

A CANDLE TRAGEDY

A little Eskimo once came  
To share our happy home,  
Brought by an Arctic traveller  
Across the frozen ocean.

On Christmas Eve he dropped a tree,  
An evergreen should do just as well,  
With toys, snow and glittering  
things.

And candle red and blue.

The room was shut all Christmas Day,  
With fire and light around the tree.  
All were so happy around the tree—  
That spectacle sublime!

But still when father hurried in  
The little lights to light,  
In vain, the taper in his hand—  
No candle met his sight.

"Oh, brother! he cried, "what joke is  
this?"

The candle, where are they?"

And all who helped to dress the tree  
Blood spattered with flame.

"The candle is gone," said the boy.  
"Poor father!" mother said softly.  
"And not a single one left."  
A beam of light to shed.

Then spoke the little Eskimo:  
"Me sorry what me done;  
Me very angry in the night;  
Me ate them green and blue."

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

From the issue of the Free Press of  
Thursday, December 24, 1903.

The G. T. R. water tank became  
leaky on Saturday. This valve failed  
to work and 20,000 gallons of good  
spring water was wasted.

A couple of boys made a determined  
dash through the bushes at night to  
gain entrance to Williams' Shoe Store.  
They tried to pry up three different  
windows with a crowbar. A watch dog  
evidently frightened them off.

Mr. John E. Butler and family,  
Churchill, have removed to their recently  
purchased residence at the corner of Mill and Wellington Streets.

At the same time Mr. George  
McGillivray, of Guelph, and Mr.  
W. O. W., the following officers  
were elected for the ensuing year:

P. C. C.—A. Record; C. C.—George  
McGillivray; A. C. W.—Mr. Kennedy;

Macmillan—Mr. Parker; Agnew—  
Agnew; Escort—I. H. Forbes; Watch-  
man—Jas. Wilson; Sentry—James  
Hall; Manager—H. Jeane.

A. Record—Treasurer. The Free Press  
of that date was out for a new edition, so  
it was built here, that the building will  
be creditable to the town, and that it  
will be in all respects modern and  
up to date. The building will be fit  
for the agent and staff, and commodious  
general and ladies' waiting rooms.  
Citizens generally will hope the rumor  
is authentic, and will much appreciate  
such a well-constructed box from the Grand  
Trunk Railway.

At the close of the Christmas ex-  
amination exercises at the Public  
School, which were held in the school  
interest centred in the principal's room,  
where a large company had gathered  
to say good-by to Mr. T. T. Moore,  
who for twenty-five years has been  
the beloved and popular teacher  
of the school. Miss Hazel Matthews,  
a pupil of Mr. Moore, read a compi-  
mentary address during the reading of  
which Professor Coleman presented  
Mr. Moore with a very comfortable  
leather covered chair on behalf of the  
pupils, teachers and friends. Short  
addresses were made by Mr. D. Hen-  
derson, Mr. J. C. Ross, Mr. J. E. Mc-  
Bees Nicklin and Mr. Thomas Eastor,  
complimentary to Mr. Moore's  
work and his character as a public  
instructor.

BORN

McKEAGUE—On Sunday, December  
6, 1903, to Dr. and Mrs. McKeague, a  
daughter.

DIED

ROBERTSON—At "The Balsams,"  
near Kawartha, Ontario, on Friday,  
18, 1888, Janet, daughter of the late  
Donald Robertson, aged 47 years.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

These are just the words, four in  
number, which refer directly to  
crumblers, gossips, fault-finding mis-  
chief makers. People who never mind  
their own business are like the street  
whiffet dogs, that are always barking,  
biting, nipping and nibbling.

Can we presume the great Creator  
made you especially to superintend  
His universe, and especially to control  
and manage everybody affairs?

It is enough to make one indignant  
to see what pains some people go to  
to ferret out the plans of others, and  
to start a bit of gossip. They leave  
no stone unturned to get a full  
of woods, while they are trying to hold  
up before everybody the few they pull  
from their neighborhood. Oh, how they  
tell all about their prosperity and their  
pleasure! They do everything but  
mind their own business, and bring  
more trouble to other people's societies  
and churches than anything else. Then  
turn the pleasant, peaceful stream of  
good will into a loathsome pool; they  
intrude on ground where angels would  
fear to tread.

Now, minding one's own business is  
the best remedy for itching ears that  
are never satisfied with hearing, and  
the busy tongue that hurries to speak  
crucial words.

Minding your own business will turn  
your attention to self and you will  
forget to watch so closely the short-  
comings of others, will forget to speak  
over and over again, and to make  
more trouble than anything else. Then  
the peacemakers."

HOW'S THIS ONE?

When we decided that the wife  
and daughter of Tom Scott would  
visit a while in the country, the designer,  
a six-year-old, made a protest  
which was so surprisingly vehement  
that her father asked why she ob-  
jected.

"Mamma says everyday goes to bed  
with the chickens down there," added  
the little rebel.

"You don't want to stay up late,  
do you?" asked the astonished  
parents.

"No," replied the child, "but I'm not  
going to sleep in any old henhouse."

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND

A bootman was being shown over  
a battlefield for the first time in his  
life. "What's being keenly interested in  
all this?" he asked, looking with all  
sorts of questions.

The inquiries seemed to interest him,  
and going up to one, he pointed to the  
man in the maroon cap and asked  
what he was.

The marine looked at him in surprise.

"Don't you know what that is?" he  
asked. "Why, that's a rifle, of course."

"Ah, mon," replied the bootman,  
impatiently. "I was not asking about  
you head."

A REGULAR CHRISTMAS FEELING

"O. Mr. Filbert," she exclaimed  
spuriously, "you have ever got a dim  
understanding of what it means to be  
more weight of life were it not for the  
shaded spirit panting with psychic longing  
to be freed."

"I am particularly having such a feeling  
at Christmas time," was the callous  
response; "but hitherto have I attri-  
buted it to the pudding!"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
LESSON.

FOR SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23

THE UNUSUAL "FISHIN'" OF  
CHRISTMAS LESSON—Isa. 9: 6, 7; 1: 10; Ps. 2: 1-12.

Golden Text.—

Ack of me, I will give thee the  
fisher of men for thine infidels,

And the uttermost parts of the earth  
for thy possessed."

—Ps. 2: 8.

The Text Explained

Very early in the history of Jesus—The

Messiah King will be of the same

family as David. That family is now

like the stock or stump of a tree, a

plant that no man could find that

days or months ago.

Verse 2.—The Spirit of Jehovah shall

rest upon him—The Spirit shall minister

to Israel, quickening the intellect,

guiding the people, and giving

decisions. The Spirit shall furnish

light to dispense conditions, pro-

mising to insure means to meet them,

and strengthen and rare them to

success."

Verse 3.—In the days of Jehovah

there will be no more

Israelites.

Verse 4.—The fear of Jehovah shall

be in every heart.

Verse 5.—The people shall be

wise.

Verse 6.—The people shall be

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Verse 7.—The people shall be

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Verse 8.—The people shall be

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