



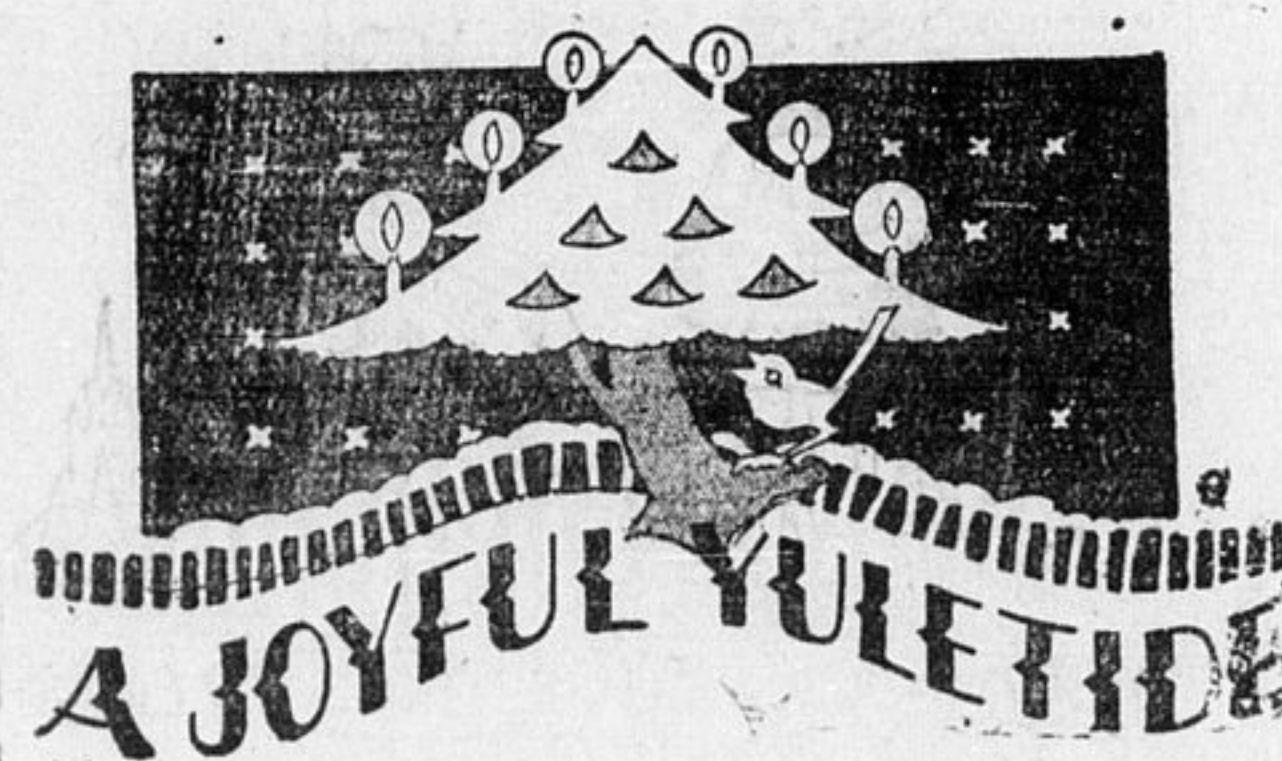
May the glad year you have given through your patronage be returned to you in the form of a glorious Christmas.

W. T. MONTGOMERY
 DRY CLEANING AND PRESSING
 HIGH-CLASS TAILORING
 1 Cedar Street North Timmins



Here's to a Christmas Day so happy as to cast a beam of sunlight over your entire year.

ELLIES BROS.
 Hamilton Block, cor. Cedar North and Third Avenue



To our many friends and patrons we hereby broadcast greetings of the holiday season.

VENETIAN SWEETS TEA ROOM
 Corner Third Avenue and Cedar Street N., Timmins



A fine rollicking Christmas! And bounteous days to follow; All this and more we wish you.

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO., LIMITED
 11 Third Avenue Timmins

**REMEMBER AT CHRISTMAS
 "THE FORGOTTEN CHILD"**

May There be None Such in All This District at This Joyous Christmas-tide—The Festival for All Children.

Christmas is the children's festival. The child that has no Christmas, that misses the anticipation of the days before Christmas, the joy of Christmas Day, and the pleasure of the days after Christmas, has in one way or another been defrauded of what may be termed the right of childhood.

It is too sadly true that for some children here and there, no Christmas Day arises. For these children—"the children that Santa Claus forgets," as a poor little family of waifs once described themselves—Christmas Day is not like other days, for it is a day of sad memories and of heartbreak. Around them they see all the other youngsters that taste a special joy in Christmas, while they are forgotten, neglected, set apart in pathetic way from other youngsters. Below is given the story of "The Forgotten Child." Let there be no forgotten child in this camp this winter. Remember the forgotten child! Search out the "child that Santa Claus forgets" and see that Christmas comes too for that helpless youngster. There is no question of expense in the matter. A ten cent article is as greatly prized as a ten dollar one. The youngsters do not count the price, but the fact that they are not forgotten. It is the joy of the unexpected—the surprise—that makes the gift so treasured for the child. The little cost will bring you profit an hundred fold if you but prompt some child to say from a grateful heart:—"This Christmas, good Santa Claus remembered me!"

Do you know a child anywhere near here that Santa Claus may forget? If so, you will bring rare joy to the child and great delight to yourself as well, if you remember the youngster on behalf of the season's saint.

Here is the sad story of the forgotten child:—

The Forgotten Child

The place where the Forgotten Child lived was a place of poverty. The buildings were grimy, weather-beaten structures. The streets thereabouts—if streets they might be called—were roughly paved. Little puddles of brackish water, half frozen over, lay about, and all around were mounds of dirt and refuse.

It was evening—Christmas eve—and the night gave promise of an early snow. The street lights, placed at an occasional corner, only intensified the miserable surroundings and made sharper the contrast with the avenue above. Here, indeed, dwelt the poor: the problems of the city. Through these poor surroundings—her playground in the summer days—the Forgotten Child dragged her weary feet. All the long afternoon she had followed the crowds before the big stores many blocks away and, with pinched face against the cold glass of the great windows, feasted her eyes on the wonderful dreamland of toys. Even now as she stumbled along she could close her eyes and glimpse that fairyland. Beautiful dollies, with eyes that opened and shut, and long golden hair; little beds where their mamma's might put them to sleep; wonderful dishes, with pretty flowers painted on them; real tables and ever so cunning chairs, hats and dresses, and even furs like the rich ladies wore—was there anything lacking! Oh, it all passed before her in a most bewildering array, and with it the sparkle and glitter of Christmas trees, soft lights and such truly make-believe snow.

Santa Claus, too, she had seen. She had even ventured to touch his shaggy fur coat as he passed by her on the street. How her heart had thumped as she did so. She wondered if he had heard her whispered prayer—for a dolly, just a very cheap dolly; one he would never miss surely. Of course she had little hope that he had heard. Her mamma had said, only a day ago, that it seemed God had forgotten them—so Santa must have forgotten too.

So she came to the door of the tenements. She pushed open the door and entered a room. An oil lamp feebly revealed its interior. The walls were cracked and only a few pieces of battered furniture relieved their barrenness. But, withal, the place was clean. A woman was seated at a table, her hands folded in her lap and her body relaxed with a great weariness. From morning she had laboured for this "home" and the child, and she was very, very tired. To her the Child went, without words. The woman stooped, kissed her and pressed her close, with arms that had a convulsive tremour in them. Later she placed a plate before her—a few scraps of cold meat and a piece of bread. There was nothing more in the house.

Her scanty meal finished, the Child slowly undressed. Her thoughts were long, long thoughts. Dimly she understood the burden of life and through silence strove to share it. When she was quite ready for bed she timidly placed one stocking across the foot-board—perhaps Santa would remember, after all—and then drew the ragged coverlid about her.

Christmas day dawned bright and clear. Out in the city all was cheer and happiness. Little, remembered children scampered from their soft, white beds and, with laugh and shout, brought forth the treasures of their well-filled stockings. But as the morning light streamed into the face of the Forgotten Child and she slowly opened her eyes, there was no treasure trove to meet their expectancy. Only an empty stocking and a cold and barren room. The broken heart of a little child. And in the city—the thoughtless city

**"NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"
 IS NOTED CHRISTMAS POEM**

Written Many Years Ago This Poem Retains Its Popularity and Still Makes Appeal to Young and Old at Christmas Time.

For three generations the poem, "The Night Before Christmas," has kept and increased its popularity. Young and old seem to like this poem and it is a favourite for reading at Christmas entertainments. It seems to hold the spirit of Christmas and so delights all each year as the season comes along. Last year The Advance had a request that it be published in these columns but the request was received too late for publication before Christmas, 1929, so as there has been more than one request this year, the poem is being given herewith:—

The Night Before Christmas
 (By Clement C. Moore, LL.D.)

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
 While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
 And Mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
 When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,

I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
 Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below,
 When what to my wondering eyes should appear
 But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer;
 With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
 And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
 "Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
 On, Comet, on! Cupid, on! Dunder and Blitzen,
 To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
 Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
 When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
 So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
 With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
 The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
 As I drew in my head and was turning around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a paddler just opening his pack.

His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
 He had a broad face and a little round belly
 That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
 And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself;
 A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
 But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

A CHRISTMAS WISH

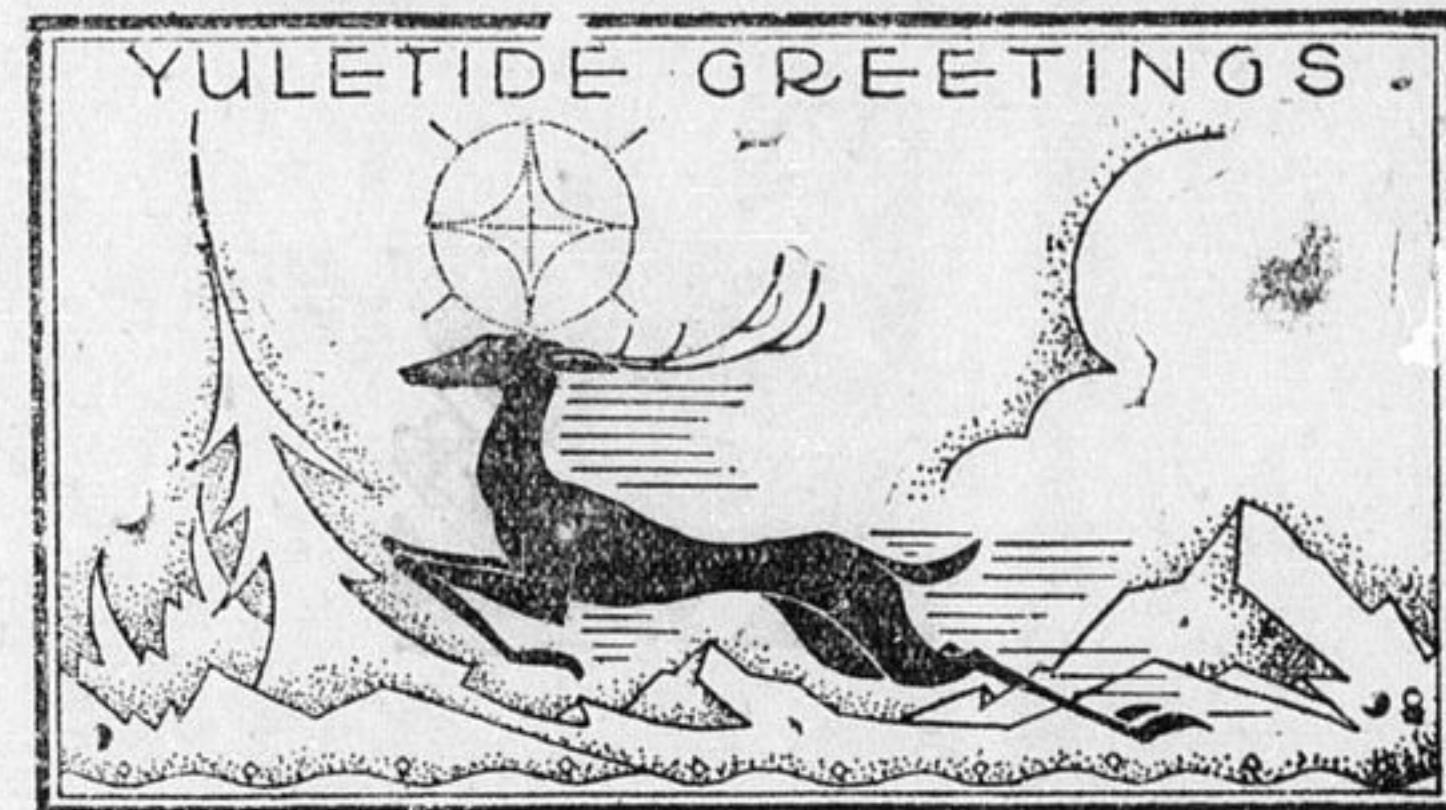
May all your life
 Be full of joy and good,
 As Porcupine is full
 Of Gold Throughout its Length,—
 And that is plenty!

—a thousand hearts that might have grown tender with sympathy, had they but known! But in the room the Forgotten Child and an empty stocking!



Our business dealings with the community have been of the most gratifying nature. Therefore in this season of gladness do we wish to express our appreciation.

NATIONAL MOTOR SALES
 55 Third Avenue Timmins



That you may be surrounded by true friends, and health and happiness be yours for Christmas and the New Year.

SMITH & ELSTON, LIMITED
 PLUMBING AND HEATING
 71 Third Avenue Timmins



We send you a message of goodwill this Festive Day. May the spirit of Christmas in all that it means abide in your home to bring new cheer.

STAR TRANSFER
 7 Spruce Street South Timmins



May the true spirit of Christmas fill your homes and linger through the full Coming Year.

W. L. BOOTH
 MADE-TO-MEASURE MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS
 Kingston Hotel Block Timmins