is giv'n!—
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;—

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep, The si - lent stars go by;
While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love;
So God im-parts to hu-man hearts The blessings of His heavn - to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - las - ting light:
O morn-ing stars to - geth - er Pro-claim the ho - ly birth:
No ear may hear his com - ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell;

poco rall.

The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee to - night.
And prais-es sing to God the King And peace to men on earth
Where each soul will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christen - ters in A - men
O come to us, a - bide with 'us, Our Lord E - man - u - el!

Santa Claus Found In the Heart

THREE whole silver dollars apiece!" said Margy to the boy as they sat in the corner of the garret where the nut pigs had been and gazed at their hard earned wealth. "It's like having money instead of nuts fall off the trees. How shall we ever spend it?"

"Spend it?" said the boy with a quizzical air. "Spend it? Why, that's easy! My! I could spend it if all the dollars we picked up and sold were dollars. It takes a heap of money to buy Christmas gifts."

"Uncle Tom said he would take us to the city, so father and mother needn't know a thing," said Margy.

True to his word, Uncle Tom happened in that very evening and said in a careless way to *tut-tut*:

"I'm going to town tomorrow, and if the children would like a trip I'll take them."

So, dressed in their best, with the precious money held tight in their purses, they went to the city with Uncle Tom.

What a day that was! Every shop window seemed full of gifts that would be just right for some one on the list. Two happy children went home that night and sneaked up the back stairs with their bundles. Later they stowed them away in an old chest of drawers in the garret, safe from the eyes of the curious.

And father and mother never made a guess as to all the whispering that went on. Nor did they notice that the children were fairly bulging with secrets. Perhaps they were busy with a few on their own account.

Christmas eve came. The boy said carlessly:

"Mother, why don't you and father hang up your stockings too?"

So four stockings were hung to the cover of the sitting room table—no, five, if you could call the baby's tiny sock a stocking.

When father had fallen asleep over his paper and mother was in the kitchen planning things Margy and the boy stole in with their gifts and poked them into the biggest stockings, and, oh, yes, Margy put a bundle in the boy's stocking, and the boy put one in Margy's, and then they stole out again and were off to bed so's not to have to wait so long for morning.

The boy's eyes popped open at 5 o'clock of the dark morning, and he woke the whole house shouting "Merry Christmas!"

Every one hustled into clothes and swallowed breakfast. Then they went into the sitting room together, and father shouted and danced like a schoolboy when he found a cap and saucer that would hold a pint of coffee, to say nothing of the motto "Love the Giver" in gilt letters and a lavish decoration of rosebuds on its outside.

How mother laughed and kissed both the children when she found in her stocking a great apple that proved to be a pin-cushion and a lovely Japanese blue and green ladies painted on it!

FATHER SHOUTED AND DANCED, too, with red, blue and green ladies painted on it! It is not necessary to tell what the children did and said when the boy found a cocker spaniel puppy tied to his leg of the table and Margy opened a basket and found a sleepy Angora kitten blinking at her.

When every package was untied and the "obs" and "abs" were all used up, when mother had doctored the mantel with her pin-cushion and fan and father had declared that never—no, never—again would he drink coffee out of any common little everyday cup, the boy and Margy sat on the hearth rug fondling their new pets, and the boy said:

"I wouldn't go back to the old kind of Christmas for anything. Then it was just Santa Claus that did everything. Now it's the spirit of Santa Claus in me and you and father and mother and everybody. It's like having a whole family of Santa Clauses." "We'll earn our Christmas money every year after this, won't we, brother?" asked Margy.

And the boy replied, "You bet we will!"

"I'm going to begin to save and think of ways of earning money right off," declared Margy.

"Same here," responded the boy.

SANTA CLAUS AS OTHER TONGUES PRONOUNCE IT

Germany—St. Nicholas, Kris Kringle.
Holland—Sunder Klaas, Sint Nicolaas, Sinter Klaas.
Switzerland—Samiklaus.
Belgium—Sonne Klaas.
Norway—Zemmlaklaus.
Alsace-Lorraine—Knecht Duprech.
France—Le bon papa, le bon de Noel.
Austria—Niklo or Niglo.
Russia—Elka (or tree).
Italy—Babbino.
Poland—Glyzakla (little star).
Scandinavia—Kristine.
Bohemia—Jericek.
Denmark—Julienissen.
Ireland—Niamh Nicklaus.

ANCIENT DOLLS' HOUSES.

Those of Earlier Centuries Marvels of Completeness.

The history of dolls is particularly interesting at this season. Very beautiful wax dolls were made in France in that period of reckless extravagance, the seventeenth century. No price was too high to pay then for anything that a little great lady might be pleased to own.

A few of the fine old dolls' houses built and furnished in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries still exist and reflect thorough attention to the smallest detail.

All are furnished and equipped with the same completeness, whether it is the linen cupboard, with its piles of napery; the drawing room, with pretty carpets and tiny chime ornaments and pictures, or the nursery, where there is a high fender guard before the fire and a rocking horse for the baby to ride on.

Such details give a human interest to old toys, emphasized by the doll inhabitants which are to be seen in the old houses. The mistress of the house, with stiffly set brocaded skirts, sits in the salon, her work-basket at her side, in which we find reels of cotton and rolls of tape. In the nursery the baby, with lace-edged cap, is in the nurse's arms. The cook is suitably dressed in short cotton skirts and white coat.

CHEERFUL CHRISTMAS COMMENT.

Don't leave it all to Santa Claus.

Don't keep your Christmas spirit bottled.

Girls are bound to drift under the influence of the mistletoe.

The little Christmas green isn't a peavine, but it sees lots of snacks.

This is the time of year when husbands and wives may properly hide much from one another.

Blessed is the person who doesn't keep track of the number of presents she receives.

DOING UP THE PACKAGES.

Vastly Important Detail to Assure Unstinted Appreciation.

To send a package that isn't "Christmasy looking" is bound to detract from the gift. There are stickers of all sizes and shapes, with Santa Claus, holly sprays, red and gold seals, "Merry Christmas" and gayly bedecked trees upon them. These stickers not only make a parcel more attractive, but they are a great help in tying up, especially a bulky parcel like a sofa pillow, which requires several sheets of tissue paper.

Red, bright green or holly baby ribbon is used for doing up most parcels that are not to go through the mail. The adhesive red and green paper ribbon is often substituted for the other kinds, or sometimes the outer wrapping has the pasted ribbon, while the inner tissue paper is tied.

Inside, instead of using a regular calling card, the name of the sender is written on one of the bright Christmas cards that come in packages.

RURAL YULETIDE SPIRIT.

The Mail Carrier Finds a Present at Almost Every Door.

The rural postmen are not less generously remembered at Christmas time than are their city brethren. There is scarcely a farmhouse on his route where the mail carrier does not receive a token. Most of the presents are practical.

Knitted scarfs or mufflers, mittens and slippers are favorites with feminine donors, whereas the gifts of the farmers usually take the form of pumpkins, bushel baskets of potatoes, barrels of apples and turkeys. Many a rural mail carrier receives on Christmas morning enough eatables to stock his larder for weeks to come.

The Christmas Dance.

When grandma danced the minuet some sixty years ago, The stately couple often met beneath the mistletoe.

To waltzes now the customs veer, But Mabel's foxy beat That damsel doth contrive to steer beneath the mistletoe.

The dances change, but not the game, As close observers know, For mortals act about the same Beneath the mistletoe.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Santa Claus And His Flying Machine

IT was the night before Christmas, and it may have been because Marjorie's papa had been reading an article about a man who had a wonderful flying machine that all these strange things happened. Marjorie was sitting in the big easy chair in the corner, where the light from the lamp did not hurt her eyes and where she could listen for any sound of Santa Claus' reindeer on the snow outside when suddenly she felt the chair move. Then it was whirled around and out of the door into the street. Marjorie wondered what had happened, but Annabel, her biggest doll, who was in the chair with her, spoke up and said: "Don't be afraid. We are going to see Santa Claus. He's met with an accident. Didn't you know?"

"Indeed I did not," answered Marjorie.

"Yes," replied Annabel, "I just got a wireless telegram asking me to come up to Castle Christmas. I was one of their favorite guests last year, and they would think it strange if I didn't call to offer sympathy. So, you see, as you were in the chair I just had to take you with me."

After what seemed a long time the chair came to a tall white building that looked as if it might have been built of great blocks of loaf sugar. It stood on top of a snow covered hill. A cunning little brownie in buttons and a red and green uniform like holly opened the door for them.

"Mrs. Santa Claus says for you to please step right upstairs. They're expecting you," said the brownie.

When they reached the second floor a hearty voice called out, "Step right in!" and another voice said: "Now, be calm, Santa! You know, my dear, that you must not excite yourself!"

In the center of the room stood a huge white bed. In the bed lay Santa Claus with candies to his chin. Mrs. Santa was bending over him with a cup and spoon.

"It's his medicine time," she said, nodding to the doll and Marjorie. Santa made a very wry face.

After the medicine was down Mrs. Santa turned to the newcomers and said: "We've been waiting for you. The doctor says Santa must stay in bed for a month. He's sprained his ankle."

"Monkeying with that new flying machine young Chris coaxed me to buy in place of the reindeer," grumbled Santa. "Plague take it, I never had any trouble like this when I depended on Thunder and Blitzen and the rest of my dear old team."

"Well, Marjorie," said Mrs. Santa, "we thought you might be willing to take the gifts around for Mr. Santa this Christmas, seeing that he can't go himself. I don't want to let Chris go up in that horrid—I mean we—um—can't spare Christopher at present. I thought you might enjoy a ride in a flying machine. With a couple of brownies to run down the chimneys with the toys you can manage very well. The brownies do finely with some one to look after them, but they don't do to send out alone."

"Life, I don't like this idea of the flying machine. Why can't Marjorie take out the reindeer? Maybe they are not so fast, but they are quite safe."

"Very well; I'll ring for the reindeer," agreed Mrs. Santa, touching a bell. Buttons came hurrying into the room.

"Harkness the Christmas reindeer to the biggest sleigh and have all the toys put in it. This young lady will take them out for Santa Claus this Christmas."

Buttons looked dismayed. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but it's too late. Young Mr. Christopher, ma'am, had them toys all loaded into the new flying machine and he's just started off with them himself."

Mrs. Santa shirked and faltered. Santa Claus jumped up and yelled, all the little brownies came rushing in and there was such confusion that Marjorie never could remember how she got away, but the next time she knew she was opening her eyes in the big chair in the corner with Annabel clasped to her arm and mother saying:

"Come, dear; it's time to go to bed. Santa Claus will be around pretty soon."

The Season's Greetings



We Carry a full Line of
CIGARS, TOBACCOS and PIPES
The desires of your friends for
any of these can be
gratified here

For an Hour's Quiet Relaxation Step Into
our Pool Parlor

H. W. Patterson
POOL - CIGARS - TOBACCO - CANDIES
Clio, Michigan



Santa has Arrived at Wirth's

And left a full line of

Christmas Gifts

For Men and Boys

Here are a few Suggestions

FANCY NECKWEAR

We have never shown a better line of Neckwear in our store than at the present time. Four-in-hands, bows, tecks and band-tecks.

All neckwear is packed in individual boxes, especially for holiday gifts.

In Christmas boxes, splendid patterns, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

DRESS SHIRTS

We are carrying the shirts that are popular with the gentlemen. The "Monarch" has stood the test of time and has been known for years as a quality garment.

We also have a fine line of 50c shirts. Monarch Dress Shirts, in variety of patterns, all sizes, \$1.50 and \$1.00.

MUFFLERS

In all grades and colors at 25c to \$1.50.

KID GLOVES

Make appropriate and useful gifts at \$1 to \$1.50.

HANDKERCHIEFS

We have an extra good line of Handkerchiefs for the Christmas trade. The quality is above the ordinary standard.

Linen handkerchiefs, full size, each 25c.

Silk handkerchiefs, many and varied patterns, at each 25c and 50c.

Initial handkerchiefs, a beautiful line of goods at 15c to 50c.

FANCY GARTERS

Nothing better than the "Boston." Per pair, 25c.

UMBRELLAS

This question is easily met with the prices \$1 to \$2.50.

HOSIERY

Box of six pairs Sox in assorted colors for \$1 to \$1.50.

MERCHANT
TAILOR

J. F. Wirth
SHOES FOR MEN AND BOYS

GENTS'
FURNISHER

You Must Decide Soon!

You must decide on all gifts within a few days. Better make sure of pleasing the recipients by giving some of the useful items that comprise

Our Sensible Holiday Stock



Gift Perfumes

should be the choicest procurable. Don't make the common mistake of buying cheap perfumes decked out in handsome packages imply to deceive unwary gift seekers. You make sure of choice perfumes if you select from our stock. Our goods are all of standard make and we have the most exquisite odors in dainty fancy packages for Christmas giving. All prices.

Gift Packages of Sweets

We have just received for Holiday Trade a line of the famous Alligretti Chocolates, 10c to 80c a package

Stationery



Good gift to some member of the family. We have high grade stylish papers in beautiful, fancy boxes designed especially for holiday giving. Big stock and variety of prices, 10c to \$1.25.

Chinaware and Cut Glass

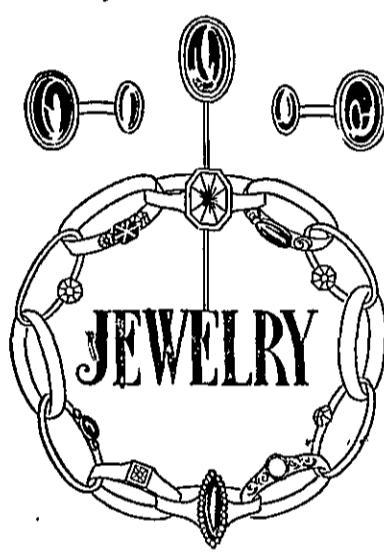
We are certainly proud of the showing of Chinaware and Cut Glass we have for you this year. You will be sure to find something in our stock to please. Prices are always low.

No More Useful Gifts

Books

Of all gifts, books are probably the ones that are most universally given.

For the holidays we increase our book stock and will afford a selection that will make choosing easy.



Magazines

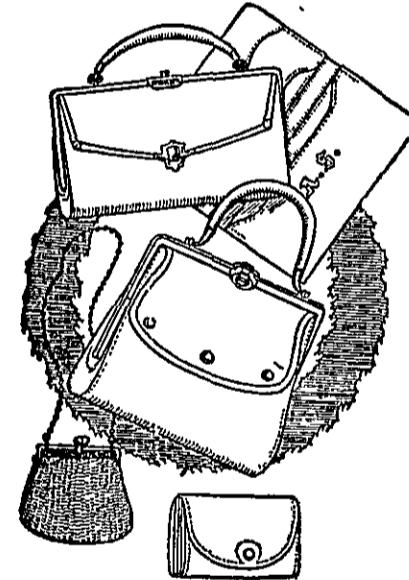
can probably be had for less than you are paying. Let us order for you. By doing so you'll at least save the cost of the money orders. Often we can save you considerable on the cost by clubbing your subscriptions.

We can meet any club offer you ever heard of.

Come in and see what we can do for you.

Ladies Hand Bags

An entirely new stock of this season's goods. Whatever you select here will be right and the latest styles. Our assortment includes bags in all the most desirable leathers — alligator, seal, walrus, etc. These goods are made for service as well as beauty. Several prices from 50c to \$5.00.



Pocket Books

Pocket books are always in demand for gift purposes, and there is no more sensible gift to be chosen. Our stock is very complete. Both ladies' and gentlemen's goods are here in splendid variety. There is probably not a desirable leather used in making pocket books that is not represented in this assortment. Various prices from 50c to \$1.00.

Give a Fountain Pen

This is a suggestion to those who are puzzled over what to give a man. Don't puzzle longer—time is getting short. Come in and see what wide choice our large assortment of Waterman Fountain Pens afford. All prices from \$2.50 to \$5.00.

You can Make no Better Selection

Get Our Prices

See Our Goods

Bodine's Drug Store

Clio, Michigan