The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1929

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

The Winter King was laughing,
And his laugh rang bold and gay,
"What shall we bring, the children
To make glad their New Year's Day?"

"I'll give, said the Storm Cloud, tossing,
A rainbow up in the sky,
"I'll give them lovely snowdrifts
For snowballs by and by."

"And I," said Jack Frost, sparkling,
"Will bind the rivers tight,
And give them all some skating;
'Twill fill them with delight."

"I," said the North Wind, blowing,
"Will help freeze up the snow,
So they can all go sledding;
That's what they like, I know."

"And so we all will help them—
The Storm, the Snow, the Frost—
And give them such a New Year's Day
Its joy cannot be lost."

—Selected.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

We like snow in winter—in fact I might go one further and say we just love it! Not only does it make the road better for cutters and sleighs but it provides a splendid protective covering for the fall wheat—and dear knows it needs it. Yes we have a great affection for snow—but sleet, why that's a horse of another color. It is all very well for those who judge the state of the weather from the shelter of town houses as they walk snugly along the side-walk but it is quite a different matter for those out in the country where one is exposed to the full fury of the storms that blow, neither does it help when there are any little extra chores to do. For instance this morning we had a veal calf to ship and as the truck driver was afraid to navigate our lane Partner had, perforce, to take the calf down as far as the road. Did I say Partner took the calf?—I should have said the calf took Partner! To see the two of them going lickety-split down the lane was a sight worth watching, and I did watch, but I kept myself discreetly hidden from view in case my mirth should appear unseemly. It sometimes happens that the participators of a comedy are unconscious of its humor so it is wise to govern one's attitude accordingly. This calf was evidently out for exercise and when it had brought Partner safely down to the road, the truck, not yet having arrived, it put in the time by running round in circles. Partner, not wishing the little creature to strangle itself as it only had a snap rope round its neck, thought he had better run round in circles too and so the two of them kept it up until the calf got dizzy and fell over and then Partner being dizzy too fell over the calf. At this stage the truck driver came along and rescued our bovine acrobat. Quite a dizzy tale isn't it?

I have been busy this week, most terribly busy and my 'busyness' has been almost entirely with needle and thread. I have made Pat a most wonderful thick warm overcoat out of a lady's Burbery which I had bequeathed to me and for Molly I made a navy kilt from an old-fashioned skirt which was very much gored and trimmed, necessitating endless joins in the manufacture of the kilt and each join had to be skillfully hidden under the fold of a pleat. Now if I had bought these things, or even bought new goods to make them, I probably shouldn't mention the fact but having made two really presentable garments out of old ones I feel it is something to write home about. Surely it is pardonable to feel a little glow of pride after making something out of nothing, as it were. The children of course were delighted—I find they are beginning to develop ideas of their own as regards style. Pat announced to-day that he thought he would let his hair grow. "What's the idea?" asked Daddy. "Oh, if I let it grow long," said our young hopeful "I can brush it back." The joke lies in the fact that Pat has hardly any hair at all for his age and what there is, is so unruly that we can't even get a decent parting half the time. Such a time as they are having these days getting backwards and forwards to school. The sleet storms have been terrible but it is more than my life is worth to suggest that they stay at home and so Partner takes them off every morning in the cutter and they sure look a regular figure of fun when they start out. Besides all their own clothes they each have an overcoat of their Daddy's wrapped right around them and all you can see of the children is their eyes. Yesterday as Partner had already made three trips to town with wheat I volunteered to fetch the kiddies from school. The wind was blowing when I started and then it started to sleet again and I found it impossible to keep both eyes open at once so I alternately shut first one and then the other and while I was thus busily employed winking and blinking like a person afflicted with St. Vitus Dance, Prince very successfully landed me into a snow-bank! However I ultimately reached town, found the kiddies, did a little shopping and then hit the trail for home. By this time it was nearly dark and still sleeting and when I reached home I found Partner properly excited at our being out on a bad road in the dark. He read me a regular lecture as to the dangers of the road in its present condition with cars skidding here and there but as I told him if the things that nearly happen could kill us we should all be dead long ago.

We had a letter this week from friends in England and our little great-grandmother is still alive. She will soon be a hundred and two years old and she is still very interested in everything that goes on in her own home or anything that is read to her from the newspapers. She gets up every day about eleven o'clock, comes down stairs by herself, gives her own orders for provisions for the day and stays up until nine o'clock at night. She is blind and deaf but her intellect is as sharp to-day as it was thirty years ago. She is the tiniest wee woman and the mother of nine children, all of them living, but her husband has been dead for a good many years. I think these little wirey women must be comprised entirely of will-power and energy and what they can accomplish in a day's work is truly amazing. This little great-grandmother of ours would have made a splendid pioneer.

I read a most revealing book this week —'Heirs Apparent' by Phillip Gibbs. Anything by this author is worth reading but this book I found particularly interesting in view of the uneasiness prevailing in many homes in regard to the freedom of the rising generation. Mr. Gibbs (I believe I should say 'Sir Phillip Gibbs' as I think he was knighted after the war) anyway his characters are the free-eat of the free and are a perpetual source of anxiety to their parents but in the end they show themselves to be trustworthy, generous and morally sound but terribly afraid of anyone discovering their good qualities beneath their outward showing of care-free fun and frivolity. Whether we agree with the book or not it at any rate set us thinking and a book that even does that has accomplished something.

WEEKLY STORY

ALVIRA JANE'S NERVES

LIZZIE DE ARMOND

"Do sit down, Mrs. Johnson, you look clean tuckered out!" Alvira Jane folded the slim little woman in her ample embrace, and, almost before she knew it, settled her comfortably in her sleepy hollow chair and slid a hassock under her feet.

"There, you look better already," she said, in a bright, cheery tone of voice "Let me take your wraps. It's full three hours before supper time, and it's a pity if neighbors across the way can't visit once in a while."

"Oh, dear! I really envy you, Alvira," spoke the Slim One. "You never get upset or have nerves—they're dreadful things, so wearing, you know. I feel like howling all the time, and the children have to sneak around the house like shadows. Hanson tells me to laugh and forget the worries, but I just can't when those nerves are poking themselves out in all directions. Oh, dear! I know they would be glad to have me dead."

Alvira Jane, who had been in and out of the cosy kitchen while her neighbor lamented her cruel fate, now set a dainty tray on the table by the Slim One.

"There's nothing like raspberry syrup and cold spring water for settling miseries, especially on a cold day like this," she said; "and here's a bit of spice cake to go along. I take great pride in my spice cake. Not that I feel top loftical about it, but it does one's heart good to take it out of the oven light and puffy, and smelling like the odors of 'Araby the best'—that's what our minister called it. I suspect that Mr. Araby must have kept a perfume shop. I'm great for knowing folks, but I couldn't just place him, and didn't want to let on to Parson Smith that I disremembered the name."

"I declare, I do feel a heap brighter already," remarked the Slim One. Some of the ugly puckers on her forehead had smoothed themselves out, and there was the ghost of a smile on her face.

"That's right, my dear," and Alvira gave her shoulder a loving pat. "If you won't mind, I'll sit right down to my mending. We can talk all the same. I want to tell you about my nerves."

"Nerves? Why, Alvira Jane, you can never make me believe that you ever had such dreadful things!"

Alvira bit off the end of her thread and calmly gazed into the eyes of the Slim One. "It's true—true as gospel," she said, "and they were far worse than yours. I was sick for two weeks with the grippe when baby Melia started to crawl around, and I felt desperately mean and shaky when I first got up. The children seemed so noisy and rude, and Henry was so clumsy, upsetting things and banging doors, that I took to the lounge and wouldn't budge an inch for anybody. I worried if they made a fuss over me, and I worried if they left me to myself, until there was no living in the house with me. The doctor sent around a nurse who, he said, would do more good than his medicine. She was an angel, a born angel, and it was through her and the blessed Lord that I put my nerves under my feet, so to speak, and trampled them into the dust—I hope nevermore to rise again."

"Oh, tell me, do!" cried the Slim One. There were tears in her eyes, and her hands trembled. She slid down on her knees before Alvira Jane and laid her hot head in her lap.

"Tell me and help me," she gasped, "and I'll bless you every day of my life."

"O lovey, don't do that! We must never kneel to mortal man or woman either, only to the good God who has pity on our infirmities. Lean back in your chair comfortable like. I'll hold your hand, so. Nancy used to say it put 'new heart in her' to grip something strong.

"As I said before," continued Alvira Jane, "there was no living in the house with me. I'd been scolding little Samuel something terrible, when he ran out of the room sobbing, leaving the door partly open. 'Mary,' he cried, 'I don't love this muvver we've got now a bit. I wish she was a deader, I do!' 'Me too,' lisped baby Melia. Then my eyes were opened. I knew my children were turning against me—my own flesh and blood rising up in judgment because of a mother's selfish whims. When nurse brought my supper tray I told her as well as I could how things were going on. 'You must stop it right now,' she said with authority. (I needed someone to take me in hand and lay down the law strong and hearty.) 'You'll have to worry for awhile, it's grown to be your second nature. Pick out a certain thing to worry about, every day have a new object, and I think you will conquer yourself and gain a fresh lease on life.'

"Whenever I woke up through the night I tried to plan what I should worry about. It was most morning before I hit on the right subject. If there's anything I despise to see, it is a shade pulled crooked, so I chose that first. When nurse came in with my early breakfast, I asked her to make the shade as crooked as possible, and said 'No matter how much I tell you to change it, just leave it so till night.' She smiled. 'That's good for a beginning. Be sure to keep it up.' Everybody that came in my room wanted to straighten that shade—they knew how I hated to see it, but I calmly told them to let it along. Whenever I felt like flying off at a tangent, I remembered that it was the crooked shade I must worry about, and you can't think how it helped. All the time I was reading my Bible, and praying for strength to hold myself in check, so that I could once more be an out-and-out wife and mother

"Next day it was a bunch of faded flowers in plain sight, then a chair in the middle of the floor, then a book upside down in the bookcase. It got to be a regular puzzle finding things to worry about, but I grew strong and hearty, and the children were just wild with delight.

"On my birthday we had a grand home party under the trees. Henry and I played games with the children, and my nerves had taken to themselves wings and flown away. Whenever I begin to get fussy, I pull that shade crooked as a reminder of past days. It's as good as a dose of medicine.

"Oh, you dear, lovely Alvira Jane! I'll go straight home and try your remedy," cried the Slim One, throwing her arms around her neighbor's neck. "There's a hymn about counting your blessings, and I'll certainly count you as one of mine."—Zion's Herald.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

A year of close communion sweet,
A year to sit at His dear feet,
A year upheld by grace divine,
This blessing, friend, be yours and mine

A year in which to prove His power,
A year to trust Him hour by hour,
A year to heights celestial, soar,
A year to love as never before.

O grant, dear Lord, that this may be
A year of service grand for Thee,
Cheer with Thy presence all its days,
And change each prayer to gladsome praise.

—Mrs. N. Ohman.

For years Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has ranked as a reliable worm preparation and it always maintains its reputation.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press, of Thursday, December 30, 1909

Rawlegs and wood are coming in freely. Wheat is now quoted on the market here at $1.01.

The boys and girls have had jolly fun coasting down the Agnes Street hill

Yesterday was the coldest day this winter. The mercury stood at zero at seven o'clock

Mr W H Denny has sold the McLean estate the lots on Main Street to Mr. John R. Watson. These lots adjoin the present property to Mr. Watson.

Five or six inches of snow fell on Christmas Day. Sleighing is now excellent.

Greenock Literary Society will hold a debate. Subject, "Resolved that Canada does not need a navy."

Mr John Wilkinson, agent of the G T R at Walkerton, has been promoted to the important position of agent at Berlin.

A bowling alley was opened with two sids in Matthews' Hall last week.

St Alban's Minstrel Show on Tuesday evening in the Town Hall was a great success. Each number of the long programme was received with enthusiasm. St Alban's can well be proud of her Young Men's Club.

More than usual interest was manifested in the Municipal nominations on Monday The names of twenty-three citizens were put in nomination for the several positions as follows: Reeve—Geo. Hynds; Dr Gray. H Swackhamer; Councillors Alex Bell, Murray McDonald, J H. Denny, A. T Brown, W. R. Kennedy, John Williams, Dr. Gray, J. T. Easton, D M. Henderson, Wm. Cooper, John Kenny, School Trustees—William Thomas, D M. Henderson, John Williams, Dr Gray, John A. Mowat, J. C. Wilson, J. Cooper, Dr. Antliff, J. H. Reed, Newton F. Hurst. As Dr. Gray and Reeve Swackhamer retired at the nomination meeting Mr. Hynds was elected by acclamation.

SLATS' DIARY

BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday ma went to a forchen teller this evning and the forchen teller ast her did she want to lern sum things about her husbends fucher and ma replyed and sed no she dident care about his fucher what she wantted to no about was his past and mebby the fuchur wood take care of itself. And after she cum out she walked a past the store and looked very wishfully at a fer Coat in the window. I wunder what she found out enny ways.

Saterday — Jake and me went over crost the crick this p.m. and was a looking for Rabits but diddent find none and we was pritty late getting home and I fergot that ma had a load of wood for me to pile up down in the basemint. I tryed to axplaine why I was late but it diddent get acrost and I didden enjoy setting down to eat very mutch.

Sunday They was a stranger at chirch this a.m. not counting pa. It was a woman which's home use to be here in town. Ma thot she looked like a marryed woman but pa sed he felt sure she wirked for her own liveing.

Munday A ole lady cum in for a call tonite and she ast pa how long had him and ma been marryed and he told her and she sed My it seems like it was longer than that dussent it and pa answered and replied Yes it does seem like it but it aint I guess. Ma herd him sayt it outside of that it was a very pleasant evening.

Tuesday Teecher sed we shud ought to try awfully hard to make good at enny thing we try well I think I cud make good at most enny job. If I didden get tired so quick every time.

Wednesday Jane told me today that when she got behind me my cars was so big they reminded her of a loveing Cup. I guess all wimen is alike Except there different names. But whatd she mene loveing

Thursday Ma says I got to stay home evry nite nex week and study my lessons. Well if that is the Case I wont half to warsh my fete so often enny ways.

THE MANAGEMENT OF BREEDING

Breeding geese should be selected in the fall before the marked birds are put up to fatten. Select only strong well developed females as undeveloped stock are usually poor breeders. Care should be taken in picking out the young females. Make sure that any masculine looking birds are taken out and fattened for market as they too are undesirable specimens.

Distinguishing the sex in young geese causes considerable concern to many yet the differences in the sex are quite marked. Take the bird in question and remove it from the flock, leave it loose in a pen in sight of the flock and listen to the call. The female has a voice with a high note and of a double sound while the male is bass in sound and of single note.

In selecting the male choose the darling gander than the timid one as the more masculine he is in temperment the greater will be his changes as a breeder. Seldom does this characteristic fail in the selection of a breeding gander

Mate one male with two to three females. Confine the mating in a pen by themselves, away from all other geese and keep them by themselves from December until spring when the breeding season commences. When once they are properly mated different matings can be allowed to run together during the winter and they will separate out in the spring, each male mating with the same females as in the previous mating season.

Geese are seldom good breeders until they are ten years old, but the period of usefulness of a good breeder is often twelve to fifteen years.

Breeding geese require very little housing, and even in zero weather all they require is protection from deep snow. At the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, some of the breeding geese remain outside throughout the entire winter and seem to possess more vigor in the spring than those which are housed part time. All that geese require is a dry bed of straw. Temperature has little effect on them as they carry a thick coat of feathers and down.

Feed breeding geese sparingly during the winter. About sixty per cent. of their ration should be green feed, such as clover or alfalf hay which has been cut green and well cured, cabbage, mangels, potato pealings etc. The grain ration should include equal parts corn, wheat, barley and oats. Feed twice daily, morning and evening during cold weather. When the spring opens up egg production may be stimulated by the feeding of a wet mash at noon. The mash may be made as follows, ground oats, cornmeal and bran, equal parts with a liberal allowance of green feed. From the time the geese come off the grass in the autumn until the grass starts to grow in the spring it is necessary to supply an abundance of green feed to breeding geese, otherwise fertility and hatchability of the eggs will be seriously impaired.

Keep a supply of grit where the geese can help themselves and if there is not lot of snow on the ground the birds should be provided with drinking water daily. Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ontario.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER

BEFORE AN OLD PORTRAIT

Dear little grandmother long ago—
Sitting straight in your high-backed chair,
Threading your glistening needle to sew
Your sampler with such earnest care—
I wonder, wouldn't you rather have run
Out in the rain and wind and sun.

Dear little grandmother, stitching true—
Fingers and letters and trees and birds—
Crossing your threads of scarlet and blue,
Purple and gold, as you shaped the words:
"Ellen Lee Endicott age nine years."
And there is a stain—can it be tears?

Did you prick your fingers and tangle your thread,
Dear little grandmother, grave and sweet?
The sun is gold on your shining head—
Demerely you cross your slippered feet—
O, dear little quaint little Ellen Lee—
I wish you could look up and speak to me.

—Grace Crowell.

THE OLD MAN

During the Christmas season, with its happy house-comings, grandmother and grandfather have, been much in evidence in the family feastings and holiday making, and their presence has brought joy and gladness to many homes.

I think it has to be generally admitted that grandmother is the heart of the home wherever she goes. She has, through her long experience, the faculty of making other folks happy. She understands them better than any other member of the family, and her presence is an assurance of good times to all. The little children cluster about her knees; the sons and daughters rejoice in her happy and helpful mood, and the old folk join her in interesting reminiscences, and stories of the old days the pioneers days, when the country was young, and all the settlers were engaged in building up homes and home surroundings.

Nevertheless, grandfather and grandmother welcome at the Christmas home gatherings Dickens says of one of his characters, whose hair was turning gray, that it looked as if time had lightly splashed his snows upon it in passing.

The world in general—at least, the thoughtful people—bows down to age, gives it precedence, and listens with deference to its opinions. Who can deny that such reverence is soothing to the human mind, and that it compensates us for the loss of many pleasures which are peculiar to youth.

Can there be a more pleasing sight, that a white-haired grandfather, surrounded by the children and grandchildren,—as was the case in scores of homes hereabout during the past day or two—all of whom vied with each other in testifying their homage and affection.

The grandchildren hang about the grandparents, at such a time as Christmastide especially, entertain them with their childish prattle, and each endeavors to convince them that they love grandfather or grandmother not less than they love their father or mother.

Have you ever thought, folks,—did it come to you this Christmas season? that the children that are in the world keep us older people from growing old and cold in our temperment. They cling to our garments with their little hands, and impede our progress; they wean us back with their pleading eyes from cruel care and fanciled troubles. They really never encumber us at all, and why should not the young cling around and comfort the old folks cheering their gloom with happy smiles.

CHRISTMAS REVERIES

On Christmas afternoon, when the Christmas dinner had been given full justice, and the children, with their toys and presents were scattered through the house, and older folks had most of them gone out for a walk or to call upon friends, one dear old grandmother in town sat meditating calmly over the days now far past. And the following was the burden of her quiet meditation:

The quiet day in winter beauty closes,
And sunset clouds are tinged with crimson dye,
And the blushes of our faded roses
Come back to tint this somber Christmas sky

We sit and watch the twilight darken slowly,
Dies the last gleam upon the lone hillside
And in the stillness, growing deep and holy,
Our Christmas guests come in the eventide.

They enter softly, some with baby fauna,
Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely looked on life,
But one there is, more kind than any other,
Whose presence fills the silent house with light.

The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder brother,
Come to His birthday feast with us to-night.

Thou who wast born and cradled in a manger
Hast gladdened our poor earth with hope and rest;
O best beloved, come not as a stranger,
But tarry, Lord, our Friend and Christmas guest

The dear old granny's revery brought peace and gladness to her dear heart, and she has passed another Christmas with much to the credit for her kindness of spirit and her good wishes to everyone.

Mary and I wish you all a happy New Year, and abundance of prosperity during 1930.

P. H.—And the other folks have Christmas good wishes for the Old Man, too. The ex-editor of the Free Press has a lovely Christmas greeting Card, which our mutual friend, Mr. Grant, of Georgetown, had enclosed with one he sent to him. The Major's good wishes are very appropriate too, and are as follows:

WITH BEST WISHES OLD PAL

The yule-logs blaze, and the crane is hung,
The air is fragrant with the scent of pine,
I dream that we again are young
And lift the trail once more, dear Pal of mine

I reciprocate very heartily the good wishes of my old Pal, Archie Grant. It's just over sixty years since we spent the first Christmas together, skating on the Old Mill Pond.

The Old Man

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

By Betty Barclay

MACEDONIE OF FRUIT

(Serves 6)

1 cup diced pineapple
½ cup grapefruit cut in pieces
½ cup apple cut in pieces
1 cup orange sections
½ cup confectioners' sugar
Orange ice

Combine the fruits and add sugar. Mix and chill thoroughly. When ready to serve put some of the fruit and syrup in an individual serving dish and place on it a ball of orange ice.

VANILLA RICE PUDDING

1 package vanilla junket
½ cup maple sugar
1 pint milk
1 cup boiled rice

Place rice in bottom of dessert glasses, sprinkling maple sugar over it. Dissolve junket in lukewarm milk, and pour over rice. Let stand in a warm room until firm, then chill. Any left-overs of cereal, etc., may be used instead of the rice.

PUMPKIN PIE

1 cup steamed strained pumpkin
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon cloves
2 teaspoons cinnamon
3 eggs
1 cup canned sweetened condensed milk
1 cup warm water
Unbaked pie crust

Mix ingredients in the order given; pour into pan lined with unbaked pie crust. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) for about ten minutes then reduce the temperature to moderate (350 degrees F.) and bake for about thirty-five additional minutes, or until the filling has set.

UPSIDEDOWN CAKE

In a cold frying pan place 3 tablespoons butter and 1 cup light brown sugar. Melt these and add 6 ripe peaches, peeled and sliced. Pour over this a batter made of 1 egg beaten, ½ cup light brown sugar, ¼ cup hot milk, 1 cup flour and 1½ teaspoons baking powder. Mix egg, sugar and salt. Add milk. Stir in flour to which baking powder is added. Bake 30 to 45 minutes. When baked turn upside down on large platter. Serve hot with whipped cream or sauce.—Mrs. Kaiser, Milwaukee, Wis.

PLUM PUDDING

1 package chocolate junket
1 pint milk
1-3 cup raisins
1-3 cup dates
1-3 cups figs
1 cup water
¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon clove

Cut raisins, dates and figs in small pieces; add water and cook slowly until tender. Add sugar and boil until thick. Add lemon juice. Cool slightly; place in bottoms of individual dessert glasses. Warm the milk until trifle more than lukewarm—not hot— remove from stove, and dissolve in it the chocolate junket. Add spices, pour over fruit, and let stand in a warm room until firm. Chill before serving. Top with whipped cream and maraschino cherry

THE REASON

"I bought a new car and traded in my player piano as first payment."

"I didn't know they accepted player pianos as payment on new cars."

"They don't usually, but the salesman is a neighbor of mine."—Judge.

WHY EAT AN ORANGE

An orange is something more than a tasty bite, or a round article to plug a hole in the Christmas stocking.

In fact, careful analysis shows that the average orange possesses one hundred calories of food value. Two of these are fat, seven protein and the remaining ninety-one are carbohydrates.

As for minerals, the orange contains calcium, phosphorus and iron. The health-giving vitamins are not absent, for vitamin A, and vitamin B and vitamin C are all there.

Those who have adopted the morning orange juice habit and the fruit cup and fruit salad habit, therefore, have done much to furnish the body with the ingredients it needs.

JUST FOR FUN

"How long you in jail for, Moe?"
"Two weeks."
"What am de cha'ge?"
"No cha'ge, everything am free."
"Ah mean, what has you did?"
"Done shot my wife."
"You killed yo' wife and only in jail for two weeks?"
"Dat's all then I gits hung."

Rustcraft Rustler.

Miller's Worm Powders will not only expel worms from the system but will induce healthful conditions of the system under which worms can no longer thrive. Worms keep the child in a continual state of restlessness and pain, and there can be no comfort for the little one until the cause of suffering be removed, which can be easily done by the use of these powders, which are very effective.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT

The table was spread with New Year's gifts;
We counted them one by one;
And said to each other: 'This New Year's Day
We have forgotten none.

But that night in my dreams I heard a voice
The seem'd to speak from heaven;
'My child, hast thou forgotten none,
When no gift to Me is given?

'I am thy King, and yet my claim
Unheeded is by thee;
How is it that, on this New Year's Day,
Thou hast no gift for Me?'

'Lord, just because Thou art a King,'
I answered, trembingly,
'To whom belongs the whole wide world,
And heaven and earth and sea.

'I never thought that Thou wouldst care
For New Year's gifts from me;
There's nothing in my little store
Costly enough for Thee.'

'My child,' replied the loving Voice,
'I seek not thine, but thee;
Thou canst to-day My heart rejoice,
Giving thyself to Me.

'That I might have thee for Mine own
I died on Calvary;
It was for this I left My throne,
Child, give thyself to Me.'

I woke, and all around was still;
But on that New Year's Day
My heart made answer: 'Lord, I will,'
And I gave myself away.

Alice Jane Muirhead.

The ease with which corns and warts can be removed by Holloway's Corn Remover is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.

BECOMES PRESIDENT OF FIRESTONE COMPANY

Announcement has recently been made that E. W. BeSaw (at right) formerly Vice-President and General Manager of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited has been promoted to President.—Mr. BeSaw started with the company in 1909 as a salesman and has had a most brilliant career. Harvey S. Firestone (at left) rubber pioneer and one of the world's outstanding figures in commerce and industry has been made Chairman of the Board.

To One and All
We Wish
A Very Happy New Year!

M. Edwards & Co.
BAKERS OF REAL HOME-MADE ACTON BREAD

Good Wishes and Cheer
for
Happiest New Year!

The Old Year's just about complete . . . it's been a great year . . . but with greater hopes we advance into the future. We thank our customers, one and all, for their support in the past, and hand our efforts to merit the continuance of their confidence all through the coming year. May your New Year be with joy and happiness replete . . . may health, prosperity and contentment be the basis of this coming year's activities. In the meantime, prepare for the holiday by shopping at CARROLL'S.

SPECIAL—GLASSCO'S STRAWBERRY JAM 40-oz. Jar 33c

SPECIAL—KOOPP'S DUTCH COCOA ½-lb. tin 19c

SPECIAL—AYLMER BRAND BEANS 2 Med. Tins 19c No. 3 Tins

Special—Choice Singapore PINEAPPLE 2 tins 23c
Special—Aylmer Orange MARMALADE 40-oz. jar 25c
Special—Cheerio Chocolate BISCUITS per pound 21c
Special—Fancy California Table Raisins 1-lb. pkg. 23c
Special—English Quality MINCEMEAT 2 lbs. 25c
Fancy California Navel Oranges doz. 45c, 55c, 65c
Special—Choice Cut Rock CANDY 2 pounds 29c
Fancy Mild-Cured BACON Sliced 1-lb. pkg. 35c
Mild-Cured, Smoked Cottage Rolls lb. 30c
Fine Rich, Medium CHEESE per pound 28c

For the New Year's *Spread*

TABLE FIGS, per lb. 23c
FARD DATES, Fancy, lb. 23c
MISSION FIGS, Fancy, 2 pkgs. 25c
PORT WINE, Armour's, bil. 29c
MIXED NUTS, per lb. 23c
SHORTCAKE, Peek-Frean's, per lb. 45c
OAT CAKES, McCormick's, per pkg. 17c

Ginger Ale
Imperial Dry Ginger Ale for a happy consummation of the feast. Carton of 6 bottles 42c, deposit of 1c extra for each bottle.

Carroll's Teas
The peak of value . . . purchased for satisfaction of customers of 35 years' patronage . . . sold at low prices for every purse. Per pound 49c, 57c, 61c, 63c 73c.

Coffee
The heartening drink for winter days. Carroll's Own Coffees, freshly ground, per pound 50c, 56c, 65c.

CARROLL'S
"Where Quality is as High as Prices are Low"

Mill Street - Acton, Ontario

Business Directory

MEDICAL

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

LEGAL

Phone No. 22 P. O. Box 37
HAROLD NASH FARMER, M. A.
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc.
FERRYMAN BLOCK - ACTON, ONT.
MONEY LENT ON MORTGAGES
Hours—9.30 a. m. to 5.00 p. m.
Saturdays—12.00 o'clock.

DENTAL

DR. J. H. JOHNSON, D.D.S., L.D.S.
Dental Surgeon
Office, Mill Street. In the Cooper Block.
TELEPHONE 45

A. J. BUCHANAN, D. D. S.
Dental Surgeon
Office: Over Hazzard's Drug Store
Hours: 9 a. m. until 6 p. m. Evenings by Appointment
Gas for Extractions
Closed All Day Wednesday

P. W. PEAREN, D. D. S., L. D. S.
Dental Surgeon
Successor to Late Dr. J. M. Bell
Phone 29 Mill Street, Acton

MISCELLANEOUS

FRANCIS NUNAN
Bookbinder
Account books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.
Wyndham Street - Guelph, Ont.
(Over Williams' Store)

CARD & CO.
Cleaners and Dyers
GUELPH, ONTARIO

EARN $6 TO $10 PER DAY
Ambitious, reliable men wanted at once. Part time pay while training for Aviation Mechanics, Garage Work, Driving, Battery, Electric Acetylene Welding, House Wiring, Industrial Electricity, Machinist, Bricklaying, Plastering, Drafting, Barbering and Hairdressing. Act quick, get your application in now. Write or call for information.
DOMINION TRADE SCHOOLS, LTD.
Eastern Headquarters, 163 King St. W., Toronto
Employment Service—Coast to Coast

If you are looking for any Investment for your money, THE MID-CONTINENT BOND CORPORATION offers—Second
STANDARD ROYALTIES
One of the safest Securities to be had. Safe as a Bank, and pays good dividends every month. Information gladly given for the asking, without obligation to you
H. W. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 18, BRAMPTON
District Representative
Have Openings for a Few Local Agents

WISHING OUR FRIENDS AND CLIENTS
A Happy and Prosperous New Year
Frederick L. Wright
Representative
Imperial Life Assurance Co. of Canada
PHONE 102J
Residence: Main Street, Acton

THE DIFFERENCE
Between Savage Glasses and the other kind is very noticeable to those who have worn both
Many times each day at our office we have customers who say "These are the finest glasses I ever had."
Let Us Show You the Difference
We operate the only Lens Surface Grinding Machinery in this district
A. D. SAVAGE, R. O.
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
SAVAGE BUILDING - GUELPH
"Right at the Post Office"
Open Every Wednesday Afternoon

The Door of Opportunity!
These Small Ads will Open the Door to Whatever You Are Seeking

Subscriptions for All Magazines Taken Here