A MESSAGE

The earth has grown cold with its burden of care, But at Christmas it always is young; The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair. And its soul full of music breaks forth When the song of the angels is sung. it is coming, old earth, it is coming to-On snowflakes which covered the sod; The feet of the Christ-child tells out with delight and poor,

That mankind are the children of God. On the sad and lonely, the wretched The voice of the Ohrist-child shall And to every blind wanderer opens the Of a hope which he dared With a sunshine of welcome for all. vealed.

When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pleaded, That mankind are the children of God.

A CHRISTMAS . "

The pivotal festival of the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, once again flings its banners of hope and comfort across the human horizon. The manger of Bethlehem is once more the shrine of a world's de- there was one sign of mirth outside. votion. The old, old story of the little Bucky Crane was standing on .Old Babe, of the lodging with the beasts, Davenant's sidewalk, holding on to of the going to the lowest levels of Old Davenant's picket-fence, and ho humanity to rise to the loftiest reach- was laughing so hard, though quietly, es of human idealism of the new that the fence shook. Head of our race, atways, comes with | While Bucky stood laughing to him-

made and disposes of us all is now still laughing. the power of a little Child to draw out love and sympathy from parents and Kit. beholders. To mortal care and par-Then, mortality was not so altogether race, or never would it have been en- a turkey." trusted with the life of God made manifest in the flesh? What the race plied. "A fine, big, fat one. He's could attain to, that Babe revealed in opened his heart for once. But he His after life. What we may be some won't eat the one he bought—he's called it; and if he will not give us one for the old man. day, we see in Him, even though we got the wrong turkey." may have been little higher than the Kit looked up and laughed. "You'vo

beasts in our lives. The comfort of it all is that our miser. I hope you paid him well for Saviour, our salvation, made Himself driving us out of his orchard last ister love to Him and take Him to our tell it for laughing. This doesn't go heart. He was poorer than any of us, any further, you know, but I must Even to-day His cause, His Church, tell you. | When I was in the butcher His poor, His afflicted can be reached shop awhile ago, there were two again. by the meanest of us, and in minister- turkeys hanging up with names on wretched cattle shed at Bethlehem to meat as soon as it's sold, with the spread our offerings on the straw of customer's name on it."

His bed before Him. That every reader of the ACTON FREE Pages may find something to do for. Him, Who did so much for us at this had old Davenant's name on it. I time, goes with our wish that each could hardly believe it. The other may enjoy a really Merry Christmas.

CHRISTMAS JINGLETS.

The turkey is a wise bird for never makes a goose of himself.

Traffic warnings to the Christma turkey-Dangerous Carve Ahead.

Yes, Christmas is coming. It anything for anybody, don't delay.

A practice that is much abhorred, Though many people do it. Is spending what you can't afford, Then, after Christmas, rue it.

It is said that the eagle is able soar higher than any other large bird, but we doubt if it ever soars any higher than Christmas turkey.

The Detroit News sees Christmas coming on apace to remind us that we have never found out what Santa Claus looked like when he was a boy. And, by the way, where did the Christmas gifts come from in those

By Oriental custom the term 'father' and 'mother' are not limited to one's natural parents, but may be applied to superiors in years, in wisdom, or in civil or ecclesiastical station. This door," he continued fand I've got Rev. H. Clay Trumbull by an incident knob."

hours are early, and the old man and young men, neither of them a rela- his housekeeper were must likely in tive of mine—as my dragoman knew very well. When, however, in middesert, we met an old Arab sheik, through whose territory we were to grape arbor, to the low kitchen, wat a little sick girl, from her friend, C. pass, my dragoman introduced me as an easy matter for two active boy! Davenant. They were here when I got the father of these young men. "No, they are not my sons," I said footsteps being heard, for there was to-the dragoman; but his answer was: no bedroom over the k'tchon. The "Haven't I something to think of too? "That's all right. Somebody must be boards were soon laid across the top What did I find when I got home? father here."

the Arab idea, every party of travell- laughter as they thought of the ing her a Christmas present of the ers must have a leader, and that the smoking Old Davenant would get in mortgage he had on our house? Think leader of the party was called its the morning. Very quietly the of that! Eight hundred dollars-nearfather,' I saw that it would look bet- climbed down and stole around to the ly/nine hundred with the interest! ter for me to be called the father of front door. The letter was shoved must go right home, for I left mother the young men than for one of them underneath, and Bucky took from alone. I want to see you a minute to be called my father.

STILL AT LARGE

A former governor of New York was

noted for the quickness of his wit. which seldom left a chance for repartee unappropriated. An Englishman who had been visit. boys started for the front gate. The "The only decent thing I can do ing different parts of this country, moon was shining bright, but in the after being so mean," Bucky answerspoke with special fervor of a sight shade of the strubs that place the od. "I am going right straight to Mr. "I attended a Sunday service for the "Wouldn't I like to see Old Dave- the whole thing—my share of it, that phone directory, says the Portland the state prison," said he; nant in the morning," Bucky said, in is, a shall tell him how I changed his Telegram, found a hely studying the Telegram, found a hady studying the "and I learned that of the one hun- a low tone. "A skimmy turkey, and a turkey, and put boards on his chimney direct and seventy persons now bone houseful of smoke, and a 'Curistma and left those Christmas cards for him and ask his pardon. Those cards are the worst. Kit; I'd give anything if we priffer the priffer th

KKAKA BURKAKA KUKA BURKA BURKA Our Christmas Story BESEBE

Old Davenant's Merry Christmas

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE SAKARA BARARA BA

they gave old Davenant. But in a outlined against the sky. He saw the small place like Boardville. where boards laid on, and recognized the two Where the feet of the holles had trod, everybody knows his neighbor's af- boys. This, this is the marvel to mortals re- fairs, everybody could not be mis-

It was not a fine house that Old Davenant lived in, that was sure. But -Philip Brooks, none of the Boardville houses were very ane, for everybody was poorwas a gloomy place. Here it was shall come here and cry."

not know you saw us."

"No, I suppose not," was in darkness, except the one-story wing of a kitchen, where there was a faint light. What did Old Davenaht

care about Christmas eve? But if everything was gloomy inside

refreshing sweetness at the holy sea- self, Kit Lawrence walked up the At a step we enter the realm of the all the mischief in town. They were spiritual and find that heaven has chums at any rate, and as soon as land and made him rub his the door-" come to comfort and encourage the Bucky saw Kit, he crossed the street sons of earth. The awful power that and walked on with him, arm in arm, "What are- you laughing at?" sald

"I'm laughing at Old Davenant's entage is committed the Lord and the turkey," said Bucky; and the mention Maker of all, the eternal Son of God. of it made him laugh more than ever. "Turkey!" Kit exclaimed, contempt. gone from righteous and love as to wously. "Cold sait pork, you mean. I be beyond redemption! There was guess it will be a colder Christmas still strong ground for hope for our than this when Old Davenant buys

> "But he has bought one," Bucky rebeen nutting up some trick on the old!

"Yes, I know." said Kit. "Well," Bucky went on "one of the.

biggest; fattest turkeys you ever saw

and started out to deliver the meat. read as follows: mind the basket. It was too good a

chance to miss and while he was gone it is the shop's shut up now, and tois morrow's Sunday, so the old miser can out to-night."

"Serves the old skinflint right," said truly, come out after supper, I'll put up amounted to nearly \$100 more.

must be careful. I don't think I ever opinion of Old Davenant. and mother says she's afraid he wi'l his feelings were somewhat compli- other word about the little tricks; turn us out. He's been after his in- cated. What a return he had given they were nothing at all I wish you terest three or four times, and wo Old Davenant for all this kindness- both a very Merry Christmas, and I have not got the money. He's the almost stealing his turkey, boards on know you are glad that at last a Merry meanest old fellow I know, and we'll his chimney, and a scurrilous Christ- Christmas has come to Old Davegive him a Merry Christmas." When the boys met after suppor

Bucky had his head full of mischief. and Kit his hand full of boards. "What are you going to do with t boards?" Bucky asked. "Cover the old miser's kitche chimney," said Kit, "so it will smoke him out to-morrow."

"Good!" Bucky exclaimed. "I've got something for him, too. Look here"and he drew from his pocket an envelope addressed in capitals to "OLD What should I kick you for?" DAVENANT," and showed Kit a card inside on which was written: "Old Davenant, The Stingy Miser." "We'll put that under his front

fact was impressed on the mind of something else to hang on the doorin his journey across the desert of All was, dark in Old Davenant house when they reached it. It was not yet eight o'clock, but Boardville

To climb upon the plazza rail, and climb from there, with the all of the just this note, 'Merry Christmas to No danger, they thought, of their home. And to think-" of the chimney, while, both boys were Hadn't Old Davenant-Mr. Davenant And when I found that, according to half smothered with their suppressed I mean, sent a letter to mother, makunder his overcoat a big card, more at the door, Kit." than a foot long, with a loop of cord in the top. When this was hung to life," said Kit, when they were alone

> "No Christmas kept in this Hous-Beware of the dog." These 'little preparations made for am going to do." Old Davenant's Merry Christmas, the path they felt safe from discovery. Davenant in the morning, to tell him

bars of gold hidden in the at- no less a person than Old Davenant tic, bage of gold in boxes himself, watching every move the" under his bed, bundles of made, and listening to their walk. Ha had been out doing some Christma That was what Boardville folks said eve errands, and had returned while about Old Davenant. And with all the boys were at the back of the this money, they said he was so moan house, climbing the kitchen roof. The Yhat he half starved his old house- noise attracted his attention, and he Reeper and himself, and oppressed the stepped into the hedge to listen In

> "Kit Lawrence and Bucky Crane!" he said to himse f. But he made no joke. For I know them, and my turn about the house-" will come to-morrow. Laugh as much

him Old Davenant, and old miser, and have thought I had gone crazy." templating that opened his old face do; and that Christmas card under faces of those we love are like the larly admired was his consideration

go out without showing himself.

"What makes you cry?" "Davenant has been here." his much."

Davenant says."

shop after something, and left me to paper is a receipt in full for every- Laugh away, boys; to-morrow you ing, until it is full daylight everything you have owed me. It has long shall come here and cry.' And sure where,-Bliss Perry. been distasteful to me to accept the enough, here you are. But this is interest on this bond, knowing that Christmas, boys; no more crying to-

obligation, which I now do with great

mas card! "He longed for a chance to |nant." see Kit Lawrence; and at length. the good news. Kit's door was opened by Kit

Buck; kick me hard." "Not a bit of it," said Bucky; "you kick me. I'm the one to be kicked. "What for!" Kit exclaimed. what for.'

He led the way into the sitting table that was covered with many beautiful things-with handsome dressed dolls, and boxes of candy, and a work-box, and a world of toys, and a bright little purse in which five silver dollars nestled. "All from Old Davenant, every one

of them!" Kit cried, breathless, "with "Yes, to think!" Bucky interrupted.

"Bucky, I never felt so mean in my the knob Kit read upon it, in large in the heall. "I don't know what to "I feel just as mean as you do

"What is it?' 'asked Kit

"But he doesn't know who it was," just a moment?" or Rit suggested. "Oh, certainly," replied the lady. That's worse than if he know. I'm protty name for my baby."

CHRISTMAS CANDLES

coing to have that thing off my mind efore Christmas fairly begins." "Then I'm with you," said Kit, tak- |. Candles on the Tree-It is time to ing Bucky's hand. "I'll be over after light the Christmas candles. Light you between seven and eight, and we them, you and you, and let them burn will go to Mr. Davenant's together." with a clear, joyous flame, Big candles "Good night, Kit," said, Bucky, "A and little, colored candles and plain, when the leaves are off the trees, club one summer evening, when a fel- "That isn't a harp, that's a rad Merry Christmas—and no more mean let each be blazing! The little candles There is often genuine pleasure in a low member remarked that hot coffee set," answered Gabriel. "She's listen-It was early when the boys reached the big candles all the light they will, time. The trees have individuality should take cooling drinks," he added. station H L L." Mr. Davenant's in the morning. They for there can never be too much ra- then, and the range of vision is far could see, as they entered the yard, diance on Christmas Eve or Christ- more comprehensive. The trees stand that the boards had been removed mas morning. Bring out the half- out in relief against the snowy back-

from the kitchen chimney. There was burned, last year's candles, too, even ground. Take a walk through one of no card hanging from the door-knob, though the memory of last year calls our neighboring groves on a bright, When they knocked, the door was tears into the eyes, for this is the day crisp winter morning, and see for opened by the aged housekeeper, who of such foy as shall change sorrow yourself if it isn't worth while. showed them into Mr. Davenant's sit- into peace. Bring out all the candles! The old gentleman did not keep The gifts may have been chosen with them waiting long. He entered the painful thought and paid for with

for standing up and beginning at once they shall be sacred and beautiful it over. Don't denounce and abuse with their unpleasant business, but he in the gleam of the Christmas candles. would not have that. poor, and nover gave a cent to anymoment he saw a figure, then another man said, laying his hands on their too impatient, Milton's "Ode on the Try and learn the art of adaption.
on the top of the kitchen roof, clearly shoulders. "You see, I had a fire built Nativity?" If so, then light the "Live and let live" is a good maxim.

> morning." astonishment. move. "Let them play their little the greatest good-nature. "When I all, for the real Christmas candles, we can't agree we all can at least pranks," he thought; "It is only a joke saw you up on the kitchen roof last surely, are the candles in the heart. agree to differ and let it go at that. and certainly I have the better of the evening, and playing your_little jokes | The Candles in the Heart-These

"No, I suppose not," Mr. Davenant bright if they are big, and little and The old man really seemed to en. laughed. "But"I was standing behind bright if they are little, but are all wandered into a gent's furnishing joy it. He stood in the deep shadow the hedge enjoying it all. At first I flaming heavenward in rapture. Yes, shop or haberdashers (as they call it rubbing his wrinkled hands together thought of giving you a little fright, Christmas is for everybdy. To each of in jolly old England, ch: what!) to as though he were in the best of but I enjoyed it all to much to spoil us a Child was born, and the world get some sox. He's a simon-pure adhumors. He knew the boys! That the fun. It was such a capital joke on that was redeemed is our world. The vocate of patronizing made-at-home was the best of it; and he smiled as the two boys who were going to so merry greetings of Christmas morn- industry, so naturally the first queshe thought of the way they should be much trouble, and the victim stand- ing are but symbols of that redemp- tion he put to the merchant was: punished for their Christmas eve fun. ing by and laughing at them. You tion. The children's happiness, the "Are these goods made in Canada?" He watched them shove the letter did my old heart good, boys, to make neighborly good-will, the generous Now, I consider that a perfectly fair under the door, and hang the sign me laugh so much. I'm afraid if my deeds are at once memorials of that question for him to ask, as every one upon the knob. He heard them call housekeeper had seen me she would pure dawn of long ago, and prophecies has a right to be acquainted with While Bucky stood laughing to himself, Kit Lawrence walked up the
other side of the street. Boardville
folks said that these two fourteenyear-old boys were at the bottom of

> hands with glee. But he let the boys of did find an envelope under the poor gift, the half-filled stocking, the so independent that even the simple go out without showing himself. door," the old gentleman interrupted, anxiety. We think only of the per- sale of a couple of pairs of sox will When Bucky Crane reached home "but I did not open it. It occurred to fection that is so close, after all, to eventually be felt by us. for some of he found his mother crying before the me that perhaps there was something our imperfection. To live but one day the money which in the interim may fire. Times were hard in the Crane in it you had rather I should not see, in good-will to all men is to antici- have passed through several hands, household, and it was little Christmas so I saved it for you without opening puto and hasten that day when all will be returned to us later by the cheer that the widow was able to pro- it. Here it is." And he handed the men shall live in good-will. It is thus printer and lithographer. It seems vide. But she was generally happy, envelope to Bucky, who crammed it that the candles now lighted in the that in this simple reciprocal trading and Bucky was distressed to see her into his pocket, "But don't," he went heart shall also be candles of the lies a lot of our future growth and on, "talk of asking pardon for a few world.

> mother answered, "and I am afraid it "But you don't know all, Mr. Dave- there were never so many shining as is all over with us. He only left a nant," said Bucky, and he explained there are to-day. There will yet be letter, but I know what that meand. how he had sent the fat turkey to the peace on earth, in spite of the pride extreme caution of his speech and his It is a statement of our accounts, he Widow Sweeting, and left the poor and anger that lurk in each human time to pay him what we owe him, we "No, I didn't know that, to be sure," hatred delay it indeed for a while, and the neck when he wa'n't lookin'," rewill have to leave our little home, said Mr. Davenant; "but that does no the spirit of war has been stealing marked one of his neighbors, who had

Bucky. Oh, it is cruel, cruel, to do harm either. If old Mrs. Sweeting got upon the preoccupied souls of men, tried in vain to extract from him such a thing on Christmas evel I the better turkey, I am sure I am glad like a wild beast creeping toward the definite agreement in regard to some have not had the courage to open the of it. There are only two of us here camp when the fire is low. But do not farming work. weakest and poorest of us could min- "Oh, my!" Bucky roared, "I can't letter. Let us leave it till after to- to eat, and a very small one will be lose heart. It is a good time to light morrow, Bucky, and try to enjoy one enough for us." more Christmus in the poor old "But how did you know that we and steady. Do they seem to light

"I think we had better know the "Oh, I was sure you would be here;" you never camped on a mountain friend what a good wife he had. worst, mother," Bucky said, putting the old man replied. "I said to my summit drenched all day in the fog. "Her mind kind o' runs on serious tering to them we are as really minis- them. You know how they stick a tering to Him as if we pressed that piece of paper on a turkey or a cut of wretched cattle shed at Bethlehem to meat as soon as it's sold, with the miser do the worst he can; we still playing their tricks,—not bad boys, folds of the cloud aside, as one draws tellin' to-day how that if I died fust, have each other. I am getting pretty big now, and if he turns us out of this home it will not be long before I can over it will worry them, and they will golden valleys, the cities, and the far, was the first to go. earn another. Let us see what Old come here in the morning, and tell shining sea? It had been a fair and me all about it like two little men." | sunlit world below you all the while: Thus urged, Mrs. Crane tore open | Something began to trouble Bucky We know that our Christmas vision of her that if she died first, an' I was the envelope, and a thick folded paper in the region of his eyes, and he a wide world at peace is only a alive, I'd see that things was carried was a poor little thin thing for the the envelope, and a thick folded paper covered them with his sleeve. This glimpse of a reality that is to be. Bethere Bill Towle loaded up his basket, was a small paper, a letter, which started Kit, and in a moment both fore we can live in the daily joy of it boys were crying like good fellows. . "My Dear Mrs. Crane—You will find "Now, just see how well I understood treacherous places here where we are The basket was heavy, I tell you, and enclosed the mortgage I have held on you both, said the old man, very camping. Me must light all the gone far when he ran back to the your house. The possession of this kindly. "I said to myself last night, candles, friends, and keep them burn-

The ten days before Christmas are keys. So the big turkey has gone to the little the longest in the year to the small skinny one to Old Davenant. Oh, my what a time there'll be! The best of been so ordered that I could cancel the be out making presents at our two without proposing to her. One Sunhouses when we were here playing day they went for a walk, and after

tricks on you." near at hand. If you are going to do not change it if he happens to find it "Wishing a Merry Christmas to coincidence," said Mr. Davenant, "if I clerks during the holiday season, and when he finds out he's got the wrong floor was the cancelled morgage. The yours among others. I was out enfor many years I have been in the some joke on the old fellow too, to Bucky's mother could not hold back deepest poverty-sometimes we have The hard thing about Christmas help him enjoy his Christmas. We the tears now, but this time they were hardly enough to cat-and if I seemed shopping, wife, is trying to buy gifts owe him a grudge or two. I know a tears of joy. She hugged Bucky till mean it was from necessity, not from that are as useless as the ones you trick to serve him if you'll help me." he was almost smothered, and laugh- choice. It is only a fortnight since a "I'll help you," Bucky was quick ed, and cried again, and blamed her- long-standing and expensive lawsuit enough to answer. "But remember, we self for ever having held so bad an was decided in my favor, and I have at last come into possession of my told you before, but the old miser Bucky caught the infection, and he own So I had quite a little Christmas has a mortgage for \$800 on our house, laughed and cried in turns, too, but celebration of my own. Don't say an-

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS!"

Did you ever have a small boy or and to say to you, "Is there a Santa laus-there isn't, is there?" What did you reply? Or did you Perhaps the kiddle who asked was

pretty wise, maybe scornful. But the point is that he did ask. No matter how fictional he thought the Santa a song that asked, in the first line Cinus idea to be, the point is that he of the chorus, "I wonder if he'll miss showed pretty plainly that he would me?" She sang it with more force ke to believe in Santa Claus. For he than expression or sweetness; in fact, remembered how jolly it was when he she was slightly off the key. As she dld believe.

Santa Claus-that is to say, if the dued burn of voices That is really what makes Christnan bright for the little ones-the anta Claus spirit. Haven't you observed that some men and women, even after they have a man in the gallery called out, outgrown the believing in Santa Claus he does, he never qught to be trusted stage, still hang up their stockings? with a gun again!" They laugh in sheepish apology for

the sentiment. But that stocking idea

sort of holds a warm spot in their hearts. They like hits sentiment, its Christmas spirit. Nearly every small boy and small girl feels that way about it. Ask Maybe your youngsters have reached that wise age and you no longer get the chance to play Santa Claus. You don't you awaken that Banta Claus

kiddies', stockings. Maybe they still believe in Santa Claus, with a starved, Bucky replied. "But I know what I yearning belief that too often has meant disappointment.

"Oh, certainly," replied the lady. "I

The room may be bare or sumptuous.

tree quite so fine as a fir balsam, itself are glowing to-day for very joy, each "You saw us!" cried Kit. "We did in the measure of its greatness, like the wax candles which burn big and

"What is it, mother?" he asked harmless tricks. There is no harm | Candles in the World-Let them done, and I have enjoyed it all very shine clearly, for the earth would be dark without them, and bravely, for more Christmus in the poor old were coming here to see you this but a little space? That is because townspeople considerable thindself. We carnot see far enough yet. Have friend what a good wife he had.

A LIVELY COURTSHIP

walking for an hour without saying a "It would have been rather an odd word, he suddenly said: "Marget, will ye hae mo?" yourself and Bucky, I am yours very had gone only to your two houses "Ay, I will, Donald man," she retruly, CHARLES DAVENANT." while you were both here. But, you plied. "I was feared ye were never Be patient with the merchants and Kit. "I wish we could be in the house. The folded paper that fell to the see, I went to a great many houses, going to ask me." do not do your Christmas shopping turkey. You see if he cats the little little Crane homestead was saved, and joying my Christmas eve, just as you another word from Donald, and Marone he can't change it afterwards, and all through Old Davenant's liberality. boys were. It was the first time for ket shyly said: if he doesn't eat it he has no Christ. The old miser, the skinflint, as the many years that I had the chance. I "Are ye not going to say any more, "Well, I've certainly made a hash mas turkey. It serves him exactly boys had been calling him, had made know the old stories about my havof, things," the turkey remarked as he right. I've a great notion to—I'll tell Mrs. Crane a Christmas present of lng a houseful of gold, and only wish. "I think we've maybe said too much looked at what was going on the day you what I'll do, Bucky. If you can \$800, besides the interest due; which they were true. But the truth is that a ready," answered Donald.

HER FINGERS CAME IN TOO

Oliver Wondell Holmes things. With his invariably fondness for children, he said, kindly: "Are you hungry, little girl?"

"Then why don't you take a sand "Because I haven't any fork." "Fingers were made before forks." said the doctor, smilingly The little girl looked up at him replied, to his delight:

"Not my fingers."

A CASE FOR AN ALIENIST At a concert in London, declares British contemporary; a girl once sang Anished the first stanza there was a restless shuffling of feet and a sub-

HERE AND THERE

death at Thankegiving time.

With Julcy flesh and tender; No luxury, as we have heard.

got some fun out of it? Go out and initials are L. B. She is just naturalpretend you are Santa Claus. Take ty cut out for her job, as that stands along some gifts to fill some strange for "Line's busy."

not enough solf-starters.



News of Local Import

The best time to study the woods is magistrate was taking coffee. in his with a perplexed frown. must give all the light they can, and walk through the woods in winter was not a good summer drink. "You ing in on her husband's howls from

room with a good-natured smile upon hearded pennies; or they may have entirely agree with the editor. Don't his face, and shook hands with Bucky been purchased lavishly, and more form leave your church if the minister says first, and then with Kit. They were habit than love. But never mind now, something that gives you a joit. Think Has the gospel story first been read, can't see his way to vote as you do. "Sit down, sit down," the old gentle- and, if the children were too little and Neither of you may be entirely right. in here early, for I expected you this candles! There is no other Christmas The motto of the Y. M. C. A., "In things essential, unity; in things indifferent, "You did!" Bucky exclaimed in shaped like a tapering flame, and liberty; in all things indifferent, redolent as incense. But any tree will probably the explanation of its long street, the old man went on, with serve, or for that matter, no tree at and amaxingly successful history. If

Buying from the Home Dealers

of a day more perfect still. Indeed, the nationality of the covering for faces of the angels. We forget the of his own firm. Business to-day is

CAUTIOUS

heart. It will come. Selfishness and promises was goin' to keich him round

dence of Mr. Nobbs caused his fellow-On one occasion he was telling a

HE KNEW THE EFFECTS

The dry wit of a certain London magistrate shows delightfully in an shaped harp that new woman-angel anecdote told in the Tatler. The is lugging around?" asked St. Peter

UP-TO-DATE

"Doesn't it strike you that's a queer

As Long as the Coal Strike lasts there will be No Pennsylvania Anthracite To be Purchased

We are offering as a substitute to our customers Stove Size KENTUCKY COAL. While this coal has more gas and smoke than Pennsylvania Anthracite, it is just as hard and has as many hea; units . per ton. Our price for this Kentucky Stove Coal is \$1250. Domestic American Coke \$14.00 off the car; \$14.50 out of the shed. Egg size Pocahontas for furnaces \$14.00.

J. B. MACKENZIE NORMAN McLEOD, Manager

PHONE 48

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

Summary of

Assets and Liabilities 31st October, 1925

ASSETS

Gold, Dominion Notes, and Silver coin \$ 86,829,406.10 Deposit with Central Gold Reserve Deposits made with and Balances due from other Banks in Canada 140,417.02 Balances due by Banks and Banking Corres

pondents elsewhere than h Canada 17,806,505.18 Call and Short loans on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks 134,215,606.20 Dominion and Provincial Government Securi-

Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian

Notes and cheques of other Banks United States and other foreign currencies . . Loans and Discounts and other Assets Bank Premises Liabilities to customers under letters of

Excess of Assets over Liabilities to

credit (as per contra) 13,897,942.46 \$785,147,876,00

96,842,710.96

3,666,616.12

39,937,591.72

53,519,236,01

278,640,865.06

12,150,000.00

690,979,17

LIABILITIES TO PUBLIC Notes in circulation \$ 46,761,184.50 Deposits 631,454,428.77 Letters of credit outstanding 13,897,942.46 Other liabilities

Public\$61,938,550.38

\$693,209,325.62

1,095,769.89

I'm too Busy

A friend of mine was worn out shopping around---trying to buy a particular something-or-other.

Hours had been spent, also strength and temper---and the desired articles had not been found.

I asked if she had read the advertisements to see where it could be found---before wasting hours in fruitless search.

The answer was "No, I never have time to read advertisements. I'm too

Yet, in the first newspaper we picked... up, the article she wanted was advertised; its price and merit told; also where to get

Reading advertisements is a-timesaver. It's a good, safe investment in information concerning the best things the market offers you and where to get them.

Take time to read the Advertisements in the Free Press---You'll save Time and Money in buying the kind of Product You want