

LET US REMEMBER

Our Christmas cannot be complete Without a thought for those Who are not able to behold The beauties of the rose.

They cannot see what is our joy, The brilliancy of day, Their eyes are darkened from the light When golden sunbeams play.

Their steps beset with dangers oft Which we, more blest, deny, When every day our pleasures flow In streams, while theirs are dry.

Their patience and their cheerfulness Is wonderful to see, And thus our gifts should always prove As beautiful to be.

So let our Christmas join with theirs, With happy thoughts and kind, Our memories would then recall "That Christmas for the blind."

—Fane Sewell

A HANDY FILE FOR CLIPPINGS

"I ran across a good article on that the other day, but I can't find the paper it was in. How often one hears such a remark! A horse takes colic; a binder knitter gets out of order; a construction problem is presented. There is any amount of help in print if it could only be found.

Over twenty-five years ago, when first confronted with the necessity of finding answers to thousands of questions yearly, the writer hit upon a simple, adaptable system which is still in use and is now employed on the Dominion Experimental Sub-Station at Beaverledge.

Several card-board boxes of cheap Manila envelopes were purchased, one for each department or group of questions. For example, Live Stock, Veterinary, Poultry, Bees, Farm, Garden, Lawn, etc.

When a useful article was found it was clipped and inscribed with the date and name of the paper and the name of the author. It was then slipped into an envelope, on the upper left-hand edge of which was written the subject, such as "Breeding Cattle," "Ringbone," "Spavin," "Straw Loft for Poultry House," "Green Manuring," "Vegetable Varieties," "Will, Probing," or whatever it might be.

Within each box or department this envelopes were arranged alphabetically and since care was observed to write the subject with the most suggestive word first, e. g., "Will, Probing," an item on any particular topic could be very quickly found by thumbing the edges of the upright envelopes even after the encyclopedia had grown to large dimensions.

Sub-grouping aided this, for in time, "Live Stock" was subdivided into "Live Stock, Cattle," "Live Stock, Sheep," "Live Stock, General," etc. Each box had its contents indicated by large print on the end, thus "Live Stock, Cattle, A-X." If a box contained more than one group each group was indicated by a raised card-board tab. One might commence with a single box of clippings alphabetically arranged, and sub-divide as the material accumulated.

One great advantage of the system is its adaptability. It never becomes overcrowded. If two or more clippings on the same subject are taken they may both go in the one envelope. If in time some early article may be superseded by a more complete and up-to-date one the old one may be readily discarded.

A scrapbook becomes cluttered in spots while vacant on other pages. The envelope file may be divided and subdivided without trouble. It may be expanded or contracted to any extent in any direction. It is handy and may sometimes save an animal's life.

IN VACATION TIME

Recently there has been published a diary beginning in 1880 and continuing through 1884. It was written by a little girl who, when she began the diary, was seven years old. When school closed that first year, she wrote: "I won't have any more mental arithmetic to bother me and spoil all my good times. We have to take naps, though, and they are about as bad."

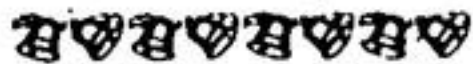
Early in life little Mary Paxson discovered that even in vacation you cannot have everything just as you would like it. "Mental arithmetic" no longer cast its dark shadow over the day, but the "order of taking a nap" every afternoon had to be faced. Although Mary, in summing up the things she did not like, counted "naps" along with "warts and poison and fleas and going to the dentist's," her diary shows that she accepted it with more or less philosophy, and was an extremely happy little girl.

If vacation time was unalloyed pleasure, even a high school graduate might dread to see it end. As a matter of fact, however, the pleasant things are pretty evenly divided between the working part of the year and the vacation season, and no month of the twelve is free from things which seem difficult or distasteful. It doesn't pay to make too much fuss about "mental arithmetic," for if you form the habit, you may complain just as much when you have to "take naps" and so keep fusing the year around.

UNSATISFIED

The poet who prayed "God keep me unsatisfied," had the right idea. No achievement is so true that you can afford to fold your hands over it. However good to-day's record has been you should be ambitious to surpass it to-morrow. The high-water mark of the past should be your starting point for the next struggle. It is better to be unreasonably discontented, unreasonably exacting, than to settle down complacently, feeling that you have done enough.

The Free Press Christmas Story



THE SOUL OF A TREE

OWEN DOLINE P. CLARKE

Mrs. Crombie sat at the telephone and looked over the list in her hand with a troubled frown. Really this habit of giving presents was quite a business and after all, people so seldom appreciated one's kindness however much one gave.

"Yes, operator, 2264 was the number Mr. Sparks? . . . Oh, Mr. Sparks, will you please send a hamper of apples to Mrs. King, 46 Church Street . . . yes, and a box of fancy biscuits to Miss Katie Smith, Main Street . . . a three-pound box of chocolates to Miss Helen Watts, Pine Crescent . . . and I wonder if you would make up a Christmas hamper for the Harry Knight family, on West Avenue . . . yes, I leave the selection to you. Yes, about five dollars. Thank you, Mr. Sparks. . . . Oh, just a minute — you might slip a card in with all the parcels, with compliments of the season, from Mrs. Daniel Crombie."

"Well, thank goodness, that's one thing done. Now for the florist." But a ring at the doorbell interrupted any further telephone messages. "Oh, come in, Mrs. Wendover," she exclaimed, as she opened the door to her visitor. "My, but you are loaded — you look like Santa Claus himself."

"Yes, and I feel like him," laughed Mrs. Wendover, as she put her parcels down on the nearest chair. "I just called in as I was going by to tell you there is choir practise to-morrow night — for carols, you know. My but how tidy every place looks! You must be a wonderful manager to keep your house looking like this so close to Christmas. How do you do it? You should see my place! I am always tidying up but somehow there seems to be spring here and paper there, parcels waiting to be wrapped or delivered and to add to the confusion, the children bring in the Christmas tree and bring out the Christmas decorations, but it all adds to the fun," she said, laughing. "I do think Christmas is the loveliest time, don't you, Mrs. Crombie?"

"Well, I don't know — I'm not sure that I see much fun in it," answered Mrs. Crombie, hesitatingly. "I was just phoning my grocer as you came in — about presents in the produce and grocery line, you know."

"Oh, I see — then you have everything sent here and then make up your boxes?"

"Er — no — not exactly. I was having parcels sent direct from the store to addresses I gave the grocer. It saves such a lot of time you know."

"Oh yes, of course," muttered Mrs. Wendover, somewhat unintelligibly. "Well, I really must be getting along. I have a lot of parcels to go — these presents, you know."

"Oh, are they presents? And are you delivering them yourself?"

"Oh — huh — I always do. It makes one's gift more personal you know, say, you look awfully tired, Mrs. Crombie. Put on your things and come with me — it will do you good."

"I really believe I will. I won't be a minute, but while you are waiting, just step into the living room and see my Christmas Tree."

Mrs. Wendover crossed over to the living room and exclaimed in delight at the lovely tree that stood in the recess of the big bay window. It was beautifully decorated, with tinsel and gilt in abundance, and the sweetest little fairy lights — almost one to every twig. Mrs. Wendover sighed. She wished she could afford to give her children a lovely tree like that, but then she was not a widow with means like Mrs. Crombie. And the pity of it was, there were no children here to enjoy the tree's splendor. It was merely set up for the sake of tradition.

A few minutes Mrs. Crombie was ready and together the two friends stepped out into the crisp December air. "At the first piece of rail was an oldish lady who had been bedridden for several years. She exclaimed in delight as her visitors entered. "Why, Mrs. Wendover, you dear soul — but sure, 'twouldn't be Christmas without you to visit a body. 'Tis just a ray of sunshine you are wherever you go. Now what is this you are giving me? 'Not to be opened 'til Christmas' and here I am full of curiosity to know what it is, whatever. But sure, it's meself that will spend many a happy hour just considering what your kind heart has thought to give me. I'll warrant 'tis something those busy fingers of yours have been after making!" she said knowingly.

"Well yes it is," admitted Mrs. Wendover. "Now we really mustn't stay, Mrs. O'Neill, because we have these other parcels to deliver. Good-bye, happy Christmas and may your best present be a day free from pain."

"Good-bye, my dear good-bye, and may the Lord bless you for the kind thoughts you have of others," Mrs. Crombie turned to her friend when they were safely outside. "Now I wonder if you will forgive my curiosity — but I would like to know what was in that parcel."

"That — oh that was just a little bed-jacket I made for Mrs. O'Neill. The poor soul is so fond of pretty colors and so I made it a lovely shade of mauve. It will look just sweet with her silvery hair."

The two friends made three other calls and at each one Mrs. Wendover was greeted with loving welcome. At last they were through and as they neared Mrs. Wendover's home she asked her friend to come in. "But 'tis afraid we shall have a hard time to find a place for you to sit," she laughed. And in truth she was right.

The girls were in the living-room, the boys in the dining-room, and all four were busy making paper streamers, arranging evergreens and putting the finishing touches to the Christmas tree. The tree was an ordinary pine which the boys had cut from a nearby bush — with the owner's permission, of course — it was not very symmetrical in outline, but means had been taken to strike a balance by attaching extra branches in bare places. Two younger children were jumping around getting in everyone's way and almost frantic with excitement. But nobody seemed to mind.

The decorations on the tree had been used year after year and were tarnished with age, as was the silver star, which topped the tree and which was an old, old friend because each of the older children remembered lovingly how Daddy when he was alive, used to have them sit round the fire while he told them the story of the Wise Men following the Star so many, many years ago. "We must always have a star on our Christmas tree," he would tell them "because it was a Star which guided the Wise Men to happiness when the Christ Child was born. And if we would be happy we must have a Star to guide us, too — not only at Christmas, but all the time, from one Christmas to another."

Mrs. Crombie stood and watched the happy, laughing family and the tears filled her eyes as she realized how little she had understood the true meaning of the Christmas spirit. She had given joyfully with little thought for the individual. It had never occurred to her that the gifts might be better appreciated if she chose and delivered them herself.

Humbled in spirit, she bade good-bye to her friend and hurried home, determined, if possible, in the little time that was left, to bring comfort and cheer to all whom she could.

But what could she do, she wondered. The presents she had ordered had probably been delivered by now — what was there left for her to do? Still wondering, she reached home and saw the tree, with its fairy lights gleaming and twinkling like a hundred little stars from the window of her house, and instinctively she knew that even the tree was wrong. It was like a dead thing in spite of all its brilliance. Perhaps it needed the company of little children to give it a living soul.

As she suddenly remembered what she would do! There was her Sunday School Class. She had intended giving each child a nice present, but now she realized how much better they would appreciate a party and presents on the tree.

And so, Christmas Eve found a merry crowd of girls and boys in Mrs. Crombie's house — for the little girls had been told to bring their brothers, too. On the tree was a present for everyone, nuts and candy in my little boxes, and Christmas crackers, with paper caps which all added to the fun.

Mrs. Crombie sat down for a minute by little Janet Drew. Janet was lame and could not play as could the rest but her eyes shone as she turned to her rather tired hostess.

"Oh, Mrs. Crombie please — I want to thank you, but I can't. It's been such a lovely party, and the tree — Oh, how I have loved it! All my life I have wanted a tree. Soon I shall be grown up," she added wistfully, "and I was so afraid I should never know what it was like to have presents off a tree."

After the children were gone, Mrs. Crombie surveyed the unfamiliar disorder of her living room. Perhaps the carpet was a little soiled, there might even be sticky finger marks on the wood-work, but there were also twenty-three little children who had been made wonderfully happy and who had created an atmosphere within her home which it had never known before. And the Christmas tree, with its fairy lights, still was twinkling and glowing — was it her fancy or did they have a softer, warmer glow? No, it was not her fancy for the tree had found its soul, and the lights, were gleaming with the warmth and radiance of Love, Understanding, Sympathy and Good-fellowship.

RACE PREJUDICE

Race prejudice is both unchristian and unwise. The children of the same father and mother, brought up in the same home, under the same circumstances, are more likely to impress you by their differences, than by their likeness. You realize that, and yet you are often inclined to assume that the members of an alien race are all an alike as peas. If you have known one or two representatives, you feel competent to judge all of them.

You young people who assume a dislike for certain races are doing scant justice to your intelligence. If your own brothers and sisters are especially like you, why should you assume that all the members of another race can be lumped together and approved or condemned as a unit? Form the charitable and rational habit of judging people as individuals and not as races.

DOMINION EXPERIMENTAL FARMS Weekly News Letter

Crops for Silage

For eleven years the Field Husbandry Division has been conducting experiments with the ensiling of various crops. Of the crops tested, corn is undoubtedly the best for ensiling. Sunflowers are recommended on heavy clay soils and in cool climates, where corn does not do well. Mixtures of oats and peas, or oats, peas and vetches make very good silage. Red clover is an excellent silage crop, but alfalfa is rather difficult to ensile and should be used for hay where possible. Buckwheat, cut in full bloom, yields 7 or 8 tons per acre of fairly good silage. Experiments are being continued with these and other crops.

Registered Cockerels

Poultry breeders wishing to improve egg production and egg size, and thus lower the cost of production and increase the revenue from the poultry flock, should secure Registered males to mate with their breeding hens for the coming breeding season, states the Dominion Poultry Husbandman.

Being bred from parents which inherit the capacity for high egg production and large eggs, Registered cockerels possess the breeding necessary to increase the egg production of any flock and to ensure egg size as well. Since these cockerels are bred from mature females and are raised by government inspectors after they are six months old, the buyer can rest assured that he is getting birds possessing good constitutions and abundant vigor. Registered cockerels may be secured from poultry breeders in every province in Canada. Those interested should consult the Superintendent of the nearest Experimental Farm or write to the Poultry Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.



The Gift That Keeps on Giving

Why not present your family with a Family Income Policy for this Christmas so that their future Christmases will be assured, even if you are not here to provide for them? If you are spared you will enjoy the income yourself in later years. It's truly the Gift That Keeps on Giving. Let us tell you about it and we'll gladly have the policy ready for Christmas presentation. Ask us about Children's Thrift Policies to start them right in life.

We Can Give You Insurance Service for Every Need

F. L. WRIGHT GENERAL INSURANCE

TO ONE AND ALL A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Christmas FOOD SPECIALS



Just Like a Message From Santa the Whisper is Going the Rounds

"Be Sure to See Ernie Barr" When Planning Your Entables for Christmas

Special Prices on Quantities of Candies Fruits Nuts Novelties

FRESH STOCK CONVENIENT DISPLAY HIGHEST QUALITY REASONABLE PRICES EXCLUSIVE GOODS APPRECIATED CUSTOM PERSONAL SERVICE

"A Few Reasons for Shopping Here"

NEW PEEK-FREAN (English) BISCUITS—15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c Box Buy Two or Three Boxes for Christmas

Old Farm Style Chocolates Attractive Pkg Box 35c

Log Cabin Peppermint Patties Are Delicious Box 25c

FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS Cakes — Mince-meat — Puddings BUY THE BEST

Christmas Stockings New Variety 15c, 25c, 50c

Popcorn Bags with Toys Each 10c

It's Your Treat CANDIES You Buy the Best Here 15c, 19c, 23c, 27c lb.

4 lb. Boxes Chocolates \$1.00 \$1.25

Marshmallows Popping Corn Fresh in Cel. Bags 15c

Assuredly They're Fresh SEPARATE ASSORTED, per lb. 20c

In Fancy Tins 19c Each

CLUSTER RAISINS (From Spain) 40c lb. 1/2 lb. 19c

ORANGES Finest Seedless Navels 29c, 35c, 39c, 45c, 49c up

Turban Table Figs (From Eng.) Box 19c

CHRISTMAS DRY CANADA DRY Xmas Pack 49c to \$1

CHINA Dunkirk — Harmony Rose Marigold At Popular Prices

Christmas Saw Logs New, Attractive 5c to 10c

SUGGESTIONS Tuna Fish Maple Syrup Lobster Honey Pineapple P. Butter Sardines Comb Honey Shrimps Syrup Salmon Cakes Soup Cakes Corn Beef Chives Chip Beef Marmalade Spaghetti Tom. Juice P. & H. Beans Pineapp. Juice Spinach G. P. Juice Niblets Cand. Fruit

FRESH "JENNY LIND" CHOCOLATES New Low Price 1/2 lb. 1 lb. 2 lb. 20c. 40c. 80c.

Gift Specials

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES See our Display of Hotpoint Electric Accessories—Irons, Toasters, Curling Irons, Sandwich Toasters, Etc.

Electric Clocks Kitchen \$3.50 Mantle \$6.50 Alarm \$1.50 Granite Roasters, oblong, full size, at 89c Other Styles at \$1.00, \$1.15, \$1.25 and \$1.50

Pyrex and Silverware in a wide variety of articles at various prices FANCY CHINAWARE Many New Novel Pieces

ROGERS-MAJESTIC The Utmost in Radio Value, with the New Spray-Shielded Tubes (not metal tubes)

Priced from \$66.95 to \$325.00

W. D. Talbot AT THE MILL AND MAIN STREET CORNER

QUALITY COURTESY SERVICE BARR'S PHONE 16 Motor Delivery

