

New Crop FRUITS

THE PEOPLE'S STORE ARKONA		THE PEOPLE'S STORE ARKONA	
RAISINS		DATES	PEELS
SEEDED, Per Package...	25c	Packages	25c
SEEDLESS, Per Package...	28c	Bulk, Per Lb.	20c
SEEDLESS, Bulk, Per Lb. .	27c		
SULTANAS (Greece) Per Lb.	35c	FIGS	GRAPES
CURRENTS per lb. 20c		Layer, Per Lb.	35c
BANANAS	ORANGES	GRAPEFRUIT	LEMONS
	CHRISTMAS CANDIES AND NUTS		

W. A. WILLIAMS, Arkona's Choice Grocery

Rubbers, Shoes Christmas Groceries

You will find our stock the finest in town and
all our goods marked at the lowest prices.

See our Christmas Slippers while
our stock is complete. All sizes
and colors for all the family.

We would appreciate a trial order. Send it now.

SOUTH PAVEMENT OPEN NEXT WEEK—COME IN MONDAY

W. D. CAMERON

All Roads Now Lead to

**Lambton County
and its Roads**

Lambton had one car for every 14 persons last year and every year the number of car-owners is increasing. Good roads are essential to the County's advancement. Let Watford's example be followed by other municipalities. Let us keep Lambton in the forefront of progress.

WILLIAMS'

Overland Garage

Welcome to Watford!

We join in welcoming every reader of the Guide-Advocate living outside the town, to pay an early visit to our progressive community. With other merchants, we regret that for some time shopping in Watford has been difficult. But you will agree that the new pavement makes the temporary inconvenience worth while. And with the other merchants, we have pleasure in offering special inducements to get the traffic back to its old

channels. A good road is a line of least resistance, so Watford will see more and more business coming this way. While the Overland takes the bumps better than most cars—"it's in the springs"—still we are all glad to ride over smooth roads. We're here to serve owners of all makes of cars with up-to-date garage facilities. Come in, anyway, when you come to Watford!

Williams Bros.' Garage

Postoffice Corner, Watford

Exide Battery
Service

Oxy-Acetylene
Welding

My Gift

When Santa Claus is hitching up
The reindeers to his sleigh,
I'm going to bring a great big bag
Of love to him and say—

Dear Santa Claus, please take this bag
And on each Christmas tree
Tie just a little bunch of love
Fast with a memory.

Be you dear friend I wish the best
Of all good gifts that are,
Good health, and wealth, and fame, and love,
The last more precious far.

Go search ye closely every branch
When candles bright the trees,
And you will find my bit of love
Tied with a memory.

W. SNEED, Michigan Farmer

DECEMBER ACROSTIC

IF THE following words are arranged in order, one under the other, their initials will spell the name of something relating to Christmas. As a further help, we will say that each word has three letters:

1. A small insect.
2. Word used in speaking of ocean tide.
3. More than one.
4. Word used in asking questions.
5. Adjective meaning not rigid.
6. A small part of the body.
7. Head covering.
8. Verb to be mistaken.
9. Month of the year.—Successful Farming.

Christmas Is Children's Day

THE message of Christmas is love. Its emblem is radiant, thankful, contented childhood. Without love and without children there could be no real Christmas. The form might survive but the substance would be lacking.

Unhappy must be the adult who cannot make himself a child again in spirit at the Yuletide. For Christmas is the universal children's day. Men and women are superfluous except as they make themselves partners with those whom the day glorifies.

Let us, then, lay aside the affectation and arrogance of manhood and womanhood and be children again. Let us adopt their point of view and put ourselves in their places—in the places of these sons and daughters of ours and of the sons and daughters of our neighbors. It was only a year or so ago, as it seems, when we hung our well-worn stockings in a row along the mantel shelf, while our fathers and mothers looked on with unfeigned pleasure at the innocent confidence we showed in the morrow.

Even as you and I. It all comes back in a flood of memories. Life was simpler then. Our desires were less pretentious than those our children voice now. Modest remembrances they were that bulged toe and heel of the stockings mother knit.

Life and its circumstances change, but the essence of Christmas never. The same happy childhood, the same restlessness, the same snail-like creeping of time as the holiday approaches. The same parenthood, too—the same planning across the reading table after the boys and girls are abed, the same loving consideration of what this or that child most desires and how far the family purse can be stretched to permit some further purchase.

Every home is assured a Christmas if it has a great, warm heart pulsating in tune with the hopes and joys of childhood.

St. Nicholas, the Holy Man of the Fourth Century

IN THE entire category of the saints none continues to enjoy a more extended popularity than St. Nicholas, archbishop of Myra.

At this time, when preparations are being made for the celebration of the birthday of the Christ-child, it is particularly fitting that we recall something of the character of this holy man of the Fourth century and remember some of the legends which bring him so close to us at Christmas time.

Strange to say, while St. Nicholas is regarded as the special guardian of children, virgins and sailors, he came to be regarded as the patron saint of robbers, from an alleged adventure with thieves, whom he compelled to restore some stolen goods to their proper owners.

In various parts of the old world it is customary for the elder members of the family to place little presents in the shoes as well as the stockings of the younger relatives on the eve of St. Nicholas' day. In convents the young women used to place silk stockings at the door of the apartment of the abbess, with a paper recommending them to "Great St. Nicholas of her chamber."

While the emblem of the three golden balls is derived from the Lombard merchants, yet St. Nicholas is frequently pictorially represented as bearing three golden balls or purses, the origin of which can be traced to an act of the saint which has come down to us in the form of an ecclesiastical notation.

After the Long, Long Trip

