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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

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SUCCESSOR TO
J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

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L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

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Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets.
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Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Harber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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This well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, brass-finishing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Horse shoeing a leading feature.

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Good Bread
TRY OUR
White, Brown and Currant Loaf.
Fresh Scones, Buns and Dough Nuts every day. All kinds of Cakes on hand. Tarts made to order. Wedding Cakes a specialty.
Confectionery.
Best assortment of Confectionery from best makers. Popular prices.
Oysters and Fruits
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Oyster Parlor now open. Oysters served in most popular methods.
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GOODS AT
DAY'S
CARDS, BOOKLETS FINE BOOKS, BIBLES, HYMN BOOKS, POCKET BOOKS TOY BOOKS, WRITING FOLIOS, TOYS and GAMES
Store is full of good things for Xmas Gifts. Prices extra low. Large new stock
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH
DRY + BELLS + CHOKP

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA
Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,700,000
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts.
Letters of Credit, available in all parts of the world, issued at this office.
Special attention given to Farmers' Business.
MONEY ORDERS,
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.
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Good Shoes
Seasonable Prices.
We are here to serve you faithfully and well. The whole system of our business revolves around the central point, that we sell good goods at reasonable prices. The day of large profits is gone. Sudden fortunes are not often made honestly. We are content with the moderate rewards that come from a large trade well managed. Come and talk Shoes with us; we can't discuss politics, but we are full of ideas on foot gear. We sell all Lines and suit all Customers.
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The Shoe Man.
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For the best
Quality of
FLOUR
GO TO
EVERTON OR EDEN MILLS
Always sure to get the
BEST ARTICLE at RIGHT PRICES.
Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale.
Chopping done and Oats rolled for horses every day at both mills.
Cash for wheat and Oats.
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PROPRIETOR

Are You Going To
Get a New Cutter?
I have a very nice assortment, very Stylish, Roomy and Comfortable, all My Own Makes, best value in the country.
I have a splendid assortment of heavy Bob Sleighs, made of the very best materials and guaranteed to keep the track.
I also have a nice line of pleasure Bob Sleighs, 2 and 3 seats, just the proper thing for any farmer to have. Don't fail to call and see my stock. Remember this is the best Shop in the county for all kinds of Repairing.
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LIVERY
—AND—
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The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Proprietor

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Guelph Branch
(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)
Savings Bank Department
HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal on withdrawals paid for compounded half yearly.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own notes at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. P. H. JONES, Manager.

Do You Realize
How Near Christmas Is ?
One month and Christmas will be past. Have you not thought how pleasant it would be to see all the nice things Bond & Co. have for Christmas purposes? Read this partial list of specials. Come and look them over before the busy days commence.
Razors, Carvers, Cutlery of all kinds, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Silver Novelties, Lamps, Carpet Sweepers, Hair Brushes, Razor Strops, etc.
OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.

FRAMES!
FRAME
PICTURES
FRAMED
AT
Waters Bros.
ART STORE
GUELPH
ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE

ACTON
SAW MILLS
LUMBER, LATH SHINGLES AND WOOD.
DRESSED LUMBER, ROUGH LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLE AND STOVE WOOD OF ALL KINDS
Kept Constantly on Hand.
James Brown.
Terms Cash.

Acton Pump Works
Main Street Acton
If you are in need of a good Pump, either in wood or iron, come to Acton Pump Works
—Cisterns Made—
—All Repairs Promptly Attended to—
—Wells Cleaned—
THE
CHICKCO WORMOTOR
Is acknowledged the lightest running and best windmill manufactured. I am agent for this district. Call and investigate before you buy.
T. EBBAGE,
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W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown Ontario.
BOOK, NEWS COLORED PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER

Sun Savings and Loan Co
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT
Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00
Ten-year maturity shares are paid. Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 12 months, when payments cease—$60.00 paid in—maturity value $100.00.
Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to
R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton

Poetry.

SWEET CHRISTMAS TIME.

O Christmas chimes! O Christmas times!
The sweetest and the brightest;
When hearts beat high and pulses fly,
And childhood's steps are lightest!
When ruddy cheeks are ruddiest,
And red lips like a cherry,
O Christmas near! O Christmas here!
So sparkling and so merry!

Old Santa Claus—with ample cause,
For children all adore him—
While they're asleep, takes many a peep
At trouble beds before him;
And then he laughs—not in his sleeve,
For that is full, believe it,
Of Christmas toys, for girls and boys,
And could not well receive it.

The good old man will plot and plan
Like any great commander,
Or swim deep seas—the young to please—
As did the brave Leander,
Not only packs of jumping-jacks
Adorn his ample shoulders,
But hat and boots and stockish suits
Astonish all beholders.

O Christmas bells, your music tells
A tale of joy and gladness—
Of freshly peace, of sweet increase—
And not a tale of sadness;
For even Poverty lifts up
Her thousand, thousand voices,
And for this time, the one bright time
Of goodly cheer, rejoices!

Select Family Reading.

In The Children's Ward

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

ELIZABETH was better, she said "down to her elbows." Her poor little legs still stretched out, helpless and still, under the quilts. She had been in the children's ward of the Biglow hospital seven long months.

"Seems 'most as if I'd been here always, doesn't it?" she said, in her wistful way, to the Best-Beloved Nurse. "When you've been in the same place seven months, you know, you get to forgetting you ever anywhere else. Why, I shut my eyes up and look as hard as I can, but I can't remember the color o' the house I lived in when I was alive."

A queer quiver crept into the Best-Beloved Nurse's throat. It always did when Elizabeth spoke of the time when she was "alive." The child's strange fancy touched her. It had been such a forlorn way to be "alive," too!

"You know when they came to take Stevie home this morning, don't you, Best-Beloved?" went on Elizabeth's thin little voice—"Best-Beloved" was another of her fancies—"Well, I thought of something then. I thought that I guessed the Lord knew what he was about."

"Why, Elizabeth?"

"When he 'cided to keep me here 'stead of Stevie, I mean," the child explained, gravely. "There's 'all o' those folks would have missed Stevie—the mothers an' fathers an' sisters an' folks. But they don't miss you at orphan 'sylums, you know. My, I, guess not! They just 'xactly as lieve it would be five months, or six, or eleventeen!"

Elizabeth laughed softly to herself, but the Best-Beloved Nurse felt the quiver again in her throat. Of all her little patients, this orphan waif held the tenderest spot in her heart—Elizabeth had lain there in her cot so long and so patiently. Others had watched mothers and fathers coming down the long, bare ward toward them, on visiting days. No one had ever come to "visit" Elizabeth. It was as she said—at orphan 'sylums nobody missed you, of course. I guess not! But the Best-Beloved Nurse had seen the wistful yearning in Elizabeth's meager little face on visiting days. She thought she understood.

Elizabeth, as the longest an inmate of the children's ward, put on certain little gracious airs toward the others, as if she were hostess and they her guests. She welcomed the new ones, and said good-bye to the old ones. Stevie had limped up to her cot, and gone through the usual little ceremony stolidly, the mother and father and sisters smiling in his wake.

"Good-bye 'Liz'beth. I hope you'll get well"—they all said that—"I'll come back some time 'n' see you—and that too.

"Good-bye, Stevie. I'm glad you've got well. I shall be happy to be vis'ted, thank you!"

The grave ceremony rarely varied. Sometimes the little healed one, in the radiance of his or her home-going smuggled a bit of a gift into Elizabeth's hand. That happened seven times in seven months. Elizabeth kept the gifts in a box under her pillow, and called them her "treasure." They were her next best beloved. Nothing could ever be quite so dear as the gentle nurse.

"You—you think they'll let me go away when you go, don't you?" How many times she said that! For to stay on and on without the Best-Beloved Nurse—no, no, no!

"You'll ask 'em to, won't you, Best-Beloved?" she pleaded often. "Tell 'em I must, I couldn't stand it here, 'lone it, I mean,—'thout you. As if!"

For there was always the awful possibility of the Best-Beloved Nurse's going away hanging like a black cloud over Elizabeth's cot. She knew that by-and-by—there was always a by-and-by—all nurses did go. The Scowly Nurse had, and the Next Best Nurse.

Besides the Best-Beloved Nurse, the ward-sweeper was an especial friend of Elizabeth's. She had been "on duty" at nine o'clock every morning of the seven months, and the child had learned to watch eagerly for the sight of her pleasant, round face at the other end of the ward. Then what fun to see her sweep her way nearer and nearer—this side and that side, under all the little white cots, and then in a straight, triumphant march down the middle—till she got to Elizabeth!

"Good morning Mrs. O'Meara," Elizabeth always said, then.

"What's that? Why, it's me same little Lizzie I'm! sig'in!" the sweeper always answered, as if in surprise at finding her there. "An' wud ye be tellin' me if ol've shwept me room clane the day?" And Elizabeth would raise herself on her elbow to inspect the work with sharp eyes.

"Yess, I think it's all clean—no, there's something under the broken-collar-bone boy's cot, Mrs. O'Meara. It looks like dust."

"Thrue for ye, it's dust as sure as the wurruld! Did anny lady iver see the folkes av the eyes ave her!"

Sometimes the dialogue varied somewhat from this, but there was always the dust inspection to make first. After that there were the little O'Mearas to inquire for—how Timsy was getting out in the primer, and was Grannie's rheumatism a little better, may be? And, oh, had the baby cut any more teeth? Elizabeth knew all the little O'Mearas by name—Timsy and Nora and Katie and "Mavourneen" and the baby. She knew how old—how very old—Grannie was, and which of her j'ints ached the worst. "Tell her to never mind," she sent word sometimes. "It's better to ache some in your joints than never to feel 'em at all. My! so if you hadn't any j'ints, you know? Tell Grannie she's the best off."

THE PRINCE OF TRACK.

But there came a morning when Mrs. O'Meara did not come. Nine o'clock passed, and half-past nine, and ten, and Elizabeth watched in vain. She began to worry. What had happened to the little O'Mearas? Was it Timsy or Katie, or Mavourneen? Or was it the baby something had happened to? Would they turn Mrs. O'Meara out if she left the children's ward unswept a whole day? There wasn't any Mr. O'Meara now—he had died six months ago. How could they all get along if the hospital folks turned Mrs. O'Meara out?

Elizabeth lay in her white cot, and kept her eyes on the door at the end of the ward.

"I'm most certain it's the baby," she confided to the Best-Beloved Nurse. "Prob'ly he's cut all his teeth at once and it's killed him. You don't think they'll turn her out, do you, Best-Beloved?"

No, oh no, they had taken her in. Elizabeth found it out when Grannie came at 11 o'clock. She had never seen Grannie before, but she knew in the minute she came stooping in at the door with the broom in her hand. She was just as bent and old and shriveled as Elizabeth had known Grannie would be. Of course it was Grannie.

Elizabeth watched the slow broom work laboriously back and forth under the little white cots, and then come toward her, down toward the broad middle aisle. There were flecks of dust in its wake, not just under the broken-collar-bone boy's bed but over there—look—under the scalded little girl's, and the girl-with-the-broken-legs. Oh, Grannie was not sweeping clean at all! It would never, never do. The sweepers in the children's ward must sweep clean.

Nearer and nearer labored the broom in Grannie's tremulous old hands. It was at the homesick baby's cot now—ah, now it was at Elizabeth's!

"Good-morning, Grannie! You are Grannie, aren't you? Elizabeth cried in her sweet, thin voice. "Good-morning. I wish you'd tell me whether it's the baby or not."

The bewildered old face gazed down at the little meager white one, mutely. Elizabeth took pity on it.

"I guess you don't know me," she said, gently. "I'm Elizabeth—the one that's a friend to Mrs. O'Meara. I've known her a great while. We're quite int'mate. That's how I knew you were Grannie. Is Mrs. O'Meara sick, or is it the baby's teeth?"

There was an instant more of silence, then, quite unexpectedly, Grannie leaned her shabby old head on her shabby old arm, against the partition wall, and broke into muffled wailing. The broom had slid quietly to the floor, unnoticed.

"Why!" Elizabeth exclaimed in distress "Why! Oh, I wish Best-Beloved would come! Grannie, Grannie, what is it that makes you cry?"

"Hivin help us! Hivin help us!" Grannie wailed, brokenly. "It's me soul that's sick widin me! It's a great thrile that's come upon me! It's heard, heard, heard!"

"Oh, what is it?—where is Best-Beloved?" Elizabeth cried in her distress and pity. Then the old head lifted. Grannie calmed a little.

"It's only las' noight it happened there in the sthreet, an' me an' the childer waitin' that continted at home. It was the cars wint over her an' they brought her here to the very place she's afther shwept the manny times. It's here she is the day, layin' in one av thim beds, an' me wid the broom, shwaping! Ahch, it's afther bein' a thrile to me sowl. Hivin have pity on us!"

After that Grannie came every day to sweep and every day Elizabeth kept sharp watch for the flecks of dust that escaped her dim old eyes. It was all she could do for Grannie. Between them both the children's ward was kept clean-swept.

It was nearing Christmas time. All about Elizabeth were pale little people "hurrying to get well in time for Christmas." Everybody wanted to go home—everybody except Elizabeth. She caught the Best-Beloved Nurse's hand in her lean little fingers and squeezed it lovingly. "I'd rather stay here with you," she said softly. "You are the Chris'masest thing I ever had. Of course if there was a mother—but there isn't. I'd rather stay with you."

Two or three of the little patients went away the week before Christmas and they all left childish gifts for Elizabeth's treasure-box. They were the toys that had beguiled so many weary hours for them and what might they not do for Elizabeth?

She put them away with the other precious things, with her gracious little speech of thanks. But after the children had gone she beckoned the Best-Beloved Nurse to her, and her face was quite excited and mysterious.

"I've thought of something!" she cried. "I'm goin' to hang my stockin' up—oh! oh! I forgot about my legs! But I must have had stockin's when I was alive. You could find 'em, couldn't you?" she queried anxiously.—"I've just thought how splendid it would be to hang one up Christmas eve and have you fill it with—please put your head down here. I'll whisper it—with the treasure! I wouldn't be s'prised to know a single thing, you know—just be lyin' here, pretend I'm asleep, an' then in the mornin' how very s'prised I'd be! Oh, goody! you think you can and my stockin's? You must know you can, don't you? Here, I'll give you the treasure now. It's a secret. Don't tell Elizabeth!" and the child laughed with delight.

It was all carried out carefully. Only on Christmas morning, Elizabeth found several new and wonderful gifts in the long black stocking. The Best-Beloved Nurse would have nothing to say about them. She only smiled mysteriously,—"Santa Clausly," Elizabeth said.

Grannie came Christmas day too. She looked just as old and shabby and feeble. And there was a new patch on her faded calico dress. Grannie did not look like Christmas. Elizabeth, from the midst of her treasure, gazed at her pityingly.

"She's dreadfully patched' an' worn out," she mused, watching the slow sweeps of Grannie's broom. "I don't b'lieve she knows it's Chris'mas—I'm goin' to see."

"Merry Chris'mas, Grannie!" she called, as the shabby figure drew near, then she waited, scrutinizing the seamy old face carefully. No, it did not light up or smile. It was bewildered, that was all. Granny did not know.

"Merry Chris'mas—Chris'mas, Grannie! Didn't you know what day it was? Didn't the children hang up their stockin's? I did—look what I got in it!"

The treasure was spread out on the counterpane. Elizabeth's fingers touched it as if they loved it. Grannie gazed down at the display stupidly. Elizabeth thought she did not understand, until suddenly she saw two tears creep down over the yellow "mubbles" of Grannie's face. Then Elizabeth understood, too.

"Oh, they didn't hang 'em up, I know they didn't!" she cried. "Not one of 'em. Grannie? not even the baby? Why, then it isn't Christmas at your house?"

"No, it's a Monday," Grannie muttered, patiently. And the shabby old figure swept its way onward down the ward. Elizabeth lay very still just caressing her beloved treasure with her tender glance. It was so dear!

The best-loved nurse found her so, when she came up on her round. Then Elizabeth spoke: "Grannie sweeps wurd F, doesn't she, an wurd H, too?" she questioned eagerly.

"Yes, dear. Why?"

"Because—that there's time. Only we must hurry! There's a good deal to do. Please lift me a little upper, Best-Beloved. There! Now I'm goin' to park the treasure into its old box again—all of it, 'cause there's so many O'Mearas. Then please will you wrap it up—the box, you know, in brown paper an' string an' say on it: 'This is a Christmas from yours truly, Elizabeth.' There's thing enough to catch Grannie!"

It was all done by-and-by except the tying up, but the best-beloved nurse's fingers halted over the knot. "Shall I, dear? Are you sure you want me to?" she said softly for her heart misgave her for Elizabeth and the treasure.

"Tie it," Elizabeth answered.

So, after all, it was Christmas at Grannie's house.

"Listen, dear," whispered the best beloved nurse a few nights later, when she was settling her little patient for the night, "I'm going away to-morrow, Elizabeth—wait, wait, dear, there's some more. You're going, too! Dear, if there's a mother—yours and mine—for mine is going to be yours now, Elizabeth, if there's a mother, would you mind so much if the doctors said your legs might never get well? Quite as much, Elizabeth?"

"A mother," the child murmured. "Oh, a mother for me, myself, Elizabeth."

"For Elizabeth, dear."

"Then never mind my legs. I choose the mother," Elizabeth cried.

LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

The snow was falling on the mountains, hiding their tops in a misty veil, and the air was full of whirling flakes, which were rapidly covering the brown earth with a carpet of white and obliterating the trail up the mountain side where trudged, or rather stumbled along, a grotesque childish figure in a man's rough jacket with the sleeves rolled over and over to let out the small brown hands, while the edge of the coat, on a line with her heels, left a trail in the snow. A red hood covered the child's head, dark curls peeping out around her face, and in the fearless, wistful eyes shone a new light, for Dorothy was going to find Santa Claus. When her mother had gone to heaven a short time before, they had carried her up the mountain, and God and Santa Claus were always associated together in the child's mind. So if God lived up there Santa Claus could not be far away. Thus reasoned little Dorothy in the hours when her father was off working in the mine and she was left alone with her rag doll in the little brown hut which served as shelter and home.

"Santa Claus may not come here now that mother has gone," the little girl said, "and it must be near Christmas, so I will find him, and perhaps he will take me in his reindeer sleigh to see mother and God."

Little Dorothy paused in her task of sweeping the one room of their home, and, putting some potatoes in the ashes to bake, that her father's supper might be ready for him, she had wrapped herself in the old coat, donned her red hood and started out to find Santa Claus.

It chanced that day that one of the mine owners was down from the city on a tour of inspection, and, having seen Dorothy on a previous trip, he had, remembering another little girl who was very happy on Christmas eve, brought down a Christmas box for Dorothy and so strolled along with her father as he started homeward, that he might give it into the hands of the little maiden herself. But when they reached the brown hut Dorothy was not there, and when repeated calls brought no answer the two men, alarmed, started in opposite directions to seek her. Mr. Golden following the almost obliterated path up the mountain side, where, a mile beyond, he found the little one almost buried in the falling snow, and as he stooped to lift her in his arms she murmured drowsily, seeing the kind face bending over her:

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want"—

When she opened her wistful, dark eyes again, the same kind face was bending over her as she lay on her cot in the little brown house, her father holding her in his arms, while beside her was the most beautiful doll of which she had ever dreamed, and, clasping it close to her heart, little Dorothy asked with reverent joy, the dark eyes filled to overflowing:

"Dear Mr. Santa Claus, is you God too?"

BE, NOT SEEM.

Be genuine. Whether as a layman giving testimony, or as a preacher declaring the counsel of God, avoid a mere pretense of feeling. Make sure that your tones, your words, and your manner represent only real emotion. "A young hound lays as soon as he is entered upon the chase; wisdom waits until some game has been started." You are in danger of being ineffective throughout a discourse because you are dishonest at the beginning, by making a show of feeling that is soon fictitious. Your audience will not get warm by a painted fire, nor will it become inspired by gush that stimulant unction.—Pacific Christian Advocate.

THE CHRISTMAS FEELING.

I like the Christmas feeling that is
filling all the air,
The bits the street and busy stores
and scatter everywhere.
I like the easy manner of the people
on the street,
The bundle laden people and the shop-
girls smiling sweet.
There's a glow of warmth and splendor in the windows everywhere,
There's a glow in people's faces which has lately stolen there,
And everywhere the bells ring out with merry peal and chime,
Which makes me like the feeling of the happy Christmas time.
I like the Christmas feeling: there is
nothing can compare
With the free and kindly spirit that is spreading everywhere.
The rich, the poor, the young and old,
all catch its atmosphere,
And every heart for once is full of good old Christmas cheer.
I like to feel the presents as they
reach me day by day;
The presence of the presents drives my loneliness away.
To feel that I'm remembered is a feeling most sublime,
The feeling of the feeling of the happy
Christmas time.

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

Oh, the paint is on the baby,
And the baby's on the floor!
Oh, he's wriggling hard, and maybe
He's not setting up a roar!

All the paint is off the camel
And the yak and kangaroo,
And the wombat's gay enamel
Lines the youngster through and
through.

He has chewed the sheep and shepherd,
And he's munched the Hottentots,
And he's dined upon the leopard
Till his stomach's full of spots.

Oh, he whirls in fiendish frolic
Till he like a pinwheel flies
In a knot of painter's colic
That no peppermint unties.

And from Frisco to Atlanta
You can hear him through the
night
Yelling things about old Santa
That are rude and impolite.

Wishing he'll no'er turn a calm leaf
In his book of life below,
Where a premium's on the palm leaf
And there isn't any snow.

—PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

DID GOD KNOW.

And so He was born in a manger.

And yet we abhor poverty.

"Please give me a dime."

How we shrink from that voice.

We look to the home of the rich and we envy them. We see the heavy curtains hanging from their magnificent fronts, we catch an occasional glimpse of the luxuriousness behind them, and we are saddened for the moment because we do not live there, because we are poor.

But He was born in a manger.

Yet perhaps God did not understand the value of riches.

He might have been born in the home of the Emperor and welcomed by the acclaim of a nation.

A manger!

A stall!

But again, perhaps God did not understand the value of a smile from the throne.

Well, the angels didn't rap up the nobles to let them know about it.

The simple shepherds heard the story.

God plays no favorites.

There were no reserved seats to review the grand spectacle rehearsed in Heaven. There are few things that riches cannot buy, and one of them was a seat beside the shepherds on that night 1,901 years ago next Wednesday.

And so they called Him Jesus.

How plain!

We part our names in the middle, hyphenate them, and Smythe them, Brownne them, change them, strive for an an affix, and bow the knee for a prefix.

Yet, perhaps this Jesus did not know the power of a title.

We bow to the C. B.

We bend double to the K.C.M.G.

We twist ourselves in knots before a king.

But here was a King, and they called the child Jesus."

But perhaps Joseph did not think when he named Him.

"Stand back, stand back!" Cordons of soldiers line the streets, and the populace are pushed aside, and a King rides by in georgeous state.

Why stand back?

Oh, he is a King of the twentieth century and these Kings must not be bored by a peering, pressing, populace.

"So back there, stand back!"

And they pressed in upon another King, and He healed them; comforted them, fed them and raised them up.

"Stand back?"

No, no. "Come unto Me.

This King loved the poor and grieved for the rich.

He gave the rich the least of His attention.

He sat with those we would call the scum, the dregs, the outcasts.

Marvellous King!

He ate with sinners.

Strange King!

But perhaps He did not use good judgment, it was not good form.

We sorrow for the poor and cultivate the rich.

This King was a great giver.

We are great getters.

We have seen a motto, "To have and to hold."

There is a book that says: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

So this King said: "Here is my life," and they took it.

And about 1,878 years ago the great round world thrilled from pole to pole, and toppled on its tremendous axis, there was a hush in Heaven, there was hate in Hell, and the arch fiend trembled, for a King was dying who knew no sin.

And because He died life is safe in Christendom.

The scoffer scoffs, but has he sleeps to-night he sleeps secure. The atheist jeers, but his couch to-night will be easy from present fear.

The influence of Christ and the Cross will live on and on forever.—Charles F. Raymond.