The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1923

A COLORED VERSION OF "THE NINETY AND NINE"

Po' lil' black sheep dat strayed way,
Dere lot' in de win' an' de rain—
An' de Shepherd he say, "O hirelin',
Go fin' my sheep again."
An' de hirelin' say, "O, Shepherd,
Dat sheep am back an' lame."
But de Shepherd he smile, like dat lil' black sheep
Wuz de onliest lamb he had.

An' he say, "O, hirelin', haston,
Yo' de win' an' de rain am col',
An' dat lil' black sheep am lonesome
Out dere, so far f'om de fol'."
But de hirelin' frown; "O, Shepherd,
Dat sheep am ol' an' grey!"
But de Shepherd he smile, like dat lil' black sheep,
Wuz fair as de break ob day.

An' he say, "O, hirelin' haston,
Lo! here is de ninety an' nine,
But dere, 'way off f'om de sheepfol',
Is dat lil' black sheep ob Mine!"
An' de hirelin' frown; "O, Shepherd,
De res' ob de sheep am here!"
But de Shepherd he smile, like dat lil' black sheep,
He hol' it de mosten' dear.

An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness
Where de night wuz col' and bleak,
An' dat lil' black sheep, he fin' it,
An' lay it against his cheek.
An' de hirelin' frown; "O, Shepherd,
Don't bring dat sheep to ans!"
But de Shepherd he smile, an' he hol' it close
An' dat lil' black sheep—wuz—me!

WINTER FEEDING AND CARE OF POULTRY

Good feed and care are necessary in order to procure maximum egg production during the winter months. Stock should be comfortably housed and not overcrowded. Allow about four square feet of floor space per bird, and see that all cracks and openings at the rear and sides of the house are closed to prevent draughts, otherwise colds are likely to develop which not only retard production, but often cause the loss of birds. A little permanganate of potash used in the drinking water (enough to give a deep wine color) will help to prevent the spreading of catarrhal colds, but in more serious cases birds should be isolated, and treated by washing the eyes, nostrils and throat with a solution of boracic acid.

Cotton used in the open front houses should be kept brushed off, and should be opened up on fine days to facilitate ventilation, this will also prevent the accumulation of moisture, which is more injurious to the health of the birds than cold. Plenty of clean litter should be provided for scratching purposes. Lice, which are usually present in certain numbers, should be kept in control. This may be done by dusting the birds with insect powder or by smearing the skin around the vent with blue ointment about the size of a pea. Care should be taken not to smear the feathers with this ointment.

A grain mixture should be fed in the litter morning and evening. Feed at the rate of about one quart per day to ten birds. A mixture consisting of equal parts cracked corn, wheat and oats has given splendid satisfaction at this Station. Buckwheat or barley may be used to replace the corn, but in such case, only the best oats available should be used in order to reduce the amount of fibre.

A dry mash should be kept in hoppers before the birds at all times. A mash consisting of 100 pounds wheat bran, 100 pounds middlings, 100 pounds corn meal, 75 pounds ground oats, 15 pounds linseed meal, 3 pounds charcoal and 100 pounds beef scraps will give good results. If skim milk, buttermilk or meat is available the beef-scrap may be omitted. A portion of the above mash may be moistened with skim milk or water and fed to the birds at noon. Give them what they will eat up clean in a few minutes.

Commercial ready mixed scratch feed and mashes may be fed if so desired, but slightly greater gains have been obtained at this Station by feeding the home-mixed feed.

Grit, oyster shell and fresh water should be provided at all times. Green feed, such as cabbage, mangels, beets, turnips, clover, sprouted oats and alfalfa should also be provided daily. The latter two may be steamed and fed in the mash, or the leaves may be fed dry in racks or boxes. A dose of Epsom salts at the rate of one pound per hundred birds, given at intervals for two or three weeks, will help to keep the birds healthy and prevent intestinal disorders.

Profit from hens depends very largely upon winter egg production. Breeding plays an important part in winter production, but in order that the result from breeding may be obtained good food and care are necessary.—S. L. Pearson, Poultryman, Experimental Station, Fredericton, N. B.

THE KIND THAT RISES

An interesting and significant incident is told by a member of a law firm who hired a Russian Jew as office boy. He was small, and obviously undersed, and his employer soon arranged that he should have at least one good meal a day in a near-by restaurant. Later he got lodgings for him in a better district than that in which he had grown up.

Within a year he was attending lectures at an evening law school. In the office, he did not wait to be told what to do. He did things. When he had a moment's leisure he "boned" law books.

Some time in his second year he asked advice on a point of law, saying he did not agree with the law-school lecturer on the matter.

"Ask me to-morrow. I'm busy," said the lawyer.

"But please tell me where to look. It won't do me any good unless I have it to-day."

"Why not?"

The boy replied, "Well, you see, I lecture to-night, and the point comes up."

Lecture where? To whom?"

"Why, to my class. I have thirty boys, and I'm delivering last year's law-school lectures to them at ten cents a head."

The lawyer looked up the point for his confrere, who is now a rising lawyer in a great city.

When this ex-newsboy and product of the streets, and night schools, was first employed, he could spell, write clear English, and parse, which is more than a good many high school graduates can do. He got his English in the old-fashioned way, through spelling, grammar and writing; but he could not have passed an entrance examination in "English," because he could not have told the plot of "Henry Esmond."

AN IMPRESSION

The teacher was trying very hard to convey the meaning of the word "impression" to the scholars in her class. After giving many illustrations, she said:

"Boys, I have an impression in my mind. Can anyone tell me the meaning of the word impression?"

"Yes, miss," answered a smart little fellow.

"Well, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"A dent in a small spot!" was the boy's reply.

TOMMY'S WAY

Big Sister—"Tommy, you are a very naughty boy to slap baby. Why did you do it?"

Tommy—"He drank all my ink, and now he won't eat this blotting paper!"

When I Was a Boy

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy—a little boy!—
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over a low red-trundle bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide and seek
With dimples on each sun browned cheek—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, O, the dreams, the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy,
And to bring me glimpses of time to be,
Where manhood's clarion seemed to call,
Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For in that lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint to-day,
And those dreams should give me back again
The peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

—Eugene Field.

Those Boyhood Days

Talking and thinking of the time when I was a boy awakens memories of the far back days in this community and just now, of experiences at this time of year.

When we were boys, that is, when I, and half a dozen or more other gray heads who are still here, and who spent their early days here, as soon as the first snow of winter mantled the earth with its white robe, and strung fluffy garlands on the evergreen boughs of the pines and the cedars, the native quails would come down out of the woods and introduce themselves to the chickens of our barnyard. Invariably with the approach of cold weather mother would say to us boys: "Don't forget the birds when you feed the fowls."

We had no more idea then of forgetting the birds—by which name mother included all of the faithful friends which remained with us all through the winter—than we had of overlooking the cows or the oxen. The robins, the wrens, the swallows, even the blackbirds and the chickadees told us good-bye, just as soon as the frost turned the falling leaves into red and gold. But the native quail, the grouse, the pheasant, the bob white, and the meadow lark remained. The lure of distant warmer climes, the charm of other southern places did not make them take wing. We boys loved them because of their home-staying qualities and devotion. And woe to the chaps who would dare to scare them by stoning or with shot gun.

Under the broad-spreading roof of our wood shed we kept a bare clean space on the ground where we could throw cracked grain, bread crumbs and left-over bits from the family table. How the birds enjoyed eating at this "free lunch counter." As the big shed was open at the front and ends the birds could enter and leave without dimculty. One bird seemed to have a way of telling another, for the appearance of one lark, or the initial visit of a bob white always meant two or three more of the same kind before the day ended.

What a happy fraternal spirit there was among these feathered friends of ours. All would share the common spread provided by mother and ourselves with no quarrelling or quibbling. Sometimes a noisy crow would flap down into the shed and join the other birds. The appearance of this black-robed trouble-maker at any other time or place would have created a disturbance—but nothing of the kind happened here. "Jim" Crow seemed to understand with all the others, that this was a peace table.

Among the regular partakers of our bounty, the meadow lark was the only bird that could express his gratitude in song. And, these were the shyest creatures of all. Seldom did we see, even in those early days, more than four or five yellow-breasted visitors in our wood shed. But as often as they came they sang for us—giving the best they had in trilling note and warbling melody. Every time I hear a meadow lark in these days it takes me back to my boyhood, when the meadow larks visited us in winter time. Even through the blinding snow swirls that on blustery days smothered the hills and fields in a maze of powdery flakes, we could hear the sweet tones of the lark. Always the yellow-breast was faithful, devoted and true—and for this we loved him. Do you wonder then that now as winter begins, and snow falls covering the ground, that my thoughts wander back to those early days, when we boys and the birds were intimate friends? "When I was a boy—a little boy."

Since the election of Councillors last week my thoughts have been roaming over the fifty years since Acton began her municipal elections. I was at that first election in 1873, when W. H. Storey was elected Reeve and John Speight, Asa Hall, Dr. McGarvin and Charles T. Hill, were made Acton's first Councillors. They were all elected by acclamation. They served the town faithfully, but only Mr. Storey kept in harness until his death. I think no year passed from 1873 until 1892—the year of his passing away—that he was not either a member of the Council or the School Board and sometimes of both.

But his experience was not that of the average citizen who has been willing to sacrifice time and personal interests in the service of the town. Over and over again men have been elected in the first or second years, when they have been candidates, at the head of the poll. Year after year they have continued in office. And almost invariably before they retire, they have lost in their votes until by the time they are thinking of retiring their past services are forgotten and they are either defeated by new aspirants, or find themselves elected at the foot of the poll.

This has been the experience of Councillors and Reeves over and over again, and it doesn't seem to me to be a fair deal. But human nature is and has always been a peculiar commodity. This result was seen very vividly this year. My friend George Hynds, after spending about twenty-five years of his life in Acton as School Trustee, Councillor, Reeve, Warden of the County, Hydro Commissioner, all of which positions he filled with credit and dignity, and to the advantage of the community he served, has had this ungrateful treatment. For at the nomination this year, his name was never mentioned when the office of Hydro Commissioner was up for nomination. This naturally surprised me, even if I did know he was ill and had no desire to continue in office. But what surprised me more was the fact that neither the chairman of the public meeting held after the nominations, nor the Reeve, nor any one of the Councillors mentioned his name in connection with his work nor his long service.

The same spirit is being manifested with reference to Councillor Bell. For a number of years he has been a member of the Council; used to be elected at the head of the poll; has been Reeve Harber's right hand man year after year; has been currently mentioned as a candidate for the Reeveship. But at the elections last week he was at the foot of the poll among the elected Councillors, with two younger Councillors and a new man, with considerable larger aggregates of votes.

My old-fashioned spirit of fairness and appreciation of services loyally rendered, resents this way of doing things. But it is the same the world over. I'm very glad, and thankful too, that I never aspired to "municipal honors," and Mary says it's just as well, as she would never have agreed to it anyway. "No election campaigns for me," she always said. "No laying myself open, to be blackguarded by every Tom, Dick and Harry, whether they owned a foot of land in the town, or a plot in the cemetery. No midnight hours attending Council meetings, or oyster suppers or such. No Council for you, my man. Your place is at home with me, or take me with you where you go."

Well, I made Mary's sentiments mine and I'm glad I never got mixed up with municipal politics. I can't be dropped out of sight without a word, or be dropped down from the head to the tail of the poll.

Well, good-bye for this time.

The Old Man

TIME'S UP

The close of a year makes us think of the passing of time. The following maxims, old and new, should make us think of the value of time:

Any time means no time, most times.

A man who does nothing never has time to do anything.

He who has most time has none to lose.

Nothing is more precious than time and nothing less valued.

No reward can recover lost time.

Be always in time; too late is a crime.

The time that bears no fruit deserves no name.

Life is but time; waste the latter and you reduce the former.

You may have time again, but never the time.

Take time when time is, for time will away.

Time present is the only time you can be sure of.

None can be provident of time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

DISCOVERIES

That brilliant artist, Mr. Joseph Simpson, has a gift of repartee. The other day a friend remarked, "I see you are billed to write an article for one of the papers. I didn't know you could write."

"Well, if it comes to that," replied Simpson, "I didn't know that you could read!"

THE BOY WHO WAS SICK OF HIS JOB

Robert was sick of his job. He said so to himself a great many times a week. He did not say so to other people, but his dissatisfied face and abstracted air would have led the shrewd observer to suspect as much. When his cousin Frank stopped a day at his home on his way West, Robert was moved to confide in him, a very unusual thing with Robert. But back of the impulse was a hope; Frank was older and in a responsible position for a man of his years. Without quite formulating the thought even to himself, Robert had an idea that perhaps Frank might do something for him.

Frank listened without surprise to his cousin's confession. "But why is it?" he inquired interestedly as Robert finished.

"Do you mean—"

"Why should you be sick of your job?"

"Well, it's the same old thing, you know, over and over."

"You know it as you do the multiplication table, I suppose."

"That's it exactly."

"How about the place of the next fellow? Do you know all about that?"

"Well, not altogether," Robert tried to smile. He wondered if anyone could have told Frank what a time he had when Combs was on his vacation, and he and Kennedy divided his work between them.

"It's a good thing when your own work goes stale, to interest yourself in the place of the fellow on ahead. It's a good way to be ready for promotion, and it's easy to get sick of any job, unless you keep learning something."

Robert said nothing, and after a minute Frank went on. "If your place doesn't have a future, it's well to quit before you get into a rut. I wouldn't keep a place, if I knew I had reached my limit and that promotion was out of the question."

"Well, I don't know about that. Some of our men get promoted," Robert owned a little reluctantly.

"Oh, they do, do they? Then make it interesting by deciding to be one of those men."

Robert was silent. His sense of injury that Frank did not seem inclined to do anything for him, lost itself presently in interest in what Frank was saying.

"When I find myself getting sick of my work, I look around first to see if I've learned all I can about it, and if I have, I try to pick up something about the other fellow's work. I can't keep interested if there's nothing more to learn. And then I look ahead, and try to find the short cut between the work I'm doing and the work as head of the company. As long as you keep growing and keep hoping, the place you fill is bound to be one of the most interesting things in the world. I'm not very old, Bob, but I have found you can make your old work seem new almost any time by putting new energy and new interest into it."

Probably the fact that it was Frank who was speaking, and not some older person, made Robert listen respectfully, and when he went to his work next day, he looked at it with new eyes. Frank had helped him if not to get a new job, to make an old job over, so it seemed new.—Harry Joyce.

TIME FOR ANOTHER BATH

Confessing recently that her ideas for stories came to her mostly in the bath, Miss Phyllis Austin, the English novelist, told an amusing story on the subject.

Before taking to novel writing, she wrote a number of lyrics which were set to music by her brother, Harold Austin, and published by different firms. On one occasion, when another composer was particularly struck with the success of a lyric she had written for him, and which, she informed him later, was composed in the bath, he wrote, after three months, simply and wistfully: "Dear Miss Austin—Isn't it time you had another bath?"

NOT A MATTER OF GEOGRAPHY

Old Colored Mammy: I'e wants a ticket fo' Florence.

Ticket Agent (after ten minutes' turning over railway guides): Where is Florence?

Old Colored Mammy: Settin' over dar on de bench.

DIMINISHING FRICTION

In this world a certain amount of friction, even between those who love each other, seems unavoidable. People who are entirely in sympathy as far as the great things of life are concerned, get irritated over minor matters. Some little mannerism of our best friend may annoy us. It vexes us when some one we are fond of, tells a story everyone has heard, or attempts a new one and forgets the point. Misunderstandings are likely to persist as long as human beings are unable to look into one another's hearts. Differences of opinion put a strain on friendship. All sorts of things, reasonable and unreasonable, create friction between those bound together by every tie of affection and respect.

If it is too much to hope that we can get rid of this kind of friction altogether, at least we can aspire to reducing it to a minimum. We can avoid a discussion which instead of settling the question, unsettles the disputants. We can teach ourselves to ignore the mannerisms to which we object. If we cannot get rid of the friction entirely, we can at least reduce it to a point where it will be powerless to interfere without peace.

WILD ANIMALS AND CATNIP

A curious investigator and a few sprigs of catnip led to an amusing scene in one of the "Zoos."

The tigers and the pumas scornfully refused to notice the herb when it was presented to them by the keeper, the lion, the lioness and the big leopard were boisterous in their manifestations of pleasure.

The lion planted his foot upon it, smelled it, licked it, sprawled upon it, and tossed it about in ways unbecoming his kingly dignity. The leopard picked it up in her huge paw, took long and ecstatic sniffs, and rolled over and over upon it in the exuberance of her delight. In her effort to apply it to the upper part of her head, she performed acrobatic feats of an astonishing kind.

From this experiment, the investigator was satisfied that love of catnip was not confined to the domestic branch of the cat family.

NEEDED SPACE

At a certain county court in the United States the applicant for a marriage license is handed a blank to fill out. This blank requires the applicant to state name, age and number of previous marriages, with the name of the former husband or wife, as the case may be.

A movie actress came in and procured a blank, which she proceeded to study carefully. The last item caused her to register perplexity.

Then she went up to the clerk and asked prettily: "Have you a longer blank, or shall I paste three of these together?"

THE TEACHER CAUGHT

"If a banana cost three cents," said the teacher, "what will a dozen cost?"

Willie hesitated, then gave it up.

"Well, do you suppose you could do the sum if we were to play at keeping shop?"

Willie thought that he could, and consented to enter the make-believe market and address the shopkeeper.

"Have you any good bananas today?"

"Some fine ones at three cents apiece," was the reply.

"I'll take a dozen, if you please," said Willie, digging down into his pockets for imaginary cash. "And how much will that be?"

THE FLAGMAN AHEAD

"Speaking of railroad service in Georgia," said a travelling salesman of Baltimore, "one day I was waiting for a train in a small town of that state. One hour, two hours, three hours passed, but no train pulled in. I was about to negotiate for a vehicle to drive me to the place I wished to make, when the station agent said:

"'I wouldn't go to that trouble, sir. The train'll be along soon now.'

"'What makes you think so?'

"'Well,' he answered, 'I'm pretty certain of it. Here comes the conductor's dog now.'"

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Alas! we make
A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot: our high resolves,
Look down upon our slumbering acts.
—L. E. Landon.

In order to be successful in any kind of undertaking I think the main thing is for one to grow to the point where he completely forgets himself; that is, to lose himself in a great cause.—Booker T. Washington.

Confidence in one's powers is essential to one's best use of his powers; but no man ought to have undue confidence in powers which he has never exercised.—Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, D. D.

The reason why the religious life of many men is so pitiable feeble and ineffective is because they are willing that others do their spiritual exercises for them.—Rev. Willis H. Butler.

None so little enjoy themselves, and are such burdens to themselves as those who have nothing to do. Only the active have the true relish of life.—Jay.

I will not choose what many men desire, because I will not jump with common spirits, and rank me with the common multitude.—Shakespeare.

The true epic of our time is not, "arms and the man" but "tools and the man," an infinitely wider kind of epic.—Carlyle.

Nothing can be proposed so wild or so absurd as not to find a party, and often a very large party to espouse it.—Cecil.

An orator or author is never successful till he has learned to make his words smaller, than his ideas.—Emerson.

Men's fame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them.—Villiers.

Everyone may see daily instances of people who complain for the mere habit of complaining.—Graves.

We always love those who admire us, but not always those whom we admire.—La Rochefoucauld.

Faith is the pencil of the soul that pictures heavenly things.—T. Burbridge.

Law kept, is only law; law broken is both law and execution.—Menander.

None but cowards lie.—Murphy.

THE HABIT OF HELPING

Have you ever made a practice of helping some other person over a rough place simply for the joy that you can get out of the act.

Have you ever experienced the exhilaration that comes from doing somebody else a good turn without expecting to be rewarded for it.

Of course you have! Everybody does such things occasionally, but did you ever think it would be worth your while to repeat it? Did you ever think that repetition means habit and that good habits are worth cultivating?

Besides this, doing things for the other fellow occasionally brings into action a few new faculties. Most of us have been wrapped up in ourselves so long that we can think of nothing or anybody except ourselves.

Let us cultivate the habit of helping others, of going out of our way to be of service to our fellowmen—just because it makes us happy to be helping somebody else.

INGRATITUDE

Tommy was in the dentist's office. The dentist had just finished extracting a tooth.

"Doctor," said Tommy, "the tooth next to that one aches, too."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "it aches in sympathy."

"Yank it out," commanded Tommy. "Darn such sympathy."

RIDDLES

Why are ears like a regimental band?
Because they have drums in them.

Why should a farmer be surprised at the loftor (?)
Because it turns oats into goats.

Why did the turnip field?
Because it saw the cricket bat.

When is pumpkin pie like two poets?
When it's Browning and Burns.

What does AEIOU spell?
Nothing, after all.

When does a silver cup run?
When it is chased.

What is the difference between a bottle of medicine and a naughty boy?
One has to be shaken and taken, the other taken and shaken.

THE TIME WHISTLE

The railway official invited the stern citizen to tell him his troubles.

"I want you to give orders," demanded the visitor, "that the engineer of the express which passes through Elm Grove at about eleven fifty-five be restrained from blowing his whistle there on Sunday mornings."

"Impossible!" exploded the official. "What in all the world prompts you to make such a ridiculous request?"

"Well, you see," explained the citizen, in an undertone, "our pastor preaches until he hears the whistle blow, and that confounded express was twenty minutes late last Sunday!"

NEW LAMP BURNS 94 PER CENT. AIR

Beats Electric or Gas.

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading Universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal oil).

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Brush Wool Scarfs—Colors fawn, grey, brown and loyat. Prices, 95c $1.45, $1.75 and $1.95.

Gents' Umbrellas—Prices $1.45, $2.00, $2.50 and up to $5.00.

Men's All Wool Cashmere Socks—47c, 75c and 95c.

Men's Lounging Robes—Fancy patterns in brown, grey, etc. Each, $9.75.

Men's Suspenders, Armbands and Garters—Boxed singly, or in two and three piece sets. Prices, 27c, 33c, 37c and up to $1.25.

A DOZEN WAYS TO A BOYS' HEART

Boys' String Ties—35c, 3 for $1.00. Silk and Knitted Ties—55c, 2 for $1.00.

Boys' Gauntlet Mitts—Fringed, cuff, and lined. Per pair 47c and 57c.

Boys' Gloves—Per pair, 85c, 95c and $1.25.

Boys' Suspenders—Per pair, boxed, 45c.

Boys' Belts—Each, boxed, 27c.

Boys' Wool Toques—47c and 59c.

Boys' Knitted Hockey Caps—Each 75c.

Boys' Cuff Buttons—Pull-apart style, per pair, 25c, 35c, and 50c.

Boys' Sweaters—Each 97c, $1.25, $1.45 to $3.50.

Boys' Sweater Coats—Each 97c to $2.95.

Boys' Suits—$7.75 and $10.75.

Boys' Overcoats—$7.75 and $10.75.

Seasonable Hosiery

Women's All Wool Hose—Extra fine, in narrow and wide rib. Mixtures of black and white, brown and white, sand and white, grey and white. All sizes. Price, $1.50. Same with wide top, $1.75.

Wide Rib Hose—All wool, with fine rib elastic top, high spliced heel and double sole. Colors, black, brown, grey and sand. Sizes, 8½ to 10. Price, $1.00.

Silk and Wool Hose—Solid colors, as well as mixtures of black and white, sand and white, brown and white, grey and white. All sizes. Price, 95c.

Pure Thread Silk Hose—All the newest shades, also black. Prices, $1.65 to $3.50.

Children's Silk and Wool Hose—Cream, in sizes 4 to 6. Prices range from 59c to $1.25.

WOOL GAUNTLETS

Wool Gauntlets—In solid colors, bands of contrasting color, and some with fringe. Prices, 85c and 95c.

Here Are Gift Thoughts

Let's make this on old time "folksy" Christmas, with fun and feasting and stockings filled to the brim; with mistletoe and holly, and of course a tree; with a lighted candle in the window on Christmas Eve.

Let's make it a season of whole-hearted good will, not only to our own folks, but to all mankind. The Ryan Store is splendidly ready and the stuff prepared to give smiling, cheerful service, eager to do their share towards bringing about the merriest of merry Christmases.

BE SURE TO VISIT US WHEN IN GUELPH

Hints From The Staple Department

FANCY ARTICLES

Cluny Lace Doylies, Linen Centres—Extra values at 12c, 19c, and up to $1.95.

Oval Doylies—Each, 20c and 25c.

Round Centres—Each 60c, 95c, $1.25 and $1.50.

Tray Cloths—18x27 inches 75c.

Runners—95c, $1.25 and $1.50.

Luncheon Cloths—$1.75 and $2.25.

HANDBAGS

Four styles of pouch and envelope Handbags, colors grey, slate, brown and black. Just right for shopping, business and travel.

They have good frames, pretty linings and mirrors, and the fine leathers they are made of indicate that they were intended to sell at a much higher price. Each, only, $1.79.

Other styles at prices varying from $1.29 to $5.00.

All Wool Plaid Blankets—Blue and pink, each $4.45.

All Wool Blankets—Pink and blue borders. Per pair, $8.25.

Bath Robe Blankets—Cord and tassel to match, Each, $6.95.

Bed Spreads—Crocheted and satin. $2.95 to $11.00.

Linen Table Cloths and Napkins—Large variety of paterns and sizes.

Fancy Pillow Cases—Hemstitched and scalloped edges.

Fancy Towels, with colored border.

HANDKERCHIEFS

Colored Handkerchiefs—Made in Ireland, in colors rose, tangerine, helio, resedu, maize and sky. Very pretty, embroidered corners and wonderful value at 15c.

Other special lines of imported Handkerchiefs at 19c and 29c.

Sample Handkerchiefs — Hundreds of styles. ONE THIRD OFF.

DRESS GOODS AND SILKS

Shopping is made easy in this department as cut lengths for dresses, blouses, jacquettes, underwear and men's silk shirts are are all ready in Gift Boxes.

Silk Tricollette—For undervests. Colors mauve, pink and ivory, plain or drop stitch, boxed. Each, 95c.

Blouses and Jacquettes—Heavy quality Crepe de Chine. New and popular colors. Boxed. Each, $5.00.

Dress Lengths—All pure wool Botany and Crossbred Serge. Colors navy, cocoa, sand, seal brown, Jap. blue and black. Boxed. Each, $2.50 and $4.88.

Men's Shirt Lengths—Plain and striped silk materials, in suitable colors. Boxed. Each, $3.09.

G. B. RYAN & CO.
DEPARTMENT STORES — GUELPH AND OWEN SOUND

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear and Millinery Store

Silk Underskirts—Hubautai, messaline and taffeta. A nice assortment of styles, in brown, black, rose, grey purple and shot effects. Special price $3.95.

Bloomers—Jersey silk, satin or Ventian cloth—good roomy makes. Finished below the knee with double band of shirring. Shades of rose, flesh and blue, also black. Prices, $2.25 and $2.95.

Bath Robes or Kimonas—Blanket cloth, in pretty shades of dove and rose; dove and blue; blue and sand; blue and white; grey and white; mauve and white; navy and white; grey and red. Satin or silk cord trimming, heavy silk cord girdle. Prices, $6.50, $7.50, $8.25, $8.75.

Pleated Skirts—Fine, all wool Serge in navy only. Three different styles of pleats. Waist bands 25 to 30. Special price, $2.95.

Pleated Skirts—All wool Homespun in four styles of pleats. Waist bands 25 to 30. Special Price, $3.95.

Girl's Coats—$7.95 to $13.50.

Women's Coats—One Third Off. Also special lines selling at $10.95 and $14.50.

WHY NOT A PRETTY HAT?

We are showing at the present time Metallic Trimmed Satin Hats, the latest fad, in a large variety of styles and colors. Price, $4.85.

Satin and Panne Velvet Hats—The newest forms, with metallic trimming. Extra value at $5.50.

Metallic Buttonieres—Individually boxed, price 59c.

Corsage Bouquets and Wreaths—Silver and gold grapes, metallic flowers and metallic flowers combined with ostrich. Prices, 65, 75c, $1.25 and $1.50.

Skating Sets—Brush wool scarfs and hats to match. Assorted colors. Price, $4.95.

Don't Forget Baby.

Wool Bootees—Two lengths, white and colors. Prices, 48c, 50c.

Wool Jackets—White or colors. Assorted syles. Prices, 69c to $1.95.

Short White Lawn Dresses—V yokes, embroidered tucks, lace and insertion. Some with embroidered frill on skirt. Sizes 6 months to two years. Special price, $1.39.

White Underskirts—Long and short, with lace edging at neck and armholes. Some with fine Swiss embroidery on skirt. Special price, $1.29.

Infants' White Flannelette Kimonas—Round collar, fastened with silk ribbon at neck and edged with pink and sky. Special price, $1.39.

White Wool Scarfs—47c and 95c.

Fur Carriage Robes—Snowy white, Chinese goat. Pocket style, felt lined, two sizes. Prices $6.75 and $7.95.