The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1927

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

I love the dear old customs
That bless our Christmas Day:
The holly and the candles,
The trees and ribbons gay;
The carols and the laughter,
The gifts from friend to friend;
And best of all the greeting cards
That kindly people send.

As sweet as bells far chiming
The joyous words they bear,
The little simple messages
That greet you everywhere;
The wishes that they offer
For "health, for wealth and cheer,
For peace and glad contentment
To meet the coming year."

Bright with the crimson ribbons
And pointed holly spray,
Their golden magic warms a heart
That's half the world away;
Wherever ship maiden haven,
By alien shore or tide,
The little cards of Christmas go
To bless some lone hearthside.

I love this festive season,
The roaring fires aglow,
The song and feast and happiness,
The starlight and the snow,
But best of all I love the cards
That kindly people send
To voice a Christmas blessing
From friend to absent friend.

"Say Dad"

DON'T BECOME A BOASTER

"That man who was here last night—he isn't the greatest human being that ever lived, is he, Dad?"

"Hardly!"

"Well, what makes him think he is, then? I never listened to such an old bragger in all my life. Every picture, every book, every rug he saw—and he nosed around at everything—was 'Pretty fair, pretty fair—you ought to see the one I have.' According to him, he's had the greatest success in everything he's tackled, made the most money, got the finest house—"

"To me he's so funny that I almost forget he's disgusting, Dick. Ordinary conceit is tiresome, but colossal egotism is a joke. Of course, just as a joke-book is the saddest reading after a while, living with the man would be a tragedy. Fortunately for them both, his wife is as much of a boaster as he and more intolerable from being even more ignorant."

"How did he get that way, Dad?"

"Well, queer as it sounds, he started with an inferiority complex. Know what that is, Dick?"

"Sure. It's the quirk in the brain that makes a chap think too little of himself makes him afraid to tackle jobs others are handling."

"Until he accidentally made some money. A good deal of it, he was the meekest individual you ever saw. The minute wealth came, he started in to show the world that he was as good as anybody and maybe a little better. Lacking in good taste, and in the ability to appreciate the finer things of life of course he expects to win the admiration of us all by displaying a houseful of expensive but garish furnishings, using a car somewhat resembling a circus wagon, wearing clothes that can be heard in the dark, and talking about it all. He says, almost pathetically, that Society with the big S is so jealous of his possessions, that it won't even notice his most pressing invitations."

"Somebody ought to tell him what a jay he is, Dad!"

"He'd never believe it, Dick. If he did, it would end him then and there. Moral: Never be a boaster."

"There's a fellow like that in school. We call him Gully—from Gulliver, who wrote such awful whoppers and bullish, which he certainly is. Bert Pratt spoke of his Shetland pony, and Gully said, 'My brother has four of 'em, and drives 'em before a dandy little coach!' Then Lewrie Abraham mentioned his father's yacht. 'My Cousin,' said Gully, 'has one that can be turned into an airplane or a submarine just by pressing different buttons!' We all kept our faces straight, somehow, and Charlie Hutchins said, 'Well, that may be, but I'll bet none of your relations own a pair of tame buffuns.'

"What a minute what in a buffum, Dick?"

"We'd looked it up. It's some stuff they adulterate linseed oil with. We knew very well the boaster'd never heard of the word. Well, what does Gully do but put on that sneer of his and say 'They don't eh? Why, my uncle out West was the first one to bring buffums to this country! He's got a whole ranch of 'em, and they're so tame that all he's got to do is whistle for 'em and they'll come running up by thousands and eat right out of his hand!'

"That was too rich. Part of us lay down on the ground, our knees got so weak from laughing, and the rest fell on Gully and pummelled him good and plenty. It did him good, too, for the other day I asked him if he'd ever seen an aardvark and that is an animal you know and all he'd answer was 'Oh quit your kidding, Dick!'"

"Old Dave the postman out in Flushing used to tell funny stories of some of the folks along his line of delivery including a certain Miss Beecher who pretended to know everything and to have seen everything. One day he asked her why she hadn't attended the auction sale at Colonel Proctor's where a famous painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds had been sold. She sniffed, and declared that her Uncle Haddam, of Boston, owned all the old masters that amounted to much.

"'Got anything by Cadillac?' wickedly inquired Dave.

"'The best he ever did,' said she.

"'Not Rolling the Royce?' asked Dave.

"'The very same!' she declared, triumphantly.

"'Well,' said Dave, moving on, 'the picture I've always pined to see is called India and Ceylon, by Sir Thos. Lipton.'

"'It fills one whole side of my uncle's dining room,' was the proud reply. 'Don't you wish you owned it?'

"'Sure do,' admitted the old rascal. 'I'd suit me to a T!'"

Many mothers have reason to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because it has relieved the little ones of suffering and made them healthy.

The Free Press' Short Story

The Beginning on the Evans Farm

H. L. SMITH

As the boy approached the house, a big leather grip in his hand, a dog suddenly emerged from his kennel. With a snarl, he leaped as if to hurl himself on the intruder. His chain foiled him in his attempt.

The boy with the grip did not seem perturbed. He stopped short and regarded the canine, protestant with humorous kindliness.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" he inquired. "You act rather suspicious of me, but I'm all right, honestly I am."

The dog's response was another outbreak of barking, the while he tugged at his chain. And suddenly the door of the farmhouse opened, and a voice called "Come along. There's nothing to be afraid of. The dog's chained."

The boy laughed softly to himself, as if there were something humorous in his observation. "Good night, old chap," he said to the dog over his shoulder. "We'll know each other better soon." And with that he walked on quickly, toward the oblong of light made by the open door.

The man awaited him in his shirt sleeves, though the night was chilly. He held an oil lamp in his hand. He did not extend his hand as the boy came up the steps, but nodded briefly, adding as he did so, "You're Mac, I suppose."

"Yes, Uncle John."

"Hope your not too high-toned to sit in the kitchen. It's the only place where there is a fire."

"A fire most any place would seem good to-night," the boy said. He set his bag on the floor and walked over to the range, holding his hands over the surface, and rubbing them with an air of satisfaction.

His uncle looked him over thoughtfully. "Haven't got you under false pretenses, have I? You understand just how things are?"

"I think so," the boy said, composedly.

"The work for the year is pretty well finished. We have no need to or pay any wages till next spring. And then I'll see what you're worth."

"Yes, I understand that."

"I 'batch' it here. There's—not enough work to keep a servant girl busy, and anyhow, they are wasteful and extravagant. We'll take turns doing the cooking—you one day, me the next."

"I hope you'll like my cooking," Mac said, with a touch of the same humor he had exhibited in addressing the dog.

"I'm not fussy about my victuals, and I don't expect you to be. This fall and winter you can find ways to make yourself useful, and when the spring comes, I'll know pretty well what you can do. I s'pose you're tired and would like to go to bed."

"Any time that suits you, Uncle."

"Well, we'll make an early start. Early to bed and early to rise, you know. By the way, before I forget, I'll warn you about the dog."

Mac turned with a new air of interest. "Yes, sir."

"He's fierce, but that's not a bad thing, so long as his chain don't break. He's a reputation all over the country, and my chickens are safe, while other people are having the worst sort of a time. But I'm the only one he's not afraid of, so don't go too near him."

"We'll be friends, after a while," Mac remarked.

"Friends!" The word was a shout. "What are you talking about, boy? If you get any fool ideas in your head about petting him, and playing with him, you'll do it at your own risk."

Mac did not reply. He took his bag and followed his uncle to a room furnished with a cot bed, a table and a chair. But his good night was so cheerful that John Evans went his own room—no whit more luxurious, by the way, than his nephew was occupying—wearing an expression of perplexity. "I'm afraid," he said to himself, "he's got too much of his father in him." Mr. Evans had not really loved his sister, Mac's mother, but at least he had understood her, while his brother-in-law had always been an incomprehensible enigma.

Mr. Evans had an errand in town the next day, and Mac was left in charge. He had hardly stepped out of the house, when a cat, sunning itself on the walk, leaped aside, arching its back and spitting. At the same moment the dog emerged from his kennel, and began to repeat the salute of the night before. Paying no attention to his outburst, Mac walked on to the barn. Several of the horses were out at pasture, but a large bay was in his stall, and turned his head at Mac's approach. Then suddenly he lashed out with his heels, barely missing his visitor. Mac whistled. "Say," he said, drawing back a foot or two, as he addressed the horse, "you give a fellow a nice welcome, don't you."

He returned to the house, picked up a plate of scraps which his uncle said were for the dog, added it to a portion of meat that was to serve as his own dinner, and went blithely in the direction of the kennel. The dog again began his barking, as Mac approached, but as he came close, the dog suddenly stopped and cowered, doubtlessly arguing that the possession of an especially formidable weapon explained the fearlessness of the newcomer. Mac tossed him a piece of meat, and the dog made away with it, while he gazed at the donor with suspicious eyes.

"Now listen, old chap," Mac said, as he went on tossing scraps. "I'm your master's nephew, and we're going to be good friends. My name is Mac, and apparently you haven't got any name. Uncle John never calls you anything but 'the dog'."

The dog crunched a crust of bread which had been tossed to him, with his wary eyes on Mac's face.

"I'm going to name you after one of the best dogs I ever knew," said Mac. "His name was Roy, and so is yours. Sorry I haven't got anything more for you this morning but I'll try and scrape up something more for you later in the day."

It was nearly a week later that Mac asked his uncle if he would be willing for him to ride one of the horses for doing errands that took him some distance. Mr. Evans took a moment to reply.

"There's only one horse that you could ride, and that's Jerry. But he's so slow that it'll take you longer than to walk."

"I'm not afraid of the other horses," Mac remarked.

Mr. Evans stared at the boy, then said, "You are welcome to try, but my horses are not used to boys."

Some three weeks later, Mr. Evans met a neighbor in town. "Say," exclaimed Mr. Dunne at the sight of him, "what kind of a boy is that nephew of yours?"

"Why? What's he been doing?" said Mr. Evans. He was rather surprised to find himself immediately on the defensive.

"That's what I want to know. He rode over to my place Tuesday on that bay horse of yours."

"You're mistaken. The boy couldn't ride that horse."

"That's what I thought, only Mac did. He had just an ordinary bridle, a snaffle, and he leaped on it and went off like a streak. I asked him if it was your bay, and he said it was."

Mr. Evans made no reply, but he cut his errand short and went directly home. "Have you been riding the bay horse?" he asked, when he saw his nephew.

"Yes, Uncle. You know you said I could."

"I thought you'd have the sense to keep away from him."

"He's gentle with me," said Mac.

"Gentle!" Mr. Evans' face blazed up. He thought the boy was making sport of him. "You come out to the barn with me and show me how gentle he is."

"Yes, sir. I was just going to suggest that." Mac rose and led the way. At the door of the barn, Mr. Evans stood back, alert and watchful.

As Mac approached the stall, the bay turned his head and whinied, much to his owner's surprise. Mac entered the stall, and Mr. Evans held back an exclamation of warning. In a moment he reproached himself for not having spoken. The horse acted like a lamb. When Mac came back to his uncle, Mr. Evans had little to say.

"You see, Uncle, there's not a bit of danger."

"Remains to be proven," Mr. Evans remarked. He longed to ask Mac how he had accomplished the miracle, but pride sealed his lips.

Though Mac was receiving no wages, he had brought a little money with him. As Christmas approached, he began to buy small gifts, that expressed—part of each evening wrapping them for the parcel post. And one night Mr. Evans remarked caustically that "a fool and his money is soon parted."

Mac smiled. "I don't know of any nicer way to spend money than this."

"Keep what you have for yourself. The world's a pretty selfish proposition, and the sensible thing is not to bother your head about other people."

"I don't think," Mac said, after a moment, "that I'd care to live that way."

"Listen to me, boy," Mr. Evans exclaimed, "you think that people are kind and generous and sympathetic. I tell you that is a mistake. Underneath, every man's for himself."

Mac made no reply. His uncle did not protest again against Mac's spending money as he liked, but on the twenty-third of December he said, "I'm going away to-morrow, and I shan't be back till Tuesday."

"You're going to be away at Christmas?"

"Yes."

Mac did not reply and after a moment his uncle asked sharply, "How many presents have you got for those you sent away?"

"I haven't received any."

"Why, I didn't send them to get others back."

"Don't you wish you had taken the money and bought something that you wanted?"

"No."

"Well, have it as you like," said his uncle, and he turned on his heel and went away.

Christmas morning Mr. Evans drove into town, took a room at the little hotel, and spent an hour or two going about, and exchanging comments with his acquaintances. Late in the afternoon he went to the post office, and the postmaster greeted him in an affable way. "You ought to have brought a basket, John."

"What for?"

"There is somebody popular on the Evans farm." The postmaster began to put parcels, large and small, through the window, and Mr. Evans saw that they were all addressed to his nephew. He stuffed a number into his pocket, and the rest he carried in his arms, and went back to his room at the hotel.

He was thinking about Mac as he ate his dinner, of Mac alone on the farm. It would be a cheerless Christmas for the boy. Of course, Christmas was the same as other days, only Mac didn't think so. He finished his meal put on his coat and went out again. The little jewellery store of Phineas Knight caught his eye and before he knew what was happening, he had walked in.

"Want to look at watches, Phin?"

"Ladies' watches?" asked the jeweller, facetiously.

"No, men's, and solid case."

A little later he paid his reckoning at the hotel, explained that he had changed his plans, and started for home. It was about eleven o'clock when he drove into the barn. From Mac's non-appearance he judged he had gone to bed. He was going to surprise the youngster in the morning.

But there was still a light in the kitchen. Mac sat in his uncle's big chair fast asleep. Roy, the dog, raised his head when Mr. Evans entered, and looked at his master as if imploring him to be quiet. Roy was curled up at Mac's feet, and beside him purred contentedly the cat.

As John Evans stood looking, there came to his mind some passages of Scripture that he had dismissed as meaningless passages that promised a new world of love and trust should take the place of cruelty and fear. And it seemed to him, as he stood looking through big tears, at the motionless trio, that a beginning had been made on the Evans farm.

AN OLD TIME CHRISTMAS

Heap on more wood! The wind is chill!
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the newborn Year
The fittest time for festal cheer
And well on Christian shores of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train
Domestic and religious rite
Gave home to the holy night.
On Christmas eve the bells were rung
On Christmas eve the mass was sung
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen
The hall was dressed with holly green
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To cather in the mistletoe
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all
Power laid his rod of rule aside
And ceremony doffed his pride
The heir, with roses in his shoes
That night might village partner choose.
The lord, undegating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair"
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

—Sir Walter Scott.

Neighborhood News

ERIN

Mr. D. H. Reid, of Toronto, visited with Mr. and Mrs. K. McDougald, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Miller and Master Jimmie spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mrs. W. J. Morrison, of Calgary, was a guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. R. George Overland, last week, at "The Evergreens."

Mr. H. Hutchenson and Miss Coreta Gibson, of Toronto, spent the week-end with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gibson.

Messrs. Fetherwood and Sanders took advantage of the cold spell during the past week and have a good ice surface in the rink and a number enjoyed the skating on Saturday and Monday evening. The present mild weather is not the best for ice-making, but we think it will not last long enough to effect the ice, indoors, materially.—Advocate.

BURLINGTON

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew T. Ghent and son, of St. Catharines, visited relatives and friends in town during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Freeman and Donald, of Whitby, spent the week-end here with his mother, Mrs. J. W. Henderson.

Bruce Cotton, a pupil of Mr. J. Lockhart, Principal of the Central School, has been presented with a very handsome leather-bound volume of Shakespeare for obtaining the highest marks in his class at the entrance examinations held last June.

High Constable Clarence Hunter has returned from the Toronto General Hospital, and is now convalescing at his home east of here. The accident, which sent him to the hospital with his left leg smashed in a fearful manner, occurred on August 27. His host of friends will be glad to learn that he is making splendid progress toward recovery.—Gazette.

MILTON

Mr. Jas. Bousfield, of McGregor, Manitoba, is visiting friends and relatives in this district.

Claude McEachern, teller in the Bank of Nova Scotia, has been moved to the branch at Sarnia.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Barnard, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Barnard who have been visiting their son and brother here, have returned to their home in Aeng.

Mr. Jas. Cantelon, who makes his home with his brother, Mrs. T. May, Trafalgar, had the misfortune to fall on the floor and break one of his arms recently. Mr. Cantelon is over 80 years of age and getting quite feeble.—Reformer.

George E. Buck, Deputy Game Warden, left last Friday on a trip to Vancouver.

The High School Commencement will be held at the High School auditorium on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 20 and 21.

Jos. H. Harrison, of Port Colborne, brother of R. E. Harrison, of Milton, has been re-elected by acclamation to the Port Colborne Board of Education.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stover announce the engagement of their daughter Dorothy Marjorie to Ross A. Banks of Hamilton wedding to take place this month.—Champion.

GEORGETOWN

Messrs. W. M. Cole and W. C. Cole of Toronto were visitors in town on Sunday.

Miss Semple, of Toronto, spent the week-end at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Ross.

M. and Mrs. J. McKay of Greenore spent last week-end with friends in town.

M. and Mrs. J. G. Kennedy of Toronto spent Sunday with the Misses Kennedy.

Mr. E. Huffman and Miss Irene Huffman of Toronto were visitors in town on Monday.

The Junior Hockey Team had their first practice for the season in the Arena on Saturday night.

J. Bonny is moving into his hand some new block this week.

Mr. J. H. Mackenzie, President of the Ontario Retail Lumbermen's Association, left on Saturday evening for Montreal, where he will attend a conference of representatives of all lumber interests in the Dominion.

Rev. Dr. John Pringle preached in the United Church last Sunday morning. Many old friends of former days were pleased to hear the venerable preacher again. During his stay in town he was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Creelman.—Herald.

OAKVILLE

The old-time dance put on by the Ancient Foresters last Friday evening at Victoria Hall was quite a success and an enjoyable affair.

Mr. W. T. Lickley who was hit by an auto last week, was brought home from the Hamilton General Hospital on Tuesday. He is still suffering very much from the pain in his shoulder and back and will have to remain quiet for some time.

Mrs. E. A. Purvis, of Jacksonville, Fla., arrived home on Thursday last having been called hither owing to the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. W. A. Deane. We are pleased to be able to report that Mrs. Deane shows signs of improvement and high hopes are entertained for her recovery.—Record.

The heavy storm of yesterday broke up another fifty feet of the west pier at Oakville harbor.

W. J. L. Hampshire was in Oakville on Thursday last inspecting our harbor and was a guest of C. G. Mariatt.

Misses Helen Tuck and Wilma Stirling and Chas. P. Tuck and Irvine Fell assisted at a concert in the Ashgrove Church on Wednesday evening.

The Salvation Army held their Christmas entertainment last evening in Victoria Hall. They had a Christmas tree laden with gifts and a programme kindly by the children.—Star.

Whether the corn be of old or new growth it must yield to Holloway's Corn Remover.

WORSE YET

A certain actress though married and long past her first youth made up so wonderfully that she looked no older than 18.

A young man who had often watched her from the stalls sought out the stage manager and asked for an introduction to the lady.

"I'm sure she is charming, and sweet off the stage as she is on," he remarked.

"She's all that," agreed the manager, cordially so cordially that a fearful suspicion flashed into the youth's mind.

"I say, you don't by any chance mean you're her husband?" he stammered.

"No, oh no!" said the manager. "I'm her son."

For Frost Bites and Chilblains.

Chilblains come from undue exposure to slush and cold and frost bite from the icy winds of winter. In the treatment of either an excellent preparation is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, as it counteracts the inflammation and relieves the pain. The action of the oil is prompt and its application is extremely simple.

THE NIGHTINGALE

Sweet bird! that sings away the early hours
Of winters past or coming void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are.
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers
To rocks, to springs, to hills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that bowers.

What soul can be so sick which by sonnes
Attired in sweetness sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wronges,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster! thou my mind doth raise
To airs of spheres, yes and to angels' lays.

BIRDS AND OTHER PETS ABOUT THE HOME

Most homes have live pets of some kind upon which to bestow more or less of affection. The most common of these are, naturally, the domesticated cats and dogs, varieties of the songsters, an occasional parrot. Sometimes crows and rabbits have been caught and tamed, though neither of these appear to be quite at home in captivity.

I have been told of a tame crow which made itself quite at home on the farm of Mr. Morgan Crewson, Crewsons Corners, a quarter of a century or more ago. The story is told that the boys of the home one day found a crow's nest with the young therein just about ready to fly away and forage for themselves. They caught four of these and put them in a box near the barn. The next day the old crow came to their rescue and succeeded in getting three of the imprisoned birds out making quite a fuss over the exploit. One youngster was left in the box. Mr. Crewson found what was up and ordered the boys to let the fourth young crow have its freedom as it was cruel to keep it shut up.

The boys let out the young crow but it stayed about the barnyard. They fed it, and it was not long before it would fly to the shoulder of any of the boys and when they would go to the stable, up to a hatless peg and roost there until morning. The crow became more and more tame and it showed a preference for Mr. Crewson and Johnny. It would go to the field with them, sit on the horses backs for hours at a time when they were plowing and when they were driving in hay it would generally ride on the front ladder of the rack from the barn to the field and back. When this same crow got hungry it would fly to the house, tap on a window pane and continue to tap until someone supplied it with food. Often when the dogs were running about the crow would fly just over their heads fan them with his wings.

The crow stayed there all the first winter and was usually to be found about the stable. In the spring when the wild crows came back the tame bird flew off with them one day, and the Crewsons naturally thought he was gone, but when dusk came he returned and looked for his feed as usual.

This was a knowing crow indeed. The story goes that one time Johnny had a bad cold in his head and ears and had put cotton batting in his ears to protect them. When he was out in the field the dinnerhorn fell rang for dinner. Owing to the batting John couldn't hear the bell. The crow flew to his shoulder, then hopped to the ground in front of him and scolding and talking led him to the house.

As the crow grew tamer he became more and more full of mischief. One day when Mr. Crewson was about to go to Guelph he had made out a list of goods required on a slip of paper and put it in his vest pocket. The crow flew to his shoulder and in a second picked out the slip and flew away with it. Mr. Crewson took out a bright quarter and offered this to the crow in exchange for the paper. He at once flew back to make the exchange. Mr. Crewson got his slip and pocketed the quarter to the discomfiture of Jim Crow.

One time Mr. Crewson was about to make a pig box and sent over to his son Morgan's for a pail of nails. A full pail was brought but when he was ready to nail his box together he found the pail was less than half full. Investigation showed that the crow had carried the nails to an upstairs window and deposited them there.

Jim got a scare and a broken leg one day. A neighboring farmer who had never made the acquaintance of his crowship was coming to the farm to see Mr. Crewson. He entered a crow on the fence fired a stone at it and broke his leg. He told Mr. Crewson about it and he exclaimed: Why, that's one of your crow, Jim. The injured bird was found in his yard and tended. The family were afraid he would pick off the bandages but he left them on for about two weeks. By this time the fractured leg was well knit, and then he picked off the bandages and spent hours in the yard.

After some three years Mr. Crewson unfortunately became blind. The crow was still affectionate would fly to his shoulder and fumble over his face. Mr. Crewson became fearful that he might pick out his sightless eyes and for this reason the tame crow was dispatched. Mr. Morgan Crewson Jr. and other members of the family still tell anecdotes of "Jim," the tame crow.

Many of you remember the story of the little field mouse which Robbie Burns plowed out when at work on his farm. Stopping the horses he picked it up and addressed it thus:

Wee sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie
Oh what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa so hasty
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee
Wi' murdering pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth born companion
And fellow-mortal!

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, December 26, 1907

Christmas' greatest pleasure is in giving.

Messrs. M. P. Barry & Co. are still shipping large quantities of turnips.

Mr. John McMurchy has been engaged as Principal of Norval Public School, and commences his duties the first of January.

The Sunday School entertainment of St. Alban's Church in the Town Hall last Thursday evening, was an enjoyable affair. The scholars were especially delighted.

It is stated that fourteen of the young lady operators of the Canada Glove Works have been married since May last. Messrs. Storey & Son will surely have no difficulty in getting plenty of female employees in the future.

With the close of the schools for Christmas holidays, Miss Norton, teacher of languages and moderns in the High School Department, handed in her resignation. Miss Norton has a very fine record.

MARRIED

McNABB-LINKLATER—In Wingham, on Wednesday, December 18, 1907, by Rev. D. Perry, Neil McNabb, son of Arch. McNabb, Acton, to Miss Julia Linklater, of Wingham.

DIED

TAYLOR—At the Dominion Hotel Acton on Monday December 23 1907 Duncan Taylor in his 70th year.

For Burns and Scalds. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will take the fire out of a burn or scald. It should be at hand in every kitchen so that it may be available at any time. There is no preparation required. Just apply the oil to the burn or scald and the pain will abate and in a short time cease altogether.

MOTHER WAS AN EASY MARK

John, aged six, was told that he had to go to the hospital to have his tonsils removed and his mother was lobster-ish, up his morals says the Charleston News.

"I'll be brave and do just what you tell me mother," he promised, but I'll be one thing, I won't palm off no sobbing babe on me like they did on you when you were in the hospital."

TRACE IT TO ITS SOURCE

When you feel like saying something disagreeable, it would generally pay you to stop long enough to trace that impulse to its source. Perhaps you remember how hard your employer was to please after that recent slump in securities. Your work was as good as it had ever been, but his nerves were less steady than usual, and when he was unreasonable, you made allowances because you understood what was back of it.

If you feel like making a disagreeable remark about the breakfast coffee, ask yourself whether you would feel like sputtering if you had not eaten Welsh rarebit at midnight. If you are tempted to make a perfectly withering reply to your friend who wishes to borrow something, trace that impulse to its source, and you will find that your history teacher's caustic criticism of your last week's theme is responsible.

The instinct to pass on to some one else any unpleasantness we have encountered is rooted deep in human nature. The small boy, bullied by his older companion, goes his way and takes it out on some younger child. When you feel like making some stinging speech, follow it back to its source, and the probability is that you will be ashamed to make it.

FORGET THE "BLUES"!!

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for La Grippe

If you have a touch of grippe don't let it take firm hold. A mustard bath is the remedy doctors recommend.

To prepare a bath

Just drop three tablespoonfuls of Keen's Mustard into the hot water, swirl around, and then get in and soak! You will be surprised at the new vigor which will result.

a Mustard bath

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

ASSETS and LIABILITIES

31st October, 1927

ASSETS

Cash on hand	$ 88,953,211 33
Deposits with and notes and cheques of other Banks	67,874,632.37
Deposit with Central Gold Reserve	19,000,000.00
Call and Short loans on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	181,101,009.09
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	86,760,587.30
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	32,963,446.90
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	5,344,028.16
Quick Assets	$481,996,915.21
Loans and Discounts and other Assets	325,795,686.73
Bank Premises	11,350,883.00
Liabilities of customers under letters of credit (as per contra)	12,206,355.96
Total Assets	$831,548,967.90

LIABILITIES TO PUBLIC

Notes in circulation	45,760,677.50
Deposits	700,227,281.54
Letters of credit outstanding	12,206,355.96
Other liabilities	10,857,020.52
Total Liabilities to Public	$769,051,335.52
Excess of Assets over Liabilities to Public	$ 62,497,632.38

Business Directory

MEDICAL

DR. J. P. A. McNIVEN
Physician and Surgeon
Office and Residence—Corner Bower Avenue and Elgin Street.

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of the Extract of Cod Liver & Tar
for COUGHS, COLDS and BRONCHITIS

New Term opens on Jan. 4th in each of SHAW'S
TWELVE BUSINESS SCHOOLS in Toronto. Write for Calendar. W. H. Shaw, Registrar, Bay and Charles, Toronto.

1927 Christmas Seals

The 1927 Christmas Seals, in aid of the Muskoka and Toronto Hospitals for Consumptives, have just been issued. These handsome Seals, bearing the double barred Red Cross, carry a message of hope to those who are afflicted with consumption. Every dollar received through their sale is used for the maintenance of patients.

The National Sanitarium Association is in need of funds to carry on the work of its hospitals at Muskoka and at Weston. Why not buy those Seals in Box or others? Not only will you get good value in return, but your money will serve a greater end—for it will go to help someone in distress.

Look for the double barred Red Cross on every packet. None others are genuine.

For sale by school children and banks, or direct from the Xmas Seal Department, Gage Institute, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Weekly Fashion Hint

IN SATIN, OF COURSE

Two things about this model stamp it as typical of Paris: it is in two-tone effect, and it is made of crêpe satin. The appliqued front forms a jabot at the left side of the blouse and is attached to a back band at the under arm seams. The skirt is plaited at either side of the front to gain the fullness that comfort demands. Medium size requires 3¼ yards 39 inch dark and 3⅜ yard light material.