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Acton Free Press,

is published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

BY

H. P. MOORE,

Editor & Proprietor.

AT THE FREE PRESS

PRINTING & PUBLISHING HOUSE,

Next Door to Methodist Church,

Mill Street, ... Acton, Ont.

TERMS:—The FREE PRESS will be sent to subscribers, postage paid, for $1.00 per annum in advance; $1.50 if not so paid. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion cash. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, $4.00 per annum. 1 square, 12 lines, $5.00 per annum, payable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

CONTRACT RATES.

One column one year	$60.00
Half column one year	35.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	35.00
Half column six months	20.00
Quarter column six months	12.00
One column three months	20.00
Half column three months	12.00
Quarter column three months	7.00

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a. m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King St. West, Toronto, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper.

W. W. BUTCHER, Manager.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence, at the head of Frederick St., Acton.

N. McGARVIN, M. D., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Victoria College. Residence, corner of Church and Frederick streets. Consultation daily from 8 to 10 a. m., and 2 to 6 p. m.

SURVEYOR: JOHN DAVIS, PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer and Draughtsman, of Guelph, is prepared to attend to all surveys in Acton and vicinity. Orders left at H. P. Moore's Drug Store, Acton, will be promptly attended to.

J. D. MATHESON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office next door to Wallace's Hotel, Milton.

L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, Quebec Street Guelph.

BRANCH OFFICE:—In Matthews Building Mill Street, Acton.

OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY.

T. J. FISHER, V. S., GEORGETOWN, Ont., will visit Acton every Wednesday, and will attend to all calls pertaining to his profession. Orders left at McGarvin's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.

T. J. FISHER.

R. W. KING,
Engineer, Iron Founder & Machinist,
GEORGETOWN.
Machinery of every description made to order on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Repairing promptly attended to.

WM. HEMSTREET,
Licensed Auctioneer.
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to.
Terms reasonable.

FIRST CLASS BARBER.
I have secured the services of Mr. G. H. Howard, a first-class barber, who will conduct my business for a few weeks and give every attention to the wants of customers. Kindly give him your patronage.
J. P. WORDEN.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY and properly secured in Canada, the United States, and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical engineering, Solicitors of Patents, and draughtsman.

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON, ROBT. Agnew, proprietor. The new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with new furniture. Commercial Travellers will find good accommodation and commodious Sample Rooms. Special attention paid to the wants of the travelling public. Bar supplied with the best of Liquors and Cigars. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

CARRIAGE PAINTING.
Having opened a Paint Shop in the premises lately occupied by Mr. James McLam, next door to Nicklin's Bakery, I am prepared to do carriage painting and sign writing of every description, and would respectfully solicit the patronage of the people of Acton and vicinity.
JAMES SCOTT.

PUMPS! PUMPS! PUMPS.
W. E. Adams, manufacturer of superior Well and Cistern Pumps, which will be put in on short notice. Repairing promptly done. Furniture made and repaired. Charges moderate. Also saws filed and set. Give him a call. Shop on Frederick street, opposite Dr. Lowry's residence.
W. E. ADAMS.

CHARLES CAMERON,
Main St., Acton.
Agent for the Bell Organ, manufactured by Messrs. W. Bell & Co., Guelph. Orders left at his residence will receive prompt attention. For particulars see adv. on other side. Give him a trial.
CHAS. CAMERON.
Dec. 10, '79.-24-1y

Acton Free Press.

TERMS--$1.00 in Advance. *The Newspaper.—"A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns."* $1.50 if not so paid.

Volume. VI. No. 26. ACTON, ONT THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1880. Whole No. 287

H. H. KITTREDGE,
BANKER,
ACTON, - - ONTARIO.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.
REFERENCE—
The Bank of Montreal.

FLOUR & FEED STORE!

LAWSON BROS.
would respectfully inform the people of Acton and vicinity that they have opened in the premises opposite Dr. McGarvin's residence a
FLOUR AND FEED STORE,
and will keep constantly on hand a full stock of
FLOUR OF ALL KINDS, including
Family Flour,
Buckwheat Flour,
Graham Flour
MEALS.
Corn, Meal, Oat Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Bran.
Coarse Shorts,
Fine Shorts,
Chopped Peas,
Chopped Oats,
Mixed Chop,
Oats and Peas,
And all kinds of feed usually kept in a first-class store.
All Goods delivered to any part of the village as soon as ordered.
A call is respectfully solicited.
LAWSON BROS
Acton, Jan. 16, 1880-tf.

TO ADVERTISERS.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S
Select List of Local Newspapers.
An advertiser who spends upwards of $5000 a year, and who invests less than $550 of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year than all the other Advertising I did."
It is not a Co-operative List.
It is not a Cheap List.
It is an Honest List.
The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of the paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the best. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.
The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from $2 to $500. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is $622. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are $7,860.14. The list includes 972 newspapers of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 766 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population and 468 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

PROVERBS.

'No one can be sick when the stomach, blood, liver and kidneys are healthy, and Hop bitters keep them so.'

'The greatest nourishing tonic, appetizer, strengthener and curative on earth—Hop Bitters.'

'It is impossible to remain long sick or out of health, where Hop Bitters are used.'

'Why do Hop Bitters cure so much? 'Because they give good digestion, rich blood, and healthy action of all the organs.

'No matter what your feelings or ailment is, Hop Bitters will do you good.

'Remember, Hop Bitters never does harm, but good, always and continually.'

'Purify the blood, cleanse the stomach and sweeten the breath with Hop Bitters.'

'Quiet nerves and balmy sleep in Hop Bitters.'

'No health with inactive liver and urinary organs without Hop Bitters.'

Try Hop Cough Cure and Pain Relief.

For sale by all druggists.

MANHOOD,
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!
We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments of Marriage, etc., resulting from excess.
Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cts. or two postage stamps.
The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 4586.

CASH FOR SKINS.
I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Calfskins, Deacons, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.
JAMES MOORE, Acton.

"We must have Bread,"
So say Ireland's poor, and so say we.

B. & E. NICKLIN
BAKERS & CONFECTIONERS,
CORNER MAIN & MILL STREETS, ACTON,
Beg to intimate that they are prepared to supply the village and surrounding country with
Very Best Of Bread.
BUNS, CAKES, PASTRY, AND
CONFECTIONERY,
BREAD DELIVERED.
While thanking those who have favored us with their patronage in the past, we solicit a continuance of the same, and will welcome new customers.
OYSTER PARLOR.
In a few days we will have in a supply of the best brands of oysters, and will serve them in any style in connection with the Bakery.
B. & E. NICKLIN.
Acton, May 6th, 1880.

New Butcher Shop.
WM FARR,
Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Mr. A. Cook, and that he has always on hand a first-class stock of
BEEF, PORK,
MUTTON, SAUSAGE,
Poultry and Game in season, &c.,
and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a fair share of the patronage of the public. MEAT delivered at any time to any part of the town.
TERMS CASH.
A CALL SOLICITED.
Orders promptly attended to.
WILLIAM FARR.
1-tf.

NASSAGAWEYA
LUMBER & SHINGLE MILLS.
PETER SAYERS
would intimate that he has on hand at his mills in Nassagaweya, formerly known as Cargill's mills, a large stock of
LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES
of all kinds and qualities,
CHEAP.
No. 1 Shingles, $1.50 per Square.
BILL STUFF CUT TO ORDER.
TERMS CASH.
PETER SAYERS.
Acton, Dec. 23, '79.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Goods of John McNaughton, Deceased.

Pursuant to chapter 107 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Section 34, and of all other Statutes in that behalf, all creditors and other persons having any claims or demands against or upon the estate of John McNaughton, late of the township of Esquesing, in the county of Halton, Yeoman, deceased, who died on or about the fifth day of February, A.D. 1880, are hereby required to send in to Duncan Dewar of the town of Milton, one of the Executors of the said John McNaughton, deceased, on or before the first day of January next, their Christian and Surnames and full particulars and proofs of their claims or demands upon the said estate; And notice is hereby given that the said Executors will, on or after the said first day of January next, proceed to administer the estate and distribute the assets of the said John McNaughton, deceased, among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims and demands of which the said Executors shall then have notice.

DANIEL W. CAMPBELL
WILLIAM HAMPSHIRE } Executors
DUNCAN DEWAR.

Dated at Milton this Ninth day of November, A.D. 1880.

$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business any one can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address
TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

WANTED.
An energetic honest man to open a branch office of the new Magnet Telephone Co. in this and adjoining counties; small cash capital required; to such a man this is an excellent opening for money making business. Address with stamp G. W. Foster, 125 and 127 Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

$4.50 FOR 25 CTS.
13 choice pieces of Sheet Music, aggregate value $4.50, full size, best quality, Vocal and Instrumental. Sent post paid for 25c. Address at once to
J. C. SHATTUCK,
Owosso, Mich, U.S.A.
No Postage Stamps taken.

THE FREE PRESS.

ACTON, THURSDAY, DEC. 23, 1880.

POETRY.

Christmas is Coming.

Christmas is coming! Christmas is coming!
The children all know it will quickly be here:
Their dear little faces grow brighter and brighter,
As time's steady gale brings their holiday near.
We can watch them like groups in earnest devotion,
Absorbed in the pleasures that the toy-windows show;
While out from their eyes beams a tender emotion,
As glances from one to another will go.
Christmas is coming! Christmas is coming!
Fill up the hearts of the young ones with cheer!
To the brim! to the brim! no miserly measure—
Christmas comes round only once in a year.

Christmas is coming! Christmas is coming!
The happiest day in the calendar year;
When Santa Claus, laden with joy-giving treasures,
At every fireside in the land will appear,
And if there's a boy who is blind or a cripple—
(The pivoted point of a fond mother's care)—
Why, Santa Claus, bless him! to him he'll give triple;
The others will never begrudge him that share.
Christmas is coming! Christmas is coming!
Fill up the hearts of the young ones with cheer!
To the brim! to the brim! no miserly measure—
Christmas comes round only once in a year.

Christmas is coming! Christmas is coming!
Oh let us make glad the faith of the fold;
Let us join in their fun and share in their frolic;
There's pleasure in life if the heart be not old.
Then surfeit the stockings wee hands have suspended,
And light up the green tree that sprouts from the floor—
That bright dream of youth soon enough will be ended—
From childhood to age but a step—nothing more.
Christmas is coming! Christmas is coming!
Fill up the hearts of the young ones with cheer!
To the brim! to the brim! no miserly measure—
Christmas comes round only once in a year.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY,

OR

A Keg of Spike Nails.

BEING A STORY OF TEMPTATION, TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

BY J. W. FITZMAURICE.

CHAPTER V.

TEMPTATION FOR THE TIME TRIUMPHS.

—The eve of the long expected gala day had at length come, bringing with it no change in the condition of things to the actors on our mimic stage. Maurice Dillon seemed to have been left to his fate, for even Eva Westerland had failed to visit him since the evening that she had whispered to him "hope"! This was to Maurice the hardest of all his trials to bear, in the possibility of her daunting his integrity, and it certainly seemed as though such was the case. Although his confinement was not irksome, still he keenly felt the ignominy of his position, and had the choice been left to him of falling on some well fought battle field in the moment of victory, or to face the ordeal before him on the coming day, he would gladly have chosen the former. His best uniform was spread out on a table before him, gay with all the gorgeous insigna denoting the rank he held in the army. These marks of well earned promotion were to be worn by him for the last time to-morrow, and then before all his old comrades to be ruthlessly torn from his sleeves and shoulders. It was hard to contemplate and with a sob of broken-hearted anguish he

"Bitterly thought of the morrow."

The day broke bright and clear on the following morning, marking the anniversary of Victoria's natal day. With the early dawn the loud thunders of the artillery from the forts announced another year added to the life of the best monarch that ever sat on the throne of Britain. The shrill *reveille* have called from sleep to duty, but it was with sour looks and "curses not loud but deep," that the men fell in at roll call. In fact, the usually orderly and tractable men of the 109th were on the very verge of mutiny as the result of the hard judgment about to be carried into effect that morning, on the favorite of the regiment.

This was to take place at eight o'clock, and immediately after breakfast the long roll called the men to fall in for morning parade, and with lowering looks they took their places in the ranks.

The officers gathered about Colonel Westerland, who, seated grim and unmoved upon his gray charger, gave the necessary orders to the adjutant, after which each took his place with his respected company. The band struck up a lively quickstep and all were marched to the parade ground and halted. Forming three sides of a hollow square, with the officers and band in the center, and the back-ground filled up with woman and camp idlers, the regiment thus stood, when escorted by a file of the guard with fixed bayonets, Maurice was marched to the centre of the square.

He never showed to better advantage in his life. His fine form, clad in the gay regimentals of a staff sergeant major, was the very personification of the soldier. His face, though pale, was turned bravely to meet the officers and men. On his breast glistened in the morning sun the medals won by bravery in action, while his eye gazed upon the colonel rather in surprised sorrow than in anger.

Colonel Westerland though evidently affected, gave no outward sign of emotion, but sat his horse as calmly as though the present proceedings were but a part of the general review in which the troops were about to participate.

Attention being called, the Colonel in a voice clear, cold and inflexible, proceeded to read the finding of the court-martial by which Maurice Dillon had been tried, together with the charges of which he had been found guilty. But when he came to the degrading punishment attached, a wail of sorrow came from the woman in the rear of the regiment, followed like an echo by a sob that spontaneously burst forth from the men.

"Silence in the ranks," shouted the Colonel. Shall the fact of justly merited punishment provoke a rejoinder from my men?"

Silence supreme was at once obtained and after a moment further the voice of the colonel was again heard.

"Officers and men of the 106th, you all know that I deeply regret the occasion for which we are assembled this holiday morning. But none of you can ever know how deep that feeling of sorrow is." And here the voice of the Colonel faltered. Resuming, he said: "The man thus to day sentenced to be reduced to the ranks for neglect of duty and loss of valuable stores of Her Gracious Majesty, intrusted to his care, was dear to me as my own son!. But men, had he been truly my own flesh and blood, I would certainly have acted in the same manner. Though the career of the prisoner has been one of glory and honor in the past, and one I have been proud of, still the demands of the service and the honor of this regiment is far more to me than any personal consideration, and the strict justice meted out in the present instance will, I trust, prove a lesson for every officer and man in the regiment, for discipline must be maintained. The commander-in chief of the forces will arrive from Toronto by eleven o'clock, and this sorrowful but necessary exhibition must at once be completed. Drummers, do your duty, and remove the chevrons and epaulets from the uniform of private Dillon." The two huge bass drummers—the usual executioners of the regiment—stepped forward to where Maurice had stood without moving or speaking a word, during the speech of the colonel; but at the very moment that each had extended a hand to tear away the richly gold laced epaulets from the shoulders of Maurice a disturbance was heard at the barrick square-gate through which came, violently driven, a pair of smoking horses attached to a carriage in which was seated three persons, one of whom was a lady.

One of the others was standing up in the carriage wildly gesticulating and waving his hat while in a stentorious voice he was shouting, "Hold! hold! For God's sake hold on! stop, Colonel, stop!"

In a moment the carriage was in the square, and the excited individual, who was none other than our old friend George Henderson, leaped to the ground, still shouting, "Hold on! for God's sake hold on!" The other occupants of the carriage were Eva Westerland and a rather unpretentious looking old gentleman, in a sort of undress military uniform not in the least conspicuous.

The confusion attendant upon this unlooked for interruption having for a moment subsided, George Henderson, almost breathless from his exertions to be heard, continued: "Thank God I am not too late to prevent this great evil! Bless the Lord, I can yet save the innocent and stay a terrible crime! Colonel, dear, the keg of money is found! I stole it, Colonel, and hid it in my cellar, but praise God, I give it all up, not a shilling is missing! I am willing to be shot or hung, Colonel, but in the name of God, let that innocent man go free!"

Military etiquette was for the moment lost sight of, and a shout of joy went up with one voice from everybody. Order having been again restored, Henderson in his best voice, so that all might hear, and somewhat in the exhorting style, told his story of finding the keg of money in the storehouse, his terrible battle with temptation, and his defeat when he had at last resolved to appropriate it to his own use. The story was graphically told, rendered more so by George being dressed in his working clothes; and the earnestness with which he related it, interspersed by strong exhortation against yielding to sin. But the most surprising part was when he told of the blessed young lady, (pointing to Eva) who with her pale face wreathed in smiles, sat in the carriage beside the very insignificant old gentleman—"It was she," continued George, "who visited me at my house and by her pure womanly intuition had divined the secret. It was she who helped me back again to God from whom I had wandered, and it was she who gave my peace of soul back again to me when she persuaded me to do what I am to day doing, righting a terrible wrong! Heaven even bless her!"

In a moment every shako and hat was off and three rousing British cheers were sent skyward for the Colonel's daughter, while a loving happy glance shot like lightning from Eva to Maurice to be followed a moment later by the poor girl's bursting into tears of joy.

Upon the restoration of order in the ranks Colonel Westerland, visibly affected, though struggling violently to supress it, was again heard.

"I am certainly glad, my fine fellow, that you have made a clean breast of this affair, and prisoner, I am truly glad for your sake that the money is found. Still, the fact of neglect of duty remains, and the sentence must be proceededed with.

Drummers do your duty!

"Hold drummers!" said the little man from the carriage.

(To be continued.)

Knew He Was Drunk Enough.

An old down-east farmer came home drunk the other night, and became the victim of an irrepressible desire to get still drunker. So he thought he would bring out his wagon and drive over for more whisker. Just as he was about putting the finishing touches on the harnessing arrangements he said to himself: "Why, hang me if this horse hasn't got horns!" He brought out his lantern and found he had harnessed the cow to the wagon. Then he was satisfied, and, muttering: "I'm drunk enough now," unhitched the beast, and went into the house to sleep it off.

An Editor's Work.

An exchange says:—"An editor's business is to write editorials, grind out poetry, sort and re-write communications, listen to all kinds of complaints, offer advice on all subjects, from prescribing for a baby with the colic up to specie resumption, keep a waste basket, steal matter, fight other people's battles, take beans, pumpkins and green wood, when he can get them, on subscription, work eighteen hours out of twenty four, always be in good humor and witty; be alike impervious to flattery and censure, and be criticized and snubbed by every nincompoop who "don't like his paper." Finally to wear out in service, and at last hear the pleasing plaudit: 'Tis enough. Come up higher.

Christmas Eve.

Christmas again, but the sad heart aches
With its burden and weight and care,
For the boy who was once its joy and light
Is wandering where—oh where?
Out in the world—and the world is wide,
He is straying away, away,
Far from the fold, in the storm and cold,
Watch him, oh Christ, to-day.

Bright were the days, in the years gone by,
From the dawn till the sunset glow
There was always coming some happy Thought
Of the boy—oh we loved him so!
Now we were plotting some glad surprise,
Always something was being done,
Plans were laid here and castles built there,
Hopes for the future—and doubts? not one.

He was the captain of all the host
Of the boys at school or play,
"Loud in his praises the world will sing,"
We had proudly thought, "some day:"
Grand he will be in life's battle field,
There is work for each one to do,
He is a soldier, to do his part,
Faithful and good and true.

Where is the boy? Oh a wreck to-night,
He is drifting, a shattered bark,
Far away from the beacon light
Away in the cold and dark.
Oh! he was grand and brave and true,
Strong to resist, till he tasted wine;
But it dragged him down to the gates of death,
Leaving him there, *not my boy*—yet mine.

Christmas Day.

Christmas day has always been associated with rejoicing. Unlike nearly all other Christian festivals, it commemorates a birth, not a death. In the early church it was the custom to celebrate the day of the death of whomsoever was commemorated. On this day, on the other hand, we celebrate not a death, with the sad and gloomy images inseparable therefrom; but we do homage to a birth, and connected therewith not merely the ordinary joyous ideas which circle round a new life, but associations which are world-wide in their relation and infinite in their significance.

That Christmas day should be made a time for special rejoicing for children, strikes us as in entire keeping with its character. It is a child's entrance into the world that is commemorated. In the gospel the childlike character is held up as a model. Money cannot well be better spent than in making young hearts happy, and the songs and chirrups and rejoicings of the little folks over their presents are well calculated to drive from the breasts of the older and less happy all the "perilous stuff" which is inconsistent with "peace and good will." The German practice of having a Christmas tree laden with "nice things" and illuminated, is even more calculated to draw out all the wonder and delight of a child than the stocking filled during the night by the benevolent Santa Claus. But whether on tree or in stocking, or in Papa's pocket, it is good that the presents should be forthcoming for those who have an unknown way to tread, the character of which none can tell, but the beginning of which may be certainly made cheery and bright.

Equally fit is it that this day should be one of good cheer, for Christianity is not ascetic, and its central figure came "eating and drinking." But the good cheer should not be suffered to pass the boundary which separates it from excess.

The season of the year is, no doubt, one of the causes why Christmas Day has so strong a dometic character. It is the time when men gather round the hearth, while snow lies deep and the frosty wind sweeps by outside. We cannot ignore the fact that Christianity is perhaps the only system of religion whose precepts are calculated to make a really happy home, and there may have been originally a religious significance as well as a social object in bringing all the members of a family, within reach, together. The custom is as useful as it is beautiful, and tends to perpetuate the influences of home and to keep fresh the memories of youth.

Cut and Thrust.

The witness who went to the police court to testify to the good character of his countryman, Patrick McGrath, charged with assault and battery, with a rifle effused in his remarks, and delved too deeply into the genealogy of the McGrath's to suit the complainant's counsel. Twice he tried to arrest the torrent of eloquence, and failing in it lost temper and said:

"Did you ever talk a man to death?"

"No; did ye iver do it yerself?" asked the witness quite tartly.

"Yes," said the counsel, with an absent air, but watching his opportunity for a thrust. "Yes, a couple of hundred of them, I suppose."

"Is that all?" quoth the witness sharply. "Then ye haven't beat the record yet."

"Haven't beat the record? Whose record?"

"Samson's,"—returned the witness calmly. "He slew 300 Philistines wid the same instrument ye use yerself!"

The subsequent queries put to that witness were remarkable for their brevity.

Return equity and justice for evil done to you, and pay goodness by goodness.