The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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ACTON, ONTARIO

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THREE MONTHS.....25 CTS.

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

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

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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 street, Acton.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto—Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office:—In Kenny Bros. boot and shoe store.—residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness and certificates given.
All calls, night or day promptly attended to. Terms easy.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO.

A. C. McKINLAY, L.D.S., SURGEON DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont., uses the new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (commonly called Vitalized Air) for extracting teeth without pain. Having been Demonstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, patrons may depend upon receiving satisfaction in any operation performed. Will visit Acton every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Office:—In Agnew's Hotel.

J. H. CARRIQUE, SURGEON DENTIST, MILTON. Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, will visit Acton Thursday of each week, beginning the first of July. Office in Agnew's Hotel. Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty. Artificial teeth inserted on gold, celluloid or rubber bases guaranteed perfect. Vitalized Air, Nitrous Oxide and other anaesthetics used for painless extraction of teeth.

JOHNSTON & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
E. F. B. JOHNSTON. WM. A. McLEAN.

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Matthews' Block, Acton, up-stairs

M. E. MITCHELL,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office:—First door west of the "Champion" office, Main street, Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Crecklan's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King street east, Toronto.
W. F. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BAGEROW & CARSON,
BARRISTERS-AT-LAW, &c.
Office:—Ontario Hall, 50 Church street, Toronto
G. W. BAGEROW, M.P.P. JOHN CARSON, B.C.L.
CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

JOHN DAY,
ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

FRANCIS NUNAN
(Successor to T. F. Chapman)
BOOKBINDER,
St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam, an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

SALESMEN WANTED.
WE are in want of a few more first-class men to canvass for the sale of choice varieties of Nursery Stock. To men who can make a success of the business we can pay good salaries or commission and give permanent employment. We have many new and choice specialties both in the fruit and ornamental lines which other do not handle. Apply at once, with references
MAY BROTHERS,
NURSERYMEN ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
THE FOURTH SCHOLASTIC YEAR began September 1st. The faculty has been strengthened, the College premises enlarged and new appliances added. Each of the six members of the faculty is an experienced and successful teacher. The thorough and practical nature of the work done by the College is proven by the success of its graduates both in Canada and the United States. Ladies are admitted to all the advantages offered by the Institution. For terms, etc., address
M. MacCORMICK, Principal.
16-1y

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.
The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has now on hand and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock as well as other kinds of Lumber, also, First and Second class Pine Shingles & Lath.
Coal & Wood.
Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. E. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hard wood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.
Farms, Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.

Acton Banking Company,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
—BANKERS,—
Acton. . . Ontario.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

Find the Puzzle.
THE undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class
Lumber, Lath, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood, Flour and Feed,
and anything in the line of farmers', housekeepers' or contractors' necessities.
The puzzle is to find a better place than
THOMAS C. MOORE'S
to buy anything in the above lines, also to find out if you are indebted to him for anything purchased from him. His books say some are and he would like the money.

W. H. RUTLEDGE,
THE BUTCHER,
Deals in everything in the Meat line. No cits establishment can be found better stocked at all seasons.
No Questionable Goods Offered to Customers at any Price.
Lowest prices and square dealing is my motto. One trial convinces on these points.
Cash always paid for cattle. The highest price paid for hides and sheepskins.
W. H. RUTLEDGE.

Wellington Marble Works.
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.
Hamilton & Clark,
PROPRIETORS.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importers of all kinds of Granite and Marble.
Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite quarries, and having purchased the entire stock of gray and red granite monuments, headstones, crosses, urns, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at less than cost, we will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 1ft. high, $60, 7 ft. $75, 8 ft. $90, 9 ft. $100, 10 ft. $120. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see us before purchasing elsewhere as we guarantee our prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

LIVERY.
J. & H. WORDEN
HAVING assumed proprietorship of the livery business lately carried on by Mr. W. E. Smith, would solicit the patronage of the public, and will do their utmost to please all customers.
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs Can Always be Secured.
First Class Outfit for Commercial Travellers at Special Rates.
A comfortable bus meets all day trains and night also if ordered. Give us a call.
J. & H. WORDEN.

HELLO!
Pause and Consider
That it will be to your own interest to patronize home trade. We would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Acton and surrounding country that we are again in full running order, and in a better position than before the fire to fill all orders entrusted to us. To parties building:
Lumber will be Dressed
while you wait, and Mouldings, &c., made with neatness and despatch.
N. B.—We are also prepared to fill all orders for
PUMPS
on short notice, and from long experience in the business we feel confident that we can give satisfaction every time. So come on with your orders and help to roll the ball along. Money makes the more go, whether she has legs or no.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

THE FALL
will be here before you know it, but
KENNEY BROS.
—OF THE—
Dominion Boot & Shoe Store,
MAIN STREET, ACTON,
have anticipated its early arrival and laid in a splendid stock of
Boots & Shoes
&c., for fall wear.
Our reputation for good goods and superior value is well established. We can suit you all.
Our Custom Department Is
turning out first-class work as usual with good stock, and repairing is always promptly and neatly done.
KENNEY BROS.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
XMAS CARDS.
NOVELTIES:
Fancy Lamps, Fancy Glass Pieces, Fine Books.
TOYS.
Children's Books.—Our Stock very full Fine, and new.
BEST ASSORTMENT OF NEWEST GOODS.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

J. N. STINSON
Tailor and Draper,
Is now showing a magnificent range of new and choice lines in
Fall Suitings,
Trouserings
and Overcoatings.
Extraordinary value in
Underwear, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, &c.
Men's working pants one dollar.
J. N. STINSON,
Rockwood.
Next door to Post Office.

SANTA CLAUS
HAS ARRIVED HEARTY AND WELL AT THE
TEN CENT STORE
GUELPH.
And is now unpacking some two thousand dollars of wonderful Xmas Presents for the Boys and Girls.
JAS. F. KIDNER,
TEN CENT STORE.

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

NEW STOCK,
NEW GOODS,
Best Prices, Best Work.
O. H. RYDER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Mill Street - Acton.
Has met with very gratifying success since opening out a couple of months ago. Satisfaction has been given and customers always go away pleased and ready to return when needing clothing.
I have just received a new stock and am prepared to offer bargains both to those ordering clothing and those who buy cloth. Cutting done free when cloth is purchased. Overalls a specialty and made cheap and good.
O. H. RYDER.

—RIGHT—
TO THE FRONT
OF ALL COMPETITION WE PLACE OUR
Elegant and Substantial Goods.
Splendid in Quality!
Complete in Assortment!!
Overflowing in Generous Bargains!
—IN—
MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S
Boots and Shoes
RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, &c.
At prices that always lead to speedy sales
LOWEST PRICES
—CONSISTENT WITH—
GOOD QUALITY.
Custom Work and Repairing promptly attended to.
W. WILLIAMS,
Mill Street, Acton.

Poetry.

A CHRISTMAS PROBLEM.

"What do you think my grandma said,
Telling Christmas stories to me
To-night, when I went and coaxed, and coaxed,
Laying my head upon her knee?

"She thinks (she really told me so)
That good Saint Nicholas, long ago,
Was old and gray
As he is to-day,—
Going around with his loaded sleigh,
Wrapped about with his robe of fur;
With lots of frolic, and fun, and stir,
A cheery whoop and a merry call,—
And never a jolly boy at all!

"She thinks he's driven through frost and snows,
As every Christmas comes and goes,
With jingling bells and a bag of toys,
Ho, ho! for good little girls and boys.
With a carol gay
And a clear the way!
For a rollicking, merry Christmas day,—
With just exactly the same reindeers
Prancing on, for a thousand years!

"Grandmother knows most everything,—
All that I ask her she can tell;
Rivers and towns in geography,
And the hardest words she can always spell.
But the wisest ones, sometimes they say,
Mistake, and even grandmother may!

"If Santa Claus never had been a boy
How would he always know so well
What all the boys are longing for
On Christmas day,—can grandmother tell?

"Why does he take the shiny rings,
And baby houses, and dolls with curls,
And dainty lockets, and necklaces,
Never to boys, but all to girls?

"Why does he take the skates and sleds,
The bats and balls, and arrows and bows,
And trumpets, and drums, and guns—hurrah!
To all the boys,—does grandmother know?

"But there is a thing that puzzles me,—
When Santa Claus was a boy at play,
And hung a stocking on Christmas eve,
Who could have filled it for Christmas day?"

Select Family Reading.

Jacinth's Gift.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

Slowly Jacinth Brace walked through the driving snow-storm with a bundle of newly cut cloth for shirts under her arm. So tired and lonely had she been during the past week, it seemed to her that death would be welcome.

Yet such a feeling was unnatural, for Jacinth was not yet twenty-five, not old enough to enter the ranks of the old maids. She felt old sometimes, however, and today was quite despairing. The last lot of shirts had not given satisfaction, although they had been watered by the tears of bitter discontentment.

It is well enough to speak of the poor as being happy, but there was nothing romantic, nothing helpful to an aspiring soul, to drudge along, week in and week out, making shirts for Grind & Steele at twelve cents each. Body and soul were thus kept together for two persons, Jacinth and her sick mother, and that was all.

More than once, during the druggery of the past year, had the girl asked herself the question; "Is life worth living?" To-day, this day before the Birthday of a king, Jacinth's weary, sore, distressed heart answered the question in the negative.

There were gay pictures in the store windows, and such magnificent gifts, but none of these were for her. She, it seemed had no right to ask for anything; to live was enough for a poor sewing-girl.

The prattle of childish lips, ever and anon flung to her ears, touched her heart, and brought a moisture to the girl's gray eyes. Memory touched up long forgotten scenes, and the thought of what might have been was hard to bear indeed.

Ah! what is that? A prattle of childish laughter, followed almost immediately by a sharp scream.

Near the curb on the crossing a little muffled figure under the feet of a prancing horse. Reckless of consequences, Jacinth dropped her bundle and darted into the street. Strong men there were who dared not move to the rescue, but Jacinth felt a bitter disregard for her own safety, and came out unscathed. She gained the walk with the child in her arms, a four-year-old boy, and without heeding the fast gathering throng, she pushed her way into a drug store near.

"Is there a doctor here?" she questioned glancing at the clerk, who stared at this vision of woman and boy in a sort of dumb imbecility.

"No—yes, I forgot," and the youth hastened to a rear room, returning quickly accompanied by a bearded, middle-aged gentleman.

There was blood on the boy's face, but he seemed only slightly bruised, and after his fright was over, was able to stand and talk. A dozen questions were put to the little fellow at once, and he seemed unable to answer any of them intelligently.

"I will take charge of the boy," said Jacinth gently.

"Yours?"

Thus the grave doctor questioned. He knew that it was a useless query, however, when he noted the contrast of dress. One rich and costly, the other of the cheapest material.

"I saved his life. I like children. I will keep him just a little while, then take him home," said Jacinth hastily. Her voice was low and soft, and the child clung to her hand tightly, evidently realizing intuitively that she was his friend.

No one objected, and so Jacinth led the little boy from the store. It was but a few steps to the block in which she had rooms on the third floor back.

Mrs. Brace, an invalid, uttered a deprecatory cry when her daughter entered with her protege.

"You're forever picking young ones off the street and petting them, Jacinth," muttered the old lady petulantly. It was almost dark in the room, and so Mrs Brace did not notice that this child was not of the common sort.

Jacinth for once resolved to be extravagant, and so she turned on the gas to its full capacity, revealing the neat little room and its threadbare furniture, rag carpet, and poverty aspect plainly. Mrs. Brace was reclining in a rocker, looking white and ill indeed. The moment she saw the child under the full glare of the gas-light she held up both hands.

"My! What a pretty boy!"

He *was* pretty, with dark curls and sparkling black eyes, his trim figure set off to advantage by the rich suit of gray.

"Who is he, Jacinth?"

"I cannot tell—"

"I'm Willie," said the boy, gazing from mother to daughter in a sort of dazed way. Then he went over to Jacinth and clung to her hand.

"Willie—a pretty name."

"Take me to papa," pleaded the boy.

"Who is your papa?"

"My papa's my papa, da's all."

Jacinth laughed, the first burst of mirth she had indulged in in many a long day. Then she turned to her mother and told how she had rescued the boy from under the feet of a horse.

"And no one was with him?"

"No one."

"It's strange his mother would permit so young a child to go off alone in the city street."

"Willie got no mamma," uttered the boy at this moment. He had been listening attentively, and seemed to understand all that was said. "Willie's mamma dead. Willie never saw her."

"Indeed," uttered Jacinth, petting the boy's hand, then bending and kissing his soft cheek.

"Take me to papa."

"Where does your papa live?" questioned Jacinth in a gentle tone.

"In the hotel. Willie wanted to git a 'tleemus p'sent for papa. Dood lady take Willie back."

The boy insisted on this, and at length Jacinth left the room with the lad in charge. She might have given him into the hands of a policeman, but she did not. She wished to have the boy with her as long as possible.

Darkness was falling, and the street lamps were lit. It was not a large city, and Jacinth knew the situation of all the principal hotels. She made her way to the nearest, the most popular one in the place, hesitated a moment at the door, then entered. It proved to be the right place.

"The gentlemen is even now looking for his boy," said the polite clerk. "He missed him some time since. He will be relieved to know that he is safe. Will you leave your name?"

No she would not, but hastily departed feeling the old loneliness creeping over her as she once more stepped upon the street.

"Didn't you get any work to-day?" Mrs. Brace assailed Jacinth with this question the moment after she had explained the success of her tramp, and then for the first time since the adventure, the girl thought of her bundle.

"Goodness, mother! I forgot all about the shirts," exclaimed Jacinth. "I dropped the bundle to save that boy—"

"And got no thanks for it. If you've lost the shirts we'll be in a nice fix." Mrs. Brace was uncharitable we fear, yet she poor woman, did not mean to be so.

In a trepidation Jacinth hastened once more down the three flights of stairs. She was weak from fasting, yet she must not rest or eat until that precious bundle was found. Of course it was not where she had dropped it, neither was it in any of the stores that fronted near.

"Lost!"

"With a groan, poor Jacinth leaned against the wall in the narrow hallway and groaned aloud. She could expect no more work from Grind & Steele, unless the shirts were paid for. With not a dime in her purse this was scarcely possible. She might be arrested, too.

It was late before the girl ascended the stairs, and, shivering with the cold, entered the presence of her mother.

"Yo did not find the bundle?"

"No, mother," with a dry sob, and poor Jacinth sank into a rickety chair and buried her face in her hands.

"Never mind," soothed the mother. "We may hear from it to-morrow. A policeman may have picked it up. That boy has been the cause of it all."

"I saved his life mother. Wasn't that of more value than a miserable bundle of shirts?" retorted Jacinth, almost fiercely.

"To be sure. Don't take on so, Jacinth."

That was a sad Christmas Eve to the two women on the third floor back, a night never to be forgotten though they should live a thousand years.

Christmas dawned clear and cool. Sleigh bells jingled, and people were having a merry time generally. Jacinth did not venture out. It was not necessary. She had no heart for the gay things on the street, and there was enough in the larder to tide over the day, so, in the gloom of their small apartments, the widow and her daughter kept Christmas.

The lost bundle, representing a dozen unmade shirts, troubled Jacinth deeply. What would she do on the morrow? She dared not face the grim senior of the shirt factory with the improbable story she could alone tell.

It was past noon, and Jacinth sat at the almost cheerless grate, her pale face shadowed with woe unspeakable, when the clatter of small feet mingled with the sound of heavy tread was heard outside.

"Yis de place, papa,"

Then fell a light rap on the door.

Jacinth started up with her heart in her throat. She scarcely knew what was coming, but she went to the door.

A gentleman stood near the threshold holding a little boy by the hand. He lifted his cap with a bow.

"After a long search we have found the place, I think," said the gentleman, as the boy uttered a glad cry and dashed to the hand of Jacinth.

"It's the dood woman, papa. Tiss her for Willie!"

He did not obey the command of the young tyrant, although it may be that he would not have been averse to it.

"I wished to find you for the purpose of thanking you for saving the life of my motherless boy."

He paused then, and looked her squarely in the face, as the light of the window revealed it plainly. She recoiled and said:

"It—it is quite unnecessary, Mr. Rosslyn."

"Jacinth! is it possible?"

He strode fully into the room then, and held out both hands. Mutual recognition ensued. He remained an hour, then departed leaving Willie in Jacinth's charge. He returned at night and banished the shadows with a heap of good things.

"I have only one gift to offer you, Jacinth," whispered the gentleman that evening, as they sat alone by the firelight—"myself. Will you accept?"

How could storm-tossed Jacinth Brace refuse such a gift? A lover's quarrel had parted them six years before. In a fit of pique Rosslyn married his cousin. She had been dead since the birth of little Willie, and he assured her that his love was as strong as of yore. Jacinth accepted and Christmas Day ended happily, as it ought.

MORRIS RELWING.

A sign posted up in a Wisconsin sawmill reads: "The saws are running—no use to touch them to convince yourselves."

MORE HOT SHOT.

The Goliaths of the whiskey traffic are abroad in the land, defying the army of Israel—they are armed with swords, spears, and money. Let us meet them "in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel," and he will "deliver them into our hands." Every lover of God, mother, sister, home, and country, pray, work, and vote!

A Baptist church in Ocala, Fla., has summarily expelled all its members whose names have appeared on petitions for liquor licenses.

Allowing twenty feet front to each of the rum shops in New York city, they would stretch in an unbroken line thirty-six and two-third miles. Besides these there are 511 places where liquor is sold.

The following item from the New York *Sun* explains why the prohibition cause does not get more help from the daily press: "I want to place a column ad. in your paper," he said to the editor, "calling attention to my special brand of 'Old Raven' whiskey." "All right, sir," responded the editor, briskly. "I will be at your service in a moment." Then he went to the speaking-tube and whispered to the foreman: "Kill that editorial on 'The Curse of Rum.'"

When General Robert E. Lee, commander of the Confederate armies, came home from the war, his wife found unopened a bottle of brandy she had placed in his trunk to be used in case of sickness. He never touched tobacco. He refused promotion to an officer who drank saying, "I cannot place in control of others one who can not control himself."

We declare that the first thing to be considered as the greatest and worst and most destructive enemy of the workman is the rum traffic. Let us leave out of the question the moral aspects of that business and regard it wholly from an economical standpoint. What ought such men to do with a traffic so costly, so destructive, so ruinous, a traffic which is purely vicious, of which not one good word can be said? Ought it not to be suppressed and strangled? Is it not blind folly to palter with such a monstrous public enemy?

HOW FOWLS TALK.

As an example of bird language Mr. C. Holder says in *Wide Awake* that the ordinary domestic fowl presents the most interesting and perfect songs. Half an hour in a barnyard will demonstrate that certain sounds are the equivalent of words. The crow of the cock is a challenge to another cock, and is not noticed by the hens; but let him find a delicate morsel and he stops crowing to utter a succession of short notes: "Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck!" at which the hens gather about him for their share of the dainty.

The different notes, or "baby talk" of the mother hen, are of great variety and mean quite different things. Every biddy understands that "cluck, cluck, cluck!" means "Come home to your mother," just as the quick call, "tuck, tuck, tuck!" means "come to your supper." Mr. Holden gives the following brief chapter of domestic fowl language from a dictionary too extended to present unabridged form:—

Ur-ka-do-dle-do-o o. Challenge of male.
Tuck, tuck, tuck. Food call.
K-a-r-r-e. Announcing presence of hawk.
Cut, cut, ca-da-cut. Announcement of egg laying.
Cluck, cluck, cluck. Call of young.
Kerr, kerr, kerr. Song of contentment of hen.
C-r-a-w-z-z-e. Quieting young chicks.
W-h-o-o-i-e (whistle). Expression of apprehension at hawk.
C-r-a-i-a-i-o-n. Terror and protest at capture.

THE COST OF INSURANCE.

In his annual report, the Insurance Commissioner of California says:—"The cost of insurance should be made more equitable than at present. For a quarter of a century it has cost the people of this country a hundred million of dollars and more to protect themselves by insurance against sixty million dollars loss of property by fire." The companies pay large percentage for business brought them by brokers, which they will not allow to the party making his application direct to the company. Business men who have not the time or inclination to attend to this part of the business, employ the broker who receives commission for his services, which is proper and just. But when the poor man goes direct to the insurance company it seems no more than just that the rebate of commission should be allowed him, instead of the entire amount of premium exacted, which is always the case and which he is obliged to pay." The San Francisco *Journal of Commerce* says: The payment of premiums to brokers is necessitated by competition. It would be a great gain for the insured if this could be done without, but at present it cannot, and the company which would charge a business man the full rate and a working man a two third rate would soon have to leave the business."

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

Some time ago, in the east of London, they were digging a deep drain in the neighborhood of Victoria Park. Some of the shore gave way, and tons of earth fell down upon several men who were at work there. Of course there was a great deal of excitement; and standing by the brink was a man looking on—I grant you, with great earnestness—on those who were attempting to dig out the earth. But a woman came up to him, put her hand on his shoulder, and said, "Bill, your brother is down there." O you should have seen the sudden change! Off went his coat, and then he sprang into the trench, and worked as if he had the strength of ten men.

O sirs, amid the masses of the poor, and the degraded, and the lost, your brother is there! We may fold our arms, and say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes. It is not for us to shirk the responsibility. There lie our brethren, and we shall have to give an account concerning them.

DIFFICULT DUTIES.

Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can. Every man and woman ought to get married—if they can. Every man should do his work to suit his customers—if he can. Every man should please his wife—if he can. Every wife should please her husband—if she can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue—if she can. Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth—if he can.

Never neglect young life; it is the seed of the future; it is the hope of the world.

A LITTLE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

There is one story told about a dear little Bohemian girl that I want you to hear. Her mother died when she was young, and her father refusing to support her, she was taken care of by a poor Christian woman. She used to go to a good many of the church meetings with her friend, and she became very much interested in hearing about the ignorant colored children of America. So, young as she was, only four or five years old, she began to collect kreutzers (half a cent) to send to them. When she had twenty of these two kreutzer bits, a little less than a dollar, she brought them to Mr. Clark, and asked him to send them to the colored boys and girls in America. While he was waiting for some one to come to Prague who could take them, a godly Christian gentleman from the United States called upon him. When he heard of Maria Adlof and her kreutzers, he said he would be very glad to take charge of the Austrian coins, but he must first see the little girl herself. So he climbed the two flights of of rickety stairs to her room and sitting down beside Maria with Mr. Clark as interpreter, had a little talk with her. He took the money to America, and at length at a meeting of the American Missionary Association, told the story. When he had finished, he laid down one hundred dollars as his price for one of these silver pieces. The action as well as the speech, had such an effect, that in a few minutes eight hundred dollars were collected for the remainder. The little girl meanwhile went on hoarding up her savings until she had another twenty of these coins. This time they were sent through the mail. When they were received in America, an article was published promising one of them to any school which would raise money for a scholarship for a colored child. These were called Maria Adlof Scholarships. About twelve hundred dollars more were given.

Not long after, little Maria became very sick. A little while before she died, she sent for Mr. Clark, and told him that she had saved another twenty. She asked him if he would send them where the others had gone, and the bank which held them, she wanted to be given to his baby daughter. It was done as she wished. Mr. Clark says that some day the world will hear again of Maria Adlof's bank.—*Pansy.*

ON THE FLY-LEAF.

The following interesting inscription is written on the fly-leaf of Professor H. L. Drummond's Bible, and is furnished us by a friend who had permission to copy it:

TO FIND OUT GOD'S WILL.

1. Pray.
2. Think.
3. Talk to wise people; but do not regard their judgment as final.
4. Beware of the bias of your own will; but do not be too much afraid of it (God never unnecessarily thwarts a man's nature and likings, and it is a mistake to think that his will is in the line of the disagreeable).
5. Meantime, do the next thing, for doing God's will in small things is the best preparation for knowing it in great things.
6. When decision and action are necessary, go ahead.
7. Never consider the decision when it is finally acted upon; and
8. You will probably not find out till afterward, perhaps long afterward, you have been led at all.—*Christian Weekly.*

DYING IN THE LORD.

Frances Ridley Havergal, during her last illness, while suffering intensely from a high fever, in sweet submission said, "God's will is delicious; he makes no mistakes." Bidding one of her physicians good-bye, she asked, "Do you really think I am going?" He answered, "Yes." "To-day?" she inquired. "Probably," was the reply. Then she exclaimed, "Beautiful! too good to be true!" and looking up with a smile, added, "Splendid! to be so near the gates of heaven!" Later, as the time of her departure came, she nestled down into the pillows, folded her arms upon her breast, saying, "There—it is all over! Blessed rest!" Her countenance became radiant with the glory seemingly breaking in upon her soul, and those who watched her thought she appeared as if she was conversing with the King in his beauty. She tried to sing, but after one sweet note her voice failed, and she was gone to be with her Lord.

A MONKEY HERO.

A nobleman had a favorite monkey, a large ourang-outang. This monkey was very much attached to his master and to the baby boy who was the pet of the whole family. One day a fire suddenly broke out in the house, and everybody was running here and there to put it out, while the little boy in his nursery was almost forgotten; and when they thought of him the staircase was all in flames. What could be done?

As they were looking up and wondering, a large hairy hand and arm opened the window, and presently the monkey appeared with the baby in his arms, and carefully climbed down over the porch, and brought the child safely to his nurse. Nobody else could have done it, for a man cannot climb like a monkey, and is not nearly so strong.

You may imagine how the faithful creature was praised and petted after that. This is a true story, and the child who was saved was the young marquis of Kildare.

THE FARMER'S LAMENT.

"Let's see!" he said to a farmer whose wagon was loaded down with bags of potatoes; "weren't we talking together last August?" "I believe we were." "At that time you said corn was all burned up." "Yes." "And potatoes were baking in the ground." "Yes." "And that your district could not possibly expect more than half a crop." "I remember." "Well, here you are with your waggon loaded down. Things did not turn out so badly after all, eh?" "Well, n-o," said the farmer, as he raked his fingers through his hair; "but I tell you my geese suffered awfully for the want of a middle to muddle in."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Faces as yellow as that of the "Heathen Chinee," in consequence of bile in the blood, grow fair and wholesome-looking again when Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier is used to relax constipated bowels and expel the bilious poison from the circulation. Rheumatic and blood impurities are also driven out by it, digestion restored, and the system benefited in every way by its use.

National Pills are the favorite purgative and anti bilious medicine; they are mild and thorough.

CHRISTMAS.

Hang up the vine and the holly,
The mistletoe over the door,
That joy coming in with the Christmas
May go from the place nevermore.

Gather love gifts for the children,
Guard well the mystical way,
That the Christ child comes at the midnight
To bless with bright favors the day.

Bring in good cheer and be merry,
Dance and ring out glad song;
The stars of a Bethlehem desert
Look down on a Christ happy throng.

Go ye in hovel and highway,
Guests to bring in to the feast;
Angels shall unawares greet ye
In those the world counteth as least.

Sound the sweet Christ-loving anthem—
Echoes will bear it on high—
To the angels made joyous forever
By Christmas of love in the sky.

Bow down and worship the spirit
Of the feast, the invisible King;
Lo! He cometh in scarlet and purple
To gather a world's offering.

MARIE LE BARON.

COUNTING THE PEAS.

The priests in Turkey are often very ignorant men. Some of them do not even know how to read and write; yet they tell the people what they ought to do, and are obeyed as if they were the most learned men in the world. I read a story about one of them the other day which was like this:

Once there was a priest that did not know how to count. This was a great trial to him, as there were so many fasts and feasts in the church that it was necessary to count all the time or get into trouble. There was a fast sometimes nearly sixty days long.

One year this fast commenced, and the priest had made mistakes about it so many times, that he went to the bishop and asked him to teach him some way to count the days to the Easter feast. The bishop told him it would be forty days, and gave him forty dried peas, telling him to put them in his pocket, and throw out one every day, and when they were all gone he might know it was time to proclaim the feast.

This was just the plan for the poor priest, and he went on faithfully throwing away one pea every day. This went on very well till one day he went to a neighboring village, where the good woman of the house offered to wash his soiled robe. After he was asleep, she washed it clean, but she was very sorry to find that she had wet and spoiled the peas in his pocket.

"Poor prist!" she said to herself. "I have spoiled all the peas he had for lunch on his journey! I will give him some more."

So she went to her earthern jar and took a big double handful of peas, put them in the priest's pocket, and said nothing about it.

The priest went on his way and threw out a pea every morning for weeks and weeks. At length some of his followers heard that the feast had begun in another village and told the priest.

"Oh no, that can't be so," he answered; "my pocket is half full yet."

Others came and said, "are you going to keep us fasting all the year?"

"Look into my pocket," he said. "Are you wiser than the bishop?"

At last some one went and told the bishop the priest was keeping the fast twenty days too long. Then the story came out, and the poor woman told how she had filled up the priest's pocket; and the bishop saw that there was no use to try to teach the man to count.—*Mission Dayspring.*

SPARKLES.

When a political boom comes home to roost they call it a boomerang.

The man who peddles his autobiography takes his life in his own hands.

It is a singular thing that a man never begins to show his temper until he loses it.

KANSAS CITY MAN: "I suppose you've never been in Kansas City, have you?" OMAHA MAN: "I was there last week." KANSAS CITY MAN: "Last week? Oh, but you ought to see it now!"

The treasurer of a church in Raleigh, N. C., has made his annual report. Two items read as follows: "Salary promised to the rector, $15 per month. Salary paid to the rector, none."

"What I dislike about large hotels," said Miss Culture, "is their gregariousness." "Well," responded the Chicago maiden, rather bewildered, "those fancy puddings never did agree with me either."

Hard though his lot must be in a wealthy commercial country, the worst troubles of the workingman are made by himself. The severe words spoken by Carlyle half a century ago, hold true yet, and will for many a year to come, in our own country as well as in England and Ireland. "The sum of their wretchedness, merited or unmerited welters, huge, dark and baleful, like a Dantean hell, visible there in the statistics of gin; gin, justly named the most authentic incarnation of the infernal principle in our times, too indisputably an incarnation; gin, the black throat into which wretchedness of every sort, communicating itself by calling on delirium to help it, whirls down, abdication of the power to think or resolve, as too painful how, on the part of men whose lot, of all others, would require thought and resolution, liquid madness, sold on every hand, all the products of which are, and must be, like its origin, mad miserable, ruinous, and that only! No man oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser but does not this drink demon oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but intoxicating liquors can and do, and thou pratest of thy *Liberty.*

A Philadelphia clergyman, pastor of a Presbyterian church, the Sunday after the election, preached a sermon on "Religion and Politics," and boldly and manfully treated the problem of the right of the religious man and the religious teacher to take an active part in politics. He told, as might be expected, a great deal of truth, and told it pungently, but he said nothing better than this; "I have the profoundest contempt for the man who prays like an archangel and votes like the devil." There are in all our communities many men to whom this caustic criticism will apply.

He who muddles his stream of life should not complain if forced to drink of the dirty water.

A Scotch school-master was very much bothered by the complicated method in vogue of teaching geography, so to simplify matters he told his scholars that the earth naturally divivded itself into three parts. First and chiefly, there was Great Britain; secondly, there was Europe; and thirdly, there was the rest.