THE FLESHERTON ADVANCE

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F. J. THURSTON, Editor.

LONGING FOR A NEW ERA

To-day as not never before, we are hearing talk on many sides of the inevitabilty of a "new social system." Doubtless the talk (if the burrowing could be traced) winds back to undercover communistic propaganda. But good people, thorough capitalists, lend themselves to the talk.

Considerable empty talk is indulged in from time to time, in support of "new theories": socialism, communism, fascism, and so on. Well-meaning folk may repeat it, seeing only the favorable points. (Any idea which comes into action among men must have some good points, or it could never succeed. But the fact that even slimy communism has good features and democracy, as we have it, has weaknesses, does not for a moment say that democracy should be discarded, and a dictatorship of some kind be established.)

An economic dictatorship is sometimes touted. Loose thinkers agree that IF a dictatorship could be established which would control production and distribution, and give every person sufficient of the necessities of life (food, clothing, shelter) it would be greatly-to-be-desired. Such a dictatorship, at the outset, would involve a political dictatorship, also.

In the second place, there is ample evidence for the student of history that such economic dictatorship cannot succeed, and will not succeed.

There must always be the "profit motive." It is inherent in the human nature, and will not be rooted out. "Fill a man's stomach and keep him warm, and he's happy," 'tis said. This goes for human nature — minus the profit motive. Some take their profits in political honors, some in industrial accomplishments, some in lofty service, some in financial returns, others in simple domestic life.

But without that profit motive there is no 'spur" to develop initiative and resourcefulness — and without these society sinks back into ineptitude.

Feversham Continuation School Term Report

GradeIX—Phyllis Roberts 75, Francis Haley 73, Anthony Haley 73, Ruth McLean 66, Norman Ball 60, James Pedlar 56, Grace Poole 54, Shirley Springgay 43, James Hale 37, Delbert Magee 35.

Grade X — Eleanor McKenzie 73, Annie Radley 69, Hazel Magee 66, Rita Radley 64, Phyllis Hudson 63, Velma Smith 62, Norma Maxwell 61, Thelma Morrison 53, Jas. McKee 44.

Middle School — Noreen Grummett 78, Edna Smith 69, Murray Lepard 64, Bernice Wright 63, Mable Fenwick 63, Vincent Somers 60, Mina Douglas 60, Norma Heitman 59, Margaret Courvoisier 56, Dorothy Fee 54, Edythe Morrison 42, LaVerna Smith 38, Evelyn Hale 18 (two subjects only.)

PROTON STATION

A happy New Year to the Editor, of the Advance, his staff, and the readers.

Another Christmas has come and gone, again we have sung, "Peace on Earth Good Will Toward Men." We sang the words fervently, thongh we asked ourselves, "Is it mockery to sing them when our country is at war? When our men have gone to kill other men, even though there is no malice hatred in their hearts towards their foes, yet they must fight to defend their country. Oh! The pity of it, that in this age of Christian civilization, there is no other way to settle national disputes without resorting to the horrors of war.

Some of those home for the Christmas holidays are: Mr. and Mrs. McNichol and daughter of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood and daughter, Miss Gertrude Lyons of Toronto at Mr. C. Lyons'; Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Nelson and daughter at Mrs. Consley's; Misses Eileen and Verna Baker at the parental home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Hodgin of Owen Sound spent the holiday at the home of Mr. Bert Hodgin.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. MacLean of Toronto are spending the week with friends at Priceville and Proton Station. Miss Maude Acheson of Primrose is at her home here.

Dever brothers and Mrs. Dever ate a Christmas dinner with friends at Berkeley on Sunday and on Monday enjoyed another Christmas at the home of Thos. White, Saugeen Jct.

The Acheson family spent the day at Corbetton with Rev. and Mrs. Prosser.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Park were in Dundalk.

Mrs. Elwood Moore had the misfortune to fall on Christmas day while stepping off the train at Proton, injuring her knee severely.

Mrs. Albert Baker has returned from Markdale hospital and is still very weak and ill. Her daughter, Eileen, is giving up her position in Toronto to care for her mother.

Mrs. N. R. McCannell is still quite ill.

The children's concert, held in the hall last Thursday night, was a great pleasure to the children themselves and a delight to the audience. The school children, as well as their teacher, Mr. Priddle, and his helpers, deserve much praise. Mr. Priddle, who has given much satisfaction in the section, has resigned and will take a school at Fort Erie.

Orange Valley School

GRADE VIII

Muriel Smith,** Muriel Gilchrist.

GRADE VI

Margaret Smith,** Oscar Irving, Oscar Brown.*

GRADE V

Nina Teeter,* Dorothy McGee,* Jack Gilchrist, Fred Gilchrist.

GRADE 111

Dorothy Brown.

GRADE 2

Ruth Smith,** Doreen Teeter,* Philip Irving, Melville Irving.

GRADE 1

Emerson Brown,* Harold Gilchrist.*

SENIOUR PRIMER

Gordon Brown*

JUNIOUR PRIMER

Rae Smith,** Betty Hill.**

** Denotes perfect attendance since September. *Denotes perfect attendance for December.

G. B. Littlejohns, teacher.

A report has been circulated that there is not a doctor within ten miles of Maxwell or Feversham. There is a resident doctor at Maxwell.

5c to $1.00 Store

Extending Our Heartiest Best Wishes to All Our Friends, Patrons and Associates for

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

E. J. Fisher Flesherton

"AREN'T the dolls beautiful?" exclaimed Joan to her mother, as she gazed upon the finished product of the "Two Little Dolls in Blue" which Dorothy May had ordered from Santa Claus.

"They are quite the loveliest I have ever seen," spoke mother. "I do believe that you have put your very heart and soul into their fashioning."

Joan had spent many days and nights, too, stitching a loving holiday thought into each tiny garment. The dainty materials had been transformed into things of beauty. The dresses of pale blue silk with bonnets and slippers to match, had proclaimed them the "Two Little Dolls in Blue!"

"Oh, won't Dot love them!" beamed Joan, as she again eyed the dolls from head to foot with a happy smile of complete satisfaction.

"I dare say this will be her happiest Christmas, one that she will never forget," said mother.

Christmas eve, with its bright lights and cheer, was in full progress and the two little dolls in blue were being fondled by one of the happiest little girls in the world. Rocking in her own tiny chair Dorothy May began singing a lullaby to the dollies, wholly oblivious of the attendant surroundings. It was such an adorable sight that the others had stopped their celebrations and were beaming upon her with transformed emotion.

The spell was broken when Dorothy May suddenly stopped singing and called out, "What shall I name the 'two little dolls in blue'?"

"Well," said Joan, smiling thoughtfully, "since they are dressed in blue and are two very important little ladies, why not call one Alice Blue and the other Elinor Blue?" And so the dolls were named.

On Christmas morning in another house around the corner, Bonny Jean awoke with the joy of the holiday and shouted, "Mother, did Santa come and did he bring me a big baby doll with curls and eyes that open and shut?"

"Yes, dearie, Santa came and brought you a very pretty doll."

Then spying it, seated beneath the tree dressed in scarlet finery, Bonny Jean clasped it to her breast. Upon close inspection she soon learned that it was the same sort of doll she had always received, only with new features.

Just as she was about to burst into protest at her bitter disappointment there came a rap upon the door and a kindly neighbor was saying, "Merry Christmas." Then with a happy smile—

"What is the matter, little girl? Hasn't Santa Claus come yet?"

"Oh, yes, he came, but he brought me the same old rag doll again. I thought sure it would be a real one this year, because I'm nine, you see."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Dorothy May, with true feeling and thinking of the two beautiful dolls which Santa had left for her. Then with a happy Christmas thought, she whispered something very lovely to her mother.

They all went right over to the big house on the hill nestled under its burden of Christmas snow. Bonny Jean forgot all about the rag doll when she glimpsed the great tree through the holly wreaths in the window. But when she saw the two little dolls in blue sitting beneath it her joy was unbounded. She clapped her hands and danced with glee. "Such darling dolls!" she gasped, breathlessly.

"Their names are Alice Blue and Eleanor Blue," said their little mistress, proudly.

"I want to give you one of them, Bonny Jean; which do you like?"

With unbelievable surprise, her eyes fairly dancing with joy, she clasped the beautiful doll in her arms and asked, "Is—it—really—mine—for—keeps?"

"Really and truly for keeps," said Dot.

Dorothy May explained it all to her mother after the happy little girl had left, that somehow she just did not miss Eleanor Blue very much when she saw how happy she had made Bonny Jean.

In her heart she felt that it was truly "more blessed to give than to receive," and hugging the one little doll closely, she whispered, "Merry Christmas, Alice Blue."

MARY and John had quarreled—just before Christmas, too. The Christmas candy had burned, and then, in the excitement, each had blamed the other, making cruel retorts, until Mary fled to her bedroom in tears and John stalked off in the snowy night.

The Christmas candle beamed a welcome from the window as John started around the block again. He was cold, and sorry, but he mustn't go in too soon.

The tree, the holly, their little girl asleep in her crib and dreaming of Santa Claus—all were a mockery. Mary went into the living room and snapped on the radio, looking for a jazz band and forgetfulness. Instead there came the strains of "Silent Night"—"peace on earth, good will to men,"—"God bless us, every one"—"may nothing you dismay." Wasn't there anything on except Christmas programs? A click brought back the silence.

She opened the front door. Next time she would ask John to come in. Tell him she was sorry. Now that she stopped to think, she knew that he was sorry, too. Why let a few excited words that neither of them meant spoil their Christmas?

But John did not come. It was too cold to stand at the door any longer, but she sat at the window, with the curtain drawn aside, watching for him. An hour went by.

When at last she saw him coming the relief almost choked her. He

was striding rapidly, carrying something in his arms. She opened the door for him and he handed his burden to her.

"Here, Mary, hold him. Careful, now. His leg's hurt. I'll get a box and we'll fix a bed."

Mary looked down at the warm bundle. It was a furry puppy. One leg was in splints. The puppy whimpered a little and licked her hand.

"But, John, where did you get him?"

"Accident. Over on Linden. Fell out of a passing car. I took him to a vet and had him fixed up. Thought he'd make a cute pet for Alice—" He stopped his work and straightened up. "I'm awfully sorry, Mary. I was a fool."

"It was my fault, John." Their eyes met in perfect understanding. How silly to quarrel. The silence was a more impressive reconciliation than words. Mary broke it nervously, for fear she would cry again. "There are some clean rags in that drawer. And we ought to get him something to eat. He can have this old bowl for his dish." She worked with one hand, cuddling the puppy. "Won't Alice be surprised? And what shall we name him?"

"Ought to have some connection with Christmas eve, don't you think, How about Scrooge, or Marlow?"

"Oh, no!"

"Good King Wenceslaus?"

"Such names for a poor innocent puppy! Maybe we had better see what Alice wants to call him in the morning." She put the puppy down with a saucer of warm milk. John came and put his arm around her, and they stood close together watching their pet lap greedily.

"We ought to call him Peacemaker, honey," said John. "If it hadn't been for him, I might have still been out there in the snow."

"Oh, John!" She held him close. "Weren't we silly? I was so worried when you didn't come. If anything

had happened to you I could never have forgiven myself."

"Felt pretty rotten myself. Not my idea of the best way to spend Christmas eve."

"Of course! I forgot! We have so much left to do! The tree, and Alice's doll must be unpacked, and her stocking filled. What time is it?"

He looked at his watch. "Almost midnight."

"Not really!"

He nodded, and put his watch on the table. "Here, pooch," he said, "it's bedtime for you." He lifted the puppy into its bed, and turned back to his wife. "And as for you, milady," he said, "in about ten seconds I want a kiss for Christmas, and then we're going to pitch in together and clean up this mess, and trim the tree, and maybe even chance another batch of candy. OK? Then, it's time, darling, to say Merry, Merry Christmas."

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SHIPPING FEVER or HEMORRHAGIC SEPTICEMIA

(Continued from last week)

While the germ which caused septicemia is often present in the nose and throat of normal hogs, some condition must reduce the hog's disease resistance for the disease to become active. Shipping, damp weather or stables, improper feeding and unsanitary pens play a part. These predisposing influences are as important as the germ itself in the occurrence of the disease.

(Continued next week)

Flesherton Planing Mill

H. A. McCauley, Prop. Flesherton, Ont.

United Church

MAXWELL CHARGE

REV. GEO. L. MERCER, B.D., D.D.

Minister

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31ST

The hours of services of worship next Sunday will be as follows:

11 a.m.—Eugenia.

11 p.m. — Eugenia (Watchnight Service)

2 p.m.—Mount Zion.

3.30 p.m.—Wareham.

11 p.m. — Wareham (Watchnight Service.

1 p.m.—Maxwell (Watchnight Service)

(Please note—there will be no 7.30 service at Maxwell.)

WATCHNIGHT SERVICES

New Year's Eve Services. "Watchnight," the last night of the old year, is so called because of the time-honored custom of "Watching and Praying" the old year out and the new year in. The night comes this year on Sunday, Dec. 31st, and services will be held at Eugenia, Wareham and Maxwell and will begin sharp at 11 o'clock. The Young People's Society of each appointment above mentioned is sponsoring this service. Come and share it with us.

Just as a point of law it might be noticed that a negro cannot compel a tavern keeper in Quebec to serve him beer.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

All persons having claims or accounts against the late JOHN PORTeous of the Village of Flesherton, in the County of Grey, Retired Farmer, who died on the Fourth day of December, 1939, are required to send full particulars thereof to the undersigned solicitor on or before the Twentieth day of Janurary, 1940. After which date the estate will be distributed amongst those entitled there-to having regard only to those claims or accounts of which notice shall at that time have been recieved.

C. C. Middlebro,
City Hall,
Owen Sound, Ont.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

All persons having claims or accounts against the late John W. Davis of the Township of Artemesia, in the County of Grey, Farmer, who died on the Eleventh day of April 1939, they are required to send full particulars thereof to the undersigned solicitor on or before the Twentieth day of Janurary, 1940. After which date the estate will be distributed amongst those entitled there-to having regard only to those claims or accounts of which notice shall at that time have been recieved.

C. C. Middlebro,
City Hall,
Owen Sound, Ont.

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Best Wishes For the Coming Year

We appreciate the hearty co-operation our many customers and friends have shown us in the years past, and hope that we will be of service for years to come.

Our wish is that you all will have your full measure of posperity during 1940, and that a lasting peace will be assured, and wars will become events of the past.

O. & A. Co-operative Company, Ltd.

FLESHERTON, Ontario