

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

Church chimas are ringing. The message singing. Across the world afar. Telling the story. Undimmed in glory. Of wise men and a star.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, December 16th, 1915

Messrs. Ernest Black and Jack Chapman, former Acton boys have enlisted in Toronto. G. W. Masales, Main Street, opened a new dairy business on Monday. It will be known as Cloverdale Dairy.

The Christmas Message from Ginger Farm

Written Especially for The Free Press by Mrs. G. P. Clarke

Greetings—greetings—send to one and all. To big folk and to those just very small. May Christmas be the best day in the year.

There's nothing new to say; nor do we need a better Christmas wish than this to read— A Happy Christmas and a Glad New Year.

Now my little folk, you know by this time, that when the Christmas number of The Free Press comes along there is going to be some kind of a story for you and sure enough there is one again this year, and it is called—

A BAD MIX-UP

Now that is rather a funny title for a Christmas story, isn't it, but you just wait and you'll see it couldn't be called anything else at all.

You know, some little boys and girls at Christmas time hang their stockings by the mantle-piece and some at the foot of their bed, while others leave word for Santa Claus to put their presents on the Christmas tree. Then you know there are a lot of grown-up people who think Santa has enough to do to look after the boys and girls and so they just "put" presents for each other on the Christmas tree and give poor old Santa a rest.

Freddy's Mummy and Daddy and Aunt Betty and Uncle Dan were very busy the night before Christmas, trimming the Christmas tree, wrapping up parcels, whispering to each other—which, of course would be very rude at any other time but Christmas—and they were laughing every now and then and nobody was taking very much notice of six-year-old Freddy, and his four-year-old sister, Peggy, so Freddy and Peggy got under the table and were playing with their letter blocks.

UNWIN—In Acton, on Monday, December 13th, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Unwin, a son.

JEANS—In Fergus, on Sunday, November 21st, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Jeans, a son.

McLEAN—At his home, lot 10, first line, Erin, on Friday, December 10th, 1915, Nell McLean, in his 57th year.

LACE—In Georgetown, on Thursday, December 2nd, 1915, Mary Jane Baker, wife of Thomas Lake, aged 68 years.

NO APPRECIATION

"The last time I sang my voice fell upon thousands of ears." "How splendid! Did you get much applause?" "None at all."

JUST SULKY!

"No, I don't want to buy that horse. He looks as though he had a mean disposition." "Dat-am-nothin'-boss. He just got that from runnin' in sulky races."

IN PROPORTION

"How can you stand these small apartments?" "Oh, everything is in proportion. We even use condensed milk."

CAREFUL

"Florist—'Want to say 't with flowers? About three dozen roses, say?'" "How about six? I don't want to say too much."

NOTHING TO IT

"Young Rose 'Awkins is goin' abahit 'yar! you're in love with 'er, 'Arry. In that right?" "Garn! Don't like no notice of 'er! I might 'ave give 'er a clip or two over the ear, but that's all there is in it."

DEPENDABLE?

"Boss—'When you called up my wife 'n' told her I would be detained at the office and would not be home until very late, what did she say?'" "Steno—'She said: 'Can I depend on that?'"

OVERDONE

Mastris: "I've asked Mr. and Mrs. Smith to dinner at seven, Mary; but I think we'll give them a quarter of an hour's grace." "Well, ma'am, I'm religious myself, but I think that's rather overdone!"

An Oil for All Men.—The sailor, the soldier, the lumberman, the out-door laborer and all who are exposed to injury and the elements will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a true and faithful friend. To ease pain, relieve colds, dress wounds, subdue lumbago and overcome rheumatism, it is excellent. Therefore, it should have a place in all home medicine and be amongst those taken on a journey.

ART OF EARLY INDIANS

Indians in Central America used anaesthetics long before Columbus made his voyage of discovery, and were acquainted with the fundamentals of mathematics long before white men learned them, according to Mr. Gregory Mason, American explorer and archaeologist. "How many Americans realize," Mr. Mason asked, "that the Toltecs built a pyramid three times as great in bulk as the largest in Egypt, that the Peruvians made tapestries finer than any of Europe, and that the Mayans invented zero 600 years before the Hindus—which means that the Mayans were able to multiply and divide 1,000 years before Europeans could. The red-skinned natives of Yucatan, whom Cortez called 'barbarians,' were better astronomers than Europeans, and had a calendar far more accurate than the one Columbus was using, and in some ways even superior to the one we use to-day."

WALL STREET'S GUARD

New York City has developed a standing army of 5,000 "super-efficient" men to guard the millions of pounds of money locked in the vaults of Wall Street. All are deadly marksmen with six-shooters, machine guns, shot-guns, rifles, tear-gas bombs, and other weapons used in the modern war against gangsters. A large part of their lives is led in underground bivouacs, which are equipped with restaurants and sleeping quarters, target ranges, drilling grounds. There are 14,000 men and women in Wall Street holding pistol permits; but the vaults have other means of protection besides the guards. Some, when tampered with, are automatically flooded while others throw off poison gases. One vault, it is said, has an arrangement to seal any intruder with hot steam.

SURE

Mastris: "Sarah, I see a spider web in that corner! To what do you attribute that?" Muid: "To a spider, ma'am."

SNEEZING REMOVES BLINDNESS

A short time ago an eighty-four-year-old man named Griswold, of Dallas, Texas, sneezed. Then he looked about at a vastly different world than he remembered fifty years before he went blind. The aged pencil seller had a pain in his head. He took snuff for the pain. The snuff brought on the sneeze, and he saw an electric fan in his room. Startled at the device, he tumbled back at his bed and called the landlady. "I can see," he shouted, "and look, the flowers on the wallpaper." The new world on which he gazed is not without its complications. Griswold soon learned. No longer blind, he faces revocation of his city license permitting him to sell pencils on the streets.

A MORAL LIFE

Men live a moral life, either from regard to the Divine Being, or from regard to the opinion of the people in the world; and when a moral life is practiced out of regard to the Divine Being, it is a spiritual life. Both appear alike in their outward form; but in their inward, they are completely different. The one saves a man, but the other does not; for he that leads a moral life out of regard to the Divine Being is led by Him, but he who does so from regard to the opinion of people in the world is led by himself—Swedenborg.

A BLANKET HUNG OVER HER ARM

Editor, Dear Sir: I see by the paper that the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto is now sending out its Annual Appeal for funds to enable it to carry on successfully for the next twelve months. This brings back to my mind the last time I had occasion to be in that institution. An incident impressed it very vividly on my mind.

A powdered and-faced woman preceded me down the low, wide stone stairs leading to the front door of the Hospital. A blanket hung over her arm. "Ah yes," I said to myself, "that signifies only one thing. She has just left her child here for treatment. The poor thing!" I wondered if I should try to comfort her, or if anything I might say would only make her feel worse.

It was wash day. She had just stepped out of the kitchen into the dining-room to take off the tablecloth that she had decided, at the last minute, to add to the wash. There was a sound of some heavy object striking the floor, a splash of falling water, a childish scream of fright and pain—in a split-second, a bright sunny morning had become a nightmare of unbelievable horror. Her three-year-old child had pulled over her a huge pot of boiling water. Her little body was terribly scalded. Her face had miraculously escaped.

"Will she live, will she live," sobbed the distracted mother. Touching the blanket on her arm she said, "I can take this blanket home that we brought her in, but I have to leave her my baby with strangers. I want to hold her in my own arms and soothe her, poor frightened little one!"

I hesitated as to whether I should tell her of my hospital experience, but, although terrible for me at the time, I knew it was nothing compared with hers. However, I thought it would help, so I forced back my tears and holding her hand in mine, I told her how very good the nurses and doctors had been to my small son when I brought him to them at the age of seven with a broken leg to mend. "They will be so tender with the baby and nothing will be left undone," I assured her, "not only to save the little life, but to prevent ugly scarring." We left the Hospital together and, parting at the corner she thanked me sincerely for my sympathy. I think I had managed to comfort her, a little, at least.

Each day for weeks, I telephoned the Hospital to learn how the child was. For many days its life hung by a thread, but they would not let it go. At last one morning I was joyfully told it would recover. I have since had the great pleasure of seeing this little one, who is now a happy, laughing school girl. This is my remembrance of the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto. Yes, I'm sending the Hospital my gift of money to-day, the largest I can spare, and I do trust others will do so, too, for I think it is worthy of help from everyone.

A MOTHER OF FOUL

IT'S HERE



Westinghouse WORLD CRUISERS

JUST arrived! The new Westinghouse World Cruiser models with the simplified yet precision operation of the sensational Air Pilot. You've never seen anything like it before! It's so simple to operate yet so accurate and positive—it's like having a radio expert tune the set for you! Because of it you are sure of getting the full efficiency of performance built into the set by Westinghouse engineers. We'll be proud to demonstrate such performance to you. Come in to-morrow.

J. R. LEISHMAN, Acton



A GIFT That Lasts a Whole Year

Every reader has a number of friends who enjoy reading the home news each week. Friends you would like to write to each week but just haven't the time. Perhaps their Gift Problem has been bothering you. THE FREE PRESS for 52 weeks would solve that problem and be a reminder of your thoughtfulness every week throughout 1936.

Gift Card Of course we forward a Gift Card telling the recipient that you are sending THE FREE PRESS for a year. And the offer includes the remaining issues of 1935 and all of 1936.

The cost if, of course, two dollars, or \$2.50 to your friends in the United States. We'll make it as interesting letter each week and we know it is a gift that will be appreciated.

The Acton Free Press Phone 174 Mill Street

TIME TABLES

Table with columns for 'CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS', 'AT ACTON', 'Going East', and 'Going West'. It lists train schedules for various days of the week.

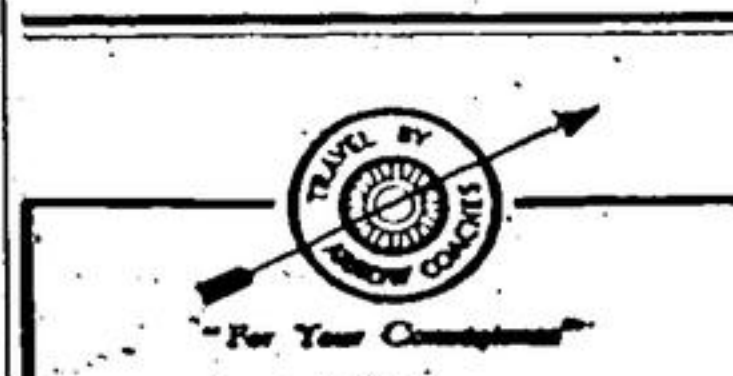


Table for 'ARROW BUS SCHEDULE' with columns for 'LEAVE WESTBOUND' and 'LEAVE EASTBOUND'. It lists departure times for various days.

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