

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

Mellow lights, a cheerful glow—
Ollusting globes of gold,
Tinsel swinging to and fro
Plinking shadows on the snow,

Out upon the snowy sheet,
Blanketed with white,
Carol singers on the street,
Keeping rhythm with their feet,

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of
Thursday, December 14th, 1916

The ladies of the Foreign Missionary
Society of Knox Church presented Mrs.
W. D. Smith, who recently removed to
Toronto, with a life membership certifi-

Bullfinch Beef Ring held their annual
oyster supper last Friday evening.
Sergt. W. J. Gould, invited at Quebec
on Sunday with the invalided soldiers.

At a meeting of the Limehouse Guild
an honor roll bearing the names of
seventeen Limehouse boys who had en-
listed was unveiled.

Mrs. Christina Milne, of Nassauweya,
has been notified that her son, Pte. Jas.
Milne, Infantry, was killed in action on
November 12th.

At the School Board meeting reports
from both Public and High School In-
spectors were read and showed both
schools were very satisfactory. Miss
Elizabeth Wilson, teacher of the third
Book room, resigned.

PRICE—In Acton, on Monday, December
11th, 1916, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Price,
a son.

RICHARDSON—In Essequing, on De-
cember 2nd, 1916, Thomas Wilson
Richardson, in his 64th year.

KEEP WINDOW OPEN
IN WINTER DRIVING

"A new gasket is cheaper than a
casket," declared R. Morley, Gen-
eral Manager of the Industrial Accident
Prevention Association, last week
in emphasizing the danger of carbon
monoxide poisoning from automobiles
and trucks. "Particularly at this season,
in colder weather, drivers are apt to
overlook the danger of keeping all win-
dows closed. Old-time cars and trucks
were not such a hazard, but with modern
coach-building of the 'no draft
ventilation' type there is a tendency for
air and exhaust fumes to be drawn into
the car from the engine. Always drive
with at least one window open.

On long trips, do not drive more
than 55 minutes out of every hour,"
suggested Mr. Morley, "and spend the
other five minutes getting out of the
car, stretching and relaxing your
muscles. In the long run you will easily
make up the five 'last' minutes and have
a safer and more enjoyable trip."

Fatalities and accidents reported to
the Workmen's Compensation Board
during October showed an increase over
last year, although a slight decrease was
noted in compensation paid to workers,
and medical aid costs were slightly
higher, according to the Association's
analysis.

Figures reported to the Compensa-
tion Board for October, compared with the
same month last year, were: Accidents,
1035, 5,566; 1036, 5,602; fatalities, 1035,
38; 1036, 34; awards for compensation,
1035, \$434,917.01; 1036, \$434,074.77;
awards for medical aid, 1035 \$82,061.60;
1036, \$85,204.10; total awards for Oc-
tober, 1035, \$517,878.61; 1036, \$519,-
278.87.

Based on research studies made by
the Industrial Accident Prevention As-
sociation, Mr. Morley stated that since
the inception of the Workmen's Com-
pensation Act, in 1915, up to the end of
1934, belts, lines, chains and pulleys
cost Ontario industry \$4,300,000 in ac-
cidents, including \$800,000 in direct
compensation. There had been 8,709
accidents, he reported, including 97
deaths and 837 cases of permanent dis-
ability.

"The huge sum of money which this
one accident classification has cost
management and labor in this province,"
Mr. Morley declared "would have been
sufficient to provide many times over
for all the safeguarding required to
prevent most of these accidents."

"The classification of machine acci-
dents, however, had steadily declined
during the 15-year period from 1920 to
1934, he reported, from 7,125 compen-
sated accidents, including 55 deaths, in
1920, to 2,975, including 21 deaths, in
1934.

IN THE TEAM

"Well, Johnny," said the lad's uncle,
"are you in the football team at school?"
"Yes, uncle," replied the boy. "I've
got a good position. I do all the aerial
work."
His uncle looked rather puzzled.
"Aerial work?" he echoed. "What's
that?"
"I throw up the footballs," was the re-
ply.

The Christmas Message
From Ginger Farm

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

Dear Little People:
Happy Christmas to you all—not only
to the little ones but to everyone in your
home.

I suppose you all write to Santa Claus
in plenty of time for Christmas, didn't
you? My, but Santa must be a busy
man! Just think of all the letters he
has to remember about, what each little
girl and boy wants for Christmas. You
often forget things when you are in
school, don't you? Perhaps you forget
how to spell some of your words or how
to do a certain question teacher has
given you. So when you think of what a
lot of things Santa Claus has to remem-
ber, you will not be surprised if he does
forget something once in a while.

I suppose most of you think that Santa
Claus has nothing but toys in his workshop,
but really and truly Santa's workshop
is more like a great big department store
—it just has everything in it—and so
when Santa hears of a little girl or boy
who has been specially good and kind,
and is not given to teasing, then he
sometimes bring from his store, just what
he knows that little girl or boy wants,
even if he or she has not asked for it.
And that is how Kenneth and Isabel got
what they wanted. But wait—! I'll
tell you the whole story.

THE TWINS' CHRISTMAS

Kenneth and Isabel were twins and
they had written to Santa Claus weeks
before Christmas. They not only told
him what they wanted but also what
they thought Mother and Daddy and
Uncle Bob would like, too. But the only
thing they told Santa about were toys,
because they did not know Santa had
other things as well, so they didn't even
tell him about the present they wanted
most of all. But Santa, wonderful old
man that he is, knew all about what
they wanted, because he had made a
note of it in his "Year Book," way back
in July. I suppose you all know Santa
keeps a year book, don't you? Into it
goes your name, your age, what toys and
things you already have, whether you
take care of them properly, whether you
are kind to animals. If you eat your
meals up properly, if you take your cod
liver oil—and oh, such lots of things!

Well, to get back to the twins, Chris-
mas Eve came at last and oh dear, Ken
and Isabel were so excited they didn't
know what to do with themselves. They
just felt they couldn't wait until morning
and while they were talking and think-
ing how long the night was, they both
fell asleep. And while they were asleep
along came Santa Claus and filled their
stockings just as full as full. He also
left a queer looking parcel between their
two beds—the twins were in one room
for that night, so they could compare
their Christmas presents in the morning.
It was quite early when Isabel awak-
ened—in fact, it wasn't even light. She
was wondering if Kenneth was awake,
when she heard a queer snuffling noise.

"Ken," she whispered, "are you
awake?"
But the only answer was another
whimper.

"He's dreaming, I s'pose," said Isabel,
and dropped off to sleep again herself.
It was getting light next time she
awakened, and she heard Ken calling her
name.

"Isabel—look—look at that box!"
"What box?" asked Isabel.
"The box between our beds. Look—
it's—it's—moving!"

By this time Isabel was thoroughly
awake. Sure enough, she could see the
box WAS moving—first a little bit one
way, and then the other. It was a most
peculiar looking box. There was strong
twine all around it and yet the box itself
was full of holes—a very shabby looking
affair.

"Whatever is it?" whispered Isabel.
Both twins felt a little scared. They
had both forgotten all about their stock-
ings in the excitement of watching the
mysterious box. Presently they heard
a whining noise, and Isabel recognized
it as the same sound she had heard
earlier in the morning.
"Well, I'm going to see what's in the
box," said Ken, stoutly. "I just know
Santa Claus wouldn't leave anything for
us that could hurt us."

Jumping out of bed, he began pulling
at the twine. The box almost tumbled
around by itself. Isabel, not to be out-
done, started helping her twin. Now
the twine was off. They each took hold
of one side of the lid—and lifted it.
There, blinking at the sudden light, was
the dearest little black and white puppy
you ever saw, scratching around in his
cozy bed of straw.

"Oh!" cried the twins, with a shout
of delight. "A puppy—Santa brought us
a puppy!"

And the puppy, glad of his freedom,
started to jump around, barking with
joy. He tried to jump out of his box,
but couldn't quite manage it—so he fell
out instead. He took a bite at Ken's
toes and then at Isabel's kimona. In
another second he had dropped the
kimona and made a grab at the bulging
stocking which hung at the foot of the
little girl's bed—and he shook it like a
rabbit!

"Oh, oh, my stockings!" cried Isabel,
laughing with delight. Ken rescued the
stocking and picked up the puppy before
he could get into any more mischief.
But it kept him busy to hold the wrig-
gling, squirming little dog, who was as
pleased with the twins as they were with
him.

I can't begin to tell you all the mis-
chiefs that that wee, small puppy got
into, before the day was out, but yet the
twins both agreed he was quite the lov-
eliest present that Santa Claus had ever
brought them.

And they called him Christopher, be-
cause Christopher was the only name

they could think of that sounded any-
thing like Christmas.

Don't you think Christopher would be
a lovely present for Santa Claus to bring
to any little boy or girl who is kind to
animals?

BOTANICAL NOTES FOR DECEMBER

By E. W. Hart
Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa

With the last month of the year comes
Christmas, and with that festive season
"that best portion of a good man's life,
his little, nameless, unremembered acts
of kindness and of love."

Down through the ages this spirit of
Yule-tide has always been identified with
the adornment of the home, church or
other places of assembly and, comparat-
ively recently, greeting cards.
The ever popular Christmas tree, holly,
mistletoe, Christmas greens or Club
mosses, with other evergreens and the
flaming poinsettia, enter into the pres-
ent day decorative schemes, perhaps
more than any other plants; while the
"unremembered acts of kindness and of
love" are often beautifully expressed by
gifts of roses carnations and lilies-of-the-
valley.

The use of the Christmas tree would
seem to be traceable to the last century
B.C., when it was not improbably first
imported into Germany by the legation of
Nero Claudius Drusus, as a decoration for
an ancient rural festival—the Saturnalia.
Very many centuries later it was
introduced from Germany into England,
thence to Canada, where, as a rule, the
larger trees are balsams, and for the
smaller, black spruce, sometimes white,
and occasionally Norway spruce, are
used.

The part which holly plays, both ec-
clesiastical and secular, in Yuletide-de-
coration is also of ancient origin. Most
of that used in Canada is said to grow
in British Columbia, as unfortunately,
that species used and known as English
holly, is not hardy in other provinces.
There is, however, the wintershrub, or
black alder, a near relation, an exceed-
ingly handsome shrub, with bright scar-
let berries and spinescent leaves, which
grows in other provinces, but not near
evergreen, it is not adaptable to Christ-
mas decoration.

Mistletoe, a parasitic plant, has been
always under the ban of its old associa-
tion with heathenism, so that at least
the other plants that decorate the church
at this great festival, it finds no place.
This ancient connection with pagan
worship might well now be forgotten if,
but even the chaste salute of PAX
TECUM. (Peace be with thee!) which
has since grown up, is perhaps, consid-
ered detrimental to the awakening of
thoughts altogether adapted to the genus
loel, if mistletoe were seen suspended
in close proximity to the family pew!
Nevertheless, Herrick, full of quaint
fancy, finding ever valuable lessons in
the commonest and most unlikely things,
sees in this ecclesiastically estranged
mistletoe, "a beautiful emblem of his de-
pendence upon the care of Providence—
'Lord, I am like the mistletoe.'
Which has no root, and cannot grow.
Or prosper, save by that same tree
it clings about; so I by Thee."

The mistletoe, associated with Christ-
mas, is imported from England and the
United States. There is, however, an
indigenous diminutive species which
grows on the spruce and other evergreen
trees in this country, but it is not suit-
able for decoration.
Fortunately there is not any objection
to the use of the great vermillion poin-
settia for decoration. This beautiful and
interesting plant belongs to a family,
some other members of which, like the
poinsettia, have their upper leaves
brilliantly colored, and whose true flowers
are too inconspicuous to be readily seen,
as is the case with the snow-on-the-
mountain and yellow euphorbia, whose
upper leaves are white and yellow respec-
tively.

That this all too short season of
beautiful goodwill must end in inevitable,
but consoling when La Rochefoucauld's
old maxim is remembered—"The end of
a good thing is an evil; the end of an
evil thing is a good thing."

THE-NEW KIND

Vicar—"You promised me you would
mend your way this year—I can't see
you've done it yet!"
Reprobate—"Hev ye no' heard o' in-
vincible mendin'?"

THAT KIND O' ROBBERY.

Two burglars had broken into a tailor's
shop and were busy sorting out some
suits, when one of them saw one marked
\$75.
"Here, look at the price of that one,"
he said. "Why, it's downright robbery,
ain't it?"

DON'T BE CARELESS WITH COLDS
take GROVES' Laxative BROMO QUININE
You're apt to wind up on a sick bed or in the hospital if you neglect a cold. If you're wise, you'll lay a package of GROVES' BROMO QUININE and drive the cold right out of your system without delay.



I'm your PRIVATE SECRETARY

"Let me take care of the little trying details that slow up your business day.
You want bits of information here, important data there? Alright, I'll get them for you.
Will Mr. Blank be able to see you after lunch? Okay, I'll find out for you.
Do you suppose Mr. Dash would be interested in this new proposition? Let me sound him out before you call.
Work me as hard as you like; I love it. My salary? . . . Only a few cents a day!"

HAVE YOU ADEQUATE TELEPHONE EQUIPMENT?
Our local business office will gladly supply information.

Christmas Greeting CARDS
Illustration of a Christmas tree and people.

SPECIALIZING in the Personal Printed Cards

THE FREE PRESS stock is still very complete, but some of the popular designs are being sold out, and of course the choice is getting smaller as the days go on.

You'll have no difficulty in making your selection from the wide range we offer and every pocketbook can be suited for price.

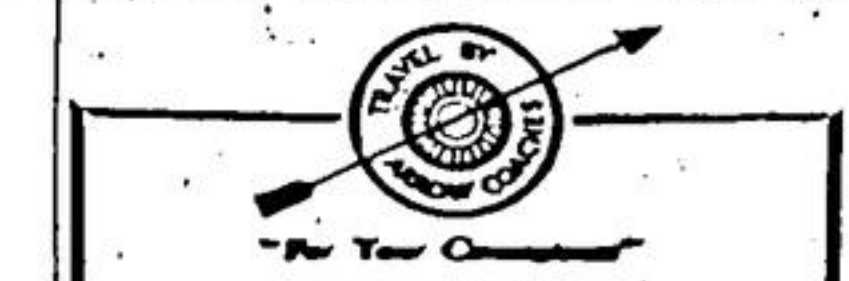
Remember Please
We have no representative this year. But we'll be glad to arrange for you to have the Sample Book at your home some evening and make your own selection at your leisure.

May We Serve You?

The Acton Free Press
SPECIALIZING IN GOOD PRINTING SINCE 1875
PHONE 174

TIME TABLES

Table with columns for routes (Going East, Going West) and times for various days.



ARROW BUS SCHEDULE

Table with columns for LEAVE WESTBOUND and LEAVE EASTBOUND with corresponding times.

INSURANCE
FIRE, CAR, ACCIDENT SICKNESS, ETC.
E. HARROP
REPRESENTATIVE
Core District Mutual, Norwich Union, Canadian Fire Insurance Company, The Alliance Assurance Co., The Casualty of Canada Insurance Company, The Merchants Casualty Co., The Portage-La-Prairie Mutual.

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Food for the Feast

You know what an important part the Christmas dinner is in the holiday festivities. We will have a choice stock for the Christmas tables.

GEESE, TURKEYS, DUCKS, CHICKENS, PRIME CHRISTMAS BEEF, CHOICE CUTS OF PORK

Or Whatever Your Taste Demands in Meats You'll Find It at

G. W. Benton's

Mill Street Acton, Ontario
A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ONE AND ALL

MUGGS AND SKEETER

Comic strip panel 1: HELLO, REWRITE? HERE'S THE LATEST ON THE GOTTSBY TRIAL! THE JUDGE HAS JUST GIVEN THE DEFENSE FORTY-EIGHT HOURS IN WHICH TO PRODUCE THE AMERICAN 'MR. X' WITNESS. IF THEY FAIL THE JUDGE INTIMATED HE WOULD DIRECT A VERDICT IN FAVOR OF THE STATE!

Comic strip panel 2: WELL SKEETER, IT LOOKS AS IF I'M GOING RATHER EARLY FOR US. BUT I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP YET. I FEEL WE MAY GET A BREAK. YET COURTS ADJOURNED TIL MONDAY. YOU RUN ON HOME AND DON'T WORRY!! HO-KAY! I'LL SEE YOU MONDAY!

Comic strip panel 3: HEY KID! WHERE CAN I FIND MR LA FOLLETTE? I'VE GOT A WIRE FOR HIM!! HE RIGHT INSIDE HERE!

Comic strip panel 4: DID I? AND HOW!! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN GOOD NEWS... HE TIPPED ME A DOLLAR! HELLO! DID YA FIND HIM?

by WALLY BISHOP