

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914

A CHIEF PLAIN PAPER

The right must ever conquer.

Thee the sword shall ring red,

And to save the nation's honor.

Our victim'd blood is shed.

Brave soul who fights with death,

Die! She is butch'ring us.

And a soldier has drowned in death.

O Christ! with dazzling presence

Come not to shadowed day,

In the shadowed silence,

As we lay low.

For we're yielding up a dearst,

To the cause that rends our hearts,—

The prayers we raise, then heaven,

As our sacrifice departs.

But the right, we know, still conquers,

As the sun, its rays to shed,

Over the nations of the earth.

Life and love have freely bled.

—A. E. Russell.

THE SHADOW OF CHRISTMAS

Carbridge speaks of a melancholy both in the spring and in the autumn. But he distinguishes between them. One is soft, buoyant, vivacious, the mist of the morning; the other is a gathering about of gloom. Every pleasant anniversary anticipated, every bright promise, every promise to meet again, haunts the loss of time and the heart begins to ask itself: "How many more shall I behold?"

One of Hawthorne's grossest tales is the "Christmas Banquet," which company is never to be enlarged. With the invariable years the guests dwindle and dwindle until only one remains, and the hapless of festal becomes a ghastly feast. The reader is ready to chide the story-teller who can find it in his heart to cast a shadow upon that day of happiness, and turns to Irving and Dickens and Thackeray for the Christmas of good cheer and general joy.

Irving's "Christmas" we are told in his most judicious paper. There is a season, a season of simplicity, a domesticity in his treatment which leaves the very spirit of the day. It is very Christmas that he describes, whether in the "Sketch-Book" or "Bracebridge Hall." It is a soft, idyllic picture, blaud of the spirit of Christmas and of England. But what is the substance of the picture? Is it vast and ostentatious expense, a lavish display, a tollsome and exhausting endeavor to give something to all your acquaintances, a wearisome anticipation and a painful pilgrimage that somebody had been invited?

Thackeray describes little dinner at Timmins. A modest couple make themselves miserable and spend all their little savings in order to give a dinner to people for whom they do not care and who do not care for them. A series of mortifications and the young pair themselves needlessly maimed, and at a most dangerous end.

They know it. Their good cause accuse them of it. But other people do so, and they can not do otherwise. What would Mrs. Grundy say? Awful thought. He might tell the truth and say that they could not afford it. They can not afford it. Timmins and his wife cannot live as the Duke of Westminster lives, nor even as the water-tax collector. But instead of living pleasantly as they can live, they must needs pretend to do their richer neighbors do, and ludicrously fail at the pretense.

Timmins is made miserable to the Timmins because they feel that they must spend lavishly to buy gifts like their richer neighbors. They think God will reward that Christmas comes but once a year.

It is becoming a vulgar day, a day not of domestic pleasure, but of ruinous rivalry in extravagance, a day to be deplored rather than welcomed. Are not the Timminses lagging? Is there no reason in their dread of Christmas because of the cordial and mercenary standards by which it is measured?

The same good sense that sees the folly of Timmins's little dinner, and avoids it, can stay the abuse and regenerate Christmas, practically a day of human goodwill. It can restore the spirit of the brotherhood of man. You can't buy Christmas at the shop, and a sense of friendly sympathy costs little. If the extravagance of funerals is such that a great society is organized to withstand it, should not the extravagance of Christmas cause every honest man and woman practically to protest by refusing to yield to the extravagance.

Attacked by Asthma.—The first fearful sensation is of suffocation, while hour by hour become more desperate and hopeless. To such a case the relief afforded by Dr. J. H. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy seems nothing less than miraculous. It helps quickly apparent, and the dreadful attack is mastered. The asthmatic who has found out the dependency of this startling remedy will never be without it. It is sold everywhere.

Make only your best thoughts into actions.

There are about 100,000 Jews in Palestine at present.

Spare the children from suffering from worms by taking Miller's Worm Powder, the most effective vermifuge that can be had with which to combat those hideous foes of the young. There is nothing that exceeds this preparation as a worm destroyer, and when to qualities belongs known in a household, no other will be used. The medicine acts by itself, requiring no purgative to assist it, and so thoroughly that nothing more is desired.

The Cause of Dyspepsia.

The Symptoms and The Cure.

THE CAUSE. Too rapid eating, eating too much, and too often, improperly chewing the food, eating too much stimulating food, and indulging in an improper diet generally.

THE SYMPTOMS.

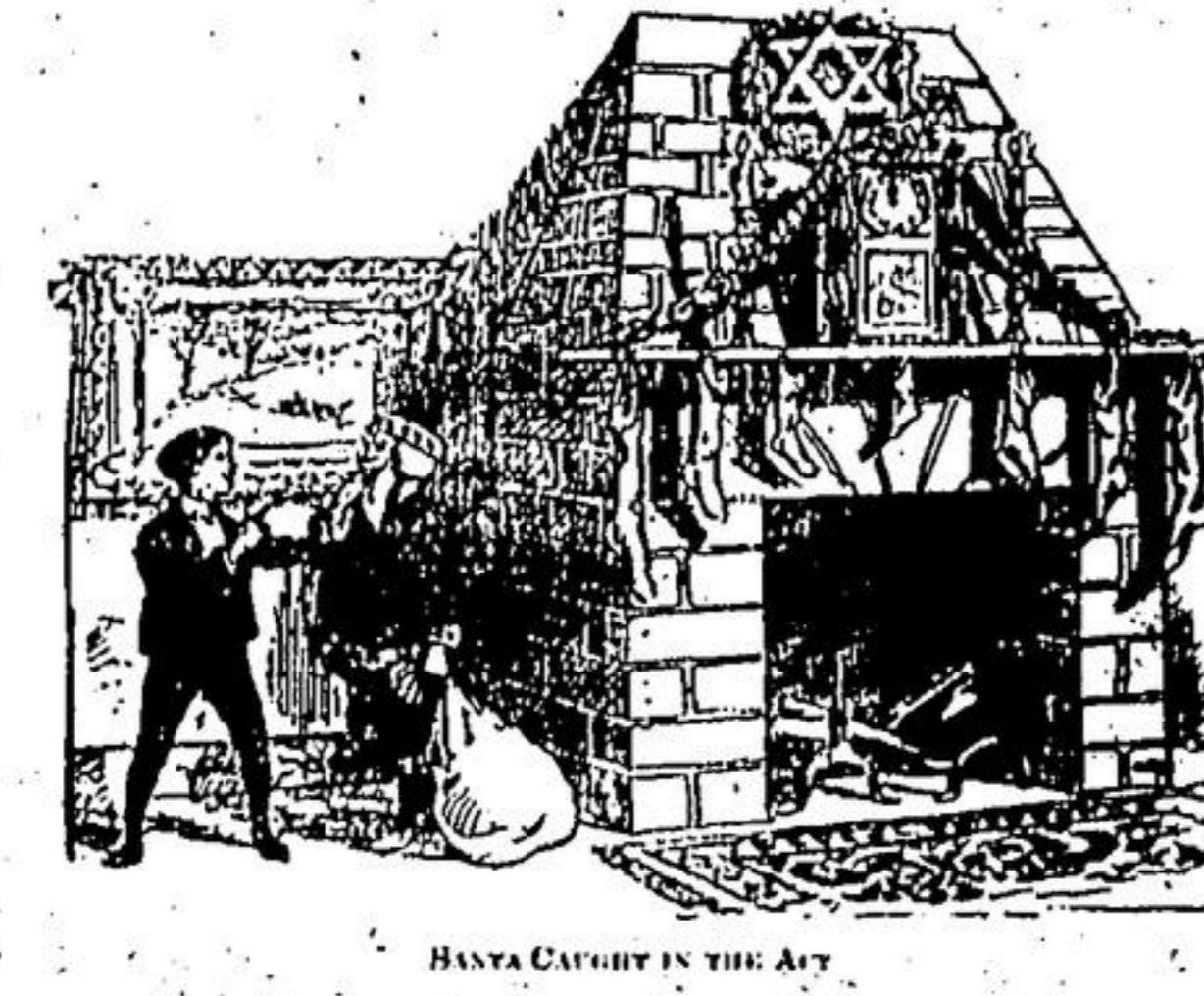
Volatile appetite, rising and souring of food, heartburn, wind in the stomach, a feeling of weight in the stomach. In fact a feeling that your stomach has gone all wrong, and that you eat does not seem to agree with you.

THE CURE.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. H. Williamson, Wheeler, Ont., writes: "I have been a sufferer for years from dyspepsia, and could scarcely eat anything. I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and am now in full health, and not been troubled since I took it, and that is two years ago. I can now eat anything I want, and it is a noble achievement."

The best advertisement is the one that brings with bitters.



BANTA CAUGHT IN THE ACT

WHEN CHRISTMAS GIVING IS EXTRAVAGANT

Christmas giving is extravagant when it means running in debt. You would not consider that your ideals to remember your friends at Christmas time justified you in putting your hand into the pocket of the man who sits next to you on the street car, and helping yourself to his change. Nor does it excuse you for obliging some dealer to wait for him to pay six months or over, after your friends have expressed their gratitude for your thoughtful remittance. Extravagance is a waste of money, it requires too large a percentage of your income, when it is too big in proportion to what you pay for the necessities of life, for church work and charity. If for months before Christmas and for months after, you are skimping on your luncheons, getting along without proper underwear or over-shoes, then you are guilty of extravagance. On the other hand, it is neither extravagant nor unwise to deny yourself considerable in order to make your Christmas giving generous. If you walk to school or the office to save your car fare, and read your magazines at the library, instead of purchasing them at the news stand, you should neither be afraid nor ashamed for extravagance. A little giving up is necessary to add zest to Christmas giving.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Always bear the
Signature of

Castor

"IT CAN BE DONE"

"Patience and perseverance will accom-

plish all things," was a favorite saying of an old miller.

He made this remark on a train one day on the way to market, when a pensive individual in the corner turned to him:

"Nonsense, sir. I can tell you a great many things which neither patience nor perseverance can accomplish."

"Perhaps you can," said the miller.

"Well, then, I'll tell you one. Will patience and perseverance over come all that is written in a slate?"

"Certainly."

"I would like to know how?"

"Simply by waiting patiently for the water to freeze." —Montgomery Journal.

Was Troubled With Nervous Prostration.

Many people although they know of nervous prostration do not know what the symptoms are. The principal ones are: a desire to sleep, a desire to sit down, a dread of being alone, fear.

In a confined place, a horror of society, a dread of things falling from above, a fear of walking on railroad tracks, any disturbance, any noise, a desire to sleep, often troubled with dreams.

Mr. George Lee, Victoria, B.C., writes: "I am having trouble with my heart and nerves. I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was so weak I could not do my own work, I could not sit down, I could not get out of bed, I could not go anywhere. My nerves were bad for three years, and my heart was so bad it made me tremble all over. I took three bottles of Milburn's pills, and I never was better than I am now. I weigh 50 pounds more than I ever did."

"Spent it? I thought you had paid it away for a relay day?"

"I did, Harry," she said sweetly. "I bought a racquet, an umbrella and a pair of rubbers with it."

DRUG PRIZE

"My dog took first prize at the cat show."

"How was that?"

"He took the cat!"

As The Result Of a Neglected Cold No Constructed SEVERE BRONCHIAL TROUBLE.

Mr. W. T. Allen, Halifax, N.B., writes:

"I feel that I must tell you and your great remedy, The Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, a gross injustice if I did not write and let you know the wonderful results that I have obtained from its use."

"Last spring I happened to contract a cold. Of course it is a common occurrence, and I did not take much notice of it at the time. However, it did not break up as quickly as colds generally will, and, moreover, it became worse and worse, until finally I began to get alarmed, and went to my local physician, who informed me that I had contracted a severe bronchial trouble as a result of the cold. He prescribed some medicine for me, which I took for about two weeks without any sign of improvement. Then one day a friend noticed that I was not well, and when I was relating my trouble, and the doctor's treatment, he recommended The Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, saying that he had obtained very beneficial results from its use in a similar case. I took his advice and continued to take the syrup, and soon recovered. After taking it, according to directions, for about two days, I noticed a decided improvement, and from that day I was in much better condition, and in ten days I was in my usual health."

"Maybe he will, won't," returned Put.

"An' he'll be able to carry the trap on the other pocket, Eric thinking."

"Nonsense, man," said the other.

"Eric is coming when a man can carry the fertilizer for an acre of land in one of his waistcoat pockets."

"No, sir," he replied. "To my notion there's nothing like the old famiy kin."

"Nonsense, man," said the other.

"Eric is coming when a man can carry the fertilizer for an acre of land in one of his waistcoat pockets."

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To be worthy of trust that our friends review to us in a noble achievement."

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

PAT PAY SAW IT

An Irish woman was asked if he used any of the commercial fertilizers on his farm.

"No, sir," he replied. "To my notion there's nothing like the old famiy kin."

"Nonsense, man," said the other.

"Eric is coming when a man can carry the fertilizer for an acre of land in one of his waistcoat pockets."

"Maybe he will, won't," returned Put.

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That

Genuine Castoria

Always

Bears the

Signature

of

Castor

In

Use

For

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE BRAUN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

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