



May your Christmas abound in all that is dearest to you and your family.

R. ABRAHAM & CO.
LADIES' WEAR AND DRY GOODS

24 Third Avenue - - - - - Timmins



Be prepared for a spell of good luck folks. We are wishing it to you earnestly.

HILL - CLARK - FRANCIS
GENERAL CONTRACTORS. BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

86 Pine Street South - - - - - Timmins



It is our hope that the Christmas Season will leave you in the best of holiday humour.

FRANK BYCK
COAL AND FUEL MERCHANT

64 Spruce Street South - - - - - Timmins



THE MERRIEST HOLIDAY
During 1930 the members of this community have been kind and faithful to us. We wish them the merriest of Christmas Days.

MARK BOWIE LIMITED
MEN'S FURNISHINGS

17 Pine Street North - - - - - Timmins

NICHOLAS THE SAINT OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Legends Regarding the Original Santa Claus of Civilization. He Lived a Life of Self-Denial for Himself and Generosity to Others.

The youngsters (irrespective of their ages, four or forty, nine or ninety being equally interested) never tire of the story or stories of Santa Claus—Saint Nicholas. For many years past, The Advance has had stories about the world's most popular saint. Here is another article on the saint of the season, Nina Holland being the writer. The article follows:—

Dear old Saint Nicholas! The "Santa Claus" who fills our young imaginations with joy and excitement—sleigh-bells in the night, reindeer, stockings hung by the fireside! Amongst all the dear memories of our childhood, surely one of the dearest.

Where did this romance have its beginning? In the gentle kindly heart of a good man who lived so long ago that fact and legend have become closely interwoven and it is hard to distinguish between them.

Born in Lycia early in the fourth century, Nicholas lost both parents when quite young. They had been very rich and left him plenty of money. But from his boyhood, his mind was set on religious things and he became a priest.

He led a life of strictest self denial; went barefoot, slept on a wooden plank, and never ate meat or tasted wine. Our Saviour's command to the rich young man "Sell what thou hast and give to the poor," he made his very own. With open-handed generosity he helped all in need, but always as secretly as possible.

One special story is handed down which probably was the origin of his becoming the fairy godfather of Christmas-time. A nobleman of the city, through some mishap, lost all his money, and with his three daughters, was plunged into great poverty. As no maiden of those days could marry without a dowry, the father was in despair for their future.

Nicholas heard of the story and at once decided to come to the rescue. One evening, under cover of darkness, he stole through the garden and found an open window through which he threw a bag of gold. Astonished and mystified, the father picked it up and gave it to the eldest daughter. Next evening the same thing happened; on the third the nobleman was on the watch and discovered the donor. With heartfelt gratitude he flung himself at the feet of his generous benefactor, but Nicholas exacted a promise that nothing was to be said about it. When artists paint the Saint, they add three bags of gold as a symbol and he has ever since been considered the patron of friendless maidens.

Another legend shows him as the patron of sailors. On a voyage to Palestine, there arose a dreadful storm and one of the sailors was washed overboard, but the prayers of the Saint were heard, the sea calmed down, the man was found again and restored to life.

The Holy Land was full of interest for him; he visited Calvary and Gethsemane, and so real did the sufferings of our Lord become to him that he watered the sacred soil with his tears.

On his return Nicholas was elected Archbishop of Myra, to the great satisfaction of all of the people by whom he was greatly beloved.

Soon after his election a dreadful famine broke out. St. Nicholas heard of a ship laden with corn passing the neighbourhood on its way to Constantinople. He negotiated with the owners for part of their cargo, promising them that when they got to their destination, the full amount would still be in their ship. They believed his word and found on their arrival that the missing grain had been replaced.

We read of his prayers and faith bringing to life two little children who had been cruelly put to death by their father; also delivering from the gallows two men who had been unjustly condemned.

So, through all the centuries, good St. Nicholas has been revered as the protector of the weak, the friend of little children, the shining example of sympathy for suffering, and of a burning desire and capacity to do good to all men.

Everywhere, but especially in Russia churches had been dedicated to him. He is the patron saint of Amsterdam and in Holland his festival is kept on the 6th of December. Instead of hanging up a stocking, the children put their wooden shoes under the chimney down which "Sinter Klaas" is supposed to descend. Gifts are always disguised in surprise packages. If the children have been good, the shoes are filled with cakes and toys, but if they have been naughty, alas! they only find a little broom such as a chimney-sweep used to use.

Jan Steen, the celebrated Dutch artist, has given us a charming picture called "The Feast of St. Nicholas" in which he paints his own family party, with grandfather and mother taking part in the festivities. In the centre is the little daughter turning aside from grannie's outstretched arms—fearful lest she should be robbed of her newly acquired treasure. On the left is her big brother, his face ugly with anger and disappointment for he has the broom much to the amusement of the little chap who laughingly points at him. Perhaps that is Jan himself, with the youngest in his arms, pointing up to the chimney and telling the story of the dear generous Saint.

At Christmas time, as at other times, the happiest folks are the busy ones.

SANTA CLAUS NO LONGER PERMITTED IN MEXICO

Authorities Ban'ah Good Old Saint Nick and Substitute What May be Titled a Warm-Weather Saint.

An editorial article in a recent issue of The Sudbury Star contained the following "seasonable" reference to Mexico's action in regard to Santa Claus:—

"Henceforth, the little children of Mexico are to expect no holiday favours from Santa Claus, but are to look to the Aztec god Quetzalcoatl, who appears in the guise of a feathered snake, for Christmas largess. Such is the fiat of the Mexican ministry of education, and, much as it may shock us and our children, there is good folklore logic behind the decision, for Santa Claus no more belongs to a country with a mild December and a brilliant winter sun than Quetzalcoatl could be at home in Patricia District or Scandinavia.

"For, disguise him as you will under meaningless names, says the New York Herald-Tribune, Santa Claus is the fire god of the primordial Indo-European peoples, before their dispersal over Europe and Asia, and he can never be conjured up in his true character except where winter nights are long and cold, winter days grey and gloomy, and where the warmth and light of great hearth fires are appreciated as substitutes for the cold, dead sun. The old hearth god of our savage forbears was all year 'round the witness to the family's trials and joys, sins and good deeds. Then, at the winter solstice, for the 12 days that the supreme sun god was on vacation or was in the throes of a phoenix-like rebirth, he became the sun's deputy on earth and dispensed rewards and punishment in each household, according to the record of merit that he had kept throughout the year.

"Our Teutonic ancestors at that season propitiated him by rolling in the great yule log, anointed with mead, oil and honey, and huge enough to burn for 12 days and nights. The Aryans of the Vedic period gave him some of the sacrificial wine, and milk, and sang hymns to Agni, the fire god, which still survive. The cousins of these folk went into China 4,000 years ago and planted there the tradition of Ts'ao Wang, the hearth god; so the Chinese still propitiate him at midwinter with fire offerings and smear his mouth with syrup so that he cannot recite his observations for the year upon their shortcomings.

"When the German peasant girl has a secret that she can confide to no one else, she tells it to the little red-cloaked figure, in red-pointed cap, that stands in a niche in the hearth. When the Chinese girl has a similar burden on her soul she tells it to Ts'ao Wang, whose picture on the kitchen wall shows him clad in precisely the same garb. When he comes in state each year, as the sun's deputy, whether to the children of North America or to the grown-up children of a Chinese mountain village, he comes from the far north, because all the old gods of our tribal fathers lived in the firmanent around the North Star. The Christian apostles to the forests of Teutonia found that the hearth god was one heathen deity whom they could not exercise, so they put up with him, literally christened him St. Nicholas, and let him live on for the children's sake.

"But what can all this mean to a people who, on the winter solstice, can step out of doors and find a warm sun overhead, plumed birds in the trees and serpents sunning themselves on flat stones? Truly, Quetzalcoatl may be not only a logical substitute for Santa Claus in such a land, but an instinctive, and therefore, happy one."

I Love Christmas Trees

(By Dorothy Dickenson)
I weep for Christmas Trees
Laden with toys,
Standing in the hot room
With mirth and noise,
Decked with Candles
And their bright glare,
Dying for silence
And the cool night air.

I love Christmas Trees
Deep in the wood,
Dressed in the only way
That fir tree should.
Tangled cobwebs
As frail as dreams,
Tied by the magic
Of white moon-beams.

I love Christmas Trees
Out upon the hills,
Clothed by the hoar-frost
In stiff white frills,
Standing in silence
Where no sounds jar,—
I love Christmas Trees
Underneath the stars.

STORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

Long ago, before the present calendar came into use, the year was divided into ten months. December then, as now, was the last month of the year, the tenth month instead of the twelfth. The old Roman word for ten was Decem and for that reason the tenth month was called December. Later when the calendar was revised and the months were rearranged to form twelve months instead of ten, December was still kept as the last month of the year. It became the twelfth month instead of the tenth month, but the name remained unchanged.

Christmas wishes are phrased in many original and unusual ways, but the old wish still stands good no matter what its form—A merry Christmas!



MAY SANTA BE GOOD!
MAY YOUR STOCKING BULGE!

If our wishing carries proper weight, Santa Claus will make your stocking bulge with good things.

MOISLEY & BALL
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS

Third Avenue - - - - - Timmins



May your Christmas abound in all that is dearest to you and your family.

A. G. ELLIES

13 1/2 Pine Street South - - - - - Timmins



THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP WE OFFER TO YOU ALL

Loyal Patrons we clasp your hands in friendship and we give you our wish for a Merry Christmas Day.

OSTROSSER & CO.
MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR

13 Pine Street North - - - - - Timmins



MAY YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE WITH CHRISTMAS DAY.

Beginning Christmas may all your secret hopes and dreams come true.

JOHN WATT
BAKER

Third Avenue - - - - - Timmins