

SANTA CLAUS

If a body hears a prancing On the snowy roof. While she is hanging Christmas stockings. As of ginger breads— If they're coming near and nearer. She won't run, because She will know this little lassie. That it's Santa Claus.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, December 28, 1911

The merchants report a bumper Christmas trade, notwithstanding the mild weather.

There was some rather venturesome skating on this ice on Fairy Lake on Tuesday. Four young people went in to the neck.

Mr. Allan Smith's new cement double dwelling on Lake Avenue is about completed. Mr. Smith moved into the east side last week.

Messrs. Gaer & Co. have disposed of their dry goods, millinery and clothing business to George, the Hustler, from Toronto. Mr. Gerbig will re-open the store on January 3 and will offer special bargains.

Mr. Chas. W. Mason was for many years leader of Acton Methodist Sunday School Orchestra, and who recently removed to Wingham, was in town for the Christmas holidays. On Sunday he attended the Sunday School as usual and assisted the Orchestra with their Christmas music.

At the close of the season Mr. Mason was presented on behalf of the school with a silver-plated folding music stand, with leather case and an ebony and ivory leader's baton, suitably inscribed.

Mr. Hiram Swackhamer, who is home for the holidays, is now engaged as foreman of the carpentering gangs who are building stations and water-tanks on the Canadian Northern Ontario Railways. His men are at work on buildings at the "end of the steel" in the gold mining region beyond Cochrane.

A happy family re-union was held on Christmas Day at the home of Mr. G. W. Murray. The Murray, Kingsbury and Mann branches of the family assembled to the number of 32 and ex-Deputy Reeve Andrew Murray was the proud grandfather of eleven of those present.

On Tuesday afternoon, while skating on Fairy Lake, Herbert Masales and Jessie Matthews went through thin ice. Ralph Swackhamer, who was not far away, rushed up and jumped into the rescue of Miss Matthews, and two of three young fellows got Masales out to solid ice.

A family re-union was held at the residence of Mrs. G. Campbell, Victoria Avenue, on Christmas, when twenty-eight gathered to spend the day.

The nomination proceedings at noon on Friday were as quiet and slimly attended as usual. The list of nominees was as follows:

For Reeve—George Hynds. For Councilors—A. T. Brown, R. M. McDonald, Wm. Cooper, W. J. Smith, Alex. Bell.

Public School Trustees—John Kenney, Jr., John Williams, John A. Mowat, D. M. Henderson, C. C. Spelght.

MARRIED SMITH-UNWIN-SWACKHAMER — At the home of the bride's parents, Main Street, Acton, on December 22, by Rev. J. C. Wilson, R. A. R. L. Smith-Unwin, to Gertrude E., only daughter of ex-Warden Hiram Swackhamer, all of Acton.

Douglas' Egyptian Liniment is without a rival. Stops bleeding instantly. Cauterizes wounds and prevents blood poisoning.

A CHRISTMAS JINGLE Ding, dong, dell. Hear the Christmas bell, All the town is telling very jolly Here's a little boy Delighted with his toy And there's a little girl with her dolly.

AN ECONOMY MOVE A business man in Leeds was entertaining a friend to lunch. The friend observed: "I haven't seen you for some months, but it strikes me you are talking a good deal faster than you used to."

The business man laughed. "You see, I believe you're right," he said. "You see, I have to telephone to New York once a week nowadays."

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT Years come. Years go, but Christmas is always new. The spirit of it is irresistible. It creeps in and warms our hearts. It returns life to that point where all the false has been shorn, and man stands forth as the son of God, needing no other protection than His goodness and mercy. On Christmas we stand only as brothers and sisters. There are no man-made lines. It is the brotherhood of man facing front to one great Leader, Christmas — "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Christmas is a time of good-fellowship and every man no matter what his status, should work for the happiness, the joy of his fellowman, who may at this time be sad from misfortunes that have befallen. Humanity has ever been kind at Christmas, through all of the ages, in barbarous times there has been that little spark of fellowship, and in our modern times this spirit shows itself in the gifts of one man to another, and so we have to-day the spirit of Christmas exemplified by the life of the Great Saviour.

THE MONEY SHOP

Jack Russell was five years old and ten days over; he had left off kites and had trousers, therefore it is plain that he was now a big boy. His trousers had so many buttons as it is possible for trousers to have, and his boots had a noble squawk in them.

What would you have more? One day in Christmas week, when all the shops were full of pretty things, Jack went shopping with his mamma.

The streets were gay with crowds of people, the air was crisp and thrilling, the sleigh-bells made a merry din, and everybody looked cheerful and smiling.

"Alfred everybody, but as Jack stopped to look in at a shop window, he saw a poor woman, very thin and miserably clad, and holding a little boy by the hand. The boy was looking longingly at the toys in the window.

"Oh, mother!" he cried, "see that little horse! Oh, I wish I had a little horse!"

"My dear," said the poor woman, sighing, "if I can give you an apple to eat with your bread, on Christmas Day, you must be thankful. Poor people can't have pretty things like those."

"Come, Jack," called Mrs. Russell. "What are you stopping for, child?"

"Mamma," asked Jack, looking grave, "why can't poor people have nice things?"

"Why? Oh," said Mrs. Russell, who had not noticed the poor woman and her boy, "because they have no money to buy them. Pretty things cost money, you know."

Jack thought this over a little, then, "But, mamma," he said, "why don't they buy some money at the money-shop?"

Mrs. Russell laughed at this and called him a "little goose," and they went into a large shop and bought beautiful wax dolls for his sisters.

But Jack's mind was still at work; while they were waiting for the parcel he questioned:

"Where do you get your money, mamma?"

"Why, your dear papa gives me my money, Jockey, boy."

"And where does papa get his money?"

"Oh, child, how you do ask questions! He gets it at the bank."

"Then is the bank the money-shop, mamma?"

Mrs. Russell laughed absent-mindedly. "Yes, dear," she said, "it is the only money-shop I know of. Now you must not ask me any more questions, Jack. You distract me!"

But Jack had no more questions to ask.

The next day, the cashier at the National Bank was startled by hearing a voice which apparently came from nowhere.

No face appeared at the window in the grating, yet a voice was certainly saying, with great distinctness: "If you please, I should like to buy some money."

He looked through the window and saw a small boy, carrying a bundle.

"What can I do for you, my little man?" asked the cashier kindly.

"I should like to buy some money, please," repeated Jack, very politely.

"Oh, indeed," said the cashier, with a twinkle in his eyes. "And how much money would you like, sir?"

"About a thousand dollars, I think," said Jack promptly.

"A thousand dollars!" repeated the cashier. "That's a good deal of money, young gentleman!"

"I know it," said Jack. "I want a good deal. I have brought some things to pay for it," he added, confidently; and opening the big bundle with great pride, displayed to the astonished official a hobby-horse, a drum (nearly new), a set of building blocks and a paint box.

"It's a very good hobby-horse," he said, proudly. "It has real hair, and he will go just as fast as—as you can make him go."

Here the cashier turned red in the face, coughed and disappeared.

In a few minutes the cashier returned, and taking him by the hand, led him kindly into a back room, where three gentlemen were sitting. They looked very kind, and one of them beckoned Jack to come to him.

"What is all this, my little lad?" he asked. "Did anyone send you here to get money?"

Jack shook his head, stoutly. "No," he said, "I come myself, but I am not little. I stopped being little when I had trousers."

"I see," said the gentleman. "Of course. But what made you think you could get money here?"

The blue eyes opened wide. "Mamma said that papa got his money here; and she said it was a money-shop, and said it was the only money-shop she knew of, so I come."

"Just so," said the kind gentleman. "And you brought these things to pay for the money?"

"Yes," said Jack, cheerfully. "Cause you buys things wif money, you see, so I s'pose you buy money wif things."

"And what did you mean to do with a thousand dollars?" asked the gentleman. "Buy candy, eh?"

Then Jack looked up and told his story about the poor woman. "She had no money, so I fought I would buy her some."

Then one of the gentlemen took the little boy on his knee and told him what

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

A dear little girl, named Elsie, was quite a singer, and very fond of an old song, familiar to most children, called "The Old Oaken Bucket." Elsie was taking lessons in drawing, which interested her very much. She drew pictures in all her spare time, and often teased mamma with the question:

"What shall I draw next, mamma?"

Mamma always suggested "cows, or bears, or steam-engines, or trees, according to the first idea which came into her head. One day, in answer to Elsie's usual question, mamma replied:

"You are very fond of singing 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' isn't you? Draw a picture of it."

"This was new. Elsie, with a deep satisfied breath, sat down and stayed quiet about five minutes. At the end of that time she brought mamma this picture.

"What upon earth does this mean?" asked mamma. "It looks like a counterpane, Elsie, or like the sun, moon, and stars!"

Elsie looked at her design with great pride, and a little impatience at mamma's criticism.

"Why, don't you see, mamma?" she cried. "The first one is 'the old oaken bucket,' and the next one is 'the moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!'"

Then mamma laughed hard, leaning back in her chair, while she held Elsie's sketch at arm's-length to see it better, as artists always look at pictures.

"And what are all those little spots for, Elsie?"

"Why—those, mamma?" said Elsie. "Those are 'the spots that my infancy knew!'"

As a veritable excellent preparation is Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. It has saved the lives of countless children.

CHRISTMAS

"Twas night— The stars alone bright Full thro' the hundred years ago, Ere morning's dawn A King was born; A conqueror of sin and woe.

In every year Friends far and near, Assemble at the festive board; Their voices raise In songs of praise, And hands clasp hands in glad accord. —Willis J. C. Train.

Which Stores Do You Like Best?

An Advertisement Addressed to the Readers of this Newspaper

Isn't it true that stores which invite your custom oftenest, and which give you most information about their offerings, are those to which you go by preference?

Isn't it true that silent or dumb stores—stores which never tell you that your custom is wanted and valued, and which never send you information about their stocks and prices, are less favored by you than are stores which inform you, by advertisements in this newspaper, about themselves, their stocks, their prices?

Isn't it true that you want, before you go shopping, information about goods of desire, which are obtainable locally, and about where they can be obtained?

The fact is that advertisements are a form or kind of news, and careful buyers want the kind of news which sellers provide just as much as they want the news which it is the business of this newspaper to provide.

It is advantageous to you, regarded as a purchaser, to be "advertisement conscious," meaning, to be observant of advertisements, and to be readers of them when seen in magazines, farm papers and in your local newspaper.

The reading of the advertisements appearing in this newspaper week by week not only will save you time, by telling you what and where to buy; but also they will direct you to "all alive" stores, providing goods which have been carefully selected and comparatively priced.

Always remember that the stores which serve you best are those which tell you most

MEN WANTED

Earn \$3 to \$8 Daily at Auto and Ignition Repairing, Battery, Welding, Electrically, Handle or Draying. Learn in few weeks GUARANTEED PRACTICAL Shop Training. Quick, sure plan for profitable spare time jobs. Write for Free Pay Making Information and Employment Service. Application at once.

Standard Trade Schools Dept. 33 TORONTO, ONTARIO

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

Merry Christmas

To Our Customers and Friends: At this glorious season of the year, when happiness and joy is the keynote of our lives, we desire to extend to our many Customers and Friends our sincere wishes for the happiest Christmas they have ever had. May the spirit of "peace and good-will" be with you one and all.

Geo. Cowie & Son BLACKSMITHS ACTON ONTARIO

NOT SO DUMB

Jacky was regarded as the town dunce, but occasionally he showed a disconcerting gift of repartee. "What part do you perform in the great drama of life?" a visitor asked him once. "I mind my own business!" replied Jacky.



J. Cadesty OPTOMETRIST

WILL VISIT ACTON ON

Monday, January 4th

Anyone suffering from eyestrain, defective vision or headache should not miss the opportunity of consulting this eyesight specialist. Appointments may be made with Mr. A. T. Brown, Druggist.

CONSULTATION FREE Office Hours: 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.

TIME TABLES

AT ACTON

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Going East Daily, except Sunday 10:07 a.m. Daily 1:28 p.m. Daily, except Sunday 6:13 p.m. Sunday only 8:00 p.m.

The Chicago flyer, that passes through here at 9:30, eastbound, stops at Georgetown at 9:42 p. m.

Going West Daily, except Sunday 7:40 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 9:08 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 1:28 p.m. Daily, except Sunday 6:40 p.m. Sunday only 8:45 a.m. Sunday only 10:35 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS

EASTBOUND Daily 7:00 a.m. Daily 9:45 a.m. Daily 1:10 p.m. Daily 5:30 p.m. Daily 8:00 p.m.

Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays, only 10:00 p.m.

WESTBOUND

Daily 9:10 a.m. Daily 1:10 p.m. Daily 4:10 p.m. Daily 7:30 p.m. Daily—except Saturday, 10:10 p.m.

Saturdays, Sundays and holidays only 11:10 a.m. Saturday only 12:10 a.m.

—ACTON PHONE 58—

ARROW

The Money Comes

Almost daily we receive letters of appreciation from clients for whom we've accomplished the "impossible," and "got results." Let us do so for you.

KELLY & AIKEN The Persistent Collectors ORANGEVILLE No Collection No Charge

Painting and House Decoration

Graining a Speciality Prompt Attention Satisfaction Guaranteed Estimates Given

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Savage & Co.

- WATCHES DIAMONDS CHINA GLASSWARE WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RINGS

GUELPH, ONTARIO 21 WYNDHAM ST.

Mother Forced to Leave Fatherless Children

Annette looks at you gratefully as you pause at her bedside to adjust her needle work. No parent has she because that she feels sure a table runner she has made will win a prize at the fair back home.

"Back home"—words that bring tears as she tells you how she longed to be there to look after her family once more.

Annette's husband died of tuberculosis, leaving her to care for the children as best she could. It was not long, however, before she too was claimed by this disease. When she was sent to the Toronto Hospital for Consumptives with no great prospect of recovery. Here, the careful regimen, the quiet, the fresh air and patient nursing are greatly helping Annette to climb the steep road back to health.

Such work can only be continued with the aid of many generous friends. Will you please send a gift to Mr. A. B. Ames, 211 College St., Toronto.