

NOT GO VERY FAR

The Christmas Land is not so far, It's just around the corner. Within the little living room Where molly decks the wall, Brightly decked with holly and a tree With crimson boughs gay. And strings and windmills, the fruit And leaves on Christmas Day.

An apple and an orange grow Under the sun-bright green boughs. A wizened and spotted eucalyptus And a small sprig of shiny pine. And drums and shakers and horns, And bells with flaxen tassels drop Like pearls of winter's morn.

But only little boys and girls Will sing the songs they know. And kindred ones dance merrily, And try to keep each other gay. And say their prayers before and after.

CATCH THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

At Christmas play and make good cheer. For Christmas comes but once a year.

These lines were written four hundred years ago by an almost forgotten poet, Thomas Tusser.

After the first place the Christmas celebration of his day, the Yule log brought into the great hall from the forest to add warmth and light, the roasting of turkey and mincemeat, Christmas carols and minstrels, singers, airy dancing at the rough-and-ready feast table! And without the spirit of good fellowship and the sacred joy of home, man can never be more than a beast on Earth, said W.H. Allen.

That spirit is no less in evidence today, and the Christmas tree still stands in joy and love.

Once a year comes the opportunity to each person to be born again. No matter how weary and disheartened, how narrow he has traveled or how engrossed we have become, there are the twelve months' puritans of money, glory or success, the chance comes at Christmastime for us in humble new men.

Selbst-gain may dominate our lives for eleven months and two weeks, but for one night before Christmas at least, some soul should be the triumphant note.

The king of the Christmas season is the child.

Each家庭 every year gathers if we could have it, and gives and gives and gives our love as unstintingly!

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Christmas is the time to remember all the love and little kindnesses which have been heaped upon us through out the entire year, and have you remembered it whether with an expensive Christmas present or with a giftless card? Another with love. With this in mind, let us offer, without being coaxed by any desire to do so, a desire to receive something in return, and it will be better to send the simple Christmas greeting, a short note that looks like the Christmas spirit.

For no matter how much money you spend, you can give no more than your frank, open love with each gift.

The rich, however, need not despair, should not let this day pass without making happy some of those for whom life has been less easy. You need not go far to day to find a child with sorrowful looks and eyes and hope an outstretched hand. Don't leave that hand empty.

We have a young man in woman, old and young, who pass without putting at least a moment's brightness into the tired face and faded eyes. The kindness of the indistinct makes him unique in the world that is hard for so many. Do not share big or little gifts, happiness to many if you can to one or two at least.

And do not forget all you who eat, drink and make merry that Christmas is after all Christ's mass and does not mean squandering folly, gaiety but a holy and beautiful thing.

Then yours will be indeed "A Merry Christmas." — Emma F. Wilson

For Sprains and Bruises. There is nothing like the special ointments and emollients than Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptus Oil. It will reduce the swelling that follows a sprain, will cool the inflamed skin and draw the pain. It will take the edge off of sprains and help in quieting the inflammation. A trial will convince any who doubt its power.

RAGGED SYMPATHY

It was in one of our greatest cities and the crowd of people crowded itself about in platoons of eight and ten, all of them looking down at a victim from the center. The players had his sunken eyes, obviously, but he dared not stop his mimic last but should make a responsive chorus in some sort of a falsetto. His right lip was empty, and it was later in the afternoon. Who cared for the wretched player? Not the passing crowd.

The crowd had a look of awe and was held in a sling and cravat of court plaster were stuck over his face. He waited rather like a blindfolded and terribly wounded man who carried a signature as questionable as himself. On it was scrawled: Help the Last Striver of the American Life Bridge.

Above this cardholder two shrewd eyes twinkled, as if they had long since found out that the public have to be called in even the most charitable and magnanimous. This remained in the American Light Brigade, whatever that might be, shambled about. But the poor boy had his back to the crowd, silent of the mind, hidden, and turned to pass behind him.

But something in the blindfolds, names token attitude, or perhaps something in the way the hands were clasped, the most unfeeling heart, the most callous moment then peered over the other shoulder into the empty cup hanging on a string that did not dare also to keep the hand and card together at the waist.

The bandaged survivor of an ordinary battle looked across. His hand sought the pocket of his coat, the moment he had tried to touch. After another moment's hesitation and what must have been a struggle he drew out a five dollar bill and the hand should change his mind decided them quickly into the gaping cup again. Then as if he had been caught in a burglar he hurried away from the crowd of thought.

That was real sympathy. It was poverty driving to poverty. It was strength helping strength. Rich men are often the poorest, and the most magnanimous. But it is to those who are neither rich nor poor that charities depend for a sure support.

An attempt to a poor man for another poor man, generally made with a few words of sympathy. He knows that means to suffer, and understands the value of relief.

He goes on in doing his work on a higher plane than ever before. He starts with the idea that sympathy is the keynote of charity. Sympathy means suffering. For then, "All's well" — "All low feelings expressed exactly. Sympathy is his effect, which after an experience of privation or of suffering

Neighborhood News
GEORGETOWN

MISS ALTHEA'S EXPERIMENT.

Mr. J. W. Kennedy, of Owen Sound, was a visitor in town during the week. Mr. Hugh McRitchie, of Midland, spent a few days visiting friends in the city.

Mr. D. J. Somerville of Haliburton is visiting the home of his late wife, Mrs. George Robertson.

Mr. F. P. Wilson, of North Bay, is on vacation in Northern Ontario, at a fall camp near his last week.

Mr. R. L. Ross, Miss Brownie Morrison of Milton, were week-end visitors with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Wilson.

Mrs. W. H. Wilson, Miss Josephine Wilson, Misses Mary and Wilson attended the Masonic Holiday wedding at Toronto last Saturday.

The firemen were called out last evening about 8 o'clock to a chimney fire at the Meat Market on Main Street North. Not much damage was done.

On the seventh floor at Stewartstown is being straightened and the road around the pond widened. A steam shovel and a gang of men are busy on the job.

ERIN

Charles Floryn, station 25, is now residing in St. Joseph's Hospital.

Miss Edna Ramsey of Windsor, is visiting relatives at the Queen's Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Davis left on Thursday last for California, where they will remain a couple of months.

Andy Whalen has purchased the Quality Meat Shop business on Broad Street, and took possession on Tuesday.

Low Alton, manager of the National Biscuit Company branch, Calgary, is spending a few days here. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Alton, Grant Street.

One of the largest crowds of the season was gathered at the Odeon-Pleasure Palace, held in the ballroom of the hotel on Friday evening last.

Ministerial nominations will be held Monday, December 26, with election day January 2. Municipal election day is January 2. Municipal matters are very important, and members of the present Council have signified their intention of retiring this year, and very little will be held in these elections, while the vacancies in these positions can not be filled by our present intentions.

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