THE SNOWBALL SHOP

The snowball shop is up in the clouds Ho! ho! As of course you know! There snowflakes guther in restless crowds, When the season's arrived for snow. And there! they wait in their cloud homes gray, Ho! ho! To be sure, you know! Till it's time to start on their earthward way. To fill the whole world with snow. The snowball shop has a showroom Ho! ho! Den't the children know? And the doors are open early and late When its shelves are filled with And this wonderful room is the whole as soon as she opened the garden

Hol ho! Yes, the children know! For there you will find the fleecy That come from the shop of snow.

Hol ho! As I'm sure you know! For there's always more -upon the Of this marvelous shop of snow!

the snowballs, and snow-men, and sleds, and rides! Ho! -- ho! All the children know! the snow-houses, snow-shoes, and forts and slides.

-Annie Willis McCullough.

WEATHER

The first interest that invades our

ready tried by the high cost of living in the paper." and by the after-the-war animosities. disturbance and unrest along comes with a tendril of the hop-vine. weather of a most violent and per-

Rightly regarded, weather, even bad head of the list!" weather, is a tonic and a disciplintremes of meteorological activity for which no good word can be said-torthe ordinary or even the out-of-the- phabetically!" ordinary run of bad weather is a blessing in disguise, as the superior pros- laugh, and grandma groaned. perity and progressiveness of the in-

are not going to be dominated by un- dot" favorable weather if they can help it. Grandma's murmur had reached the thing, as was shown by the excitement harmonizes, tranquilizes the spirit Where the conditions of climate are sharp cars of Cordella as she moved of the birds in the old elm tree just more than to travel in far countries spent New Year's at his home-herenearly always favorable and a living briskly about the kitchen, and had outside her window,-while she copied, or to see strange sights. is to be had with the smallest pos- brought a vivid color to her high copied, tollsomely, in her cramped, sible effort it is different; people are cheek-bones. readily submissive to benign circum- '4 don't know as I expected that uit One day, about a month after the stances. But the fight to overcome my children would be as smart as academy exhibition, Cordella received conditions unfavorable to easy living John and Arvilla," she said, with a a letter from an associate editor of

so severe that one who is in good dressmaking was good enough for any physical condition and who is appropriately clad will not be the better for getting out and battling with them.

The first contained it: Would Miss to grasp such parts of it as we can be completed by the condition and who is appropriately clad will not be the better for getting out and battling with them.

The function of human contained it: Would Miss to grasp such parts of it as we can digest and assimilate and to pass over those which must profit us later, more heavily about; silence was the condition and the letter aloud to the condition and who is in good enough for any physical condition and who is appropriately clad will not be the better for her lips tightly together and stepped might have?

The function of human condition and who is in good enough for any physical condition and who is appropriately clad will not be the better for her lips tightly together and stepped might have?

The function of human condition and who is in good enough for any physical condition and who is appropriately clad will not be the better for her lips tightly together and stepped might have?

The function of human condition and who is appropriately clad will not be the better for her lips tightly together and stepped might have?

The function of human condition and who is in good enough for any physical condition and who is in good enough for any physical condition and who is in good enough for any physical condition and who is appropriately clad will not be the better for her lips tightly together and stepped might have? ward, but if we take it in its own a girl's voice called gally from the them. challenging spirit we shall find in it sitting-room-gally, yet with a purpleasure of another and, it may be, a poseful ring, as well: more substantial kind.

PRETENSION

By reaching out for happiness many

people contrive to make themselves inhappy. They think that, if they can only pass with other persons as a little different from what they are they will have a richer and more interestoccasionaly insidious and corroding the hired man. have been too lazy or too dull to acthat have never been their portion and pretensions that are ostentatious in effect, pretensions, of dress and dwelling and equipage. The automobile, with all that it has done for the comfort and convenience of people, has often stimulated pretension. People who do not really need and who cannot really afford a car sometimes feel that they must have one in order to keep pace with their neighbors. They sometimes feel that they must have a bigger and finer car than the old one. In order to shine in the community. Thrift and protension never go hand in hand-and in fact "never the twain ! shall meet."

good many of us find a certain amount of pretension necessary for our own sake. We need it in our business. We can Ul afford it, but we have to keep up appearances. We've got to pretend to be busy, even though we're not. sometimes when we're feeling very small. If we don't, we loss our morale; we get slovenly and discouraged; we lose faith in ourselves, and other people lose faith in us." Truth and fallacy are intertwined in

such a contention. Pretension is certainly excusable when the motive for it is to maintain self respect, though perhaps we may question whether can achieve such a result it is almost certainly inexcusable when the mative for it is to impress other

UNLUCKY SELECTION

The pastor had no dislike to the choir, but some of its members were almost ready to resign; not long ago, monte.

He mentioned the absence of the send such unreliable recipes. Prises that she must hire Martha Jellison in choir, and then said: "Since Provi- have been offered for the best family she didn't hear from her within three dence has seen fit to afflict them with menus, and one or two that have been days, and to store her trunk in his a laborer standing in front of a buildhard colds, let us all join in singing sent in are published daily, accom- barn until she sent for it. Then she ing under construction, the foreingn Praise God from whom all blessings panied by the recipes. Then follow an ran as fast as she could to the rail- inquired: flow.".-New York Herald.

"CAT" IN FOUR LANGUAGES

ing the seven-year-old daughter of a Page, and especially the culinary de- at his office. The Eagles was seeking afternoon." Montreal Witness. geologist playing with a bedraggled, partment, is becoming quite a feature an editor for its Woman's Page. Her but cherished kitten, asked what her of the paper." to her as the basement complex; sister grandma, who was no respecter of that she might acceptably fill the post- mama, it hasn't any hair!" Helen insists that she is a typical ex- persons even of the Arkell minister's tion!

ample of secondary impoverishment; new wife.

The Bree Press' Short Story

CORDELLA'S DOUGHNUTS

BY SOPHIE SWEET

ORDILLY, whose going to the recipe at all events," said the noises in her throat. Grandma Doane's quaver- to housekeeping next year." ing voice floated down to Cordella from the vine-shaded porch, "Lauritta Trull. You didn't think it essay which had not been found

vas me, grandma?" Her lapses mortified Arvilla; Arvilla carefully into his sermon-case. was her sister, who taught English

spider lily in its pots on the steps. and Lily Daggett is class poet," she doughnuts. added, standing with one foot on the ho! Hurrah for the shop of step, and with her young, flushed face the prottiest dress in the hall, even if Yet, after all, the beauty that enupturned to Grandma Doane's keen- one had cut and made it with one's dures is what is common and near spent the holidays with his parents, eyed, wrinkled old one. Grandma Doane's Boston rocking-

ting-needles clicked sharply. when we open the window before pop- got through reading his piece. Arvilla City Church.

came to a full ston.

vicissitudes demonstrates. Variety in grandma to herself; despairingly. "She day grandma-who scerned culinary to souls sane, simple and well temperweather seems always to mean versa- has'nt a mite of pride-not one mite. skill-slyly seized upon Cordelia's ed it is the threshold beauty above All she wants is to scrub up and do recipe-book and carried it to her own all that counts. Just to step out the The reason is, of course, that people the baking, and that's all she ever will room; and late info the night her door and be filled with the ample

Bad weather cuts off sometimes from only art she knew when it came to family. Arvilla and John were at reason is to apply the principle of

Sometimes I believe I have it in me. doughnut recipe was worth while. And door_closed sharply and there was a ed it 'Cordelia's Doughnuis!'"

rush up the back stairs. grumbling monologue about girls who was with pride or sharme. ing life. So they assume pretensions, bad no proper pride and would turn "What should she have called it?" than ruts—to:see the same always, to understand he intends erecting a ne think the same, to be the same. Why, building on the property—Herald.

quire; they protend to experiences stained face from the pillow at the and your great-uncle had a library! I is a well-known, profound principle Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Langtry, Milton, only ones he can cat. And the plum- | body, since the world began!" cake is getting kind of dry."

Cordelia bathed her face and put on but I can't make them myself so they snapped. don't sonk the least mite of fat, no stopped here said your doughnuts had grandma.

cured him of dyspepsia, Cordelia?" We've got to look prosperous, even or of refutation of grandma's asper- over an old silk dress in a novel and though we're not. We've got to talk big sions. Culinary skill was not very effective way that she had discovered.

of having something nice for supper, could find a use for them in his Worather than celebrating her youngest man's Page, he was quite welcome. daughter's ability as a cook. But "She needn't think it's any feather Farm wagon, sitting on her trunk bein her cap! Anybody can make a good cause Jeremy calculated the sent mess of fried cakes." Of course any- might slump in with two on it, to keep body could! Cordelia felt only a little house for old Mrs. Keever, on the bitter scorn of her skill in doughnut- shore road. Grandma wept again at

basket. people who object to fried cakes taste gave her that chin." these," said the new wife of the Arkell | Jeremy Pine stopped at the post of on account of one of his announce- minister. "If I were only keeping fice on the way, and brought a letter house, I should beg you to give me the out to Cordelia. She finished reading it · So many of them were sick that the recipe. Oh Miss Doane, I wish you for the third time, and pinched herchoir seats were deserted. The good would send it to the K., City Eagle! self, to be certain that she was Corman was sorry for it, but the idea My brother is one of the editors, and della Donne, just as Jeremy turned uppermost in his mind was to choose he is distracted with the Woman's into the shore road. Then she astona hymn that the entire congregation Page. A great deal is made of the ished her driver by jumping out and culinary department, and people will asking him to tell old Mrs. Keever avalanche of correspondence and a road station and jumped on the K. great number of visitors, complaining City train just us the engine shricked. that the recipes are unsatisfactory. In the cars she read the letter over The editors are very anxious to get again. It was from the same editor recipes that have been tried and are who had thanked her for "Cordella's A neighbor, says the Argonaut, see- | really valuable, because the Woman's Doughnuts." He now asked her to call in the unemployed parade in the

"I should have a chance to get my pacity for writing descriptions in "Well," replied the precious young- name into the paper, shouldn't I, terse, and simple English,-think how ster. "that depends, Father calls her granding?" said Cordelia, mischiev- one could crow over granding with morning, taken in to see the new baby, were asked." ma of doubtful genesis; mother refers ... "Doughnuts! Cat's foot!" said had told him of her, led him to think "O mama; it hasn't any tooth.

write the valerdictory?" | minister's wife, "since I hope to go Cordelia wrote out the recipe, ac cordingly, in her very best hand, on ; sheet of the dainty French paper which she had used for the graduation worthy of a reading; and the minis-Cordella was not even grammatical, ter's wife made her husband but it

The next day Cordella wrote out a Cordelia's tone was light and gay; anybody else, in a next little book. of pinks and almost tipped over the to think much about cooking, and she

It was but scanty comfort to wear throngs about us every day. own hands, while one was oppressed and simple. A great French writer Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bush. by the mertifying consciousness that said that only commonplaces and well-

folks laugh and cry. And afterwards road, had offered Cordella two dollars This year, in most parts of the twas printed in the paper. I sent and a half a week to keep house for is intensely fraught with memory and Advocate readers will be interested country, the weather has been excep- three copies out West to your Uncle her; that was her only opportunity! hope. Flowers, trees, birds that we and pleased to learn that Mr. Ambs tionally interesting. It has interfered Amos's folks. When your cousin, She said she didn't know but she have every day about us are the real Mason, formerly of Alton, was elected seriously with our comfort, our en- Ruthy Ellen, graduated, she played should accept the offer, although her sources of natural leveliness that are Reeve of Acton on Monday, December joyment and our business. In a period two pieces and sung, and folks threw grandma wept that one of her poster- indeed worth while. Even the dweller 7th. when people's dispositions were al- bouquets to her. And her name was ity should think of being a "hired in cities, who complains that nature Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McCraig, of

She said she could be contented beautiful than that?

old-fashioned hand.

send the recipe!" she said, with a be-"I have thought of it, grandma wildered look. "I didn't think that a sible. · Cordella was blushing brilliantly;

your doughnuts, because they are the over it! And Jensons never were any-

"The Engle is welcome to my whole recipe-book, if it wants it. . But " her long-sleeved apron mechanically, shouldn't have sent them the dough-"If I do say it, there's nobody that nut recipe," said Cordella Grandma can make doughnuts like Cordella," raised herself suddenly to her full her mother was saying as she entered height-it wasn't much; she was but the kitchen. "I don't know how tis, a tiny old woman-and her little eyes

more'n if they never had seen a fry- n't got sense enough, Cordilly Doane!" ing-pan,, and are most as light as a she cried, in her thin, quavering voice. came by mature to some. Don't you shook her head at Cordelia. One had remember how the stated supply that to "get along" diplomatically with

Cordella did send her recipe boo There was scarcely any intention of to the K. City Eagle the very next day, highly regarded in Chester; mothers and for making a window-seat, as she top notes. were ambilious to have their daugh- had made one for her room out of ters acquire "accomplishments," in - materials that no one would have ever stend of housewifely skill. And this thought of using. She said that those was especially true of the Doane fam- were things that she really did know ily. Mrs. Donne was thinking of her how to do, and if that distracted prospective guests, and the pleasure editor, the minister's wife's brother, A week or two later she packed her

making as she brought out the frying- | the spectacle, but she said she ex-

domestic abilities, and also her cathat !- together with what his sister he exclaimed:

right person for the place, and Neighborhood News-

"There's one very queer thing about it," said Cordelia, in the besom of her family, when the chorus of congratulation had begun to wear a little thin "I stopped at Arkell to thank the minister's wife, and she said she didn't send the recipe! She meant to, but stole Mr. Mitchell's car from inf front she forgot it. She has been ill with of his residence on Water Street. I a fover, and it was one of the things was recovered in Toronto on Tuesday that worried her in her delirium, that at moon, but the culprits were not apshe hadn't sent that recipe. But she prehended. must have sent it and then forgotten The band serenaded a number of

A grim little chuckle came from grandma's corner, but no one observed l it. Grandma was always making queer The contributions netted nearly: \$100. "I always told you twas better to amount when they continue their have your name in the paper long o' rounds this week. doughnuts than not to have it there at all," she said, unblushed.

THRESHOLD BEAUTY

We are too ant to complain and repine because in our common, daily, humdrum living we have not access to the great strange beauty of the literature and French in the Spirea few recipes of all the things that, as ly satisfy us is the remote, the unworld. We feel that what would realusual, far countries, the unascended she switched her skirts over the border But she had too much on her mind mountains, vast, untravelled rivers, of plaks and almost tipped over the to think much about cooking, and she the wide sands and blue, warm waters place lily in its pots on the steps.

"Eber Phillips is the class historian, could really want her recipe for those for what we have not seen and keep our eyes tight shut to the beauty that

chair swung vigorously, and her knit- she was the first Doans to be gradu- known countries have inexhaustible is spending the holidays with his ated without a part and without pros- charm. That is because what really daughter, Mrs. Geo. Cooke. "There's never been one of our fam- pects. Arvilla, when she was gradu- touches us is what is inextricably lly graduated at the academy with- ated, had already received her ap- bound up with the human heart. The Scotsguard, Sask., are visiting with out speaking a piece, and having their pointment to teach in the Spirea Sem- exceptional, the extraordinary, may friends and relatives here. morning, the first topic of conversa- names in the paper," she said, huskily. Inary. 'John had passed his entrance thrill us for a moment. But it almost tion at any hour in the day when we "John was first in his class and was examination to college with great instantly becomes ordinary, and we laceburg, is holidaying at the home of meet a friend and the last subject to the poet. The ministers on the plat- triumph, and Cousin Ruthy Ellen had only renew the restless craving for her father, Mr. John Miller. receive our speculative consideration form shook hands with him when he been offered a salary to sing in a K. something else that we have not seen Messrs. Jos. Sanders, of Detroit, and before. What satisfies us is what Jas. Sanders, of Toronto, spent the does not come near him, has the sky, Scotsguard, Sask., are visiting with Cordelia, with averted face, played | Cordella was not needed at home. and what is more inexhaustibly friends there and intend. taking up

"And my name will be only in the enough if she were; she knew she . The trouble is that our busy hearts purchased from the estate of the late sistent sort and intensifies the general list of graduates," she said lightly. wasn't ambitious, like the others, but become indifferent to beauty that is J. D. Leitch. "But grandma, it will be almost at the she wasn't going to just "hang on" familiar. In the admirable phrase of David Douglas, of Where are they now, where are they especially as they had been obliged to the post, we "let fair things pass by Hillsburg, who recently was the vic-"Will it?" said grandma, sell a wood lot to get along, every unheeded as a threshold brook," In- tim of a distressing accident, mani- The friends that gathered there, arian. Of course there are some ex- eagerly, and rocking and knitting year since their father died. It was comparable leveliness in winds and fested a friendly spirit on Christmas not necessary to be smart in order to clouds and stars flows by us and flows eve, when a committee who had gotten "It begins, with a. D, you know, understand that before long there and flows; and, absorbed in the driv- together and organized to present a Where are the warm, young faces met nadoes, hurricanes and blissards; but grandma; the dist is arranged al- would not be any wood lots to sell. ling hurry of our sordid cares, we heed gift to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas as a So frequent at the door? Grandma wept, but said she didn't it not. And yet the wise do heed it, token of sympathy in their trouble, My youth is green in memory yet, She whisked off with a gleeful little expect that anybody could get the bet- all the same. Even half felt and noted presented them with a voucher on the And never can my heart forget ter of Cordella's chin-which was in- strangely as a dream, the threshold Royal Bunk of Canada to the value of That old-time schoolroom door! "She's the first one of our family deed a square and large-boned little beauty enters into their lives and \$714:35, and an accompanying greet- Some sleep beside the mobile seas, habitants of countries exposed to such that didn't want to be somebody," said member, betokening a strong will. One moulds them and sweetens them. And ink,-Advocate. lamp burned,-a wholly unprecedented splender of the world humanizes, spent the holidays at her home here.

The first consciousness of the surhas developed the most valuable quali- touch of sharpness in her tone. Every the K. City Eagle, thanking her for face of life is chiefly its multiplicity. ties of character. The complaints one knew that Mrs. Orpha Doane was the recipe that she had sent them. Our senses give us a manifold of against the weather that have been a very ambitious woman, whose heart "Cordella's Doughnuts" had been very sillender, shifting, varying, confused, so general and so just this year, was set upon her children's success highly praised, he wrote. A man had chaotic, bewildering, one impression turning home. though they have indicated disgust, in-life. "Cordelia is a good girl, if come in, a week after the recipe was succeeding another, many impressions have selder been without the note of she isn't a smart one. And she has printed, to say that his wife had lost piled on top of one another, and all made over her old white muslim for it and he must have unother copy of so disordered and tumultuous that it To defy had weather in act as well a graduating dress so that it looks the paper. This woman had told so is difficult to find a way to enjoy, or son the heat way of dealing with it. anything that Miss Fillori could do."

The whole office and effort of intelligence of the recipe to There is certainly no better way of ."She might apprentice herself to that the demands had almost forced ligence is to reduce that confusion to working off the sullen spirit that it Miss Filleri," said grandma, sarcas: them to print another edition of the order, to arrange the multiplicity, to sometimes engenders. Few storms are tically. Grandma did not think that paper that contained it! Would Miss simplify it, to clarify it, to enable us

pleasures to which we had looked for "getting along" with grandma. But home, and Ruthy Ellen was visiting identity, to bring out in the tangled beth Langan, Teronto, spent the holfchaos of multiple change the essential day at Mr. John Langan's. 'The queer part is that I didn't unity without which thought and even conscious existence would be impos-And if this discussion seems too

But it takes real genius to be a dress- I didn't want grandma to be any more abstract, it has its intensely practi- and Mr. Roney had left a fire on in maker nowadays. Besides, Miss Fillori ashamed of me than she is. The Ar- cal bearing upon the daily life of all the stove while he came to Georgewouldn't have me. She has her niece." kell minister's wife must have sent it. of us. The essence of that life is town to meet his wife who was re-A moment later, - the sitting-room I shouldn't think she would have call- multiplicity, variety, change. To be healthy, to be normal, we must enter into the movement of the world, must tions. Nothing is more deadening "What should she have called it?" than ruts—to: see the same always, to understand he intends erecting a new A nobler school, in mornings bright, would fike to have it printed out, 'Miss even one of the great objects of order They pretend to knowledge that they her bed, raised a flushed and tear- father had a church named after him, zest to variety and change. And it ain't going to have the name of Doane of all beauty in all art that fundamen-"Cordelia, I wish you'd come down in the paper long o' doughnuts! Land! [tal unity in rhythm or design only emand make a batch of doughnuts. The Who can't make a batch of dough- phasizes the sweet and wandering Arkell minister and his new wife are nuts? Marilly Jepson, over to the lawlessness of the creative imaginasure to stop on their way home from Falls, has got a piece of poetry in tion. Humanity must pour out its conference; and he sets so much by the paper with her name printed but heart in many phrases of action and passion, of hope and effort. Monotony

And yet under all this ardent multiplicity and variety of life the wisest week, with Mrs. A. L. MacNabb. sense of an underlying harmony. The the Dominion store, has been coninstinct of unity is the instinct of re- fined to his room with a serious case And after the fullest enjoyment of the surface splendor and violssitude of the world, what the "No, you wouldn't have! You have- tired heart most cherishes is the consclousness of infinite peace.

sponge cake. Seems as if cooking Mrs. Donne, in the background, THE SOIL WAS PRETTY ROUGH A farmer's daughter, who thought that she was destined to become a in Montana apparently agrees with great vecalist, started to mactice in George. private. No one except her mother praise in these remarks of Mrs. Doane, and with it the directions for making knew the secret. One day her father liton, John Stephenson, of Detroit, Mr. just when Jane was practicing her Stuart Peacock, of Toronto, spent

> "What's that extraordinary noise?" he inquired "Cultivating! Hugh!" ejaculated last Sunday. he farmer. "That ain't cultivatingthat's harrowing!"

HER MONEY'S WORTH

When Mrs. Siddons was acting in the "Gredan Daughter," her part was one night taken by an understudy. But the character of Inabella was a movpected that "Cordil'y was just what ing one, and one Irish lady present was "Delicious! I should like to have the Lord meant her to be when He almost hysterically affected by it. "It is fortunate Mrs. Siddons is not acting to-night," said the gentleman beside her. "If this moves you so much, you would hardly be able to bear it at all." "Mrs. Siddons not playing!" cried the weeping lady, "I thought she was.

ONLY IN THE MORNINGS

I never should have cried if I hadn't."

"Hey! Want a job?" "Sure, but I can only.

"Because I have to carry a banner

FROM APPEARANCES

Then clasping his hands in distress, ling a woman hor age, so there." Cordelia went and saw and con- he cried: "Somebody has cheated us! And the attorney passed on to the All 'the work that woman but I just call her my dear little kitty." T think I will ask you to give me quered of course, since she was just It's an old baby."

Town and Country

BURLINGTON

On Monday evening last, thioves

the citizens in the various parts o the town on Wednesday and Thursday nights last, and were well received. and the boys expect to increase the The annual meeting of the Nelson

Township Horticultural Society will be held on Wednesday evening, January 13, 1926, at eight o'clock in the schoolhhouse, Apple by. On Wednesday evening last the members of the Glover Hunt Club

were entertained to a goose dinner at the home of Mr. Herb. Dynes. Mr. Dynes proved himself to be a real host when it came to supplying the took the opportunity to present Mr. Dynes with a lovely table reading lamp in appreciation of his services as "cook" for the camp.-Gazette.

Mr. James Cooper, of Owen Sound Mr. and Mrs. McGinnis and son, o

Miss. Nellie Miller, R. N., of . Walping into bed for the night is usually was the valedictorian, and she made old Mrs. Keever, down on the shore touches the deep, quiet, permanent in- week-end with their parents, Mr. and Below, the placid river lies,

residence in their new home, recently

GEORGETOWN

Miss Annie McGibbon, of New York Mr. Stanley Godfrey, of Detroit, Mr. John Gollop, of Peterboro Norval. In 70 years he has only being missed being home to Ndryal for Christmas once. Col. and Mrs. Ballantine, of Hamilton, N. Y., spent the holidays with Mr.

and Mrs. John Ballantino, Sr., and And that which makes the future ed 'em. When ye fish one of 'em up, visited friends in Montreal before respont, the past six - years with the American army at Panama, is visit-

ing at the home of his father, Mr. E. A. Benham. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Dickie, of De- What sayest thou, Old Class, to-night, troit, spent the holidays with Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Dickie. Miss Dickie return- Who soon must seek the taper's light ed with them and will spend a few days-in Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. William Arnold and Miss Langan, Acton; Mr. and Mrs. F. And all we own, or yet can own,

N. Galloway and daughter, Mary Elizabeth, Hamilton; and Miss Eliza-On Saturday night last Mr. W. Roney's house and contents at Silvercreek on the highway, were completely Each year is better than the last, destroyed by fire. It was a cold night turning on the 8 p.m. train. While in town he received word that his home And all the efforts we have made, was on fire. Mr. Roney is a heavy pathy of many friends in his loss. - We

celebrated very quietly on Tuesday the fiftleth anniversary of their wedding. Mrs. J. P. Bartleman, of Timmins, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hemstreet, Mr. Bartleman was here during the holidays. Mrs. Lillian Ruggles and her son Mr. Mervill Ruggles, of Cleveland,

Ohlo, have been spending the past 'Mr. T. McJarnet, manager here of of blood poisoning in his arm. The churches of Milton are to observe the International Week of Prayer Services this week. Union services are being held.

George Clements, of Cobey, Montana, is apending a few weeks here with his father, Mr. W. J. Clements. Judging by appearances, the climate

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Ryder, of Hamcame in from the fields unexpectedly and Mrs. Ross Swackhamer and Mr. Christmas at Jos. J. Peacock's. Rev. S. W. and Mrs. Hann and fimily, of Lindsay, spent the holidays here "That, dear," replied his wife, very with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. proudly, "is Jane cultivating her Hare. Mrs. Hann 'assisted St. Paul's church, choir at the evening service proached, had "given out" that he

Mrs. Mary E. Anderson, widow the late Robert B. Anderson, of Milton, wishes to announce the engagement of her daughter, Margaret Cameron, to Oswold C. Sturdy, of Fort William, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Sturdy, of Hamilton, the marriage to take place early in January.-Reformer.

It is not an ordinary lawyer who can overcome a woman's reluctance to tell her age. An exchange reports one of many failures in that line of

"And what is your age, madam?" was the attorney's question. "My own," she answered, promptly. "I understand that, madam, but how glass. old are you?" "I am not old, sir," with indigna-

"I beg your pardon, madam. I mean, how many years have you passed?" "None; the years have passed me." "How many of them have passed had traded. He broke the shell and "All. I nover heard any of them

"Madam, you must answer my question. I want to know your ago." "I don't know that the acquaintance . is desired by the other side." "I don't see why you insist upon refusing to answer my question," said the attorney, coaxingly. "I am suve

next question.



THE OLD-TIME SCHOOLROOM

The light is warm on Auburn's hills With quiet meadows crowned, and sunset's shadowy splendor fills The memory-haunted ground. O bowery fields! Illumined trees! My eye to you once more s turned, and dim with foolings seeks What once it sought with glowing cheeks.

walk the upward path alone, Where once I walked, with friends; pligrim to the halls, alone, My halting steps ascends. I sea_the glimmering treetops rise Around me as of yore.

The open schoolhouse door!

By pilgrim years endeared, Where oft I dreamed when fair to me

Life's happy skies appeared; Grounds, where I used to sport and Ontario. Crazy idea, of course, but With classmates, seen no more, Springless and summerless to-day I wind alone my autumn way.

That stood beneath the morning's In life's celestial air

Whose lives had but begun, And some beneath the crimsoned trees handed the package to Sturgis. "You Where slants the Southern sun; The graves of others o'er; And flame-tipped leaves above them Their feet, alas! will ne'er return.

To that old schoolroom door.

spont the holidays at his old home in Green springs have not the light of Nor summers bright that follow, Each year from skles of duller gold Flits autumn's purple swallow; And life goes on, a firefly's light, It's lost threads ever spinning,

We lose, alas! in winning; Beli ind us, longer grows the ways, Toward sunset windows of the west, Amid these years of cares:

Before life's altar stairs? Our hones in Heaven remain alone Of all our quest, my brothers, And all the joys that we have known, Are those we've given others. This final session leaves He who himself the most denies From heaven the most receives; And in the night-shades of the past The eternal stars we see; And will forever be!

One taper lights a thousand lamps, doesn't tangle 'em with things ez ain't One wave through thousands flows, One bugle's notes awake the camps It did not interrupt grandma's she scarcely knew herself whether it avoid fixed, dull habits, vain repetitioner by the fire and he has the sym- Though baffled oft, as gold is weighed but all the same, Hezekiah's story in the true scales of Heaven. Before our eyes appears, And we are happy in the light of graduated years, Or far or near, old friends of yore.

> The light is warm on Auburn's hills With peaceful harvest crowned, And still hope's happy prospects fills The memory haunted ground. Farewell, O shadow-mantled ground, I ne'er may see thee more. Be mine to go where duty calls,

Or pupil, teacher, guest,

Well pleased where'er the sunset That I may scenes like these renow Come back and take a parting view At Life's old schoolroom door!

TRADING IN ACTON IN THE EARLY DAYS Here's a story I came across the ther day from a resident older than myself. It was in those early days when eggs and some other farm products were used as common tender in this community. This elderly friend said that a well-known Scotsman, who had settled here several years before, went into Benzie's store, which was then where McLean's Store is now located, to buy for his wife an egg's worth of durning needles. In those days the general stores in Acton generally carried stocks of whisky and other strong liquors in their cellars. Mr. Benzie, whom the Scotsman anwould "treat" every customer. Sandy obtained the needles, then waited with some patience for the treat. At length he was constrained to remark: "I'm hearin' ye're glein' a treat to "You'd scarcely expect a treat with an egg's worth of darning needles,"

"Ah, weel, bit ye canna draw the line too close-a customer's a cus-"All right. What'll you have?" "I'll take a bit of whisky." Mr. Benzie poured out a horn of whisky and placed it on the counter. "I'm used to hacin' a bit of sugar n it," said Sandy, smacking his lips. The storekeeper opened the bin and dropped a lump of sugar into the

Mr. Benzie replied

Sandy looked at the concoction, healtated a moment, and then spoke again. "I'm used to haeln' an egg/in it," he vontured. Mr. Benzie reached behind and took from a shelf the very egg that Sandy et the contents drop into the glass. And, wonderful to behold, there were we yolks! Sandy looked on, and a smile of satisfaction came to his face as he raised the glass to his lips. "I'm thinkin'," he said, "there's anither egg's worth o' needles comin' to

GRANDMOTHER'S WORK "But nobody would ask-you, for I'm Cut cloth and sewed together O sure everybody knows you are old Every strip, to make a home-made enough to Rhow better than to be ask- And she knitted every stocking Oh, 'twas shocking,

through in my day,

THE DEEP SPRING ON STAUF-FER'S FARM I don't remember that I have ever told you much about the "bottomless spring" at the head of the stream near

the rear of the farm of Isaac Stauffer, -the good old citizen of long ago who was the father of 19 children. This spring is back east from the house and barn, over the rise of the hill, and about three fields away from the big spring where Acton's fine water supply is now obtained.

When I was a boy there was good trout fishing in this spring and in the creek running from 'It, which joins the tannery creek about half way down to the old Grand Trunk Railway tracks. It was surrounded on the hillsides by a fine berry patch. We picked raspberries there for years, in the berry

This spring was generally believed to be bottomless, and was often tulked about-by the men and boys of th community. One night, shortly after the New Year, a group of residents of the town and neighboring farms was sitting around the stove in Johnnie McKee's store on Main Street when the following dialogue took place The characters were well-known abou here, back in the sixtles but, of course, I must use fictitious names: Hezekiah Dolmage was sitting on a box near the door of the store when Hiram Sturgis, who was somewhat superstitious, said emphatically, "I tell ye there be things right in yer daily fife ye can't figger with no earth- DR. J. M. BELL, D. D. S., L. D. S y 'rithmetic."

Hezekiah chuckled. "Hez, we know ye don't lean overmuch toward the things we've been sity. The latest anesthetic used i talkin' 'bout," Sturgis went on. "And desired. yet we have things all round us that puzzies us." "I' ain't laughin' at the things ye've been talkin' 'bout," said Hezekiah, "I am laughin' because ye makes a big

mystery of what ain't got mystery Now ye say there's things we can't explain right round us all the time Where be they?" "Jes' fer instance, take Stauffer's

Spring!" said Sturgls. "Everybody knows that apring ain't got no botom. Many's the time I've sounded it when I've been fishin'. Abe Stauffer after he had run down two twentyfoot poles -lashed together, claimed that the bottom opens up in Lake one idee's jes' 'bout ez good ez-another. Anyhow, Stauffer's Spring hez a place where ye can't find no bottom -no bottom at all!" Hezekiah chuckled again.

"Ye don't say nothin', Hez." "Blame foolishness," Hezekiah sald at length. Then his chuckle turned to a derisive snort. "Where's the place what ye says is bottomless?" he asked. "Draw it on a bit of store paper!"

Sturgis designated the location of the deep spring's fathomless depths: and Hezeklah pooketed the paper. Then he stepped to the counter and bought a pound of three-inch nails and mark them nails with a file so ye'll And here kind Nature spreads the fern know 'em agin, and the next time ye fish in Stauffer's Spring scatter them where ye marked on the paper." "I s'pose ye think ye can grapple 'en up," said Sturgis. "I'll mark the nails

> and drop 'em." On the following Saturday evenng Hezeklah was again at the store when Sturgls appeared .-"I notice, Hez, yo ain't sayin' nothin' 'bout them nails," Sturgls, remarked. "I went fishing Thursday, and I markbring it to the store, won't ye?" Slowly Hezekiah rose and-pulled from his pocket three nails red with new rust. . "Are these the nails that you marked, Sturgis?"

file mark near the heads and put 'em overnight in water." Herekiah reached into his other pocket and pulled out a spool of heavy linen thread, on the end of which dangled a big horseshoe magnet. "No one has a sixty-foot anchor rope," he said, "and I figgered the bottom of Stauffer's Spring beyond the three hemlocks was smooth rock. With sixty feet of fishing line out, a feller can't feel the bottom, anyway. So I borrowed the big school magnet, from Mr. Little, and that's the way fished up yer nails, Sturgis. Ef y

goes at earthly things right, and

earthly, ye can git the bottom facts of

Sturgis examined the nails curious-

y; then he said, "Hez, ye chanced a

any earthly thing whatsoever. Sturnever convinced many of the folks around here that he had found the bottom of the spring at sixty feet. I know most of the old folks about here still talk about the "bottomless" spring on the Stauffer farm. It's a good many years since I've been the spring, but I confess I never saw anything to convince me that the bottom would be found at sixty feet. Messrs. Beardmore & Co. now own the Stauffer farm, and Mr. William Fryer is the farmer in charge, Perhaps some of the boys of this gen-

eration will get permission to ferret out the old spring and find a way to ascertain the depth of its bottom. IN ACTON IN THIS

HE WANTED IT RUBBED IN

daughter. The congressman was of plain tastes and had no liking for the social activities of the national capital. One day an old friend visited him. Wearing a face of the deepest gloom, the owner of the stately home escorted his caller through the place. The visitor was admiring and enthusiagtic, but the host said little or nothing. When the inspection- was finished and the two had returned to the library on the first floor, the visitor said: "Well, Jim, you certainly can't say that you haven't everything that you want." "Yes, I can," replied the millionaire,

"Why a parrot?" "I should like to hang him over the front door; so that every time I enter this place he can yell out, 'Here comes hat old fool again!"

ombrely: "I want a parrot."

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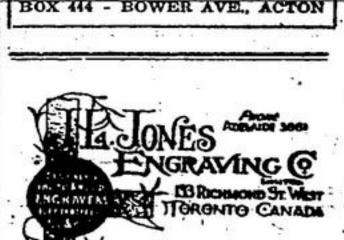
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