THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1920

TURNING THE NEW LEAF With reverent heart we turn anew\_.. An untouched page of time, Tis ours to fill with noble deeds

Or stain with ain and crime; . Then ere we mar its surface pure Ero we begin anew. Tis well that o'er our last year's we We take a short review. Alas! we scan through tears the page We meant should be so fair-

The blotted page where records live Of hope and toll and care: The page that ends the finished Of loss and gain and strife," " Of love and home's sweet happiness, And peace and blessed life.

Ho much there is of pleasantness Our record has to tell-And so much done unworthily We might have done so well! Though mental retrospection shows That shine exceeds the shade; Too late we would erase the blots Of past mistakes we made.

Then turn the new leaf. Look no To grieve o'er loss and pain. But view the future's spotless page Where we begin again; And here resolve, by God's own gra-That we will do our best To keep life's record clean and pure

And trust Ilim for the rest,-

HOW THE MINISTER'S

By Mabel L. Stuart

いくという。他のないのできた。 0, Doreen, there will be no "But there always has been," in-

dustriously, "but in Centreville we of merriment. the poorest paid men in the world." "Why. Amy," exclaimed the minister, returning to . Centreville with a menyou? I'm sure if we had good beefif we were in Armenia..."

"Armenia!" stormed Mrs. Wilson, knitting frantically. "I have given everything I could scrape and hoard, even to our New Year dinner, for Armenia. I know the awful need and all that, and I know I'm wicked, but don't I beg of you, mention that word to me again to-night."

"The way you say that word amounts to almost profenity," chuckled the minister, burying himself once more in his newspaper. Nevertheless, it hurt him that his wife should be deprived of the little luxuries of former

yet." ventured seven-year-old Paul. "It is only New Year's Eve, and I feel sure it will come." murmured his mother ... "Listen! What !

Mosnwhile a very different scene was being enacted in the home of their nearest neighbor, just around the of the great eternity; the future has corner. Miss Amelia Dent, one of the not yet come, the present alone is ours Centreville congregation was standing and we may so live in it as to deterat her pantry door, a candle held high above her head, admiring the array of good things on the shelves before

"No," she mused, "I don't think Miranda has forgotten anything. The mince ples are perfection. Then there is the fig pudding and the cakes and cilies. What a pity that Cousin James and his wife disappointed me at the a lonely day after all. "I wonder if she forgot to bring in that turkey. I'll our minds any definite course just bring it in myself, so it will be action? nicely thawed out by morning. Dear

The shed was empty, but the outer lose their life, (that is in service by the empty platter on which the consciousness of becoming like God." turkey had reposed. With a shrick Let me dwell a little on the import-Miss Amelia sped to the street door and shoe of having a simple aim in life. peered out into the snowy night. A There is an old sdage which says, He In the dark and the midnight—the taper, but in its fashie slimmer also taper, but in its feeble glimmer she neither, and again in Scripture we

The minister's cat!" she cried in borrer. "He's got my turkey. Come Lincoln, Gladstone, Blamarck and back, you wrotched creature!" And hoping to frighten the thief, she hurled made their "lives sublime," owned their her candle at him. But the notive success to a great purpose in life. feline only redoubled his efforts and Genius is intensity. toward his master's home.

black Persian, with beautiful silken fur and golden-green eyes that could look mild and contented or blase with the wild fury of his desert ancestors. He had been given to Mrs.-Wilson by a wealthy parishioner, and was the chief pride and joy of the family. He rejoloed in the name of "Sahara." His conduct during the few months people during the coming year it will out his sojourn in Centreville had so cost us very little to be civil and kind far been without reproach. He had in word and deed. How often a shake

received many a kindly word and of the hand and a little word of andainty morsel in Miss Amelia's back couragement comes as an angel messhed and when he entered it on New senger to some poor soul struggling Year's Eve, looking for Miranda, he felt in the entanglements of life. How on the white platter was meant for we have uttered words that we should insults that have been offered you, the him, and proceeded to remove it so- have given a world to he recalled injuries you have suffered. Or remem-

raged, reached the minister's gate, entering. Sehara was on the verands, and had Back of our words are our thoughts, pover have an opportunity to insult laid his trophy on the doorstep, whence Let us during the year resolve to think you again. Right. One way is to It fell with a thud which had alarmed only pure and holy thoughts and then avoid him; the other way is to make Mrs. Wilson and brought her to the life will have for us a greater charm, him your friend. door with Doreen and Paul at her . We often extend to others a new . Forget your faults and fallures .- Or

steps Sahara became alarmed and same to you and many of them." Let folly or wickedness of spirit which rather uncertain as to whether his us not forget this wish as soon as it is they should disclose to you—the vanity conduct had been that of a really uttered but put it into practice, and that weakens, the pride that hardens circumspect minister's oat. He left when you hear the bells ringing out the greed that corrupts. Let your past his buiden and sprang away while the old and ringing in the new, you be not a hall and-chain tied to your Mrs. Wilson lifted the snowy turkey will feel a deep sense of peace filling and exclaimed in wonderment Miss. Amelia, sheing the door open

altopod behind a targe maple on the If you have caused one tear the less. bonlevard and awaited developments. Down sorrow's cheek to flow, "Our turkey, after all," shricked the | If you have caused one smile the more children ecstatically, dancing with de- On any face to flow

Oh John, pome here, cried Mrs. them friend, you will not have lived Wilson. "Some angello person has 1920 in Vain,-Earl Armstrong." sent us our New Your's dinher . "It must have been here for some time, too, for it is quite snowy. I wish they had left their names, so we could Mrs. X. (returning home) - Mercy! ber the sileviations, the consolations, thank them. Isn't it's little beauty? However did the child get that awful the love of the loved one in the pant, And all stuffed ready for the oven bump? ! . What kind people there are in the Green Girle You told me to let him sent, the comfort of God's presence world, John. My, but I'm giad fighers play on the plane, and he fell off." In all Call to remembrance your

The Artin Free Brens in Punt Punt Bahara-q-al"

But Bahara, thinking discretion to be the better part of valor, remained unseen. When the door closed Miss Amelia stepped from her hiding-place and apod homeward. In her copy sitting-room before the fire she sat down and thought.

"The poor things," she murmured, "and I never thought of inviting them on their faces! It was worth it all. to have my dinner enatched away. That was summary Justice. What will Praise Father, Son and Holy Chost. Miranda say?" And Misk Amelia leaned back id her rocker and laughed

Buddenly she licard a light tap at the front door and hastened to open IL There on the step stood small velöbe: \*\*\*

"Come in, dear," urged Miss Amelia, "till I see if this requires an answer." "Oh, yes, it does," Doreen announced. "Someone went us the loveliest turkey and mother wants you to come and share it with us to-morrow. She says you must be so lonesome here. And at our house there is plenty of noise." "It is very sweet of your mother to ask me," replied Miss Amolia, with moist eyes. "I will come with pleasure on one condition-that you all take dinner with me on the following day, for, you see, I want to have a New

Year party!" "How loyely!" cried Doresn, "I know . -Margaret Scott Hall we can come, and Miranda is such a good cook!" When the small messenger had departed, Miss Amelia put on lier wraps, called Mitando, and related the exciting story of Sahara's upregenerate

"And now, Miranda, I am going buy some real ploe gifts for the ohildren, and the finest wide red satin bow for Bahara Wilson And you may get those ducks ready for Wedneeday, as the minister's family will Roll round with the year, Lake dinner bere."

"Well I never! Well, I .never!" was all Miranda could ejaculate as she' watched her mistress depart. His adorable will let us gladly fulfill.
"She's got shock out of her shell at And our talents improve. That dinner at the minister's Miss

Amelia will never forget. Everything Our life is a decam; our time, turkey for New Year's din- was delicious. On the window-seat ner," relterated the minis- sat Sahara, gorgeous in his new red ter's wife for the tenth time, bow, casting complement anticipatory gianoes at the turkey. Once, when he sisted her daughter with the persist- looked at it and licked his lips Miss Amelia nearly diagraced horself by tiently as she "puried and plained" in- amusing story which caused a gale

have not a turkey salary. Do you think | 'When she had left late in the after so, John," she continued turning to her | noon, Mr. Wilson turned smilingly to nusband, who sat by the green-shaded his wife. "I had no idea that Miss study lamp buried in the war news, "It Amelia was so entertaining and so seems strange to me that 'the earth is clover and well-read. She is really the Lord's and the fullness thereof, very witty and amusing. We shall and yet His representatives are about enjoy visiting her to-morrow. And I feel that this is only the beginning of

our friendship." "Yes, indeed," agreed his wife abtal joit, is it turkey that's worrying sently. "But I wish we could find out who sent that turkey. It is such missteak who would wish for more? Now taken modesty on their part to keep in the background."

PURPOSE FOR THE NEW YEAR

so joyous and yet so sad as the last week of December. Then people of all classes-rich and poor, saint and sinner, stop and reflect over the past, and it is this peculiar attitude of mind that makes tis all serious.

When the bells from the neighboring steeples toll out the old year, half the chime is sad, the knelf of the departing year and the rest falls as a stad welcome to the year that is just born with all its mighty possibilities for good or evil. Behind us lies the past year, What has been its record? We see the gravestone marking the "I wish I had your simple faith," have perished. We see our bright spot where some of our fondest hopes castle crumbled into dust. Resolustrange noise is that? I have heard tions that we made in 1919 come to haunt us as shoets of our unfaithfulness. We cannot change the past i

> mine the character of our future. "The tissue of the life to be We weave with colors all our own And in the fields of deetiny

We reade as we have sown." govern our actions for the year upon which we are about to enter? Shall last moment. Miranda and I will have we beath the year by simply turning ever a new leaf and yet not have in

Let our first resolution be to have me, what can that noise be in the an aim in life. Let this aim be to live Over the serrow, and over the bliss. shed-like something falling?" and not for ourselves alone but to live for Over the teardrop, over the kiss. Miss Amelia hurried to the door and others. This is the teaching of our Over the crimes that blotted and Saviour when He says, "Those who door stood half open, and on the table humanity) shall find it," that is in a Over the deeds in weakness done, detected a large, black shape hasten- read, "a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." Concentration alone conquers. Napoleon, Abraham Grant and scores of others who have Over the strength that conquered trial

half dragged, half carried his prey . The aim of each one of us should be to do some service for our fellow-man. Miss Amelia, being a malden lady So many of us are prone to neglect of uncertain age, knew better than to doing little things in the hope that some face a spowstorm on New Year's Eve day we will do some great thing to without coat and rubbers, so she make the people glad, but we should Over the cribs where the bables sleet banged the door and rushed to equip not despise the day of small things. It is the littleness of men that south Up to this moment the minister's no greatness in trifles. He that deout had been well and favorably known aplacth small things shall full by little Swiftly and surely from starry walls,

> "A pebble on the ktreamlet scant Has turned the course of many A dew drop on the haby plant Has warped the giant oak forever."

and forgotten. Let us wate- our words ber them only to seek out some oc-

At the sound of approaching foot- to you," and receive the answer, "the son they have to teach, the fraility or

LITERAL MINDED

didn't discover it., I wonder where he THE NEW YEAR AT THE HOME songs in the night.

the gratitude of Christian hearty in the sanctuary and at the sacred alter

te share my good dinner. The look Praise God from whom all blessings I.am a selfish creature, and I deserve Praise him, all creatures here below: Praise him above, ye'hoavenly host;

Let us repeat some of the words of that great old poem of Moses the man of God-solemn, stately, majestic and beautiful-the Ninetieth Panim! Doreen Wilson, profering a white en- | Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Hefore the mountains were brought

forth. Or ever thou hadat formed the earth Even from everlasting to everlasting A thousand years in thy sight Are but as yesterday when it is past

And as a watch in the night.

We spend our years us a tale that is years and ten. Or even by reason of strength four-Yet is their pride but labor and sorrow. For it is soon gone and we fly away,

Se teach us to number our days. loving kindness, That we may rejulce and be glad our days.

We can all join in singing Charles Wesley's fine, melodious, classic hymn, The Christian Bilgrim's New Year Come, let us anew our journey pursue,

And never stand still till the Master

Olides swiftly away.

have finished the work thou didn't

that each from his Lord muy rewell and faithfully done! Enter into my Joy, and sit down

Now let us pray. We all believe bal our Father in heaven loves his children, and is pleased to hear them speaking to him in prayer. Dr. John lunter will lead us in this

Prayer for the New Year Almighty God, the unfalling sour of light and mercy, who hast brought us to the beginning of this year, and art sparing us to love thee and to keep thy commandments, prepare us we beseech thee, for the coming days, Let thy grace enlighten our darkness and strengthen our weakness. Help us to forget the sins and sorrows of the past. cherishing only the wisdom and the humility they may have taught us. Inspire us with new hearts the love of truth and goodness. Renew in us the life of that which alone makes life worth living. Enable us to discern the solemn meaning of these earthly days and the high and sacred purpose for which they are given. Suffer us not to be unfaithful to thee. Thou hast richy blessed us hitherto; still lend us by thy hand, still admonish and guide us have drunk it."-Boston Transcript. by thy Spirit, and leave us not to ourselves, thou Good Shepherd of the

sheep. Let not our sin take from us the thought that we are thine. Let not the sorrow and weariness of life. nor the darkness and mystery of the world, rob us of our faith in thee. Whatever light may shine or shadows fall, keep us in the fellowship of those who trust and love and obey thee, and in the service of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen!

Now let one of the children road for us all what an unnamed poetic writer in Harper's Weekly says about the closing year when

Now at the end of the flying year (Year that to-morrow will not be here Over our gain, and over our loss, Over the ill that was nover meant, Over the scars of our self-denial,

Now in the end of the flying year,. Year that to-morrow will not be here Quietly final, the prompter calls; Over it swiftly the ourtain falls. Over the crowds and the solitudes. Over our shifty, hurrying moods, Over the hearths where bright flames

Year that to-morrow will not be here Silently downward the curtain falls.

We do not want a long sermon, for those are very busy days, and all of us cannot well stay, for a lengthened service: But here is a short

New Year's Homily The praises of memory have been often sung. But to be able to forget what should be forgotten is as advantageous as to be able to remember what should be remembered. We

praise a good forgettery. . Miss Amolia, breathless and en- during this year upon which we are casion for helping him who has wrong-

> ankle to keep you back, but a journal to tell you what road you have travelled, . Then, looking back only long enduch to see where you are and what your course should be, forget the things that are behind and press forward. Forget not your sorrows. You cannot forget them. You do not wish to

ness. Forget the despairing, failing

battle against them." Forget the doubts

of God's . goodness; and 'life's ! value

which they awakened in you. Pemem-

To remember the enmittee of the year is to cultivate the spirit of hate: to remember the sine of the year is to indulge in the bitternesk of remorae; to remember the unavailing struggles against Approaching sorrow in the year is to continue to striggie after the famue has been determined. Only a little of our life is spent in the present. Most of it is spent in memories of the past of in anticipations of the future. "You can make these memories serrowful or loyful, these anticipations fears, or hopes.

You can make your New Year a happy New Year by forgetting the enmittes und remembering the friendships, forgetting the failures and remembering the successes, forgetting the defeats and remembering the victories, forgetting the bitterness in sorrow and remembering its consolations.-The Evangelical.

#### BEEING YOURSELF

Job had a pretty "good concell o'

simsel," and he had good right to hold up his head if any man had, for the Almighty said of him, "There tal none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that fearoth The days of our years are threescore God and escheweth evil" But when the old patriurch saw himself in the light of the "great white throne," he hung his head and said: "I have heard of Thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye soull Thee, where-That we may apply our hearts unto fore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." Like the Pharises we are O satisfy the in the morning with thy often ready to say "God, I thank Thee I am not as other men, or even as this publican," but the spattight of the Eternal is turned on us and we simply have to crawl under the barn. "All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes but God weighoth the spirit." There are things that seem all right when you run your little old two foot measure over them, but when you stand them up against the golden rule tally your competitors, regulated by this standard? Do you buy and sell your goods on the basis of the golden the golden rule. ..

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IN THE HAND-TO-HAND . BYRUGGLE OF TO-DAY

We sometimes make a mistake with our most procious things. We save them as if they might suffer from constant use. We keep back our loving words until they are wrung from us by some heart-breaking calamity. We sometimes save our appreciation of the one for whom it is meent. Our Ideals are too often kept apart from our daily life, as if there were danger of their becoming ternished and scarred in the hand-to-hand

struggle of each day, Now, there is no denser that love and sympathy will grow dingy or wear out if they are used generously. That is just the thing to keep them bright. The turnished ideal is that which is locked away and only looked at on the better for being put to everyday

A KICK IN IT.

Druggist-"Here is something spokon of quite favorably by those who

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Halti Who goos there? Someone with a cough, Pass friend! Stop. cough! you are under arrest. Thousands of such arrests are being made every day in all parts of Canada, Too. long have coughs and colds evaded justice and caused untold suffering to humanity, but at last they have been cornered and overpowered by Canada's famous cough detective—Buck-ley's Bronchitis Mixture. Did you ever hear of this wonderful remody? Why, everybody is talking and writing about the quent work it is doing in curing cought, colds, bronchitis, The following is one of thousands

of letters received: Kindly sceept my sincere thanks for the benefit my wife derived by the use of one of your bettles of Bronchitis Mixture. For over thirteen years she has suffered scutely. After spending dollar after dollar upon various remedies, no relief was obtained. Hearing of your most marvelous remedy she decided to give it a trial and I am glad to say one bottle has made her well. You are at liberty to use my name and ahould be only too pleased to answer any inquiries. Sincerely yours, John Holmas, Yorkville Ave. The original of this letter may be seen at W. H. Buckley, Limited, 143 Mutual St., Toronto. Dan't allow a cough or sold to linger with you. Away with it! Hall Buckley's Mixture and have sough arrested. This remedy never fails. On every bottle is a guarantee to refund the money if not estisfactory. Delays are dangerous. Order now from your Droggist BOLD IN ACTON BY A. T. BROWN

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they don't seem to pan out. "What - | a beautiful country where roads and soever ye would that men should do weather permit continuous travelling. to you, do ye even so to them." De The nearest approach to that ideal in you treat your family like you would have them treat you? Are your rela- the north-western part of this conhas provided beauty and the right sort

> Japan current that its average mean is a range of only 22 degrees V. bely six hours for each day in the year. Of course, the summer days bave longer hours, but there is enough sunshine

all winter to keep vegetation green and gardens in bloom. While Victoria has few rainy days, the annual procipitation being 37.48 inches, which is mile run to the famous Stutchart Es-

toria to Campbell Valls along the Quif of Georgia. It is strung with pictures-

WHAT FRIENDSHIP IS FOR

If our friends never made mistakes they would not need us as they do. If they nover did wrong, they would probably be sufficient for themselves. Their very errors and blunders and wrongdolngs are a claim upon our love and sympathy. To forgive and overlook and help is what friendship

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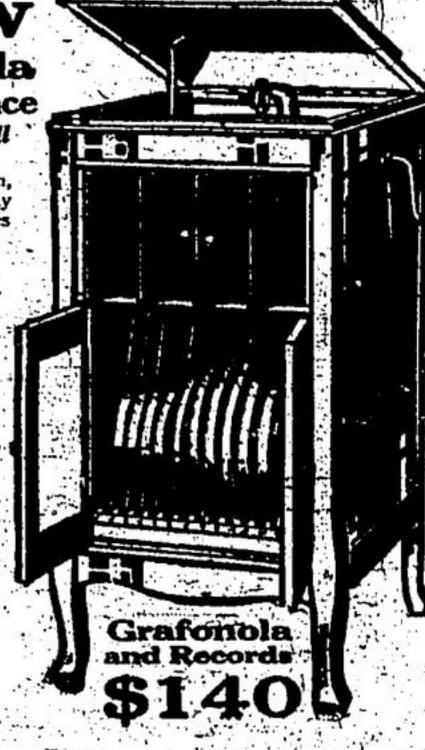
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