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All accounts collected monthly.

M. F. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

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L. R. C. S. & L. R. C. P. & S. Glasgow,
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Physician and Surgeon,
Office and Residence: Cor. Mill and John Streets, the former home of the late W. H. Storey Esq., Acton, Ont.

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Office at Residence, Corner Mill and Frederick streets.
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CORNER MAIN STREET AND MILL STREET
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EVERY WEDNESDAY FORENOON.

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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Punching of every description promptly done. Entire satisfaction guaranteed. Work promptly done.

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Farms to Sell on Easy.

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Music and Magazines bound in Handsome and Substantial Covers.
Names lettered in gold on Bibles, Prayer Books and other Books.
ALL WORK PROMPTLY EXECUTED

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HAMILTON & SONS
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Established 1840
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The Old and Reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers

Savage & Co.
Guelph - Ont.

The Bell Pianos
"BUILT TO LAST A LIFETIME"
The most substantially built Piano
The Piano with the sweetest tone, the easiest action, the neatest case.
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On the Market
BRITISH COLUMBIA POTATOES
Corn, Chopped Corn, Cracked Corn, Chopped Wheat, Bran and Shorts.
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—FOR—
UP-TO-DATE CHRISTMAS GOODS
Silverware in Tableware—
Fine Variety
Also Fine Cutlery
Hardware, Tinware, and Graniteware—in Variety
Pandora Stoves and Ranges
Famous Heaters
Small Stoves. Oil Stoves
EVERY ARTICLE IS OF EXCEPTIONAL VALUE
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NECKTIES
Handsome new lines just opened from 25c. to $1.50.
LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS
Half dozen in a box, pure linen, $1.50 to $2.50.
NECK SCARFS
New lines to-day of a hand-silk check. $2.00.
SILK SHIRTS
Really choice goods. $2.00, $2.50.
KHAKI NECK SCARFS
$1.50 to $2.00 knitted ends
PYJAMAS
Correct patterns, $1.50 to $5.00.
Collar Bags, Ties Cases, Military Mirrors and Khaki Sox, the latest at—
R. E. Nelson
MEN'S OUTFITTER
Guelph - Ontario

The Bond Hardware Store, Guelph
See larger advertisement on inside for part of the list of our "1,000 Christmas selection."
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Phone 1018 GUELPH

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Christmas and New Year's Fares

SINGLE FARE	Fare & One-Third
December 23, 24, 25, good for return until December 26th. Also December 30, 31, 1916, and January 1, 1917, valid for return until January 2, 1917.	December 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, good for return until December 27th. Also December 30, 31, 1916, and January 1, 1917, valid for return until January 2nd, 1917.

Above reduced fares apply between all stations in Canada east of Port Arthur and to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

Tickets now on sale at all G.T.R. ticket offices.

H. S. Holmes, Agent
ACTON - Phone No. 15

A Skilful EXAMINATION
Of your eyes at this establishment cannot fail to reveal the real cause of your bad seeing well.
And not to see properly means your eyes need attention.
Glasses prescribed and made by us will give you perfect vision.
WE GRIND OUR OWN LENSES

A. D. SAVAGE
OPTOMETRIST AND EYE OPTICIAN
SIGHT IS THE FIRST SENSE
Street North
ELMIRA, Ont.

WINTER SESSION
Opens Jan. 2nd in Shaw's Business Schools, Toronto—C. B. College with Seven Branch Schools. Free Catalogue on request. Write W. H. SHAW, President, Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

Wage-Earners
With the revival of industrial activity throughout the factories of Canada, resulting in the disbursement of large sums in wages, it behooves each wage-earner to provide against future unemployment or unforeseen contingencies. YOU can do this by opening a savings account with this Bank and systematically saving a portion of your income.
The Bank of NovaScotia
PAID-UP CAPITAL - $ 4,000,000
RESERVE FUND - - 13,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES - - [illegible]
BRANCHES AT
Acton, Guelph, Norval, Milton and Streetsville
ACTON BRANCH
A. L. Wyatt - - Manager

Winter Term Opens Jan. 2nd
ELLIOTT Business College
YORONTO, ONTARIO
This school stands without a superior in Canada. Write for Catalogue.
W. J. ELLIOTT, PRINCIPAL,
124 Yonge St. cor. Toronto.

HALTON COMMERCIAL COURSES
CLASSES NOW OPEN
Intending students should register at once. Full information upon application to
Mrs. Macknight, Principal
Fairview Place - Acton, Ont.
Near Acton High School

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

Last night I stayed awake to see what Santa Claus would bring,
I heard a noise above me, and the merry sleigh bells ring.
Perhaps it was a reindeer's hoof
That made the snow fall from the roof.

And then I heard a gentle step. I thought that it was he,
The door was softly opened, and my mother peeped to see
If I were sound asleep in bed—
Or Santa wouldn't come, she said.

I tried to look as if I slept, and shut my eyes up tight,
And when I opened them once more, the sun was shining bright.
He hadn't made a bit of noise,
But filled the stocking full of toys!

It bulges here, it sticks out there, and here's a ball, I know!
On top there is a teddy bear. What can be in the toe?
I think it has the nicest feel,
The whole way down from top to heel.

I'm glad it's mother's stocking, for my socks are very small.
I wonder how he knew that I was not so big and tall,
For everything he brought, I see,
Looks just as if he thought of me!

HIS MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

ELIZA BRAILSFORD BAIRD

ABOUT two weeks before Christmas there came a letter from Bruce McIlvaine. In it was a check for one hundred dollars. He asked his mother to spend this in some special way for him, in any way, he said, which would give her the most pleasure, and bring her nearer to him. The letter was very tender and loving.

"Our lives are too far apart," he wrote. "I wish it could be otherwise, mother dear, but I never want my will to overrule yours. As long as you think best to keep your own little home, I cannot object. Whenever you will come into mine, you know that I shall be a happier man even than I am to-day."

Mrs. McIlvaine was thinking about this letter as she dusted the parlor. She did indeed want to see Bruce. She had not yet fully decided that she was willing to go and live with him permanently. She loved her own ways of doing things in her own little home in the small New Hampshire village, where she had lived for many years. To leave it and the dear people, her neighbors, would be an awful wrench, even to be with her boy.

But the thought came, why couldn't she go for Christmas, and then use part of the money which he had sent her?

She had not seen her son since the time of the summer visit which he had paid her, with his wife and the two boys.

Bruce McIlvaine was a popular and successful metropolitan preacher. For five years he had filled a city pulpit, holding the throngs who came to listen, not by mere eloquence, but by a deep spiritual power, which lifted them always to a higher, purer atmosphere.

During these long years his mother had only once visited him. He was continually urging her to come, but she dreaded the long journey, and to leave her home seemed to grow increasingly hard.

As she dusted the black marble clock and vases, she blamed herself for this. Was she really growing apart from Bruce's life, because she had refused to be more with him? Her own and only boy? Why, he was her life!

It seemed to her now, as she thought of it, that there had scarcely been a moment in all the forty years since his birth when she had not been thinking of him and praying for him.

And now, there was, after all, probably only a little while longer to stay. How foolish of her not to spend that time with him! To prefer any other environment—anything else to the great delight of being with him, of hearing him preach, and of knowing him better!

He wanted her so much—surely she could not give him any better Christmas present, any more blessed surprise than just herself.

It did not take Mrs. McIlvaine very long to make her decision when this chain of reasoning had once been started. The house was arranged for closing, and the key given to a good neighbor.

"If I should decide not to come back, Sally, I'm write you what I want done about things until next summer. There's no knowing but that I may stay in the city now until Bruce and Margaret return with us."

"Whatever shall we do without you, Mary, if you really carry out that plan?" her old friend cried. "I thought you had said again and again that nothing could ever tempt you away from here?"

"There's only one thing that could, and that's Bruce," his mother answered. "I'm getting so hungry for my boy. I don't want to be left out of his life. Other people are having so much of him and I so little!"

It was a long, cold journey. Heavy snow-storms had been raging for several days; all the trains were delayed, and Mrs. McIlvaine failed to make some of her connections. She had planned to reach her son's house on Saturday night. Christmas Day fell on Sunday that year. But her train did not reach the city until Sunday morning.

She got into a cab and directed the man to drive her to Bruce's house. Then she remembered how nearly it was time for the church service to begin. Why should she not go directly to the church? She had been looking forward eagerly to hearing her boy preach his Christmas sermon. It would be a pity if she missed the privilege. To be sure, she was tired and cold and travel-stained. But that mattered little. So she asked to be taken to the big church instead, and there an usher put her into a rear pew.

The service had already begun, and the edifice was very full. She had not realized before what a large and beautiful place it was. Nearly all the people seemed wealthy and yet she noted with pleasure that there were those near her poorly clad. She was glad of this, for she knew that Bruce disliked the thought of preaching only to rich parishioners.

The music seemed very wonderful to her, and the words of the Christmas anthems stirred her to tears.

At last the sermon began. Mrs. McIlvaine could catch only a glimpse of her boy's face through the barrier of large hats which intervened. But his voice almost made her heart stop beating. How full and rich it was, and of what wonderful carrying power! It filled the great building, and yet he seemed to make no effort. Eagerly, she listened for his message. Would it be still the same simple, direct one which she had heard him give at other times?

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus"—that was his text. And as the mother listened critically, though so tenderly, she knew that he had not changed. She realized that he was still, just as completely as he had always been, under the sway of the Holy Spirit. He was intent upon only one thing, and that was to speak a good word for his divine Master.

Through her mind there passed many visions of Bruce's life. She thought of that Sunday night when she had knelt by his bed, and he had told her of his decision to serve Christ and of his great longing to become a preacher of the gospel. They had prayed together, and for both of them it had been an hour never to be forgotten.

She remembered his first sermon in the little village church when he came home after one year in the Seminary. All the neighbors had complimented her upon her son's intellectual power, but she had cared then, as she cared now, for only one thing—his message.

She was glad to note that the people listened eagerly—that they seemed hungry for this bread which their pastor was breaking for them.

At length the service was over. As the organ pealed forth again, Mrs. McIlvaine made her way slowly up the aisle. It seemed to her that nearly all the members had called to wish their pastor a Merry Christmas. She wondered if it would ever be possible for her to reach him through the surrounding throngs. Suddenly, she felt very tired and alone in the crowd.

Just then, as if by telepathy, Bruce lifted his head above the waiting people. Their eyes met, and his mother instantly saw a wonderful light flame in her boy's face.

He gave a quick cry. "Why, there's mother! Excuse me, friends—that's my mother! I know you'll let me get to her!"

And the crowd parted to let him pass, as he came toward her in half a dozen strides, and caught her in his strong arms.

"My own mother! Why, this is the best Christmas gift you could possibly have given me! How did you ever plan to surprise me in such a beautiful way?"

And then in the shelter of his arms Mrs. McIlvaine knew that she was not tired or weak, or faint any longer. And she knew, too, that she never wanted to leave Bruce again.

At Christmas dinner tables that day many of the people discussed the scene after church.

"I never admired Bruce McIlvaine so much as I did this morning," remarked one of his trustees, a multimillionaire. "That was his mother—did you see her? A little, tired, faded old lady from the country. If she had been the queen of England, or an angel out of heaven, the minister couldn't have been prouder of her, or gladder to see her. He's a real man, is Dr. McIlvaine—no sham and no pretense in his make-up. That's what makes his message a real message and his power such his own, but something given!"

And to Bruce's mother was sure that her Christmas present had been the best one she could have planned.—American Messenger.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Dec. 24th, 1896

Messrs. W. H. Storey & Son have put in a fine new safe of immense proportions.

Division Court Clerk McAbab had a safe put into his office last week. It took considerable ingenuity and strength to land it upstairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jeans entertained the members of Acton Temperance Union last Friday after the close of the business session, at their home on Park Avenue.

A lady visitor alighting from the 6.11 train going east, while the train was in motion, fell to the platform in dangerous proximity to the moving train. Charlie McLean, who was standing near, grasped her arm and held her until a bystander came to her assistance.

The Baptist Christmas tree of evergreens on Friday night was adorned with Christmas favors for the scholars. An excellent programme was given. Rev. Mr. Langford presided.

A large gathering crowded the town hall on Monday evening in honor of St. Alban's Sunday School, when the pretty cantata, "King Winter" was presented, as well as the presents of a Christmas Tree.

Miss Minnie Malone was presented last Friday at the close of the examination on the occasion of her retirement from a term of six years faithful and efficient service in the junior form, with an address, a circular mirror set in silver and a pair of pretty toilet bottles encased in filigree work in silver. Miss Ruby Clark and Miss Edie Smith represented the donors in the presentation.

At Georgetown High School the following were promoted to higher forms, as having attained best standing:—Form II. Junior to Senior: Minnie Bennett, Kathleen Bradley, Robert Coulter, Maggie Garbutt, Hattie Hartwell, Annabel Malcolm, Edw. J. Moore, Fred McKee, Lily McMurchy. Form I. to Form II. Junior: William Arnold, Carl Cragg, Robert Edmiston, Gordon Henderson, Jessie Hutchison, Bessie Mountain, Daisy Nicklin, Louis Rutledge, Jessie Scott.

Miss Allie Brown, who had resided the past year with friends at Exeter, returned home last week.

Rev. A. M. Phillips, Methodist minister, Montreal, well known in this section, died last Thursday, aged 50 years. He was buried in Toronto.

Chas. Darby, of Knatchbull, was badly injured on Thursday by a kick from a horse in his face, leaving an ugly wound.

Mr. John Moore, who has managed Toronto Time works, at Limehouse, for twenty years, has resigned and will shortly remove from there.

Where Did Santa Claus Come From?

THESE post-Christmas days shine with a light sufficient but perhaps more comfortable than that of the great feast itself. Particularly is this true of the first day after Christmas, especially when that day is Sunday. In England, of course, as in the time of the late Samuel Pickwick, Esq., who brought about the remainder of Christmas, this is called boxing day, not because it is the occasion of fistic encounters, but because it is the time appointed for the distribution of those more or less spontaneous expressions of good will which are called Christmas boxes. Its more orthodox title is St. Stephen's day. It is, you know, the day on which the illustrious King Wenceslaus, with the assistance of his page, did his noble almoning.

We are not old English kings, so instead of having our page bring fuel and wine to the poor man on St. Stephen's day we give a dollar to the youth from the still vexed Bermuthas who chaperons the elevator in our apartment house, and for weeks before Christmas we affix to the flaps of the envelopes containing our letters little stamps bearing so called portraits of St. Nicholas of Bari. Theoretically this last process provides a modicum of Christmas cheer for certain carefully selected and organized poor people.

However this may be, the fact remains that the day after Christmas is a very good day indeed. The excitement of giving and receiving has passed away; there remains the quieter joy of sober contemplation. And when the day after Christmas is Sunday this contemplation will not be disturbed by the arrival of the postman, who, a relentless bill bringer, is, like the Greeks, to be feared even when bearing gifts.

And, in spite of the remarks of every humorist who ever borrowed from his mother-in-law 2 cents to put on an envelope which should carry a joke about her to an editor, this post Christmas meditation nearly always is pleasant. It is assisted by the consumption of wife-bestowed cigars, which (again despite the humorists) are better than a man buys for himself. It is a pleasant meditation, for its subjects are things given and things received, good deeds done and good things experienced.

It also contains, this day after Christmas feeling, a quality of reconciliation, not of reconciliation with ancient enemies—this was all orthodoxly attended to on Christmas eve—but of reconciliation with affairs, of readjustment.

Where Bayberry Candles Came From.

It was the women of Hingham, that quaint old Massachusetts town, that first brought down from their attics their grandmothers' old candle molds and began making the sweet smelling green bayberry candles for a few appreciative people who wanted them to burn in homes furnished in antiques. The women of charming old Deerfield, in the same state, shortly followed suit, and then the housewives of Cape Cod saw their opportunity, all of them using the molds that had been in the towns for generations.

Queer Christmas Dinner.

Roast ostrich was the prime dish at the Christmas dinner of the Young Men's Christian association of Los Angeles, Cal., a few years ago. More than 1,000 persons were served from one table.

SEEMS TO ME

Seems to me the stars shine brighter
Christmas night;
Seems to me the snow lies whiter
Christmas night;
That the solemn trees stand straighter,
And the frosty moon sets later,
And the hush is stiller, greater,
Christmas night.

Seems to me and things are fewer
Christmas night;
Seems to me glad things are truer
Christmas night;
Seems to me the bells ring clearer
From their steeples, louder, nearer,
Seems to me the whole world's dearer
Christmas night!

On the Day After Christmas

OUR word Santa Claus is a corruption of the Dutch San Nicolas, and the story of the original saint from whom the name and the custom come is told in the Encyclopedia Britannica as follows: "St. Nicholas, bishop of Myra, in Lycia, a saint honored by the Greeks and the Latins on Dec. 6.

"His cult is as celebrated as his history is obscure. All the accounts that have come down to us are of a purely legendary character, and it is impossible to find any single incident confirmed historically.

"The main facts of his life are usually given as follows: He was bishop of Myra at the time of the Emperor Diocletian, was persecuted, tortured for the faith and kept in prison until the more tolerant reign of Constantine and was present at the council of Nicaea.

"It should be observed that this last circumstance is ignored by all historians and that St. Athanasius, who knew all the notable bishops of the period, never mentions Nicholas, bishop of Myra. The oldest known monument of the cult of St. Nicholas seems to be the Church of Sts. Priscus and Nicholas built at Constantinople by the Emperor Justinian. In the west the name of St. Nicholas appears in the ninth century records of the martyrs, and churches dedicated to him are to be found at the beginning of the eleventh century. It is more especially, however, from the time of the removal of his body to Bari, in Apulia, that his cult became popular.

"The inhabitants of Bari organized an expedition, seized his remains by means of a ruse and transported them to Bari, where they were received in triumph on the 9th of May, 1087, and where the foundations were laid for a new basilica in his honor. This was the origin of a famous and still popular pilgrimage. There are nearly 400 churches in England dedicated to St. Nicholas. He is the patron saint of Russia, the special protector of children, scholars, merchants and sailors.

"In art St. Nicholas is represented with various attributes, being most commonly depicted with three children standing in a tub by his side. Of the various interpretations of this none is absolutely certain.

"One explanation has been sought in the legend of St. Nicholas miraculously restoring to life three rich youths who had been murdered, cut up and concealed in a salting tub by a thievish innkeeper or butcher in whose house they had taken lodging.

"A legend of his surreptitious bestowal of dowries upon the three daughters of an impoverished citizen who, unable to procure fit marriages for them, was about to sell them is said to have originated the old custom of giving presents in secret on the eve of St. Nicholas, subsequently transferred to Christmas day.

"Hence the association of Christmas with 'Santa Claus,' an American corruption of the Dutch form 'San Nicolaas,' the custom being brought to America by the early Dutch colonists."

When Christmas Comes.

While passing days are short and cold and drear,
While nights are long, the longest of the year,
While cruel winter solstice reigns supreme
O'er earth and air, o'er field and wood and stream,
Glad Christmas comes, with glowing heart of cheer,
The brightest, bravest day of all the year.
—Ladies' Home Journal.

NO GIFT

A business-like man stepped into a butcher's shop.

"A piece of beef for roasting," he ordered, briskly.

The meat, mostly bone, was thrown on on the scales.

"Look here," remonstrated the man, "you're giving me a big piece of bone."

"Oh, no, I ain't," said the butcher, blandly, "yer payin' for it."

How little the good things of this vale world appeal to those who can have them by touching a button!

A Christmas Five Adventure

ONCE on a time in a queer little town
On the shore of the Snyder Zee,
When all the good people were fast asleep,
A strange thing happened to me.

Alone the night before Christmas,
I sat by the glowing fire,
Watching the flame as it rose and fell,
While the sparks shot higher and higher.

Suddenly one of the sparks began
To flicker and glimmer and wink
Like a big, bright eye till I hardly knew
What to do or to say or to think.

Quick as a flash it changed to a face,
And what in the world did I see
But dear old Santa Claus nodding his head
And waving his hand to me!

"Oh, follow me, follow me!" soft he cried,
And up through the chimney with him
I mounted, not daring to utter a word
Till we stood on the chimney's rim.

"Now, tell me, I beg you, dear Santa Claus,
Where am I going with you?"
He laughingly answered: "Why, don't you know?
To travel the wide world through.

"From the crystal palace, far in the north,
I have come since dark, and see
These curious things for the little folk
Who live on the Snyder Zee."

Then, seating himself in his reindeer sledge
And drawing me down by his side,
He whistled, and off on the wings of the wind
We flew for a midnight ride.

But first such comical presents he left
For the little Dutch girls and boys—
Onions and sausages, woolen faced dolls,
Cheese and gingerbread toys,

Soldiers that marched at the word of command,
Necklaces, bracelets and rings,
Tiny gold watches, all studded with gems,
And hundreds of exquisite things.

Straight to America then, where I,
Perched on a chimney high,
Watched him scramble and bustle about
Between the earth and sky.

Many a stocking he filled to the brim,
And numberless Christmas trees
Burst into bloom at his magical touch,
Then all of a sudden a breeze

Caught us and bore away to the south
And afterward blew us out west,
And never till dawn peeped over the hills
Did we stop for a moment's rest.

"Christmas is coming!" he whispered to me,
"You can see his smile in the sky.
I wish merry Christmas to all the world.
My work is over. Good-by!"

Like a flash he was gone, and I was alone,
For all of this happened to me
Once on a time in a queer little town
On the shore of the Snyder Zee.

"Who Gave Us Christmas Day?"
A happy, happy Christmas
Be yours today!
Oh, not the fleeting measure
Of fleeting earthly pleasure,
But Christmas joy abiding,
While years are swiftly gliding,
Be yours, I pray,
Through him who gave us Christmas day!

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

Corns cannot exist when Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to them, because it goes to the root and kills the growth.

And a wise bachelor always hikes for the tall timbers when he hears a girl say that he intends to be an old maid.