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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H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

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.

For Sale Cheap.

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class

Cedar Rails and Fence Posts, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood, Flour & Feed,

and anything in these lines.

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.

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A Stave Jointer, nearly new, and a Shingle Bolter and saw in good condition, Goldie & McCulloch make, for sale low for cash.

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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 issued. If calls, night or day promptly attended to. Terms easy.

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Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
E. F. B. JOHNSTON. WM. A. McLEAN.

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
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TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Crossland's Block, Georgetown, and 60 King street east, Toronto.
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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES.
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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 $300 and upwards.

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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
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As only three a stylish talonsit. A fresh towel, razor as embarrassing 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.
PERMANENT positions guaranteed with salary and expenses paid. Any determined man can succeed with us. Peculiar advantages to beginners. Stock complete, including many fast-selling specialties. Outfit free. Name this paper. Address at once. BROWN BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

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GUELPH, ONTARIO.
FIFTH Scholastic Year. Its graduates are now employed as book-keepers, business managers, stenographers, etc., by many of the largest business houses in Canada and the United States. Young men and women desiring a thorough business education will consult their own welfare by attending the "Guelph Business College." For terms and particulars, address
M. MACCORMICK, Principal.
4-1y

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. S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN

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

—NEW—
Harness Shop
J. H. Matthews, Prop.
(LATE OF ERIN)
I wish to inform the public I have opened a Harness Shop opposite McGarvin's Drug Store. I can supply any wants in the line of
LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS.
Blankets, Bells, Brushes, Combs, and Harness Oil, everything in the Harness Line kept in Stock. Repairing promptly attended to
Collars Warranted not to Hurt.
J. H. Matthews, Acton.

Xmas Goods
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Fine Books,
Toy Books,
Fancy Goods,
Leather Goods,
Plush Cases,
Fine Glass Goods,
Toys, Dollys &c.
Getting things ready for Christmas.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

—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.

THE MERCHANTS
Protective and Collecting
ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.
Head Office,—Hamilton, Ontario.
(Established 1868)
Is an Association of business and professional men, having for its object the
Collection of Debts,
Also to prevent its members from making bad debts by furnishing them with lists of parties who do not pay. Merchants and others having accounts to collect will find it to their advantage to become members—as hundreds of accounts are being collected through it that could not be collected in any other way. Many an account that has been aged and then returned by the bailiff as no good, after putting the merchant to great expense, has been collected through this association. Merchants wishing to become members, by remitting $10.00 to our Managers, at Hamilton, will receive by return mail full particulars, certificate of membership, etc. Testimonials sent.
J. B. Mills & Co., Managers

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.

Christmas Goods
IN GREAT VARIETY
I desire to inform my numerous Customers that I have purchased a fine variety of Goods for the Xmas Trade, comprising a splendid lot of toilet articles in
Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes.
The Finest Perfumes in the Market.
I have also the finest stock in
Ladies' Satchels
Ever shown in Acton
For Xmas Presents I have a beautiful selection of
Albums, Booklets, &c.
We also keep all the Authorized School Books and School Supplies, Hymn Books, Pens, Pencils, Slates, Ink, Etc.
We keep a large selection of Spectacles to suit all sights.
Give us a call before purchasing. Don't forget the place.
McGARVIN'S
DRUG STORE.

PICTURE FRAMES
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS.
PICTURES
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS.
Cornice Poles, Banner Rods, Mouldings, Cords, Nails, Glass, Beveled Mirrors.
ARTIST'S MATERIALS
Winsor & Newtons
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS,
25 WYNDHAM STREET GUELPH

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 Tayler, at less than cost, we will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 4 ft. 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.
JOHN WILLIAMS
HAVING purchased the proprietorship of the livery business lately carried on by Kenny Bros., would solicit the patronage of the public and will endeavor 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.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

—ACTON—
PUMP FACTORY
—AND—
PLANING MILL
THOS. EBBAGE, Man.
I have resumed the management of the pump business in Acton and would respectfully inform all parties in want of pumps that we are now prepared to supply them from
The old Style Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made.
Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice.
Deep Wells a Specialty.
PRICES RIGHT EVERY TIME.
Our Planing Mill
Lumber dressed while you wait. Mouldings &c., made to order. We have also a quantity of Lumber for sale, suitable for building purposes. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention.
Shop at foot of River Street.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

WEAVING.
MR. T. MITCHELL
Desires to inform the people of Acton and surroundings that he is prepared to take orders for weaving all kinds of Fancy Rag Carpets, Flannel Sheeting, Shirting and Dress Goods, striped or plaid, twill or plain, also Bed Blankets and Horse Blankets, two yards wide and over.
And I will guarantee that I will give good satisfaction to all farmers and others who will favor me with their patronage.
T. MITCHELL.

—THE—
CIDER & CHOPPING MILLS
AT ROCKWOOD.
Will re-open for the season's business on
MONDAY, 3rd SEPTEMBER.
Chopping weighed in and weighed out. Land rollers made to order. Steam and water pipes and all connections supplied, cut and threaded promptly.
W. B. BRAGG
ROCKWOOD

Poetry.

TOEING THE LINE.

The Christmas carols had been sung;
The guests had turned to go;
Down from the chandelier there hung
A spray of mistletoe.

Beneath, along the polished floor,
A clear-marked line there ran;
No face was peering at the door;
I was alone with Nan.

Her hair in ripples ringed her brow,
An aureole divine;
Then courage came—I know not how.—
I dared her toe the line.

She smiled a regulish smile and flout;
She gave a dainty trip—
And oh the honey, Hybla sweet,
I tasted from her lip!

A few months more and I opine
(Perhaps you'd like to know)
Twill be the matrimonial line
This charming miss 'll toe.

Select Family Reading.

One Christmas Eve.

BY CATHIE JEWETT

"Charley," said Mrs. Winship coaxingly; "Charley, dear."

"What is it, Molly?" said Charley, dear, stirring his well creamed coffee, with a tolerant but unappreciative smile.

"I suppose that means a dress, or a bonnet, or some eighteen-button gloves, at least."

"It means a good deal more in this case," was the rather formidable answer: "but really, Charley, if you are going to be unkind and sarcastic, I won't say another word."

"It's rather hard though, seeing I am dependent upon you for all the comforts and necessities of life."

"Go on, Molly," said her husband, "you are nearing my weakest point; but please remember that comforts and necessities are about all that I am able to supply; the luxuries 'must go.'"

"I do not see why," with an effective little pout.

"I am sure we have, both of us, been just as prudent and economical as possible, ever since we were married."

"I do think you might gratify me once in a while."

"You have not itemized your desires as yet, my dear, what will you have? A set of diamonds, or a box of bon-bons?"

"I will have—now, don't look indignant—I will have a seal-skin cloak, if you love me well enough to get it for me."

"That ought to fetch me, I know," said her husband, getting up, and going over to her side of the table; "but just now I cannot do it."

"I have some heavy bills to meet before the first of January, and it is impossible for me to spare the money."

"In a few weeks, perhaps, if you still hold to such a foolish mind, I may be able to gratify you."

Molly Winship was pouting in earnest now.

"I wanted it for Christmas," she half sobbed.

"I wanted to go home for once in my life decently dressed."

"Decently dressed!" cried her husband in astonishment; "Why, Molly darling! you dress perfectly. Who ever saw you in a shabby gown or a dowdy bonnet? You know that I am not the domestic tyrant that your words imply; but really, seal-skin would not become you; it is too ostentatious."

"That is just what I want," said the [illegible] woman honestly. "I am married; I am old enough, and pretty enough to wear it. Sara Hammond has written that she is engaged to my old lover, Erasmus Gray; I want to go home in sealskin and ambush her."

Charley Winship took the coaxing face into the palms of his hands.

"I cannot get you a sealskin, dear," he said; "and you must let Sara comfort Erasmus in peace for the present, because I cannot possibly spare you at Christmas time; I want you here with me."

Molly turned her head impatiently.

"Two years ago, you studied my comforts and my wishes," she said; "now you study your pocket-book. I suppose that is only natural when a wife gets to be an old story."

"That is not kind, Molly; neither is it like you to say it," and, somewhat offended, Mr. Winship proceeded to button himself inside his overcoat.

He has fallen into a fond habit of always kissing his wife good-bye when he left the house; but this morning her reproachful brown eyes were resolutely turned away, and she looked so thoroughly unkissable, that, after fidgeting about for a moment or two, he hastily opened the door, and went out without one backward glance.

A falling out with Molly was a sufficiently uncommon occurrence to render him uncomfortable for the day; and he went home at night willing to purchase peace at almost any price.

His wife met him with a gentle dignity that hinted of sealskin, but much to his delight she did not mention it.

He knew that his circumstances forbade any such unnecessary outlay; that in time Molly herself would see how impossible it was for him to grant her extravagant request; and yet the martyr-like resignation perceptible in every glance, cut him—it cut him like a knife.

As for Molly, she was too womanly to fret, tease, or render herself in any way obnoxious.

She accepted the inevitable calmly; gave up her visit, and her hopes of annihilating Erasmus, betrothed, with a few secret tears and great outward composure.

All the same she felt keenly the injustice of the deprivation.

Looking back over all the days of her married life, she could see herself careful, prudent, economical, a tidy house-wife, a thrifty help-meet; and what had been her reward?

Her heart hardened, the martyr lines deepened, a gloom that had in it no hint of Christmas jollity, fell upon the little household.

A gloom that darkened more and more as the holiday season approached.

She could not go out of doors with any comfort; for the very shop windows glared at her derisively, and mocked the unsatisfied longings of her soul.

She never stopped into the street, but some fortunate woman buttoned inside of a garment of rich brown fur, sailed by, and destroyed her peace of mind.

Once Charley caught her looking at an overdressed dummy, that stood seductively in a doorway; wrapped in a particularly costly and beautiful fur cloak.

When she perceived her husband, she turned upon him eyes full of enraptured entreaty—and tears.

The tears were a sudden inspiration; but they were large of their age, and she felt that they must be in a measure effective.

Much to her surprise, however, he did not appear in the least touched; on the contrary, he spoke quite impatiently.

"Why, Molly Winship!" said he, "how childish you are growing! do you think that a seven hundred dollar cloak would harmonize with my last year's overcoat?"

"If you really need an outside garment, why not get one of those pretty plush wraps?"

"Plush!" cried Molly, a fine scorn flashing across her sweet, indignant face.

"Plush, indeed! I wouldn't wear it; that is asking for bread and getting a stone with vengeance."

Without another word, she turned and walked rapidly away, leaving him half amused and wholly bewildered.

When she reached home she folded up very carefully a certain article that had been for some time the companion of all her spare hours.

It was a gentleman's gown of dark blue flannel, faced with cardinal satin, and adorned with very splendid cord and tassels.

There had been a good many stitches, a good deal of time, and not a little self denial put into that dainty garment; but Molly folded it unrelentingly, and hid it in an unused drawer, along with some tender memories of past sweet surprises.

She was very sure that all pleasure was simply a memory.

Her husband had ceased to care for her; the future stretched before her, a furless waste, loveless and desolate.

The day before Christmas, when Charley asked for her orders, she told him soberly that she needed nothing.

"You have ignored Christmas this year," said she; "the only gifty that I cared for, you have refused me; and so little has the blessed spirit of the day affected you, that not even a tree in our parlor, or wreath in our window, or so much as a sprig of holly over our door, tells of the happy Christmas time."

To day ought to mean more than eating and drinking; I do not care to celebrate it only on my table, when its benediction does not rest upon our home, or in our hearts.

Mr. Winship listened blankly.

It was an old trick of Molly's to preach a little sermon where other women would have scolded.

In times past her husband had been rather proud of her well turned sentences, just now, they lacerated his tenderest feelings.

"Good gracious, Molly!" cried he, "I never intended to ignore Christmas. I forgot the green stuff, to be sure; but of course I shall make you a present, and I expect one from you; not a sealskin overcoat; something useful and inexpensive would please me much more."

"Presents of that sort show the good-will of the giver quite as much as reckless extravagant ones."

"Very well," said Molly, "I will try to please you."

"We will have a useful and inexpensive dinner to match; I can pick up anything."

It was not a cheering prospect; and Mr. Winship, although he did not care overmuch for the good things of the table, sighed in spite of himself, realizing all the harrowing possibilities of a picked-up dinner.

The day was a most tormenting one to Molly.

Carts full of the most enticing provisions rattled by the house continually.

The memory of Christmas dinners long since eaten haunted her, while a weak, wifely longing to surprise her husband with an [illegible] and appetizing meal, strove [illegible] her determination to [illegible] for the mastery over [illegible] punish him as he deserved.

Just at dusk she went out and purchased a useful and inexpensive present.

She found the very thing in a gentlemens' furnishing store.

A lively looking and atrociously ugly pair of green and purple suspenders.

They were very unique of their kind, highly ornamented with glittering tin buckles, and terminating in small wooden wheels.

"A man must feel like a derrick with the dreadful things on him," said Molly to herself, with wicked satisfaction.

"The horrid little wheels will twist around and punch him every time he moves. I only hope they will make him black and blue."

Little dreaming of such unwifely desires, Charley Winship came home to dinner.

It consisted of a sumptuous display of table cloth, toast and tea, a vague and unsubstantial reminder of Molly's usual cosy dinners.

It was not a jovial meal; it could not by any possibility be called a luxurious one; but apparently Mr. Winship enjoyed it.

When the dishes were cleared away he proposed a walk.

"I have got to go uptown on business," said he; "I wish you would go with me."

"The shop windows and the crowded streets are worth seeing."

"Certainly, if you wish it," she answered.

"I have not been accustomed to spend Christmas Eve on the street; but I suppose it is an inexpensive way to celebrate."

"Well, yes," he assented, shamelessly, "it does not cost a cent if you walk, and I am sure it is a harmless and lively way of amusing one's self."

It was lively enough out of doors, if that was all.

Everywhere people were crowding and jostling each other.

Shop windows were blazing, shop doors overflowing.

Christmas cheer in every place; Christmas greeting on every tongue.

By and by, they left the business part of the town; the streets grew darker, and they met fewer people; but still in the windows hung Christmas garlands, and shrill sweet laughter, and faint merry music, told of happy home gatherings, of jollity and mirth.

Poor Molly's heart sank like lead.

The thought of home, of mother and Alice, and of pretty Prue, the little sister that was not yet married to any great, unfeeling brute of a man.

It had always been a family custom to make much of Christmas.

At home they were laughing and singing, as they exchanged good wishes, and pretty gifts; while she, alas! was out in the cold.

To save her life she could not help one little, choking sob.

Charley hearing it, stopped abruptly.

They were just in front of a small, but aggressively brilliant house.

Every window was ablaze, every blind thrown back, every curtain drawn.

Inside, the rooms were like green bowers, while holly leaves and berries, threw their merry Christmas greetings, in long fantastic shadows, athwart the glistening snow.

"It is like home," sighed Molly. "Mother would never leave a blind shut, or a curtain drawn, and the house was like a garden always; they know how to keep Christmas here."

As she spoke, the door opened, and a form that was strangely familiar stood in the broad flood of outstreaming light.

"They have come! they have come! here is Molly!" screamed a well remembered voice; and the next moment, little Prue, pretty Prue, tore down the steps.

"Come in! come in!" she cried; "we are all here, mother and Alice, every one of us ready and waiting to wish you the merriest Christmas that ever was known."

They dragged her into the house helpless and bewildered.

They took her hat and wrap, and carried them away, quite at home in this lovely dwelling.

"Now, is not this a perfect surprise?" demanded Prue; "and don't you think that Charley is the very best husband in the world?"

"If I get one half as good I shall be more than satisfied," turning sharply toward a well-behaved young man standing alone and unnoticed in a corner.

"By the way, Molly dear, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Stevens; he thinks he is engaged to me."

An introduction was something she could understand, and it brought Molly partially to herself.

"I am sure," she said graciously, "I am glad to meet you, and I have a great deal of sympathy for you, if what Prue tells me is the truth."

"How very, very rude!" said Prue, "to try and frighten him. I would not have believed it of you; you haven't any manners; you never had; you haven't even thanked Charley yet."

"You have not given her any time," said Charley, coming loyally to her rescue; "besides, she has only seen one room."

"This is your house, Molly; mother and the girls have furnished it after a fashion; but you can put on the finishing touches."

"I have been working out a little invention the past year; I did not tell you about it, because I was afraid that it would never amount to anything; but it has paid pretty well lately; so I have been able to get you a Christmas present that I hope you will like as well as a sealskin cloak."

"A house!" cried Molly, "this dear, darling little house, our own, our very own; with a piano in it!"

"O, Charley Winship! and I burned the toast this very night, on purpose; I did, and I boiled the tea."

"What a horrid woman!" said Prue reflectively. "Who would ever take her to be *my sister!*"

"Did you know, you extravagant creature, that there were three new chamber-sets in this house, and a cemented cellar!"

Molly did not answer. She did not care at all for Prue, or for Prue's young man. Mother and Alice believed in doing right, and so did she.

She went up to Charley very humbly: "I have been cross and ugly, and hateful," said she. "I am sorry, will you—"

Before she could get any further, Charley had her in his arms, and was kissing her

She was glad of the chance to hide her face and cry a little.

Doubtless the tears did her good; but when she put her hand into her pocket after a necessary handkerchief out hopped those dreadful and inexpensive suspenders.

They fell to the floor, and lay there, spread over the lovely new carpet; one small wheel whirling derisively, the other modestly hiding under a broad purple stripe.

"I am a jealous man," said Mr. Winship, looking at them with grave surprise.

"There! that is too bad!" as Molly flung them inside the glowing grate: "I always did want a pair of little wheeled gallouses."

Mother and Alice could not help smiling; but as for Prue, after winking shamefully at the young man, she hid her face in her latest gift, a splendid feather fan, and giggled unrestrainedly.

"Laugh away!" said Molly, "I deserve it."

All the same, she thought with a thrill of comfort of that blue dressing gown with its facings of quilted satin, and its beautiful great tassels.

"SOMEBODY MUST BE IN."

The late Archdeacon Hare was once, when tutor of Trinity College, giving a lecture, when a cry of "Fire" was raised. Away rushed his pupils, and forming themselves into a line between the building—which was close at hand—and the river, passed buckets from one to another. The tutor quickly following, found them thus engaged; at the end of the line one youth was standing up to his waist in the river; yet he was evidently feeble and in poor health.

"What," cried Mr. Hare, "you in the water, Sterling; you, so liable to take cold?"

"Somebody must be in it," the youth answered; "why not I as well as another?"

The spirit of this answer is that of all great and generous doings. Cowardice and coldness, too, says, "Oh, somebody will do it," and the speaker sits still; he is not the one to do what needs doing. But nobility of character, looking at necessary things, says, "Somebody must do it; why not I?" And the deed is done.

HOMES OF ALL AGES.

An interesting feature of the Paris Exhibition will be a group of forty-nine structures intend to give a history of the human dwelling. The different types of shelters represented will include those of the prehistoric period—under rocks, in caves, on water or on land; and from later times those of early historic civilization, of Aryan civilization, of Roman civilization in the East and in the West, and of rude civilizations disconnected from the general progress of humanity,—the Chinese, Japanese, Eskimo, African, Aztec, etc. The interiors, the costumes of the occupants, and the surroundings, will be those of different epochs studied.

A CHRISTMAS PIE.

It was a day in November, one of those unpleasant stormy days that come at the beginning of winter; a raw penetrating wind, and a damp snow falling that would stick to you, and wet you more than rain.

A poor little beggar girl was trudging along, carrying a basket of broken bread on her arm, and trying to hold up her ragged dress which would manage to fall down and trail in the mud; her face was drawn and pinched, and altogether she looked as if she had not tasted much of the pleasures or good things of this life.

In one of the best houses of the town of B——, in a cosy little room, four girls sat with their heads close together, busily discussing some plan.

"Oh, see! Ella," said one of them, presently, as she looked out of the window, "how it is snowing, and there goes that poor little girl as usual with her basket. I think she must beg for the whole family; it was seeing her put it into my head; how nice it would be to get up something for poor children at Christmas time. We must give her some clothes as well as a ticket to our bran pie entertainment."

"You promised to tell me all about that queer kind of entertainment, Susy, you know. I was not able to come last Wednesday, when you met and decided upon having it."

"Well, so I will tell you about it," said Susy; "mother proposed it, she thought it would be nice and easy for us to get up. We are going to get a box, one not too deep, not more than a foot, I think. Alice says she can get one that will just do. We will fill it almost full of toys or anything else that will be nice for the children, then finish with bran. They will each get something; besides they will have their tea.

"I think that will be just splendid," said Maud. Then you see no one can be jealous of another getting a nicer present, for they all have the same chance.

"We will have to work hard, too, for there is just Kate, and Ella, you, Maud, and myself." "Now, girls," said Ella, "remember you are to meet at our place Wednesday; yes, and we will be sure and bring plenty of things with us, too. Good-bye till then.

Wednesday found four young workers, deep in the business of dressing dolls, making paper dolls, and many other things. From that time out they worked steadily; so when Christmas week came, it was found they had enough for thirty children; and that number of tickets were duly made out, for no child could come without one.

Among other things, with a little advice from their mothers, they had made over several cast-off dresses to fit some of the poorest children. These were given to them separately. The day before Christmas, which had been chosen for the treat, they all met in the warm room that a friend had kindly let them have for the occasion, to complete the arrangements.

When it was finished the place looked quite pretty, all decorated with evergreens and flags.

At one end of the room they had a long table just made of rough boards and covered with a cloth, loaded with cake, bread and butter and apples for the tea.

And the other end, on a couple of benches was a square, rather shallow box, decorated with flags and evergreens, apparently filled with bran, which they explained to their friends, who dropped in to see them, was the bran pie.

At five o'clock the guests arrived, and after they had taken off their outside things and were well warmed, the business of tea commenced. After that had been fairly discussed, Kate invited them to have a piece of Christmas pie for dessert. How they all laughed when they saw what it was, and how pleased they all were at the things that came out of it. Surely it was a curious tree that bore the fruit that formed that pie, a tree called kindheart. Each child got her share, and then with games the evening ended. The friends of the children came and took them home. As [illegible] the last happy tea-party these four girls were left; but they declared to their friends who came for them they had had a most enjoyable time; then with good-night each girl went home to her own Christmas which they enjoyed to the full, because of the happy feeling that they had given pleasure to others.

GEN. WOLSELEY'S FORTUNATE COAT PURCHASE.

An officer, who served under Lord Wolseley in different countries, relates that the famous Commander once told him he probably owed his life, and therefore his celebrity, to a coat purchased by accident, as it were, of a passing sailor in the Crimea.

The young soldier as yet unknown to fame, was plodding through the mud, dressed in his summer uniform, and chilling wind. Just then the figure of a sailor hove in sight. As Jack came up, swinging easily along, Wolseley was attracted by the comfortable look of his full winter suit, which he evidently just picked up somewhere and put on all at once. Besides the fur cap and muffler, the outfit included a large rough pea jacket, double-breasted and big buttoned, and a pair of long-legged boots.

"Well, Jack," said the sailor, "that's a good coat you have on. Do you know where a man could get another like it?"

The sailor looked at the coat complacently, and delivered himself of the opinion that there was't another like it from Constantinople to Constadt.

"Would he sell it?"

"Yes, he would."

"The price?"

"Six pounds, ten shillings."

The coat changed backs at once. The sailor seemed pleased, and the soldier asked for the boots also. Another six pound ten, and these, too, changed hands, or, to speak more accurately, changed feet.

Thanks to this fortunate purchase, the young soldier survived the winter, which carried off many of his comrades, and rose rapidly from one rank to another, till all the world had heard of him.

INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE OF THE NOSE.

Aprosexie is the name Dr. Guye, of Amsterdam, chooses for inattentiveness, and he quite singularly finds that the nose is one cause of it. A dull boy became quick to learn after certain tumors had been taken from the nose; and a man, who had been troubled with vertago and buzzing in the ears for twelve years found mental labor easy after a like operation. In a third case, a medical student was similarly relieved. Dr. Guye supposes that these nasal troubles affect the brain by preventing the cerebral lymph from circulating freely.

WELCOME TO CHRISTMAS.

Beautiful anthem the first Christmas wakened,
Ages ago over Bethlehem's plain
Greeting the shepherd's with magical accents,
Bringing deliverance from sin's deep stain.

CHO.—Ring out a welcome to Christmas fair morning,
Herald its coming each fresh youthful voice
Ring out a welcome, a bright cheery welcome
Christmas is dawning, let earth rejoice.

Peerless the singers, and wondrous their singing;
Glorious theme!, Lo, a Saviour is born!
Royal deliverer, His praises are ringing,
Hailing with joy the auspicious morn.
—CHO.

Shall we not join in the loud, swelling chorus,
Sending the message from mountain to sea,
Let Christ's Peace spread her dove like wings o'er us,
Making our hearts His fit home to be.
—CHO.

A FAMILY SINKING-FUND.

One of the wisest things in the world would be for every family of moderate or narrow means—those that have not a surplus of income on which to call for unexpected expenses—to put by a reserve fund for occasions of illness: what in financial parlance is called a sinking-fund, and which is to be drawn upon when druggists, doctors, and all the other attendants of illness must appear upon the scene, with concomitant expenditure that appears very great in comparison with the usual family expenditure. Most people think that when sickness comes they themselves can do the nursing in the family—and indeed most people have to do it; but nothing so soon ruins the whole family comfort, for hot only is the household disarranged and disorganized, and the sick person is not so well taken care of as if a professional person properly trained were employed, but the members of the family who do the nursing are worn out in body and mind and nerve; and there are other sick persons to be added to the list, requiring care, and often entirely breaking down at last, requiring still more expenditure, and possibly destroying the whole happiness of the family, as death and loss and insanity must always do. It would not be a difficult thing to save and lay by, in seasons of health, a very small sum of money every month, which would eventually amount to a figure that would make it easy to hire a nurse at need—a nurse who, when the patient was used to her, would make it vastly more comfortable, not only to the patient, but to every one else in the house. It may be most agreeable to the sick to have those they love in attendance about them, but the others are also to be considered; and physicians are all agreed that it is in reality detrimental to both parties, and that a skilled nurse counts almost as much as they do themselves in the treatment of disease.—*Harper's Bazar.*

YULE-TIDE DON'TS.

Don't put R. S. V. P. on your present to your rich uncle.

Don't misspell the word "presence" in the invitations to your Christmas party.

Don't hang up more than three pairs of stockings if you are visiting friends in the country.

Don't eat two mince pies, a plum-pudding, lobster salad, and ice-cream, and then complain that the climate does not agree with you.

Don't impersonate Santa Claus in a seal-skin sacque, rubber boots, and auburn side whiskers.

Don't give your guest who has overstaid his welcome a travelling bag.

Don't send the unreceipted bill for her present to your sister in mistake for a Christmas card.

Don't decline a present simply because the expressage of postage has not been prepaid.

Don't give your bonbon [illegible] headache to the drum your enemy sent your son.

Don't borrow money from your friend to pay for his present.

Don't present your wife with a handsome mahogany cigar-box; and

Don't expect your husband to be pleased if you give him an ivory backed hand-mirror.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

Read and practice this from *The Woman's Magazine*:—

Don't worry.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as slow."

Simplify! Simplify! Simplify!"

Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air!"

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long." Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

"Seek peace and pursue it."

"Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal.

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

"If you know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—*Morning Star.*

CHILDREN'S SAYING'S.

Little Dick had been listening to the recitation in geography of an older brother. "I know what an island is," said he to mamma.

"Well, what is it?" asked mamma.

"It's a little piece of land all fenced round with water," proudly answered Dick

Little Cora heard an older person remark that some one who was in trouble was "in a pickle." Shortly afterward her little brother attempted some difficult feat. "Oh, you mustn't do that," she exclaimed, "Or you will be a cucumber."

"Carl," said auntie, "I should not think you would like radishes; I should think they would bite your tongue."

"Why auntie," said the little boy, they hasn't got any teeth."

"See the man stir up ze music!" shouted baby Hora, as the drum corps of a procession filed along the street.—*Youth's Companion.*