

THE NATIVITY

Once a sweet-faced mother-child in his bed he lay...

There the wandering shepherd-herd, guided by the wondrous star...

As they kneel before the Child "God with man is reconciled..."

May we join their triumph high, Meet our Saviour in His face...

Who will not be forgotten, All who in His name believe!

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

This week has been the completion of a truly heroic task—nothing more...

I have been trying this week among other things to get a new overcoat done...

Memory seems to play us queer tricks at this time of the year and whatever...

It was just as well not to be too sentimental about Christmas. One was liable...

"I shall report you to the manager," the high-pitched voice threatened and...

"How pretty they are!" the customer caressed the candles for a moment and...

Christmas comes to all of us and we all have our own way of celebrating...

The Free Press Short Story

CHRISTMAS CANDLES

By Christine MacMillan Campbell

LORA went over the candles again. "I'm afraid I shall never remember the ones she took herself..."

"Excuse me, miss is this the candle?" Flora turned quickly and gently directed...

"You didn't make a sale, Miss Gordon?" "Why, no. The gentleman was looking for the candy department, Miss..."

Mrs. Hodges frowned. "You should not let a customer go without at least showing him some goods..."

Flora did not get used to it. She got used to selling candles to contented customers...

"Oh, they have in ones, but I wouldn't like them. And there are beautiful ones..."

"My daughter-in-law is going up the house at Christmas and she wants some candles..."

"I had to put up with old things long enough, and now just when my customers would adore to have brand new up-to-date dishes..."

"So that was the way the wind blew?" Flora thought rapidly while she sold the candles...

"I think you will like the candles for Christmas," she said, leaning across the counter...

"I shall report you to the manager," the high-pitched voice threatened and...

"How pretty they are!" the customer caressed the candles for a moment and...

"I should think you would love your work," the voice came back to her when she was putting back several boxes...

"How many? Oh, I don't know. Two dozen, I guess. No one dozen will do, and I don't want the mixed color. Can't you pick out the red ones for me?"

"Please, miss, I've got just eight cents left, though to buy Oranny a candle for Christmas."

"Why, yes, little man, I'm sure we can find Oranny a gay little candle for you. I suppose Oranny has a tall brass candlestick for it?"

"No, miss, it's one of the low ones with a little handle and a tray for matches. But it's brass, and Oranny says it's over a hundred years old."

"Why, sorry, that is splendid. Now we'll know just what kind of candle will be the prettiest for that holder."

"Dear me, how flushed you are, child!" cried Aunt Bella. "Caught your death of cold, likely. Just think—"

"Yes, just think, Aunt Bella, I'm sure I've been selling light, sending out soft, pretty lights to lighten dark corners..."

"Why, I've been an electric power-house all by myself!" Flora gurgled, deliciously and helped herself to brown bread...

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"Yes, just think, Aunt Bella, I'm sure I've been selling light, sending out soft, pretty lights to lighten dark corners..."

For the most part Christmas deals with little wares, little joys, little tokens of friendly feeling...

The finest Christmas gift is not that, but the gift of a good friend...

But surely that need not be, and our Christmas should be a Christmas of only a single day of generosity...

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of the section appreciatively. "You will think it queer, but a young girl sold me candles here last year and she looked so lovely it has stuck in my mind ever since. I supposed she is not likely to be here now."

"The best Christmas gift is not that, but the gift of a good friend..."

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CHRISTMAS AS WE GROW OLDER. It has come again. Not the Christmas of long ago, but Christmas still and we welcome it. We will roll in upon our hearts. We will think of the Christmas-child who came so many years ago, and is even now knocking at our hearts for entrance.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT. For the most part Christmas deals with little wares, little joys, little tokens of friendly feeling...

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EUROPEAN MONARCH AND DRINK. The London Daily Chronicle states that King Boris of Bulgaria holds two records as a European sovereign. It is well known that he was the only European ruler of marriageable age, but it is not so well known that it is said he is the only ruler ever known who is a lifelong teetotaler. He has never tasted intoxicating liquor, a fact which rather surprised his hosts on a recent visit to England. He arrived at the decision when little more than a boy after having witnessed a fracas between a party of officers, all of whom were under the influence of drink.

Hollywood's Corn Remover takes the corn out by the roots. Try it and prove it.

J. Cadesky of Toronto EYE-SIGHT SPECIALIST. Monday, Feb. 3rd. Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Wishing our Customers a Merry Christmas and lots of pleasure from the good things they're buying this week at CARROLL'S. SPECIALS: PEAS 29c, PEACHES 21c, DATES 19c, MINCEMEAT 25c, CHEESE 35c, OLIVES 24c, CHOCOLATES \$1, CREAMS \$1, MIXED PEEL 24c, WAX BEANS 17c, RAISINS 33c, ORANGES 35c, 45c.

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Mill Street Acton, Ontario



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