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 If you have any guests at your home, are going out of town for a visit, or know of any interesting news, let us hear from you. We always appreciate such favors.
 Phone 11.

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 Haven't you been putting off just a little bit too long getting those glasses you need?
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 Highest Cream Tests last week:
 Robt Allen 40, Wm. McCullough 39.
 We are paying the highest Cash price for Live Poultry.
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 It may require some sacrifice for you to devote the time and money but what better "gift" than practical business education can you ask for? Right now is the time to start on a specific course at the
GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE
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 Winter term starts January 3rd, 1918. Get particulars for those curricula now with a copy of this.
 A. L. BOUGH, Prop., Guelph

CONSCRIPT
 One of these Navy Blue Suits and Save \$5.55
 Thursday I place on sale 15 only Suits of Vickers' genuine all wool guaranteed colors in navy blue cloth. Your order taken for any one suit, made to your measure for \$38.50.
 This is the greatest value in the trade.
R. E. Nelson
 MEN'S OUTFITTER
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Yuletide Greetings

CHRISTMAS
 Bound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
 The chorus of voices, the clashing of hands:
 Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn;
 Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born;
 With glad jubilation
 Bring hope to the nations!
 The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
 Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
 All speech flows to music, all hearts beat as one!
 Sing the hymns of the angels, with choirs of love,
 Sing out the war vultures and sing in the dove,
 Till the hearts of the people keep time in the dawn;
 And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
 In strong gratulations:
 The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
 Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
 All speech flows to music, all hearts beat as one!
 Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
 East, West, North and South, let the long
 Sing the song of great joy that the angels began;
 Sing the glory of God and of good will to man!
 Hark, joining in chorus
 The heavens bend over us!
 The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
 Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
 All speech flows to music, all hearts beat as one!
 —John Greenleaf Whittier.

A STALLED CHRISTMAS

SNOW began falling just after midnight. The sky was dark, with low-hanging clouds and gusts of piercing wind. The cars were stalled behind, they were cold, and about four o'clock they were stalled. Outside, the great flakes fell steadily, and the engine coughed through a gathering storm that promised to be a blizzard.
 It was a long passenger train, with one Pullman and a long string of day coaches. The conductor came through and, and the one lady in the Pullman asked him anxiously if they were on time, and if he thought they would reach Hamilton by ten o'clock.
 He shook his head. "We're in an awful blizzard, miss, and the drifts are deep. Looks to me as if we might be stalled a day or two on the road. As 'Frisco there was no body to receive her, and the Express people are sending her back."
 "Miss Reynolds looked over the little sleeping car. Five or six old people, her name on the tag, Miss Dana, presently dressed up a wall that someone had cast out on the cold charity of the world. The lady with a tangle of hair adjusted the shawl that covered her shoulders, and she took her hat. She then she signalled to one of the gentlemen who entered it with her, and immediately he struck up a merry jig on his fiddle. The tempo-tempo-tempo of the fiddle may not be the heart stirring beat of the drum, nor the sweet thrilling note of the fife, but it was a welcome melody that gave strength to the souls of children and common folk who like a tonic. Everybody understood the banjo; this particular played it blithely.
 As times the car felt the trading effect of the fiddle melody. The children quibbled their feeting, their croonings quailed by the music, the mothers brightened up, the fathers and big boys threw back their heads and straightened their neckties and looked more cheerful. Then the little procession of men went through the train and presently they returned bringing with them all the children they could gather. They followed the banjo player as the children in Browning's ballet followed the piper of Hamelin, but to no such melodious end. For when they were all assembled in the same car, a young lady with a voice as sweet as an angel's said:
 "Children, this is Christmas! Merry Christmas to you and all! We're invited to have some fun in our car and we invite you in. Eat what breakfast you can and then come. I've got candy and popcorn."
 So she had. Not very much but enough to go round for the little crowd.
 Mr. Saunders picked up a golden-haired child and carried her into the parlor car in his arms.
 The Christmas music once sounded, sweetest music when Mary Reynolds said: "I am glad to see you, Miss Dana. Give me my hat, lift up this eye. Who is it in your manager line? Who is this child, so young and fair, that sweetest, beautiful child?"
 Ah, dearst Jesus, Holy Child, Make thee a heart, soft, undefiled, While my heart beats that it may be A quiet chamber, kept for thee.
 My heart for very joy doth leap; My lips no more can silence keep; I too must sing with joyful tongue, That sweetest, beautiful child.
 When she stopped the children clamored for more, but she asked her friend to play again on the fiddle, and then Mr. Saunders came to the front and taught some more.
 By this time the whole train had caught the spirit of Christmas and far out over the snow fallen snow rang the triumphal chimes.
 The conductor came in after awhile with a bag of presents, which were received with acclamation. Then as the children sat them he drew Miss Reynolds aside.
 "I do not think it would be wrong for you to read the letter that was sent, as it was addressed to you, and it is a very interesting one. I can read it for you, if you wish."
 "I don't fancy he'll object very strenuously, but I'll ask him," said Miss Reynolds. "I'll propitiate the porter first. He'll be the one to object if any one does. Now, shall we make a tour of the train?"
 She had hardly hardly ten words, and the cross and fractious children on the train were lounging in every uncomfortable posture in the seats of the day-coaches. Children were crying and quarrelling.
 "One was bit of a girl, golden-haired with eyes like blue-berries, and she lay curled up in a corner of the seat, her head on the door. She was sound asleep. On her neck was a tag. She was travelling all by herself.
 "For lady!" said the conductor. "She has gotten into the habit of being so. That little one was shipped from New York to San Francisco, by somebody who wanted to get rid of her. As 'Frisco there was no body to receive her, and the Express people are sending her back."
 "Miss Reynolds looked over the little sleeping car. Five or six old people, her name on the tag, Miss Dana, presently dressed up a wall that someone had cast out on the cold charity of the world. The lady with a tangle of hair adjusted the shawl that covered her shoulders, and she took her hat. She then she signalled to one of the gentlemen who entered it with her, and immediately he struck up a merry jig on his fiddle. The tempo-tempo-tempo of the fiddle may not be the heart stirring beat of the drum, nor the sweet thrilling note of the fife, but it was a welcome melody that gave strength to the souls of children and common folk who like a tonic. Everybody understood the banjo; this particular played it blithely.
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TO EVERY ONE:
A Right MERRY CHRISTMAS
 and
A Most HAPPY NEW YEAR!

TWENTY YEARS AGO
 From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1897
 Good sleighing now.
 The Public School closed yesterday and will reopen Monday, 30th January.
 Rev. G. T. Lanford will preach his farewell sermon to the Baptist congregation on Sunday. Mr. Lanford has accepted an invitation on Smith's Falls. He has been the faithful and acceptable minister here for thirty years.
 The Dominion of Canada has decided to adopt the postal note system in vogue in the United Kingdom, next July.
 A party of Englishmen recently arrived at Edmonton on their way north, carrying with them a bag which they had brought from England and it cost about \$50 a ton. They could have purchased hay in Edmonton for about \$4.
 The St. Alban's Sunday School Christmas entertainment was held on Tuesday night. The program was one of Christmas music and recitations. The school was assisted by Master Joe Lako, of Georgetown, who sang several solos very acceptably.
NEWS
 GONNIE—At St. Alban's Rectory, on Sunday, 19th December, so Rev. and Mrs. J. K. Giddis, M. A., a son.
TWO TOTS IN A TOY SHOP
 Little Donny Was Almost Beyond Hope in the Eyes of his Older Sister, Agred Six
 She was six if she was a day; she had a little fat back in a little black coat and her eyes of red hair matched her red lambswool. In her firm hand she held a single gingham boy about a year younger, and they were getting into the elevator at a big department store and making for "toys."
 Children are not allowed, unaccompanied by guardians, in most large shops, but such was her air of responsibility, of decorum, that it would have been a bold floor-walker who dared to question her.
 Nor, evidently, was it her first visit. Her eyes, still held in leash, ran in front and made straight for the space devoted to Santa Claus, his reindeer and his sleigh, piled with toys.
 There was a background of fir and cedar and a huge Christmas tree, but the pair sat down before the fascinating old fellow in his red robe, his long white beard, holding his big whip, and from his face the small boy did not turn from worshipping in solemn adoration.
 Across the room was a creche; also a wonderful and beautiful thing. The infant Jesus in the manger, the mother in her blue robe, St. Joseph, with his staff, the three kings prostrate.
 The children had been perfectly still for fifteen minutes looking at Santa Claus, when the little girl whispered to the boy: "He's got to be a good boy, but she was too much for him. She dragged him from his seat, dragged him to the creche, and with motherly Irish piety, pressed him on his knees."
 Reverently she described the holy group, then would invite devotion from a more human motive.
 "See that cow, Donny? you mind the cow we used to milk last summer at the farm when we went on the fresh air? See the goat, Donny? you mind the goat in our alley? It's his pitcher." But Donny wholed and pulled and pulled to be back to his fat.
 The little girl looked up. Her sigh was that given by every woman since the beginning, for every man for whose soul she held herself responsible.
 "Donny," she said, "Donny likes Santa Claus better than he does God."
 "Why not raise his wages?" asked the Irishman.

TOYLAND
 And how do you get to Toyland,
 To all little people the joyland!
 Just follow your nose
 And go on tiptoes.
 It's only a minute to Toyland,
 And ho! but it's gay in Toyland,
 This bright, merry girl and boy land,
 And woolly dogs and white
 That never will bite,
 You'll meet on the highways in Toyland,
 Society's foe in Toyland
 The dollars all think it is joyland,
 And folks in the Ark
 And tin soldiers regulate Toyland,
 There's fun all the year in Toyland,
 To sorrow was over a coy land;
 And steamers are run
 And steam cars for fun,
 They're wound up with keys down in Toyland,
 Bold jumping jacks thrive in Toyland;
 Nice castles adorn this joyland;
 And bright are the dreams
 And sunny the beams
 That gladden the faces in Toyland,
 How long do you live in Toyland?
 This bright, merry girl and boy land,
 A few days, at best,
 We stay as a guest,
 Then good-bye, forever, to Toyland.
 —Eugene Field.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE

In many places in Great Britain and Ireland, in the United States, Canada, Germany, and some other parts of the world, when Christmas comes with all its joy and happiness, boys and girls and other people as well do not forget that the dear little birds out in the cold ought to be remembered by Santa Claus, and they make a Christmas tree for the birds. This is, I think, a most beautiful custom because the birds have all they can do during the long winter months to get enough to eat, and it is a cause of wonderment to me how they do it. I have also often wondered how they live through some of the very cold nights. When we are all snuggled down among the blankets, those little fellows pack themselves down into some corner of the roof eave or among the clove branches of the cedar and spruce trees and where they sleep all night with their tiny heads under their wings, holding on tight against the fierce wind will not blow them off. Don't you think that it is marvellous that so many of them live to rejoice with us when the bright spring days come again.
 Some kind hearted people throw out crumbs and seeds for the birds, and during the winter, and the little change soon cheer and call and if breakfast seems to be a little later than usual, they will call to see if they have any more of the food behind to watch, and when he sees the breakfast laid out away he goes and tells the others.
 Now that it is what happens many mornings when those thoughtful, kind people live (and we wish there were more of them) but when Christmas comes they think that the birds also should have something extra.
 Now is the "birds' Christmas Tree" made? Well, in a number of ways. A little fir tree or some other small evergreen is put into a pot or box of earth or sand. The little bunches of grain are tied to the branches or pieces of soda biscuits, small bones with gristle or meat on them, little bits of bird seed, crushed snailshell, soap, pieces of apple or orange. This tree is generally placed in "somewhat" high so that cats cannot easily spring at the birds. Among the farmers it is customary to save several shovels of grain and one of those is fastened to a tree branch or to a pole. A handful of coarse grain is also acceptable. Can you think of anything more enjoyable than to be able to watch all the fun the birds have over their Christmas tree. Even if you cannot get a tree really you can sweep away the snow and throw out some bird seed and biscuit crumbs.
 I wonder how many of the homes in Canada will remember the birds' Christmas morning?—By P. C. Harris, Manager Toronto Humane Society.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

1. Thou shalt love the giver of the gift, because he has sent the gift.
2. Thou shalt remember first the very young and the very old.
3. Thou shalt buy with thy money, remembering the spirit of the gift and not the value.
4. Thou shalt not become a party to the mere exchange of gifts. Let thy heart go with each and every greeting or present thou sendest out.
5. Thou shalt make such gifts as thy still may want, inasmuch as the work of thy hands gives added value to the offering.
6. Thou shalt tie up no litter remembrances with a gift, but give only good and good will.
7. Thou shalt have thy gifts ready on several days before the time of delivery, that the immediate days before Christmas may be filled with peace and happiness, and not with turmoil and frenzy.
8. Thou shalt seek the wishes of the poor and the weak, and not the gifts they may desire and scotch their hungry bodies and hearts.
9. Thou shalt not quarrel over thy gifts. Thou shalt show thy gratitude in more sincere ways.
10. Thou shalt, at earliest opportunity, give a written or verbal thanks for each kindness as thy friends may have bestowed upon thee at Christmas.