

ppy, yet Rita. tears. With he big steamd her parents a. That very , and an hour d be on their untain where

and she liked she was sad ing that she

fireplaces in ad asked her

swer. "That people spend gardens. Firet all. There

while. Then of trees shall e'll be spruce

mother said. id trees that. re; cocoanut whole groves' of that!" What were

roses all the with a real Without fire s be hung by evergroen a Christmas without A

oil her mothto keep her es, strings of ockings hung t every time w them. e South Am-

in the gangstood 'Uncie n the crook ranch of an

presenting it

clouds, until Uncle Ted's

ie house at but not 100 mother, had ces; the air stead of beented with and other

g one or two pillow after he fell fast

as wakened s greetings. st into her obe and a bright horn. and come mother-call.

voice made hope. Perreal Christtossed her they went. id not stop t on toward d queer inin a bath-She was when she to a wideand flower ere, was a roses were

Rita cry out. ree-a real It looked vellow and

in silver pop corn; ed with red ornaments. t the very ches were otton that

sound very said Uncle

es in South metimes we

e, to suit id. "That nada, roots

to take the "But any-

the glory up in the

line station

The Markdale STANDARD

is published on Weednesday by C. W. RUTLEDGE.

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tices. By-lays etc., 10c per line for the first insertion and 5c per line for each subsequent insertion. Memorial poetry, one cent a word

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No. 2. Markdale, Ontario. 2080



MARKDALE STANDARD

MARKDALE, ONT., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 22, 1920

Established in 1875

Partners.

FOR LOVE OF HIS LITTLE CHILD, THIS FATHER GAVE ALL AND GAINED ALL.

the fourth, as Bobby had mournfully the truck.

his feet. Receiving no reply, he ran glare of light almost dazzled him, for the door through whose crack a it was as light as six flaring gas jets ry of light shone. 'Mother, please could make it. Blinking, he advanced All correspondence intended for the light the gas, I've go a blowout."

unfort had flushed cheeks and tend-Mite arms.

dark, are you?" She lighted the thortest notice. Charges very low. g s and with the light the room Apply to R. J. Sproule, Flesher strang into definite mes, like a de polished surface of the table. oping negative. was the ordindining room of the ordinary city

> d up the rubber hand and pointed che little bandless wheel. The mother's serent eyes suddenly ed at him: sandened. Cars, cars, cars, always "Don't ye

some examples."

There was a cadence in the mothand understand. He reluctantly Mother even in his extremity.

over the fourth wheel; it broke shorter tilin before. Once more he tried but toward the door. with the same result. if I had only a big rubber!" he ulurned.

ite tried to fasten it with a string the rubber was rotten and he

gray eyes. "The mean old thing!" he suddenly he sprang to his feet, a of determination on his face.

I've a great mind- he said and his hand on the knob of the hall door. For a full minute he stood de on him almost fiercely as his father

J. W. PATTON, J.P.

VOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

"it's dre'ful to get a puncture, 'spe- as if she did not want to know. Why, | "A touring car-a real one like the cially after dark! said Bobby and Bobby himself knew more about autos one we saw in the window of the big husband, just as she desired the ex-

For five long minutes he listened and a diffrential. You remember!"

He opened the door noiselessly and on tip-toe. At a table in the middle of the room sat Father—tall, slim, his or a flood of light, an appetizing mop of black nair thrown back, his or and Comfort all entered together. mop of black hair thrown back, his in his hand and was adjusting with a tiny tool. At last he put the thing down on the table and for a moment longer Bobby stood motionless in delight. The thing was a tiny auto- called her husband. mobile, only a few inches high but perfeet in every part and it ran like mad,

"Oh, geo, Father Gee whiz, can't she go!" Bobby's little body fairly quivered with excitement. . "It's from Santa Claus, isn't it, and it's for me?" The eager little hands were out-See my puncture enother?" Bobby coveted treasure they were struck stretched, but before they reached the aside and a voice that Bobby would

never have known for Father's, shout-Traders Bank Bldg. Toronto cast Put up your play, Bobby, and Why did your mother let you come here anyway?"

"Mother didn't let me; I came," tone that the child felt though he Bobby protested, ready to defend

one hand he swept the marvellous litbisen rubber hand and stretched it the car from the table and with the other turned Bobby gently but firmly

"Father cannot talk with you now, Son; he's busy. One of these days you shall have all the cars you want, I hope. Run along now, that's a man!" Bobby stopped in the passage, his small frame shaking with the sobs of a very small boy. He felt stunned and humiliated and desolate. He crept into

the kitchen. For once his gentle mother turned

de to enter that room Father is at ache that seemed to fill his throat, work and must not be bothered," was "hurts my feelings so. He isn't workthe law laid down to him every morn- ing! He's just playing. He's playing in and never repealed. Each morn- with the cunningest little touring car Farland Block, on Tuesday evening on ing after breakfast that room swallow you ever saw in your life and he

kis ed them as if he had been away to get dinner, and Mother used to sew for a long time and only the other day, and read and play with him. And the bet!" he sot right down on his hands and to enjoy his play and sometimes he day was the smile that lighted the should never do it at all. She spoke the inght, but as the hours were or his troubled mutterings consed his knows and fixed it quicker—quicker— thought Mother did not nike to get the father's sombre eyes. with quicker than Bobby could think dinner—anyway she had looked sorry then and could make wonderful things an old pocketbook and given it to him. engine and gears and a diffrential. to but she did not seem to know And another time a man came and What is a differential, Robert?" one wee bit about automobiles, and there didn't seem to be enough money sometimes Bobby thought she acted in the pocketbook, and he said something cross and went away. It was a does he? The young rascal knows tired and sleepy and knew that his

head was aching dreadfully. "How hot your head is, dear." Mother said, raising his chin to look

you feel sick in any way?" "Only when I swallow." Mother carried him to the light. have played too hard to-day."

roachfully. only want one thing anywa, and I and to you too Annie."

wrote Santa Claus about that."

She smiled and kissed him in sil-

"And what was that, Dearie?"

toy store. It has an engine and gears, pensive little car for Bobbby, because ert," she hurrled now, realizing more

Yes, she remembered. Two weeks him disappointed. wonderful display at the largest toy rying to Bobby's room, and as she was ever in any toy shop one with kind of toy this extravagant age pro- inheritance of childhood for some invides for its pampered darlings.

. "Mother! You think Santa Claus "Mother!" he called, scrambling to entered the room. For a moment the will bring me a little car like that, Santa Claus had been offered up to the wealth or life itself be without car don't you?" he questioned wistfully. god, Mammon! She hastily slipped on "That was all I asked-no candy, nor her coat and hat and ran down the Bobby your little car?" guns, nor anything. Some way if he long flights of stairs to the street doesn't bring me the car I shall think Richie Davis knows."

"Knows what, Darling?" "Nothing; only Richie is nine and The mother slipped off his clothes, gave some simple home remedies. tucked her son into bed and turned sheer amazement. Then he jumped out the light. Then she hastly put the threshold, she was attempted to and capered and fairly squealed with the frugal dinner on the table and He sat down with the far-away look

that Bobby had so resented. He was first this way and then that over the pale and the purple shadows under his eyes made them look larger and darker than they really were. He seemed hardly to know where he was till a hoarse cough seat the mother hurrying to Bobby's room. "Anything the matter with Bobby?"

he questioned anxiously when the returned. "Yes, he is feverish, but I hope it is only a cold," she replied absently. Then she burst out.

"Robert, do you know that to-morrow is Christmas? Christmas! and we have nothing for Bobby!" "Have we really nothing for the instant, then started to his feet. little chap?"

"Not a thing and no money! No of syed. His mind was not on the directantly Mother even in his extremity.

Of syed. His mind was not on the directantly Mother even in his extremity.

The surprise and suspense in the turkey, no greens, no tree. Nothing will have tried for the surprise and suspense in the turkey, no greens, no tree. Nothing will have tried for the surprise and suspense in the turkey, no greens, no tree. Nothing will have tried for the surprise and suspense in the turkey, no greens, no tree. Nothing will have tried for the surprise and suspense in the turkey, no greens, no tree. Nothing will have tried for the surprise and suspense in the turkey, no greens, no tree. Nothing will have tried for the surprise and suspense in the surprise and suspense failed."

> "But someone has to do it," he protested. "It is the inventors, who make the world move." "And their wives and children who

> have to suffer!" she flashed. This was the first time she had spoken so and he flushed and gave her look of pained surprise.

"Have you no faith in me, Dear?" She left her chair and slipped one arm about his neck.

"I have faith in you, Dearest, and I very precious stone to me, because it Bobby's stocking had been hung be-"Father wouldn't mentil my tire," he hope, oh, how I do hope for your sake, has always been a symbol of our love side the tree and now Father strated you will succeed. If I had not had for each other but not half so precious the model into the top of it. "I wight faith, do you think I should have con- as our other jewel-our living little him to see it the first thing in the

"Never mind, Little Wife, we'll pull through some way and another Christ happily as the last tinsel threads were added hoarsely. "I could not have mas, God willing, there will be enough spun like dew-starred cobwebs from given it up for anything but love. To money to gratify your every wish. branch to branch, where already hung morrow I will enjoy Christmas with

or before the full moon every month.

It is campbell, W.M.; Ran. Brady,
Secretary.

C. O. C. F., No. 399.

Markdale Council, Canadian Order

Mother held out her arms and septimes bobby did not seemed to be far away and he will prove the first day. When he was not angry with them. Oh, no!

Mother held out her arms and sebbby, ylugle more could I want? But said, stepping back to get the full have given up?"

C. O. C. F., No. 399.

Mother held out her arms and sebbby, ylugle more could I want? But said, stepping back to get the full have given up?"

C. O. C. F., No. 399.

Mother held out her arms and sebbby, ylugle more could I want? But said, stepping back to get the full have given up?"

"I must. Bobby will treak the model of the first day—you have no idea how ventions. You want it here and now. What do you think Bobby said to me in the breaking of my idol and never was a dearer little lad than never lad than never lad to so the lad than never lad "It isn't for myself I mind, You the glittering red and green and yel- you and Bobby: the day after I will

about it. Mother could cure bad cuts enough when a man came with a pathere was any Santa Claus, if he did

The father laughed aloud. "Wants a car with a differential, comfort to lie still, cuddled against her more about cars now than half the soft shoulder, for all at once he felt chauffeurs do. Well, I must get back tired and sleepy and knew that his to my work." But he still sat, looking pace, his brows knit, his teeth

set on his under lip. "I know it is absolutely simple," he into the tear-stained little face. "Do said at last; "Just a trick that a child could do. I am always on the verge of getting it, and to-night, Ann, just before Bobby interrupted me, I was "I will give you your supper right sure I had it at last. I seemed to see way, Dear, and put you to bed. You it slowly coming out before me fust as mountain peaks rise out of a fog, "I've got to hang up my stockings, and I held my breath—one momen Bobby reminded her re- more one single step—and—and then Bobby spoke and it was gone. That "Of course, you may hang them be- was the reason I was so hard on the poor little beggar. For a moment I "> don't want any supper, Mumsie; could have knocked him down, I was and you may hang up my stockings. I so furious. But I'll make it up to him

ence. After he had gone back to his

work she still sat listlessly, her elbows on the table, her chin supped in Ann Norton was the kind of woman

the Old Masters visioned when they kiddle could ask," painted the Virgin Mother. Her large shapely hands were vibrant with serative woman. As a little girl she had not been a lover of fairy tales and the price of it? One hundred dollars! new she was not able to enter into I had less than fifty." her husband's dreams. Had she been able to do so she might have had more ympathy with him, but might not She coveted his heart's desire for her "big boy" as she playfully called her cess."

tangible future prosperity. What it frightens me to think bow iii he would it all be worth when dear old might be! What would success or

She returned an hour later, loaded with bundles and followed by a boy who carried a market basket and a he says there isn't any Santa Claus." dining room table, she knocked softly small tree. Piling all the things on the at her husband's door, and, after waiting in vain for an answer, turned the knob softly and went in. Once across retreat without making her presence known. Robert Norton sat at the table, but he was no longer playing with the little car. His head was resting on his arm and his whole attitude told of utter weariness and discour-

agement. "I have the Christmas things, Rob- model!" ert; come and help me trim the tree."

For answer she held her left hand struggled within her. "Nor before his eyes. The finger nails were Dearest," she said at last. plain gold wedding ring hung loose him." upon it and its guard was gone. The man looked still more puzzled for an by opened his eyes and gazed about

"Your ring-Dear-?" oked dazed, she gave him a hysterical little hug. "Goosie!" she laughed, 'don't you understand yet? I pawned

"You pawned your engagement ring!" His tone could hardly have expressed more consternation had she confessed to petty larceny.

She laughed again. "It's only pawned, Dearest; I can it, what is it after all but a stone. A a restless sleep.

when they had finished it shone like herself to speak. a pillar of fire. Ann Norton smiled

er lips.

She had made up her mind to ask never was a dearer little lad than "Something that floored, you, I'll a certain thing of him but after this Bobby."

hurriedly.

"Complete, Robert! Look again." He gazed, squinting a little, as actually dazzled by the glitter.

don't see what more any reasonabl "But the little car. I may as we vice, her deep bosom was a haven of to buy that car for him, if it took all rest, her clear steady eyes were beathe money I had, but I bought the con lights. She was not an imagin other things first, and when I went for the car, what do you hink was

The mar gave a whistle. come high, didn't it? But Bobby might have had it and welcome," he added ave been as patient as she had been. more to himself than to her, "if I had only got that last step in my pro-

she loved him and it burt her to have and more the audacity of the reques she was about to make, "you have Again a hoarse cough sent her hur- little car more perfect than any than gears and a rubber tire and a 'dif'reninvention, and he is ill-ol, Roleri,

He stared at her, honestly ignorant of her meaning. "My little car?

have no little car?" ."The one you were rlaying with when Bobby found you." Then he understood. His wife was asking him, seriously asking him, to give his working model-the model on which he was trying to perfect his wonderful invention-to his chill as a Christmas plaything. The blood surge ed purple to the roots of his hair, This then was the measure of her faith in his power. He looked us a man might look who las just been told he has a

mortal disease. "You want me to give lightly my

She did not real; at on e.

"I thought you said you had no sho had wounded him beyond belief, The mother-love and the wife-love trimmed close and, though the hand me, I did not dream you cared like was carefully kept, it bore the unmis- that." Then she reached out her hand takable marks of rough work. Her to him: "Come, lot's have a look at As they leaned above his bed, Bob.

him with a startled look. "How are you, my man? you know Father, dear?" his mother

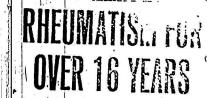
questioned with mingled love und terror in her crooning voice. "Father is playing with the little car," drowsily answered Bobby, Then, starting up, "Santa! Please Santa!

bring me a little car. Father won's let me play with his." "Yes, he will," broke in his father and hastened from the room to get get it back again, if I ever have money the cherished model, but before he enough. But suppose I never redeem | could return the boy had dropped inti

> morning," he said. The mother watched him with brim-

ing eyes. Usually the most self-con-The tree was small but perfect and trolled of women, she could not trust "After all it is best that way," he

which the auto-truck was out of order, worst of it was Father did not seem Like a burst of sunshine in a dark She knew she must ask at once or she vigil by her son's bed during the onhis troubled mutterings ceased, his



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fruit medicine to all sufferers." P. H. Mc HUGH. 500 a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all deplers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Otto-

sleep became quiet and peaceful and he weary mother slumbered too. She was awakened by his soft cool check ressed to hers and his eager, "Oh, dumsle, do you think Santa Claus has rought me the car?" The first rays of the sun glittered on the fleecy now heaped on the window ledge he crisp air was full of the sound of pells, and in a neighboring church weet boyish voices were caroling

Sing, oh, sing this blessed, morn Jesus Christ, to-day is born. Father rolled Bobby up in Lis blandarling boy? Robert, will you not give the and carried him, blanket and all, nto the adjoining room. The boy gave one hurried glanice in the direction of its stocking, wriggled from the enangling folds and rushed to seize his casure. In the silence that followd Father and Mother looked at each ther with fast beating hearts. The hild stood speechless, his lips parted. look of eestacy on his tace. At last with a sigh of supreme content, ho eached out his hand and tenderly, lmost reverently, took the little car and lifted it to his lips. Then he turn.

d and hid his face on his father's Oh, there is a Santa Claus, there s!" he said. "Just see my car! It's of tires and gears and a diffrential.

so place I 1-- Uni admid the going the happy, day spellion. All the rning Father and Boboy Played the complicated mechanisms of ne they machine and Bobby looked and listened and marveled. He could ot be separated from it even for a linute. It stood by his plate while he sacred ordinance of turkey and ranberry sauce was observed, and ow, while Mother washed the dishes e lay on his stomach, chin in hand, rith eyes giveted on his treasure. He at him was enjoying to the full one of the "Don't parest experiences in life-the posses

ton of his heart's desire, Father stood at the window, gazing foodily at the merry crowds in the treets far below. He was trying to seconcile himself to the inevitable, to ecept cheerfully if he would, and at east bravely as he must, what the ew Year held for him. Suddenly his rained ear caught a new sound from he little car- a poculiar buzz followed y a brief interval of silence, and then second slightly different sound. To

hirled and crossed to where Bobby "That sound! What makes that bund?", "What sound?" Bobby asked placid-

Father flung himself down on the por by Bobby and gazed with straingyrating model. Bobby had set up. part of an old toy train outfit, a minture hill with a roadway winding up and down around it, and up and down yo this hill the little car was speeding. it reached the beginning of the scent there came the momentary indse and then the change of sound as began to climb. The man watched with unwinking eyes, perspiration arting on his forehead. After seval breathless minutes he snatched e model from the track and stared it as if his gaze could melt it part om part. At last he drew a long,

"I see it at last," he whispered, "I o it at last!" Bobby scrambled to his feet and oked at Father with troubled eyes. that could he have done to the prebus car? He had never seen Father

ook like that before. That's it! Good heavens, of course Bat's it! Blockhead, not to have seen

He caught Bobby up in his arms. et's find, Mother!" he shouted. "What have you two boys been do ng?" Mother asked, before she caught a glimpse of Father's face. Then she turned pale. She who was indeed one with him, understood. "Oh. Robert!" sile cried and his joy reflected through Har face and voice.

They found each other's arms and Boby put life arms around both their cks and bound them close together. "Just to think, Annie," Father said t last, "it was Bobby's running the the car up and down the hills that finally put me on the scent. If I had not given it to him, I should be purrling over it yet."

"I am so thankful, Dearest," she d, the happy tears glistening in her tender eyes. Then she added mis-culeyously. "It is a great combination, twittit? Norton and Son!" And "Son" trondered what she meant.





VOL. 41 Christmas Made Them

By MAY ELLIS NICHOLLS,

band in his hand. On the floor at his side was a dis- outside the forbidden door. Well might abled auto-truck, loaded down with he pause: it was the first time in the ago she had taken Bobby to see the Christmas packages at least that was six years of his short life that he had what Bobby saw. Of course if one ever deliberately disobeyed those who shop in the city and he had had eyes looked fearfully at the delicate flushhad only grown-up ores, it might have had authority over him. But his mind for only one thing, this little car, a ed face, her motherhood revolted. looked to him like a digar box mounted was made up: He was going to face marvellously intricate miniature of a Bobby should have a Christmas! He ish heart on this as much as you have of four little wheels, three of them Father as man to main and, no matter grown-up's expensive plaything—the should not be robbed of his rightful set your man's heart on your great

eclared, minus its "rubber tire." With the opening of the kitchen

eyes. She wore a white apron over blue muslin dress spactly the shide hor eyes; her sleeves, rolled above elbows, displayed her shapely "Why you blessed darling! All in

: a cheap, ornate, built-in sidehard, a yellow-oak dining table, four chairs and a divan that could be used f a bed, made up the furniture.

thiew it down with tears in his big

liberating, then he turned the knob, had done "Bobby! You don't mean waked slowly the length of the dair you bothered Father?"

It have used up our nome? Would I have used up our snug little nest leave your work for one night and length and paused outside another door.

It have used up our snug little nest leave your work for one night and length and or before the full moon every month ed Father. Sometimes he came out wouldn't let me touch it"

cy. Loss of Energy, Palpitation of Failing Memory. Price \$2 per box, 3 old by all druggists, or mailed in plain eipt of price. New pamphlet mailed

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