The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XL.---NO. 26. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1914. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press
is PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT THE

FREE PRESS BUILDING
MILL STREET. - ACTON ONT

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. $1.50 to subscribers in the United States. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES — Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Contract display advertisements, for 50 or inches more, per annum, 10 cents per inch each insertion. Yearly contracts for reading matter 15 cents per inch each insertion.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month, if desired. For changes oftener than above mentioned the extra composition must be paid for at regular rates.

All accounts collected monthly.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening.
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For the Counties of Wellington, Halton, Peel and Dufferin, and the city of Guelph.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Limehouse P. O., or Caledon telephone in residence in connection with the Bell, where arrangements as to dates and advertising can be made. Orders left at FREE PRESS office, Acton, will receive immediate attention. Special attention to sales in Acton and vicinity.
FARMS TO SELL on EASY.

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BOOK BINDER
Quebec St. East - - Guelph, Ont.
Books and Magazines bound in Handsome and Substantial Covers.
Names lettered in gold on Bibles, Hymn Books and other Books.
ALL WORK PROMPTLY EXECUTED

The Old and Reliable Granite and Marble Dealers

We are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to stand law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or pest customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

HAMILTON & SONS
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New Stock For Christmas

New Raisins
New Currants
New Dates
New Nuts
New Peels
New Spices

Fine Line of Confectionery

First class line of Fancy Cakes and Pastry. Fresh every day.

Cooked Meats, Hams, Bacon, with the Home-like flavor.

Bread and other goods delivered promptly daily.

J. R. LIVINGSTONE
Successor to H. S. RICE,
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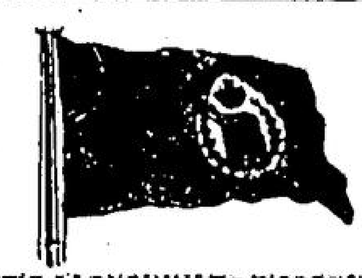
Established 1848
JEWELLER - GUELPH

The old and Reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers

Savage & Co.
Guelph - Ont.



IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

Where we would all like to go but it is only a short way to

KENNEY BROS.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE

Where you can get fitted in all kinds of FOOTWEAR and RUBBERS for the wet weather and we also have a full line of Winter Goods in both felt-lined and heavy rubbers at prices that are right, as we carry nothing but No. 1 stock.

We also handle a nice line of Ladies' Boots and Slippers and Children Footwear, and a full line of Hockey Shoes.

All repairing neatly and promptly attended to.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR
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AND
School Supplies
FOR
NATURE STUDY
BOTANICAL
ETOMOLOGICAL
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41 Wyndham Street
Phone 350

EXCELSIOR BAKERY
George Statham
Church St. - - Acton

The bakery business of T. Statham & Son in Acton, which has been conducted for the past thirty years, has been purchased by George Statham and will be conducted in the same first-class manner as in the past.

All kinds of Bread, Cakes, Pastry, Wedding Cakes and Christmas Cakes will be supplied to the satisfaction of all customers.

GEO. STATHAM
Acton - - Ontario

Guelph Business College
GUELPH ONTARIO

FALL TERM BEGINS Tuesday, Sept. 1, when any and every young person, desirous of acquiring a thorough business education, will be welcomed to our popular classes.

WE OFFER a wide range of interesting and practical studies, bearing directly on Business Success. Our long and successful experience in teaching covers all grades from the public school to the great university.

OUR STUDENTS, therefore, get the solid advantage of the highest grade of teaching, the best up-to-date methods, and a practical, scholarly presentment of every subject.

COME DIRECT to the College Office, 197 Upper Wyndham Street, or address

Malcolm MacCormack, B. A., Prin.

Christmas 1914

The Bond Hardware Store wishes Every "Press" Reader a Merry Christmas

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Phone 10-12 Ten-Twelve) GUELPH

Our Headache Curing Record

Hundreds have been freed from persistent headaches by our scientifically fitted glasses.

When we undertake to cure headache we do so or refund the money.

ALL LENSES GROUND ON THE PREMISES

A. D. SAVAGE
OPTOMETRIST & MFG. OPTICIAN
"Right at the Post Office"
Phone 437m GUELPH

For Christmas

Groceries
Fruits
Baking and Confectionery
Fancy China
FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

You will find "The Right Goods" at "The Right Price" at

Woodhall & McKay's

The Bell Piano

A Piano—not only with a reputation, but with all the qualities to back—is

MADE IN GUELPH

By the largest manufacturers under the British flag and by the most skilled workmen known and is

SOLD IN ACTON

Purely on its merits, because it has given hundreds of people perfect satisfaction, because it possesses the sweetest tone and it stays in tune the longest.

C. W. Kelly & Son
133 Upper Wyndham St.
GUELPH - ONT.

SELLING OFF

Pringle's Jewellery Stock

Auction Each Day at 2.30 and 7.30

A discount on all Private Sales

33⅓ to 50
Per cent. Discount

The Sale is now on and will continue until the entire stock is sold. Come and get goods at your own prices.

G. D. Pringle
Jeweller
Wyndham St. - Guelph

Poetry.

A TOPSYTURVY CHRISTMAS

'Twas Christmas, and a snowier one was
never seen before,
When Santa's auto, something new, drew
up before his door.
"Too stormy," said the good old wight,
"To take the reindeer out to night."

The big tonneau was packed so tight, it
seemed as though 'twould pop
When Santa, booted, furred, and capped,
leaped to his seat on top.
And, presto! through the stormy blast,
The jolly saint went speeding fast.

Down to the earth he turned his way, but
knew not as went,
The Brownies had before him been, on
elfish mischief bent;
And frolicsome, and full of fun,
Had changed the street signs, every one.

Thus, when a stately avenue or boulevard
he sought,
An alley gloomed before him. "This is
rather strange," he thought.
"These places aren't familiar, quite;
But then, the signs are surely right."

And so he went his cheery way, and gaily
sped along.
Adown the chimneys took his load, suspecting
nothing wrong.
"Small chimneys these; I fear I'll stick;
I'm growing stout," quoth good St. Nick.

And this is why, when Christmas morn
burned redly in the skies,
The tenements were all agog with happy
children's cries;
With holly wreaths, and stars and bells,
And all that "Merry Christmas" spells.

Wee Patsy had a gorgeous drum that filled
him with amaze;
And Jimmy Nolan had a sled with scarlet
paint ablaze;
And Maud Patricia's Paris doll,
Was hugged by little crippled Moll.

Wan little faces, drawn with pain, smoothed
to a moment's ease;
And tiny hands stretched eagerly, the lovely
things to seize;
And every narrow, crowded room,
Was gay with Christmas joy and bloom.

When Santa Claus his blunder learned, he
showed no discontent,
But with a twinkle in his eye, he for the
Brownies sent,
And every one he feasted high
With dainties rare. I wonder why?

—By Pauline Frances Camp.

Select Family Reading

Uncle John's Christmas Box

JANEY THOMPSON

THEY were discussing the coming Christmas. "Well, Fred," said Dr. Morgan, "I suppose you'll want to go back to college after Christmas, but I don't see—"

"I don't see, either," Fred echoed rather gloomily. "I can't get any promise of work yet, but perhaps later on—"

"Just wait and see what your Uncle John sends for Christmas. He asked about you in his last letter," said his mother in her comfortable fashion.

"Yes there's always Uncle John," Fred assented, "but he may think college is a rather heavy proposition. I can't count on him I'm afraid."

"No, and we don't want to. He's been very good to us, but we mustn't expect too much—though no doubt he will do something," said his father.

Philip had been busy with school work but at this juncture he added his voice.

"That's always the way. Uncle John! Uncle John and we never give him a thing. I don't think it's fair nor—nor grateful."

"But, my boy," his mother interrupted, "they come every summer and visit us all. I'm sure they have the best we can give them, then."

"Why, yes, they stay a few days with us and a few days with Uncle Simon and Uncle Will and Aunt Ada, but that isn't what I mean. I wish we could give 'em a —a present."

Christine usually echoed Philip's sentiments and nodded approvingly, "I wish so too."

"You and Echo are very generous all at once said Fred but when Uncle John has everything that money can buy what under the sun can we give him?"

"Money can't buy everything," said Philip, stubbornly.

"That's so," and Fred looked thoughtfully into the open fire.

There was a silence of several minutes for Philip's words had awakened a train of thought in each mind. His mother was saying to herself "John is more than fifty years old and I can't remember giving him a present since I was a little girl. I wonder—"

Dr. Morgan thought of John's lovely home, his horses, servants, and his income which seemed princely, and yet he, too, felt the justice of Philip's words and wondered.

As for Fred, he had often looked forward to a possible future when he should be able to repay his uncle's generosity by helping him in his business with a peculiar devotion and fidelity; but then, Uncle John was growing old and perhaps they might think of something that would give him pleasure. Meanwhile Philip and Christine were whispering and he had drawn an outline of a box, dividing it into four equal parts to make his idea clearer.

"There's one part to a family, and they can put in just what they want to, and it'll be a surprise and won't cost much."

"But be sort of Christmasy and homey that's what you mean?" asked Christine.

"Exactly," assented Philip.

His suggestion was told and laughed over at first by the small circle of brothers and sisters; then it was considered and finally adopted and the interest grew until the planning for "Uncle John's box" became all absorbing. And the families told each other that they would not give presents among themselves, but do their best to show their rich brother that his constant generosity was appreciated. It was a jolly crowd who saw the box start from the country station for the great city.

* * *

It was Christmas Eve and Uncle John and Aunt Addie were alone. They had been obliged to withdraw all invitations and break all engagements because of an unfortunate fall upon the icy pavement when Mrs. West was stepping into her motor car with her arms full of parcels.

The servants were gone all but Freda, the housemaid, who stayed to answer the bell and incidentally to entertain a young fellow. Mr. West was very comfortable in his arm-chair as he said with a contented sigh, "No dear, we aren't as young as we used to be, and it isn't much of a cross to give up the festivities for a quiet time here in your room."

"I'm so glad you feel so," Mrs. West smiled from her pillows; "I have that same feeling and I don't envy anybody."

"I'd like to know how the four families are enjoying their presents just about this time, for they would get through this afternoon if there was no accident. I'm sure Simon's wife will like the sewing machine and Will's girls will think everything of the piano."

Mrs. West nodded sympathetically as she added, "And how Ada will love that fur coat, and Letty will think more of Christie's frock than we can imagine. You sent driving gloves to all the men didn't you?"

"Yes, oh yes, and a joke in the fingers. It was just as well to send Letty the cheque, I'm thinking, for there's Fred in college and Morgan is no financier. Why doctors can't collect their bills beats me. Well, they'll all like the books and magazines for we all are great readers. I can remember how we would fairly quarrel over a magazine when I was a boy, and I'm glad there's enough to go around now."

Mrs. West began to smile and then laughed outright.

"I was thinking, John, that day after to-morrow the 'thank you' letters will come in. They take your gifts as a matter of course, and—it's all right—but funny, now isn't it?"

"Not at all! not at all! They aren't able to do very much and I know how it seems. Why, we children never thought that father and mother cared for presents. They gave us all they could and little enough it was. Oh yes, I understand how it is."

At that moment they heard the door bell and then Freda's rap.

"A box, sir, for yourself. Where shall the man put it?"

"A box—I haven't ordered anything—I'll come down."

It was a wooden box of some size, plainly addressed, while on one side a paper was tacked bearing these words:

"Merry Christmas, from the quartette—Simon, Ada, Will and Letty.

"Bring it upstairs," he exclaimed, and followed by the carrier he led the way his face wearing a pleased, puzzled expression such as belongs peculiarly to Christmas. Then Freda brought hammer and chisel and the cover was speedily pried off.

"What was it you said about 'thank you letters?'" Mr. West inquired as he turned a beaming face toward his wife who said in return with the eagerness of a child, "Do see if there is anything for me."

"You take first prize," he responded, handing out a small package wrapped in pink tissue paper.

"Bedroom slippers!" she exclaimed, "from Christine Morgan! The dear girl. How did she know I wanted a pair, and lavender, too. Oh, what's that?"

Mr. West was carefully unfolding a silk couch quilt, its tiny pieces put together with elaborate stitches.

"This for me from Letty, I declare. Here's a note; she says: 'This is a family history made of bits I have been gathering for years. In the centre is a piece of our father's wedding vest.' Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. West.

"'There are scraps of all the silk dresses we ever had in the family, also pieces of thirty-four neckties that belonged to father Simon and Will and you.' Dear me, where's my handkerchief? Isn't that the funniest thing you ever heard of? Never could imagine what Letty wanted of my old neckties. She says: 'I do hope you will use the little quilt every day when you lie to rest.' Well, now, Letty's all right and I'm glad she thinks I take naps regular, aren't you?"

"He tossed the quilt over to his wife who exclaimed:

"Why, John, this is beautiful. She has a regular color scheme and her fancy stitches are lovely. I don't care if crazy patchwork is a thing of the past, this deserves to be cherished. But what can I smell?"

"Smell? I've uncovered a box of apples from—yes from Simon. Look at the bouncers. He says: 'If you like these specimens, I'll be glad to send you a barrel.' Sniff. You don't see such apples here in the city. I'll have the barrel and keep it up here where you and I can have them to ourselves, eh?"

"I should smile to see you keep anything 'all to ourselves,' dear, but what's in that little box?"

"O, memories of my boyhood! Toffee. If there's a better sweet, name it. Here's another pasteboard box, Ada's present. She's the cook-ss in our family. Now, what do you think? Mince pies, frosted cakes and ginger snaps. I declare, where's my handkerchief? Ada took good care of us all and never fretted—she was like a robin in the rain. I'm as hungry as a bear and I'll just—"

"O, please see what Will's folks sent before you stop," his wife pleaded.

"Well," and he took up a square package, "this belongs to you. It's a—pine pillow. Now that came from the old grove on the hill where we used to eat lunch when we—oh say, Addie, these things are making a regular baby of me!"

It was indeed a dainty pillow with hand embroidery on its linen cover, and the odor — it cleared away the frost of December and took one back to the quiet sunny days of July and August.

"Here's a tin box that must hold something precious," and Mr. West lifted it to a chair. "Oh, 'Fruit from all the sisters' and every jar is labelled. 'Crab apple jelly from the tree in the paddock.' Blackberries from the hill meadow. Currant jelly made from currants that grew on the bushes that mother set out—is—the—'" He paused there and turned his face away, but after a moment continued, "I helped mother with those bushes, or their ancestors. Poor mother! she waited as long as she could for the 'men folks' to help—they were always too busy—so I had the honor of holding the twigs while she pressed the dirt around the roots. Heigho! who says that I'm growing bald?"

Mrs. West was smiling, but there were sympathetic tears in her eyes.

"Is there anything more?" she asked, after a little silence.

"Yes, here is a flat package. Well, well! it's a group photograph of the eight. I tell you, Addie, that means a lot, especially for Simon. Doesn't he look like an old prophet? I don't suppose he's had his picture taken before since he was married. And here are some drawings of the old homestead by Philip Morgan. That's the house and well and there are the barns and the sheep—good work, too. What if we should have a famous artist in the family. And here's a letter from Fred. It looks good but really I can't enjoy it till I've sampled Ada's turnovers and Simon's apples. I'll ring for Freda and have her bring plates and things and give her some apples. Indigestion? No, indeed. If we had gone to that banquet we'd have eaten salads and all sorts of scalloped things and strong coffee. This is health food and its Christmas! Why, Addie, I can't tell you what this box means to me. I've sometimes thought they looked upon me as a sort of Santa Claus, but this shows. They are all right and have given me the merriest Christmas ever—"

"And we'll say with Tiny Tim, 'God bless them every one!'" his wife added softly.

THE HAPPY HOME ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

SANTA CLAUS

Two merry blue eyes,
A queer little nose,
A long snowy beard,
And cheeks like a rose;
A round, chubby form,
A big bulging pack,
Hurrah for old Santa!
I'm glad he's come back.

CHRISTMAS SPENDING

Spending for Christmas will glorify the day if it is a spending of self for the joy and blessing of others. Only by such spending will the matchless Gift of the first Christmas day be fittingly commemorated. Charity to the poor and needy is incomplete unless love goes with it. In all our busy preparations during these days before Christmas, isn't it possible to plan for a little self-giving to some who are neglected and cheerless? Send money, and clothing, and food and toys to the families whose address Santa Claus has forgotten. Yes, send them by all means. You will have to spend no more money for them than you can afford. But think it over first and see if you cannot take them instead. Take them, and go yourself. Spend some of your time and strength and sympathy in personal contact with those who are in sorrow and distress. Spend your money—that will help; but spend also yourself, for that will help more. A good Christmas dinner, a warm coat, and a pile of coal and wood will strengthen and warm a poor body; but a bright smile a hearty word of cheer, a brotherly, sisterly clasp of the hand will strengthen and warm a poor heart. Remember the poor, homeless men and boys of the Bread Line. You can make Christmas a real festival for them, if you will. Spend your money for Christmas as wisely and unselfishly as you can; but think of the Maker of Christmas and join with him in spending your heart's love.—Christian Herald.

IF HIS LIFE WAS SPARED

Two deacons once disputing about a proposed new burying ground, one remarked:

"I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live."

"What an obstinate man!" said the other. "If my life is spared, I will!"

NEITHER

A parson, reading the funeral service at the grave, forgot the sex of the deceased, and asked one of the mourners, "Is this a brother or a sister?"

"Nayther," replied Pat; "only a cousin."

IF I WAS SANTA CLAUS

If I could be old Santa Claus
I'll tell you what I'd do
I'd make a noise so boys could tell
When I came down the flue,
And then I'd spread my packs of toys
Right out upon the floor
And tell the boys to help themselves
While I went back for more.

It ain't no use to sneak around
And wait 'till we're asleep,
I guess I'll try and stay awake,
And watch a chance to peek,
For I don't see how old Santa Claus
Can know I've got a sled
Or that I want an engine and a tool-chest
painted red.

And so if I were Santa Claus,
I wouldn't cheat the boys,
I'd come right in the day-time
And let them choose their toys.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, December 27th, 1894

$50 and a month's imprisonment was the fine in Toronto recently for allowing gambling on a hotel premises.

Mrs. H. W. Nicklin has disposed of her grocery business to Mr. A. L. Hemstreet, Trafalgar.

Acton Tanning Co., have closed down to put in twelve new leaches and otherwise improve the capacity of their works.

A Christmas morning wedding at half past seven at the home of Mr. William Smith, Main Street west, was the occasion of the marriage of Miss Addie Stark, Mr. Smith's granddaughter, to Mr. John B. Cameron. Rev. Wm. Bryers, a fellow townsman in Ireland of Mrs. Smith, officiated.

Miss Jessie McDonald, teacher at Lorne School, who is to leave for a few months to take a Normal School course, was made the recipient, on closing day, of a handsome album, ink stand and pen, and individual china set. The address was read by Master Charles Quantic and the presentation made by Miss Maggie Barnes, on behalf of the pupils.

Mr. Joseph Soper, now of Huntsville, has sold his farm near Crewsons Corners, to Mr. Robt. H. Wansborough, recently returned from British Columbia—50 acres for $1775.

Rev. T. H. Adams, on leaving the pastorate of Churchill Congregational Church, was tendered a farewell social and a very affectionate address, expressive of the gratitude for and appreciation of the very successful ministry of Mr. Adams, in the winning of souls, and in the unbroken love and confidence existing. The address was signed by direction of the church meeting by Thos. Ryder, J. Smith, G. Russell, Harry Gibbons.

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell becomes Premier of Canada, following the death of Sir John Thompson.

The Methodist Sunday School entertainment on Christmas night was an occasion of much interest. The special feature for distribution of presents was a representation of a Dutch Windmill, 17 feet high, and 10 feet in diameter. The first six feet was of stone imitation and the walls brick. The red sails were 12 feet long. After the "old dusty miller" took his place within, and after a mighty concerted blow by the children, the sails began to move, and the presents came sliding down the chute. The opening of the missionary boxes disclosed the year's accumulations to be $76.10, an increase of about $11 over 1893. The enrollment is now 323, with an average attendance of 201. During the year 47 members of the school publicly declared allegiance to Christ.

What is designed to be the largest and most magnificent British battleship afloat, was launched last week. The length is 420 feet, and displacement is 15,000 tons. The cost of her hull was $627,500. She was named the "Magnificent."

Messrs. Robt. J., and Thos. J. Edmiston are visiting friends in Fergus.

Dr. and Mrs. Cooke, of Chicago, are visiting their son, Rev. G. H. Cooke, at St. Alban's Parsonage.

Mr. Thurtell Brown, who is attending the School of Pharmacy, Toronto, is home for the holidays.

Mr. Albert Wright and family have removed to Guelph.

Miss Maggie Kennedy spent several days with friends in Toronto.

BORN

LEWIS—In Acton, on December 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis, a daughter.

ABRAHAM—In Acton, on December 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. James Abraham, a daughter.

MULHOLLAND—In Esquesing, on December 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. George Mulholland, a daughter.

MARRIED

JONES-MCALLISTER—At Rockwood, on December 18th, by Rev. T. J. Sabine, John Jones, Acton to Mrs. Margaret McAlister, Esquesing.

DIED

HAYWARD—In Acton, on December 20th, Herbert Franklin, only son of Gordon Hayward, aged 11 months and 20 days.

DOLLY'S PIECE

The peach and apple, plum and pear
Are nice as they can be;
But just give me the fruit that grows
On the good old Christmas tree!

UNFAIR TO CHRISTMAS

We are unfair to our friends when we let ourselves feel humiliated because we cannot make them as expensive gifts as they make us, or because we cannot buy as costly gifts this year as we have given some other years.

For if this were all that Christmas giving meant, the sooner it came to an end, the better. Giving is not barter, with careful balances of values. All that is asked of a Christmas gift is that it carry love. It is as well that our Christmas giving costs most of us some sacrifice, for sacrifice is the test and proof of the love that prompts the giving. But to let ourselves feel humiliated by the necessity of giving simple and inexpensive gifts is not only unfair to our friends, but to ourselves, and to Christmas Day itself.

A Pill that Proves its Value.—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities in which they are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparations have failed, and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.

The fairest flowers of joy spring from the soil of sacrifice.