

The Acton Free Press.

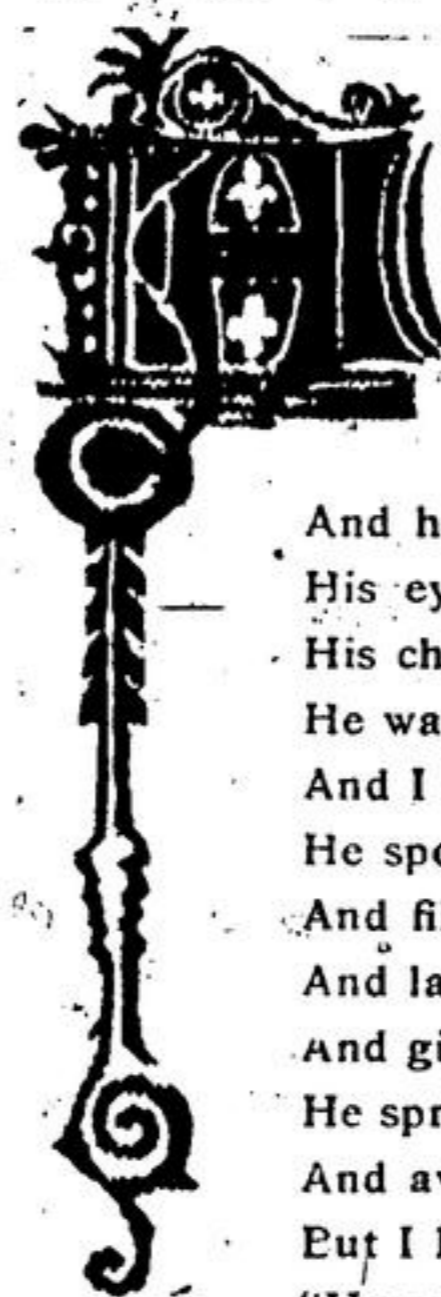
Fifty-fifth Year—No. 24.

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Twelve Home-Print Pages—Five Cents



Merry 
Christmas



ND then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples how merry:
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose:
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

From "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Clement Clarke Moore, 1779-1863