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All accounts rendered monthly.

W. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

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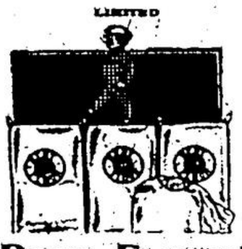

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Fine Variety
Also Fine Cutlery
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The genuine Borsalina Hat—the hat of quality, $4.00.

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Cook two Cups of Lantic Sugar with half a cup of strong coffee until the syrup forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and beat until cold enough to spread.

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"The All-Purpose Sugar"

is specially good for cake baking on account of the *fine* granulation.

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Has the finest assortment of Sleighs ever offered in Guelph. Boys' Sleighs and Girls' Sleighs, Baby Sleighs and Kiddy Sleighs, Half Sleighs and Baby Cutters, Wagon Box Sleighs, Bobsleighs. Sleighs from $2.50 to ..... $.00
Fine coasters from ....75c up.
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The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
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EXAMINATION

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And not to see properly means your eyes need attention.

Glasses prescribed and made by us will give you perfect vision.

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We invite Savings Accounts both large and small. 42

The Bank of
Nova Scotia
PAID-UP CAPITAL - $ 6,000,000
RESERVE FUND - $ 12,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES over $100,000,000
BRANCHES AT
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CLASSES NOW OPEN
Intending students should register at once. Full information upon application to
Mrs. Mackelcan, Principal
Fairview Place - Acton, Ont.
Many Acton Girls Attend

While Shepherds Watch'd

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high
And to the earth be peace,
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

—Nahum Tate.

PATON AND SON

E. YOUNG WEIR

HAROLD PATON, mathematically drawing plans for a biplane, glanced through the living-room window to the street, and observing his father slowly measuring the steps, reckoned that a time of reckoning was near at hand, for had he not deliberately run away from the office that afternoon?

Yet somehow there was pathos in the figure which seemed to have aged in the past few months, and at first Harold was moved; then he scowled, for in his heart he knew why his father's habitual cheerfulness had changed to gloom and why his steps lagged ever more slowly.

Harold told himself he couldn't help it, and the sooner they came to an understanding, the better for both. He hated the forlorn old office with its endless grind—for money—and had no desire to learn how to run the store. His mind was not on doing something that would benefit the whole human race, those petty things were mere aggravations. His heart swelled as he thought of the plan he was working on, and he saw himself flying, flying, as no one had done before; easily, smoothly, without possibility of accident—the world his debtor. Ah! he would work for that till the tramp of doom. With an eager light in his eyes, he went back to his drawing.

Nevertheless, as supper he felt oppressed by his father's strenuous attempts to be jovial and by the toxic avoidance of the subject uppermost in the minds of both. When the meal was finished and they were seated in the living room, he was glad that his mother found an errand upstairs, for after all the explanation was not easy to make.

He began abruptly. "You won't mind, father, if I quit the store? I'm no good there, as you've had reason to learn." He laughed nervously, watching the elder man's face.

For a full minute Mr. Paton made no reply, while the lines around his mouth and eyes settled into haggardness. When he spoke, it was with evident effort.

"Is that why you went off this afternoon?"

Harold was truthful, so he answered. "No. I hadn't decided on it then. I had a great idea for an improvement to a biplane and I came home to work it out." His great keen as he thought of it. "I've almost got it, too, and I'm sure it'll revolutionize the business."

"And yesterday afternoon?"

Harold flushed. "Yesterday afternoon I was working on a new kind of fuel in my laboratory, but I don't know enough about chemistry to go on with it."

"You could take a special course in chemistry, if you thought it worth while."

"Oh, no! Biplanes are a lot more interesting."

Mr. Paton's eagerness faded; he went back to his questions. "And day before yesterday?"

"That day I had a plan for a new light—the best ever—but I'd rather make an airship of some sort."

"And to-morrow?"

Harold couldn't repress a little smile. "Maybe it won't be a biplane to-morrow, but it'll be something big and worth while, you can bet on that. Don't laugh at me, Dad; I'm looking for the best there is—something that'll make life easier for everybody."

Mr. Paton sighed. "Men who try to make inventions usually fail that way. I was like that once, but my father died and I was forced into the store—you see it's an old business. I was the eldest of seven and had to fend for the family." He looked at his son in a half shamed way, for he knew now given to talking about himself.

But Harold, who had never heard of this before, was greatly interested; it was a new view of his father, too, and he marvelled.

"You—you—wanted to be an inventor too?" he stammered. "I didn't know—you cared."

His father gazed at him hungrily. "Yes!" he answered softly, "I cared; I didn't like that store any better than you do, and it was hard to give up what I'd hoped to accomplish, but I had no choice."

For some time Mr. Paton sat gazing into the coals, till at last Harold stirred restlessly. Then his father continued.

"By and by I married—and after you came I began to dream again—always the same dream, my boy—for twenty years. Shall I tell you?"

Harold hitched his chair closer and his father looked pleased. "I'll have to go back a little. You see when I took the store, it was quite unexpected, there was no one to teach me and I had to get along any way I could, for there were a lot of months to feed and no money to hire help. It was then only a little country store, but I worked early and late, and of course had to drop my own plans and learn a lot of business.

"I prospered, as you've had reason to know, and when you were born, I was very happy, and then I began to dream again. All I had missed I wanted you to have. Education—but that you wouldn't take—is a large way. Advantages—I gave you all you'd use, but you're a dreamer, boy, and unless you wake up, you'll be of no use to the world or even to yourself." Again he sighed.

"One can't give his life to any work," he went on, "and not become interested in it, and my dream carried you into the store, for I was convinced that you had the talent I once believed I possessed and I hoped that you'd make it practical."

"Airships are practical."

"Dreamers are not—however great and worthy the dream—unless the vision is placed to steady work. You accomplish nothing, Harold, I've waited to see. To-day it's one thing, to-morrow another—and you're all I have—I'd like you to be worth while."

"Your field is ready, too. The business is old-fashioned, behind the times some ways, it needs innovative brains to plan for methods, equipment, a twitter progress. I thought, if you went into the store, you would see that by and by, when you became familiar with the routine, you'd give your mind to the upbuilding of a great business for—Paton and—Son." His tired eyes dropped from his son's unresponsive face to the coals and he sat silent.

Harold stirred uneasily, conscious of a vague disappointment. His own dream was so much larger, worthier, why couldn't his father understand?

As if to appeal to the unspoken thought, the older man, roused himself to another effort. "I've always found that many of the big things we hope for go by the board. And I am glad sure that if we neglect the little things, we never amount to much. I read the trade papers and I know that men are everywhere making an effort to lighten the burdens of the working classes—to make life easier and happier for their workers—and I'd like to go into that. There are to-day short cuts in standing by the needs of others and our own needs. In that store, Harold, there are doors of opportunity waiting for a hand to open them. I'm too old for that now"—he hesitated—"but I've a little device for manifolding letters which I believe is better than anything in use at present—I'd like to show it to you—maybe you would perfect it."

Harold said nothing, and Mr. Paton took himself to his pipe. Presently he roused. "You must not think it's just for the money, my boy. But there's money in the business if new blood was put into it. If we could pull together, I feel there's more to life than I've been able to reach out for, alone. A fresh mind is better, if it works true, than two worn ones, sometimes. Think it over, and if you feel an inclination to put your hand with my hand, it'll please the old man."

"You're not old, Dad." Harold's tone showed he was under stress of emotion.

Mr. Paton's lips tightened. "Not so old but I'd like to help you with my experience." He rose and went upstairs.

Harold slept little that night. Desire wrestled long with him. Duty seemed to point only one way, his inclination another. The battle was fierce. Worn out at last, he fell asleep, and in the morning, lo, Desire and Duty were one.

He sprang from bed with an energy he had not known since he went into the store. After breakfast, he hurried to go out with his father. They talked as they went. Harold was surprised to find how little he had entered into the business.

The days went by. Here and there Harold's quick mind took in the fact that many of the methods they were using were not up to date and involved unnecessary work. Instead of leaving each day as had been his wont, without a word to anyone, he sought among the workers for information. And now the light in his father's eyes meant a warmth to the man's heart. He determined not to disappoint his father.

Under responsibility, Harold broadened. His whole heart was now in the work.

Then there came a morning when his father said:

"You are mastering the business fast, Harold; we will make it 'Paton & Son.'" But the boy shook his head.

"Wait father," he answered. "There's time enough."

* * *

Finally Harold sought his father.

"Has your dream come true, Dad?"

Mr. Paton rose. He seemed well-nigh as young as his son. He drew the boy to the door, and laying his hand on his arm together they crossed the street. There it was—the sun shining upon it—the new sign which ornamented the front of the store:

PATON AND SON

The father's eyes were moist, as he held out his hand to his boy. "God bless you, lad, for not disappointing me."

Harold pressed the hand he held till it hurt. "God bless you, father, for helping me to be a man by putting faith in me."

INTIMIDATED

Aunt—Why didn't you scream when he kissed you?

Niece—He threatened me.

Aunt—Threatened you?

Niece—Yes; he said if I did he'd never kiss me again.

USE ALL OF YOURSELF

GREAT MEN put the whole of themselves into their undertakings. You cannot fancy that while Browning was writing "The Ring and the Book" he was trying to decide where to spend his next vacation. The great musical compositions which thrill you, the noble paintings before which you stand enthralled, all demanded an undivided purpose. If genius needs to put all of itself into what it undertakes mediocrity certainly must not be satisfied with less. Wesley's rule was, "All at it and always at it." No man who makes his mark works with less than all his powers.

REAL SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS GIVING

"Our hearts are usually very much larger at Christmas than our purses," writes Edward Bok in the Ladies Home Journal. "The desire is to remember everyone that we know. But our means do not generally allow us to do it. So we often pass sufferingly by at Christmas people to whom a simple 'Merry Christmas' and nothing more would mean a world of cheer and light-heartedness. Because we cannot give what we would like to we think that we should not give at all. The truth is whether we choose to acknowledge it in so many words or not, that we have grown so commercially and so artificially minded in this country that thousands of us are prone to measure our Christmas presents by the yardstick of intrinsic value, or by what the recipients will think of them. We seem to have entirely lost sight of the fact that we can always give something. And if we give that something we would really come closer to the real spirit of Christmas giving. A few cheerful words filled with that expression of strong good will, that is like sweet perfume, have a meaning that only a few realize. There is nothing so pleasant in this world to the feeling that one is remembered, and this is a few written words will often convey more strongly than a gift. Yet we invariably put the gift first. Our remembrance must take some form, we think, other than a mere verbal or written expression. And that is the artificial within us; not the natural. We seem to refuse to believe that in the simplest things we do that keep the greatest influence. It is the simplest Christmas that remains."

CONCERNING CRUISERS

The trainer has to perform perhaps, more varied functions than any other class of warship in the Fleet.

It is her business to stop and fight when the circumstances are, from her point of view, favourable, and also to possess a high speed to enable her to run away when the position is unfavourable.

The trainer is admirably formed the policeman of the Fleet, for her capabilities of mobility and long passage making without replenishing her bunkers are her chief attributes.

Although the introduction of wireless telegraphy has somewhat lessened the responsibility placed upon the trainer for communication, she is still regarded as the "eyes of the Fleet."

For the object of scouting work there is a special type of scouting cruiser in existence.

The armored cruiser's sphere has almost extended that class of ship to be considered to come within the scope of the battleship. Indeed, in some cases they are so perfectly equipped in aggressive policy as to be deemed competent enough to lie in the battle-line with the "capital ships."

THE MAN WHO PAYS

How lovely is the priestly gent who never owes a man a cent that he won't gladly pay; whose glance is not severe and chill when you present your little bill upon collection day. He meets your little bill and cries, "It is a pleasure, bless your eyes, to deal with folk like you, who charge a reasonable price for shredded prunes and tasteless rice, and other things we chew. Just wind a smile around your neck, while I sit down and write a check with my large fountain pen; you sold me good and honest junk, and I am glad to pay the piper, the kopeck and the yen." This man may be a homely skate, he may not wear his sideboards straight, his necktie may be red; he may have warts upon his ear, his awkward feet may interfere, and bald may be his head. But man may say he's quite in style; they'll praise the beauty of his smile the contour of his nose; they'll overlook his features mean, and say, "We've really never seen a man with finer nose." No man is ugly when he hands his bundle from his overalls, and blithely pays his bill, who pays the tailor for his duds, the washerwoman for her suds, the newsboy for his pills.—Walt Mason.

BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATION

It happened in the court room during the trial of a husky young man who was charged with assault and battery.

Throughout an especially severe cross-examination the defendant stoutly maintained that he had merely pushed the plaintiff "a little bit."

"Well, about how much?" insisted the prosecutor.

"Oh, jush' a little bit," insisted the defendant.

"Now," said the attorney, "for the benefit of the judge and the jury you will please step down here and with me for the subject, illustrate just how hard you mean."

The defendant descended as per schedule and approached the waiting attorney. When he reached him the spectators were astonished to see him slap the lawyer in the face, kick him in the shins, seize him bodily and finally lift him from the floor, and hurl him across a table.

Turning from the bewildered prosecutor he faced the court and explained mildly:

"Your honor and gentlemen, about one-tenth that hard!"

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Dec. 17th, 1896

Grand Trunk machinists are putting in a new boiler for Engineer McLennan at the pump house.

Mr. James Berry has commenced the dairy business.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Baillie were made the recipients of a handsome easy chair by their young friends as a party in their honor at Mrs. Leppington's house on Tuesday evening.

Dandelions were in full bloom in thousands along the highways in many places during last week's mild weather. Botanists say this is quite unprecedented.

Officers of L. O. L. No. 661:—W. E. Smith, W. M.; Wm. Walker, D. M.; T. J. Edmiston, Chap.; Fred Smith, Sec'y.; W. D. Smith, Fin. Sec'y.; Dunne McDonald, Treas.; Edward Gamble, D. of C.; James Wilson, Lecturer. Committee of Management—Bros. Wm. Edmiston, J. Halsted, Holt. Perryman, John Cook, Hiram Hershbarger.

Mr. Fred Nixon, of Ashgrove, who heads the list of students at the County Model School, has been engaged teacher for Dublin School for 1897. Mr. A. C. C. Warren, the present teacher, has resigned.

GIFTS OF THE NEEDLE

There is a vast amount of money and time wasted at this season, and much of this goes into fancy work. It is a popular delusion that every woman appreciates fancy-work, and that she delights in the manner woven by women's fingers. Whereas it is a sore trial to many men and women to keep consideccously displayed, articles which destroy the harmony of the decoration of a room, or which do not conform to personal taste to dress, not to mention the discomfort of hemp-made articles, which lack the patent conveniences to which one has been accustomed. Therefore, before decking to give fancy work, make sure that the gift would be acceptable for its own sake, select colors and patterns corresponding to those which you know your friend favors; and unless you can find out these details, avoid gifts which are intended to be kept on view.

Secondly, there are many who have no idea of the money value of fancy-work, and to whom such a gift might seem paltry, thereby giving a slight wholly unexpected and certainly unintended by the giver. It is a mean spirit which estimates a gift by its cost, but there are kind-hearted, uneducated persons who cannot help their natures and who, although they would seek instantly to banish such a suspicion, would, nevertheless, have it forced upon them. "I have made it a rule," says one whose work is exquisite, "not to give fancy-work to any woman who has never made any." This cynical conclusion should not be enforced against those simple, old fashioned friends who cherish the sentiment that love is infinite.

HE GOT HIS INTERVIEW

The quick wit of a travelling salesman was severely tested one day. He went in his hard to the manager of a large concern, whose inner office was separated from the waiting room by a glass partition.

When the boy handed the card to the manager the salesman saw him impatiently tear the card in two and throw it in his waste basket.

When the youngster returned with the message that his chief would not see him, the salesman told the boy to go back and get his card.

The boy returned with a nickel and the message that the card was torn up. Giving him another card, the man said coolly:

"Go back and tell your boss that I sell two yards for five cents."

He got his interview and sold his goods.

WOULD BE A SMALL LOSS

A lady went into a chemist's shop one morning and laid down a prescription, which was duly dispensed. As the chemist was wrapping up the bottle the lady said:

"How much is the medicine, please?"

"It is three and sixpence," was the answer. The lady examined her purse.

"Oh, dear," she said in surprise, "three shillings is all I have with me."

"Very well," observed the chemist, anxious to oblige. "You can pay the remainder the next time you call."

"But," pursued the lady laughing, "but—suppose I should die?"

"Oh, well, then," said the chemist, still anxious to oblige, "it would only be a small loss."

THE LAST STRAW

Here is a story which if it is not true ought to be. The soldier in the train was dilating on his changed life.

"They took me from my home," he said, "and put me in barracks; they took away my clothes and put me in khaki; they took away my name and made me 'No. 573,'; they took me to church, where I'd never been before, and they made me listen to a sermon for forty minutes. Then the parson said, 'No. 573, are thou weary, art thou languid?' and I got seven days' C. B. for giving him a civil answer."

"CHEER UP, HONEY!"

I was but a little child,
Overwhelmed with sudden sorrow,
Torn by grief and wild,
Blind to any gladness morrow.
Dear old Mammy, soul of grace,
Laid her hand upon my head,
And, with heaven in her face,
Softly musically said:
"Cheer up, honey! Don yo' fret!
Pow'ful good times comin' yet!"

Mammy's wrinkled shoe face
Long ago was hid from me,
But her counsel still has place
In my heart of memory.
When grief tells me, o'er and o'er,
"Thou wilt nevermore rejoice!"
When I dare not look before,
Then I hear a loving voice:
"Cheer up, honey! Don yo' fret!
Pow'ful good time comin' yet!"
—Good Housekeeping.

Wrapping the Gifts

Are you among the fortunate number who have completed their Christmas purchases and have them all neatly and daintily wrapped and labeled and placed in a large box or a drawer to await the proper moment when they are to be started on their way by mail, messenger or, perchance, personal delivery? If you are not, what are you doing with the little gift which you purchase or completes each day and add to the growing pile? Are you carefully wrapping each one after inclosing a pretty Christmas greeting card with soft white or gayly decorated Christmas paper? One cannot help but feel that those little remembrances which are received, all thoughtfully and artistically wrapped with a bit of holly or poinsettia paper and bound with red, green, white or holly ribbon and choicely labeled and sealed with the numerous attractive little stickers which come for this purpose, mean more to their detail of taste and care than all the handsome and wonderful gifts which time and money can produce without these final touches. Then make the offering as simple and inexpensive as you choose, but if you would convey to your friend an atmosphere of thought and remembrance take a little time each day to complete the arrangement for each friend before laying it aside with the other gifts. Not only will the preparation of the gifts take on additional interest to you, but it will make the last days of bustle and excitement less arduous, and then, too, you will not be piling into the postoffice or the express office all your various bundles at one time, but will be prepared to start many of them on their way in advance of the last rush and thus avoid the often inevitable delay which means belated greetings and, worse than all, packages which give the appearance of hasty arrangement and lack of thought.

A WAR ANALOGY

We do not want to press the analogy of other wars too far, but there is one which will help people to understand the situation. Abraham Lincoln, in the last year of the war with the South, would never listen to overtures for peace, however great the concessions, which appeared to be offered him. Later of peace and later of war as he was, he knew that the only way to end the war which would justify the nation for having waged it was by dictating terms and not by negotiations. He was not going to leave the Confederates in a position to make a second war, when they recovered sufficiently, and to spring once again at the throat of the North. He acted not out of any feeling of revenge, but because he knew that the South must fight no till it could fight no longer.—The Spectator.

FIVE MILLION CHRISTMAS SEALS

The National Sanitarium Association has issued over five million seals, to meet the requirement of this year's Christmas Seal Campaign. Last year, in the United States alone, over eighty million seals were sold, and this year no less than three hundred millions have been issued. The use of these seals on letters, Christmas parcels, etc. is becoming more popular year by year. No easier way may be found by which you may "do your bit" in stamping out the plague of Tuberculosis.

THAT PRUSSIAN DOCTRINE

When did the "scrap of paper" doctrine become popular in Prussia? If and that it is quite long established there. "Never will I allow," said Frederick William IV in 1847, "a sheet of written paper to come like a second Providence between God in heaven and this land to govern us by paragraphs." But he had to revise his "never" the year following.—London Daily News.

Cure For Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince any one of value.

The Oil Of Power.—It is not claimed for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that it will cure every ill, but its uses are so various that it may be looked upon as a general pain killer. It has achieved that greatness for itself and all attempts to surpass it have failed. Its excellence is known to all who have tested its virtues and learnt by experience.