

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1913

PLAYING SANTA CLAUS

"You Knock and Stand It in the Door"
Now how would you feel, kiddies,
If you woke up Christmas Day
And found Santa Claus at the door?
Had he got any candy for you?
Would your little heart be heavy?
Would your tears be foreseen?
Would the day be dark and dreary?
Would you be longing sin and sin?
Would it give you aches and longings?
As you layed down to play
Some little girls in their beds
Drew a splendid sleigh?
Well, then all you lucky children,
To whom Santa is so kind,
Remember, they are just like
Poor Santa Claus and him,
Prested that YOU are Santa Claus,
Go down and buy a toy.
And take it all you want,
And get it right hot,
Just knock and let it in the door.
Then, laughing, run away,
And hollow as you clasp your hands:
"A Merry Christmas Day!"

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calm sleep. Outside the wind was moaning, and the leaf fall in the trees against the window. The frosty night played in fitful gleams of thermometer. Suddenly he awoke and turned over, his eyes grew wonderous bright, and a radiant smile spread over his face. "He is beautiful," he cried, "oh, mother, pearl and gold and lights—and the girls isn't shut it! Noddey be sprung up in bed—"the King," he almost shouted, "I see the beautiful King!" Then he fell back upon the pillow. Bobby had gone to see the King in His beauty at last. Straight forth he went from his fever and his poverty into the beautiful city, where the sun shone brightly, and the King had shewed him the way. The nurse bent tenderly over the sobbing mother, "our knees be wide the bed" and her eyes were dim as she said softly, "And Jesus called a little child unto Him."

It was Christmas Eve. Outside the storm had ceased and up through the still night was wafted the strain of the old carol, sung by the ruddy choristers of the nearby church: "While sheepherds watched their flocks by night on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down And glory shone around."

Methinks the angels had indeed come down, and horns the little suffered upon their sacred phlons into the palace of the King.

A TRAVELLING CHRISTMAS TRADE

Its first appearance was in the kindest—this graceful little seven-foot cedar, destined to bring much happiness to many children, in many different ways and places.

For weeks the children had been busy with anticipations and preparations for its coming. Boxes were heaped high with gay paper chains, with painted cardboard gifts bright with colored ribbons, and with gold and silver ornaments for its adornment.

The morning of the last day of school—the day before Christmas—when the small people gathered in holiday attire, with air of expectancy which made it hard to sit with prettily folded hands. For, at one side of the room stood the Christmas tree—their own dear little tree—and mammas and sunties and nurses were there, each looking with fond, proud eyes at the boy or girl in whom she was most interested.

Presently came the "Good-morning" song. After singing to the dear friends, the teacher and the children, their teacher asked:

"And to whom shall we sing next?" Instantly small hands after another eagerly raised.

"To the tree!" "To Santa Claus!" "To the boxes under the tree!"

All those and many more, the funny little folks were eager for, until it was time for the games and motion songs. Then chideads fluttered, frogs jumped; and, last of all, "Jolly Old Saint Nicholas" was sung with a will.—Jean Dalton.

EXPENSIVE GIFTS

The two girls were talking of Christmas gifts, and Dorothy asked Helen who all of her relatives and best of friends seemed to have the keenest intuition as to her longings.

"I'm not sure about that," said Helen, "after a short period of reflection, "but I know whose gift I always find most from embarrassment the next year."—Aunt Mary Colburn.

"Dear me, that sounds mysterious," said Dorothy. "What does she give you?"

"She gives me a liberal check," said Helen, "and on the envelope which contains it she writes: 'For my niece Helen'—the mount and frame pictures, supply cushions, and otherwise finds the gifts she receives." You people are lovely about embroidering things for me and giving me valuable photographs and sketches, but it costs a good deal some times to get them in order; and yet if you don't, the people who give them to you are to thank you for your delicate taste and what makes them look so queer, Dorothy? You never gave me an unfinished present."

"No," said Dorothy, "in a voice mused by her handkerchief, "that I was thinking about somebody gave me the two years ago—some beautiful music bands; and I've never been able to afford the dress to put them on. I haven't any Aunt Mary Colburn, you know."

"I ought to have been ashamed of myself," said Helen.

A PHILANTHROPIST

"Willie—'Pa, what is a philanthropist?'

"Pa—'A philanthropist, my son, is merely a man who has more money than he can possibly use himself.'

HER THOUGHTS

"A penny for your thoughts, darling," said Newlyn. "Oh, Harry," she replied, "they will cost you far more than that." "What were you thinking about, then?" "Just a new gown I ordered yesterday."

Twenty years ago—
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At Leslie's School on Friday, at the closing of the Christmas examination exercises, Miss Ores, the teacher, who is leaving, was presented with an affectionate address read by Miss Katty Orr, and a beautiful album and pair of vases by Misses Maggie Kirkwood and Alice Leslie on behalf of the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, of Holstain, were guests at the home of Mrs. Thomas Elliott.

WEDDING

Kate Mair—At the house of the bride's father, on December 21st, Rev. A. Horatio Mair, of Etobicoke, Ontario, to Miss Lavinia Mair, of Etobicoke, Ontario.

BIRTHS

John W. Steele, son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Steele, of Galt, Ontario, was born on December 21st.

DEATHS

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CHRISTMAS QUOTATIONS

Christ is wont to catch every man in the way of his own craft—Magician with a star, Fisher with Sab.—St. Chrysostom.

A good conscience is a continual Christmas.—Benjamin Franklin.

I will ignore Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year.—Quincy Adams.

The world shall change all grafts and quarts into love.—Shakespeare.

I have always thought of Christmas as a good time, a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time; a time when men and women seem by one consistent to open their hearts freely; and so I say: "God bless Christmas!"—Charles Dickens.

The Christmas star has five points; love to God, love to man, thoughtful, self-denial, and joy.—Anon.

The real Christmas tree is the Tree of Life. Its branches spread over all lands, and its leaves are the hope of the healing of the nations.—Amos A. Wells.

AN IRON STORE FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER TABLE

By wires suspend a round wire netting from the chandelier to hang just below it. This should be wound with southern moss. From every section of the wire hangs the graceful "Orbital Silver Rain," which may be bought for fifteen cents. Keep one end of the wire free of glass idles, give body to the loose ends. From the central part of the wire hangs a bunch of matelotes with a silver ribbon, a round mirror as the centerpiece reflecting its berries. The mirror should be edged with the moss, also. Green and white chimes should be used, but no candlesticks as the light must be from above. White roses at the men's places are to be drawn through at one corner of dainty Christmas cards, which bear each guest's name. Sprays of matelotes with a knot of silver ribbon, through which is twisted a bone hairpin, will be souvenirs for the girls that will make some merriment.

CHILDREN CRY FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

All the public positions in Prolesey, France, are held by women.

THE OIL OF POWER

It is not claimed for Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil that it will cure every ailment, but its uses are so various that it may be looked upon as a general pain killer. It has relieved that greatness for itself and all afflictions for which it has failed. Its sole purpose is to heal and to restore health.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are \$1.00 per box, 3 boxes for \$3.25, at all dealers. To be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Williams Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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POSITION SEEKER

"Old Richly—I don't wish you for a son-in-law."

YOUNG MAN—No? Well, haven't you any other good position you could give a fellow?

FINALLY, stand with a Spartan determination to be firm.—Epworth Outlook.

A FEW AND SAME CHRISTMAS

The safe and same Fourth of July took mightily with the public. Has a safe and same Christmas any chance to become popular? Its characteristics are these:

1. A resolution to keep within one's means; neither running in debt, nor having things charged that one must scraping month to pay for, nor getting into a bind over the outlay of money one could not afford.

2. The cutting off of all gifts "for the sake of appearance."

3. Refusal to engage in the reciprocal act, giving to those from whom a present seems impending.

4. Unwillingness to estimate the money value of gifts received last year as a basis of recompence this year.

Encapsulations from entitled gift-giving—that is, giving because one did last year and the year before that, etc. If it is time to stop, just stop.

Confining from saying, "I have sixty-one presents for my Christmas."

The reverse of ostentation, and invites some poor foolish soul to try to roll up a similar list.

7. Making plans with wise restraint and calm estimate of time involved. A would-be Lady-Bountiful suddenly conceived the plan of giving work baskets to a number of old ladies. Each basket was to be fitted up with little needle-bocks, ploughs, etc. She hired a woman to make them. But the time was too short for such an order, and Lady Bountiful drove so insistently so that she was ill all Christmas Day!

8. A few simple, inexpensive gifts, and safe people's little feather and other favors.

9. To Santa Claus!

10. To the boxes under the tree!

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New York City has a servant inside club with 20 members.

According to statistics a woman lives strongest at the age of thirty.

Of the 200 women charitable in England twenty own their own business.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea for man's remedy, for all life which flesh is heir. What would relieve man in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine, which when obtained from the bark of the cinchona tree, a remedy for many and grievous diseases. Its gradual and judicious use by the medical systems are led to convalescence and strength by this influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquillizing the nervous system to sound and refreshing sleep—inspires vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, passes through the veins, restoring the healthy, animal functions of the system, and thus making activity a man's ready means for strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearer perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.

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