

Guide-Advocate

WATFORD, DECEMBER 25, 1919
A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

There is really but one Christmas Message. True it has been told to the world in many tongues and in many ways. But always it is the same message; for the Christmas Message cannot change any more than the One who brought it to us. And it is such a wonderful message! Over nineteen hundred years have rolled around since first it came to those Judean Shepherds of long ago, and yet year by year, and age by age, it has increased its power until to-day practically the whole civilized world obeys its call, and at this season of the year we rise above our petty differences with our fellows and unto all go out our wishes for happiness and joy. So at this Christmas time if we all obey the Christmas Message "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," and are at peace with ourselves, our neighbors, and our Creator, we will indeed experience a "Merry Christmas."

WANT COLUMN.

Five lines and under, 25c.
Six words average one line.
Card of Thanks 50c.
Wedding Stationery of the finest quality at The Guide-Advocate.

I want to sell two good cutters, four good sets single harness, five robes, three horse blankets, cheap. J. F. ELLIOT.

THREE good dwelling house properties in Watford and several suitable farms in this vicinity for sale and a centrally located stable in Watford to rent. Apply to W. E. FITZGERALD, Watford.

WORN OUT HORSES and fallen animals of any kind bought.—LETT BROS., fur ranchers, lot 18, con. 13, Brooke; Rural phone 4821. Watford P. O. Phone messages at our expense.

CARD OF THANKS—George Moore, wishes to thank all the friends and neighbors for the many acts of kindness and expressions of sympathy shown at the time of his recent sad bereavement.

FOR SALE—One fresh-calved Cow, also a few purebred Lincoln breeding ewes and ewe lambs, registered, and the best of quality and breeding. Also a litter of Yorkshire pig.—S. W. EDWARDS, R.R. No. 4, Watford. d12-2t

SHOE REPAIRING—As I have started shoe repairing at my residence, Erie St., Watford, I solicit the opportunity to serve you in this line. All work shall have the greatest care and attention, and prices reasonable.—B. H. PARKER. 19-4

D. WATT

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and FIRE INSURANCE. Apply at Residence, Erie St., or the Post Office Watford.

ROBSON

PHOTOGRAPHER
PETROLEA ONTARIO

TEACHER WANTED

For second class, Watford Public School. Apply to D. Watt, Secretary Board of Education, stating salary expected. Duties to commence January 2nd, 1920. C. W. VAIL, Chairman. Watford, Dec. 23rd, 1919.

TEACHER WANTED

Fully qualified teacher wanted for Union School Section 1 and 13, Brooke and Warwick. Duties to commence after Christmas holidays. Applicants to state salary expected. Applications to be addressed to
E. A. COWAN, Sec.-Treas.
R.R. 7, Watford.

FARM FOR SALE

50 acres good clay loam; 30 acres seeded; 9 acres pasture; good orchard and strawberry patch; brick house with stone foundation; cellar 20x28; frame kitchen 16x18; barn 32x50; stable 18x30; two good wells; 4 miles from Theford; 3 miles from Arkona, 1/2 mile from school. Easy terms. Apply to WILBERT B. STREYNS, Theford, Ont., R. R. No. 2. d12-3t



T. DODDS & SON

"Uncle David"

A Christmas Story.

By Evelyn Claire Fortner.

The fire crackled merrily on the hearth, throwing grotesque shadows over the old living-room. Before the fire, his slippered feet stretched towards it, sat a crabbed-looking man of uncertain age. His face was rather wrinkled, his form a trifle bent but his hair scarcely 70 y. He was, perhaps, about forty-five years of age. On the other side of the hearth sat a stout, kind-faced old woman knitting. At intervals she glanced towards the opposite side of the room, where two little children, a boy and girl, of about five years, were playing quietly. The little girl threw back her golden curls and glanced warningly at the boy who had begun to laugh but as quickly ceased as he looked towards the man in front of the fire. Outside the snow fell gently but heavily; the large flakes falling upon the window-pane and then melting, which reminded the boy of tiny white eyes winking. It was at this he laughed.

The moody-looking man was David Dalmer, who owned a small, but prosperous, store in the little town in which he lived. David's wife had died twenty years before, on Christmas eve. This, instead of drawing him nearer to his Lord, had hardened him. He hated the very thought of Christmas now and strove to make it as like other days as possible. The kind-faced old lady was David's housekeeper who had been with him since his marriage. The two little children were twins, and his nephew and niece. He had taken them into his home on the death of his widowed sister. He really loved his little nephew and niece but never demonstrated that love. The twins, Donald and Dorothy, found it hard to have Christmas go by, which used to be so jolly and happy with mother, un-noticed. Old Martha, however, always contrived to have a little private Christmas time with her beloved children, in spite of "Mister David."

This particular night was Christmas eve, and Donald and Dorothy were conversing in low tones about Santa Claus and wondering whether he would come this time, having missed two Christmases since they had come to live with Uncle David. David, sitting thinking in his chair, heard the words "Christmas," and "Santa Claus" and it seemingly irritated him.

"Martha," he said suddenly, "please take the children to bed. I've had enough of their chatter for tonight."

"Yes, yes, Mister David, I'll be going at once. Poor little lambs," she finished in a low tone to herself. She rose, laid aside her knitting and waited while each little tot kissed Uncle David good-night.

"Good-night uncle," they called out to him as they passed out of the room.
"Good-night, little ones" he replied. The twins had heard from Martha of their Aunt Elsie's death; how terrible it made Uncle David feel, and they were sorry for him. David heard Donald say as they went up the stairs,
"Now Marsa, don't oo sink that old duffer of a Santa Claus will come tonight after missing us twice. I dess maybe Uncle David's chimney was too small for him to climb down through." David frowned and went back to his reminiscences of other Christmases long ago, while Martha tucked each curly head under warm covers, in the chamber next Aunt Elsie's room, which was always locked except when Uncle David opened it with his key. Then the old servant went downstairs. As she entered the living-room David rose and said,

"I think I'll go upstairs now Martha, you may lock up."
"All right, Mister David, I will." David walked upstairs, but not to go immediately to bed. Instead he lit a candle, and walked towards Aunt Elsie's room; unlocked the door and entered. The room was musty and the candle lit only sections of the room at once, throwing the rest into dusky shadow. David touched lovingly the different objects and sighed as

he did so. Scarcely a thing had been changed since that night, Christmas Eve, twenty years ago, when Elsie, his young wife had breathed her last. Since that night everything had grown dark and David, but a young man, had grown bitter and moody. Only old Martha understood what a terrible blow it had been to him. She had asked the twins to forgive him—his harshness—as he had suffered much.

David now walked over to the wall; drew aside a crimson curtain, and stood gazing at the portrait of a sweet young girl, goodness and happiness beaming on her fair face.

"Oh, God," he cried, "if she had only lived!" Suddenly he heard a soft little voice in the next room say—
"Donnie, Donnie, is oo as'leep?" and he heard another voice answer from the other crib, "No, I'm wide awake, sister." Then as he stepped nearer teh children's door, he heard Dorothy say.

"Then, Donnie, let's kneel down and ask Jesus to make Uncle David happy and after that to send Santa Claus to fill our stockings."
"A'wight, little sister, oo pray and I'll say 'Amen' at the end."
He heard them kneel down and then heard Dorothy's prayer. This is what she said,—

"Dear Jesus, make Uncle David happier and tell him dat Aunt Elsie is an angel like our Mamma and is very, very happy in Heaven and wants Uncle David to be happy. Jesus, make him know we love him—Donnie and me—and that we feel so sorry for him. An' Jesus, send one of oo's angels down to tell Santa he's missed a little boy and girl twiced. Donnie wants a toy gun meet and I want a doll with blue eyes. That's all, Jesus. Amen."

"Amen," repeated Donald, and in the next room a man sobbingly repeated, "Amen." He heard them scramble into their cots and knew that the curly heads would soon be sleeping peacefully, with a little stocking dangling above their heads.

"God forgive me," he cried, "those little ones were praying for me—a selfish old man, nursing my own grief." Then he turned towards the picture again, his face radiant through his tears. "Elsie, you would wish me to be happy and to be kind to the twins. You were so good. Oh, how can God forgive me for the selfish years wasted!"

Then he knelt down and asked the ever-loving God to forgive him; to make him more kind and patient.

Then he rose and walked towards Martha's room and knocked at the door.

"Land's sakes alive!" exclaimed that worthy old soul, who was making a rag doll for Dorothy. "Who's there?" "It is me, David, are you in bed yet, Martha?"
"Land o' goodness, no, Mister David. Whateter do you want? I do hope you're not taken ill, Mister David," she replied anxiously, opening the door.

"Come downstairs and I'll tell you about it Martha." She followed him downstairs and he unfolded to her the whole story. "And Martha," he finished, "put on your hat and coat and we'll go down town right away and get those blessed twins some toys and sweets. It is only nine o'clock."

It was Christmas morning—glorious and beautiful. The world was a fairyland—dainty and white. The tinkle of sleigh bells could be heard at intervals. Inside David Dalmer's house all was warmth and happiness. Before the fire, which crackled and sparkled and DID NOT throw gloomy shadows about the room, sat David, straight and smiling, with a twin on either knee. Dorothy was hugging a big blue-eyed doll and her uncle at the same time. Donald was pretending to shoot him with his gun. In the kitchen Martha was busy cooking a big turkey! and chucking over a new soft, white shawl, which "Santa" had brought her. Now and then she glanced toward the happy group at the fire and exclaimed,—
"The good Lord bless them darling twins and 'KIND' Mister David!"

A Booming Paper

The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal is more than booming this season. With the big family weekly is included a souvenir portrait of the Prince of Wales, size 16 x 22 inches. It is bringing the Family Herald new readers by the thousands. It is the best portrait of the Prince ever taken and will be a valued souvenir of his visit to Canada. The Family Herald and Weekly Star costs only \$1.25 if remitted for before 1st January, including the Prince's portrait. It is the best value ever offered.



A Merry Christmas

to all our friends, and may Prosperity be such during the coming twelve months that it will in truth be

A Happy New Year

SWIFT, SONS & CO.

Season's Greetings



We wish to express our appreciation of the many favors conferred upon us during the past year, and trust that we may be found deserving of a continuance of past pleasant business relations.

P. Dodds & Son
WATFORD