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Delicious PIES, CAKES, PASTRY
for that fine Christmas Dinner

WE WILL BE CLOSED ALL DAY
CHRISTMAS DAY

A Merry Christmas

To all our friends and patrons

Farmington Bakery

A. L. ROSS, Proprietor

33415 Grand River Avenue

Phone 75

Holiday Greetings

The continued patronage of the public makes it possible for us, at this time, to look over a happy and prosperous year spent in dealing with you.

It is our earnest desire that our service through the coming year will merit the same patronage that we have enjoyed in 1929.

Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year

Lake Drive Garage

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SINCLAIR
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At this Holiday Season we feel deeply grateful for the consideration you have so kindly extended to us in the past year and take this opportunity of wishing you a very

Merry Christmas

Delos Hamlin

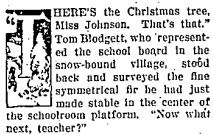
Meat Market

Phone 5

Farmington

The Surprise
Santa Claus

By
Florence Harris Wells



HERE'S the Christmas tree, Miss Johnson. "That's that." Tom Hodge, who represented the school board in the snow-bound village, stood back and surveyed the fine symmetrical fir he had just made stable in the center of the schoolroom platform. "Now what next, teacher?"

Peggy Johnson laughed gayly: "Next, we hang all the Christmas ornaments I've been able to get together in this community, and all the strings of popcorn and cranberries the mothers could spare."

"You're bound to have a Christmas celebration of some kind, aren't you, even if we have been hemmed in here for four straight weeks. In all the years I've been here I've never seen such a steady snowfall," Tom continued. "Not a chance for an auto to make that forty miles to the city, all up grade as it is. The youngsters will get their faith in Santa Claus shaken, I'm afraid, this year. Presents will be mighty scarce."

"Scarce all right," Peggy cheerfully agreed. "But they're going to have as good a Christmas as it is possible for us to give them."

"I'm with you on that," Tom said. "My little folks and all the other kiddies are looking forward to this more than they ever have to any Christmas. The big folks are, too. Fine idea of yours, Miss Johnson. Everybody's keen about it."

As they chatted the tree was fast becoming gay and festive in its Christmas apparel. They had barely finished when the village folks began to straggle in, laden with baskets of food. It was to be a community dinner, followed by carols and games and the distribution of the few presents they had been able to assemble from the town's meager resources.

It was when the games were the very liveliest that the crash came—a crash that jarred the little schoolhouse and brought the merrymaking to an abrupt standstill.

A second, and Tom, followed by others, rushed out; then came the real surprise. In came Tom and with him—Santa Claus in a scarlet Hudson Bay coat, plaid trousers tucked into his heavy boots, and a fur cap pulled down over his ears.

Behind them were the others, their arms filled with bundles of all sizes and descriptions; while dolls and trumperies, drums and all sorts of toys were piled in a great hamper that two of the men brought in between them.

The boys and girls shouted with glee and the older folks looked on in amazement. Tom and Santa Claus walked straight to Miss Johnson. Santa Claus pulled off the great fur cap. Both Santa Claus and Peggy stared.

"Peggy!" he stammered. "Reg!" she stammered back. "Where did you come from?"

Santa Claus found his tongue: "I was headed here—I didn't know you were here. I heard the town was snowbound and I'd thought I'd be Santa Claus. But I thought it was five miles beyond. I figured my big car could get through on the down grade. I hated to think of kiddies having no Christmas. But the car got off the track in the drifts and we came down the side of the hill like a rocket until we hit this school."

"I saw you did," Tom interrupted as he turned away from them.

"I thought I was done for," Reg continued. "Instead I'm made if you say so, Peggy. I've had all over for you since your father lost his money and you ran away from me because you thought it made a difference."

Peggy's eyes glistened as she fought back her tears; then she caught Reg by the hand and dragged him into the group surrounding the gifts.

"Here's Santa Claus already to distribute the presents!"

Santa Claus caught her spirit and held her hand a bit tighter as he gayly added: "And the future Mrs. Santa Claus already to help him. We wish you all a Merry Christmas!"

And the little room, that all the evening had been so filled with good will, just brimmed over with laughter and song and Merry Christmases.

(22, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Christmas Roll Call
Be sure to answer "present" at the Christmas roll call.—Town Topics.

Holly and Mistletoe

Proved to Be Valuable

BETTY looked up into the big wild apple tree, upon which hung immense balls of white-berried mistletoe. And there was holly in abundance just beyond. She could get any or all of it, if she wanted to. She could climb a tree like a squirrel. But what good? She didn't want any of it. It was too common. She would be glad to give all of it for a five-cent present from a store.

She dug her bare, frosted feet among the leaves. Mistletoe and holly were great things, she sniffed, but they were no good. She might walk right under a cartload, and there would be nobody to kiss her but the crows and squirrels. She could hang some up, and it would only dry and have to be taken down and thrown away. Not any good or use.

What was that coming up the mountain path? One of those automobile things away up here? She had never seen one as close as this. At once she became conscious and shy, and half turned to flee off into the woods. But she lingered, for curiosity is stronger than fear even among timid folks and creatures.

The automobile stopped and plugged on, she afterwards expressed it. And then: "Do you know where the Gees live?"

"Done moved away more'n a year ago," answered Betty, a smug in her mouth. "Juke hunt work, an' the family went with him."

"Too bad. There were a number of girls, and we've brought them a lot of presents. O, what lovely men!" rejoicing what was where their heads for the first time. "I do wish we could get some of 'em!"

"I could, easy," volunteered Betty. "Could you, and will you?" eagerly. "I'd like to carry some of these immense hunches home. They're the finest I've ever seen. Look out! Don't fall!" for Betty was scrambling swiftly up the tree.

Going up, she pulled some long, strong string from her pocket, kept there for snare purposes. Soon great bunches of mistletoe were let down and grasped by the strangers.

"Now if we could find some holly," sighed one of them, viewing the mistletoe with delight.

"I can get you lots," said Betty. "Can you? Here is a bunch."

So enough holly was brought to fill the car, with the mistletoe.

Then the presents for the other girls were taken from the car and given to Betty.

"With our thanks besides," said one of the strangers.

"Mistletoe and holly are valuable stuff, after all," laughed Betty, as she watched them out of sight.—Frank B. Sweet.

(22, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

His Christmas Gift; He

Had Given and Received

CHRISTMAS gifts with bright wrappings, cards and messages with gay and happy greetings filled Larry Moore's dressing room, but the great comedian, lovely and homesick for his loved ones, oblivious of them and of the decorations, gazed lovingly at the photograph of a lovely woman.

The only gifts he wanted were Betty and the youngsters. The only applause was Betty's approval. He could picture five-year-old Larry Junior, in his excitement over "Santy's" long anticipated visit, and little Betty, almost a year old, whom he had never seen. With a sob he dropped his head into his hands.

Then a knock at his door and his manager asking if he would give an encore—the audience was demanding it. "Tall them"—he began, and stopped. "Wait," he said. Betty's eyes were pleading with him, and there was a trace of disappointment in them. "You will always play the game, I know," the big man once again he was feeling especially discouraged. Pressing the picture to his lips he promised—"I will play the game, Betty dear; I won't be a quitter." And he called in a steady voice—"Coming!" His game was to give and he would play it.

He was before the footlights, greeted by renewed applause. He stood for a moment until the applause had quieted, then ignoring the questioning looks from the audience he slipped forward and gave his Christmas gift to the world. Without accompaniment he sang "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem." The theater and audience vanished before him and instead was a church belfry with its steeple, and there was a Christmas tree, and he heard a boy's fresh tenor voice singing these same words.

A deep reverent silence was over all as he finished, and on the singer's face was the glorified smile of a victor. As he left the stage a burst of applause went with him. Oblivions of these waiting in the wings to greet him he hurried back to tell Betty he had played the game. And there was his reward—on the table was a telegram, Betty and the youngsters would be with him tomorrow. Tears of joy blinded him—he had played the game—and won—he had given and received.—Blanche Tanner Dillon.

(22, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Pie's Pudding's Ingredients
The number and richness of the pie's pudding's ingredients are used to represent the rich gifts which the kings laid at the feet of the Child Jesus.

The Holiday Season affords an opportunity to express again the pleasure we derive from our business relations with you, and we use this means in wishing you and yours

A Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

Turner and Clark

FUEL AND SUPPLY CO.

Phone 17

Christmas Time

Gift Suggestions for the Family

FOR MEN

ASH TRAYS, BILLFOLDS, DANCE SETS, HOSIERY
GLOVES, HOSIERY, VENITY NOVELTIES
NECKWEAR, MUFFLERS, JEWELRY, POWDER BOXES
SHIRTS, SWEATERS, ATOMIZERS, PERFUME
PAJAMAS, SLIPPERS, HANDKERCHIEFS,
HANDKERCHIEFS, SCARFS, LINEN
GLOVES, BELTS, TOILET REQUISITES,
SILK SHIRTS, BLENKETS,
AND SHORTS, BED SPREADS

FOR WOMEN

Will you accept a this time our
very best wishes for a
Happy Christmas

The E. C. Grace Store

Merry Christmas

A Happy New Year

May they both mean much of good for
big family of patrons. Accept our thanks
for 1929 favors and remember we want you
for our friends and patrons during 1930.

Good's Service Station

Gasoline, Oils, Tire and Battery Service

Division and Grand River

Farmington

Greetings to
Our Friends and
Customers



We appreciate your patronage and hope
to earn increased good will during 1930

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