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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 treet Acton.

DR. AULD, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR. OFFICE:—Over McGarvin's Drug Store, Acton.

C. E. STACEY, M.D., C.M., F.T.M.C., M.C.P. & S.O. 326 College St., Toronto.

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C. McKINLAY, L.D.S., SURGEON, DENTIST, GEORGETOWN. Visits Acton at Acton's Hotel on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Office in Georgetown, first door south of Bapt church.

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

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c., TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN. Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 65 King street east, Toronto. F. T. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

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THE undersigned have on hand at their mills at Limehouse about 500,000 feet of pine lumber, and are prepared to supply farmers and others with any quantity of lumber for barns or other buildings at reasonable prices. A stock of pine and cedar shingles is also on hand.

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The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address

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THE undersigned has been instructed by Dr. Robt. Walker to offer for sale his property in Acton, consisting of lot 8 in block 16. On the lot is a good frame dwelling, a stable, hard and soft water and a number of fruit trees. For terms and particulars apply at once to

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Fruit Trees, Small Fruits And Ornamental Shrubbery.

REV. R. B. Cook, Acton, has been appointed sole agent for this section for the well known Old Rochester Nursery, S. Moulson, proprietor, as he is prepared to take orders for any of the fruit trees, small fruits or shrubs which are shown in the illustrated catalogues of the nursery. The products of the Old Rochester Nursery are known to be generally reliable and correctly named, and I can promise satisfactory results to all who purchase stock from me. Prices reasonable.

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H. MacCORMICK, Principal.

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—THE ACTON—

Free Press

—THE LEADING—

LOCAL NEWSPAPER

Of Halton County.

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HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.

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A Little Talk About SHOES

Figures may lie and facts distorted be, But seeing is believing, come and see.

The Peck-a-Boo Boot and Shoe store is just now showing a number of new lines of Shoes and Slippers specially adapted for the season. These new goods are being sold at prices as low or lower than those asked for old styles and shop-worn goods elsewhere.

Everybody can be suited, for we have all sizes in

Gent's Wear,

Ladies' Wear,

Youth's Wear,

Children's Wear,

Baby's Wear.

Special Lines, Good Goods, Newest Style and Best value for the money at

W. Williams', Acton.

Custom work and repairing given careful attention. Trunks and valises in variety.

—ACTON—

PUMP FACTORY

—AND—

PLANING MILL

THOS. EBBAGE, Man.

I have assumed 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 Specialt.

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.

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Plush Cases, Toy Books, Fine Books, Christmas Booklets, Fancy Coods and other Choice New

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DAY'S BOOKSTORE.

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Is the best place to buy

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MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

—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.

Coal & Wood.

JAMES BROWN

Has on hand a large quantity of excellent coal which he will promptly deliver to any part of the town at reasonable prices.

Hardwood and stable cut store length always on hand.

Telephone communication.

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WINTER IS HERE,

—BUT—

W. J. LEE, The Tailor,

—OF THE—

East End Clothing Store,

Knows that many of you have not yet secured your winter clothing. Now, in order that all may be well clothed for the cold weather, I have determined to sell my big stock at prices slightly above cost.

You can get good colored clothing warranted to fit. Good material and honest workmanship at the price of slop made ready-make goods.

Leave your order at once and I will give you big value for cash.

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—ACTON—

LIVERY

—AND—

BUS LINE.

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured.

At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a.m. and 8:15 p.m. Careful attention given to every order The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Money! Money! Money!

In order to exchange part of our immense stock for

SPOT CASH

we offer the following extraordinary inducements:—

10 per cent. reduction on all purchases from 10 cents to $1.00

15 per cent. from $1.00 to $3.00.

20 per cent. from $3.00 to $5.00.

25 per cent. on all purchases from $5.00 upwards, including

Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Silverware, Books, Stationery, Library Books, Bibles, Hymnals, &c

Also a fine assortment of Toilet Articles and other articles too numerous to mention.

M. CARLISLE,

Mrs. Secord's Block, Acton, Ont.

WANTED.

GOOD, reliable men can find permanent employment for Maple Grove Nurseries of Waterloo, N. Y. Good salary and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. Outfit free. Previous experience not required. Established over 40 years. All goods first-class. Write at once for terms. Address, J. W. McKay, Gen. Manager, St. Thomas Ont. (Mention this Paper.)

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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.

Poetry.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Pile on the Christmas logs,
Higher and higher;
Cheerily, cheerily
Crackles the fire.

Now let the bells ring out
Merrily, merrily;
Now let the children shout
Cheerily, cheerily.

Let no harsh voices sound
Drearily, drearily;
Let not but joy abound,
Merrily, merrily.

Now let home-voices sound
Brimful of cheering;
Now let bright eyes abound
Radiantly beaming.

Herald of future bliss!
Joyously drawing;
Hail to thee! hail to thee!
Bright Christmas morning!

—*Anonymous.*

CHRISTMAS EVE.

God bless the little stocking
All over the land to-night,
Hung in the choicest corners
In the glow of crimson light!
The tiny scarlet stocking,
With a hole in heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys
The darlings have to go.

And heaven pity the chilblains
Wherever their home may be,
Who wake at the first gray dawning,
And empty stocking to see.
Left in the faith of childhood,
Hanging against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Santa's light will fall.

—*Selected.*

Select Family Reading.

"Extry Good."

A Christmas Story for the Little Ones and all The Family.

Twelve o'clock at night—a bleak, cold, starless December night—and as the last stroke of the big city hall clock tolling the hour died away, the chimes in the belfry of a neighboring church struck up a joyful peal. "Christmas is here once more," they proclaimed far and wide. "Christmas, merry, merry Christmas is here; it is here, is here once more!"

Two children dressed, or rather half-dressed, in scanty ragged clothing, who were shivering behind a pile of lumber on the wharf at the foot of a shabby street, listened intently until they had ceased ringing, and then the elder, a boy of some 11 years, began to speak, while his companion, a girl of 6, nestled closer to his side. "Wot lots an' lots of folks 'll have a hoorar time ter-morrer," he said. "They'll be er-laughin' an' er-singin' an' er-eatin'. My eye! won't they be er-eatin'. You bet they'll be er-eatin' if all the things I seen in ther market ter-day is er-goin' ter be devoured., Terks! Why, I b'lieve if them turks had-er been put in er row they'd-er stretched all roun' this ward, and this ward's one of the biggest wards in ther city, an' the fightiest. An' ther chickings, an' eassengers, an' roast beef, an' oysters, an' apples, an' vegetables, an'——"

"Oh! stop, Tommy, do," begged his sister, clasping her dirty little hands. "I can't bear ter hear you go on so. You make me so worry, worry orful hungry."

"That's jist wot I was er-comin' ter, Cad," said Tommy. "Lots an' lots of folkes 'll have lots an' lots of grub ther worry fust thing w'en they gets up, but we'll have ter go er feelin' like er smashed penny balloon till we gets our dinner ter ther Mission."

"Wot'll they give us for our dinner ter ther Misson?" asked Caddie.

"Wy, mostly ther same as ther swells has in ther nobby res-i-den-ces-es—turk and stuffin'—my eye! ain't suffin' good? You bet. I don't know which is ther gooderest, ther turk or ther stuffin'. I guess both—an' oranges, an' nuts, an' pie an'——"

"Wot makes them Missioners so good to us on Christmuss?" suddenly interrupted the girl.

"O, 'cause—'cause Christmuss is—Christmuss is—'cause everybody is extry good Christmuss."

"Wot for?" persisted Caddie.

"O, 'cause. Wot a girl you are ter ask questions, Caddie—, 'cause there was wunst er baby borned one Christmuss Day wot was ther beyuterfullest baby ever seen, an' He's in Heaven now—that place that has ther sky for er floor an' ther stars lots an' lots of angels er flyin' roun'—an' He tole ther folkses that they must be good and then by an' by they'd come ter Heaven an' be angels, too, with nothin' ter do but fly aroun' an' sing. An'—an' Christmas is His birthday, an' everybody tries ter be extry good ter everybody. But they'll tell you all about it at the Mission ter-morrer ware we'll git that turk, an' ther sass'ry, an' ther pie, ther oranges an'-apple tarts. O, my eye—ther turk an' ther——"

"O, Tommy, Tommy," again entreated the little girl. "Seems though I couldn't stan' it. Ther more you say them words over an' over agin, ther hunger'er an' hunger'er I gits. An' I hope they won't tell us nothin' ter-morrer till us is full, for bad as I wants ter hear erbout that beyutiful baby, I know I'd die er-bein' ter listen with the victuals erfore my eyes. Oh! how cold it's er-gettin'. Say, Tommy, don't you wished us lived somewhere an' didn't have ter knock erbout from one place to ernother an' sometimes have ter stay in ther street like ter-night? Then us could hang up our stockin's. The pig's foot woman's gal told me ter day—she's er nice gal, she is—she give me, er pig's foot with on'y two bites outet this mornin'—she told me she was er-goin' ter hang up hern, an' er ole gentleman was er-comin' ter put sumpin' orful nice inter it."

"Hang up our stockin's!" repested the boy with a sort of snort. "Wy, we ain't got none. But we might have, maybe, if we'd er-father an er mother an' er reel home with er fire an' er bed ter sleep in, an'——"

"Didn't we never have no father or no mother?" again interrupted Caddie.

"Course we did," was the reply. "They're dead, both of 'em. You was er little shaver ou'y 5 years old we'en they went away, an' then Aunt Caddie let us stay by her till she up an' died too. An' we've had pooty hard times since then, sis, an' don't you forgit it. But if that thief of er beggar-boy hadn't hooked all ther money I earnt ter-day er-runnin' arrants, we wouldn't er-been er-squattin' here ter-night. We'd er been in Hot cake Johnny's er-snorin' erway after eatin' stude tripe with inions inter it, an' backwe'eat cakes with lasses outer 'em, an——"

"An' how glad that beyutiful baby'll be'cause us was extry good, Tommy, jist as much as we could be, wasn't us, Tommy! But, Tommy," and a shade came over her face, "oughtn't us find that ole lady, that grandmother, an' give her her box an' money back again?"

Tommy burst out laughing.

"W'y, she'd be, let's see, she'd be er hundert an' er lot more years ole if she was er livin' now. So I guess she ain't. But I'll tell yer wot I'll do, sis, so's ter make things all square, I'll ask ther lady ter ther Mission about it ter-morrer. But I'm goin' ter spend one of them bafs, anyhow, on ter er feed fur you an' me an' ther cat. Come along. Hot-cake Johnny's open yet. He'll keep open all night ter-night, yer bet, 'cos it's Merry Chrissmus."

The next day the teacher of the Mission School and Tommy, after the Christmas dinner was over, had a long talk together, at the end of which she took charge of the silver box, the five gold pieces and the half dollar. But in less than a week she sent for the boy and gave them back to him again. "I have advertised them for three days," she said, "in the principal city papers, but no one has come to claim them So now they are honestly yours."

And all the poor brother and sister wished for on that bleak, cold, starless December night came speedily to pass. For the story of the rescued kitten, the finding of the treasure, and the honesty of the homeless orphans spread quickly about. So quickly, in fact, and with such good effect that in two weeks' time Tommy, being unable to attend to all his patrons himself, was obliged to take a partner.

And, oh! how many, many other delightful things might come to pass if everybody really would—as these untaught, uncared for children did—try at the blessed Christmas time to be a little "extry good."

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Let us hail the advent of Christmas with exultation. Let us, as in the olden time, ameliorate the condition of the poor, and for once in a year, at least, cause their tables to be spread with good cheer and plenty, so that they may join us in the glad carols of peace and good-will toward men, and may "gloria in excelsis" not only be sung but joyfully responded to and by every one.

Christmas is hailed by Christian nations with exultation. The sick are comforted, the orphans are sought out, their griefs assuaged, and even the salaries of the good men who minister in holy things is promptly handed over, so that he and his family may join in singing, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a King is given."

The toy-laden Christmas tree of German origin, precious to the childish heart; the evergreen-decorated churches and dwellings; the beautiful hymns sung in honor of the birth of Jesus; the serene and contented looks in all faces, move the heart with an impulse of gladness that only can be realized in Christmas festivities.

Santa Claus, Criss Kingle, and St. Nicholas are awaited by the little ones as their stockings are hung up with a sure and certain hope that these benevolent old snow-covered centenarians will fill them. Unhappy is the child whose faith in them is broken—which seldom occurs. What ecstatic joy to the little ones on awakening to find they have not been forgotten; and long after age has dispelled this illusion the remembrance of the pleasure it gave has been a happy reminiscence.

CHRISTMAS LEGENDS.

There is in the homelife of the Canadian, especially farmer, at Christmas time, much that brings close to the mind the picture of birth in the lowly manger. Many traditions still live about mysterious occurrences during the Christmas night, and these linger still with all their mellowness of primeval devotion among the homesteads on the verge of the forest or the cottage upon the bleak prairie. The infant's birth took place in a rude manger, among the stalled cattle, when, according to the general belief, cold night-winds blew, and the Divine Babe and his mother were but feebly protected in a chilly manger. One old tradition in particular, tells us at the moment of the child's birth the cattle in the manger fell upon their knees. How often by the lantern's light through the cold night have little ones crept out of the barn where the cattle were in their stalls as the hands of the clock neared the hour of midnight, to see if the cattle were kneeling; for the tradition relates that at the precise moment each year since the babe was born all dumb animals, in reverence, fall upon their knees. There was another tradition, too, which Shakespeare puts in to the mouth of Marcellus in "Hamlet" that during the night of nativity the cock crew from the dark to dawn:

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated.
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad:
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike.
Nor fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

ANOTHER STOCKING TO FILL.

This is what Santa Claus thinks about it:—Hi! another one! What's the world about? Don't these people know that I'm worn out? Millions of 'em coming year by year. Every youngster wretched if I don't appear. First they want a rattle, then a ring to bite, then a box of sugar plums, then a doll or kite. Then a story book to read, then a bat and ball—Santa Claus' back is broad; he must bring them all. Gratitude they talk about! Not a bit for me. First you know, they get so wise, cry out, "Fiddledee! No such chap as Santa Claus—can't deceive us so." Never find a six-inch sock hanging in the row. Here's this jolly little chap, scarcely here a week; don't I know he rules the house, though he looks so meek? Both his eyes shut tight, mouth wide open too, suppose he got a look at me, wonder what he'd do? Sleep away, my little man trouble comes with years; you are bound to get your share in this vale of tears. Rattle, it? Well, all right! Yes, I've got my pen, finish out your jolly nap. I'll be round again.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS DISHES.

Three dishes are invariably found on the sideboard of Queen Victoria at Christmas—the royal baron of beef, the boar's head and the woodcock pie. They are always cooked at Windsor Castle, and are forwarded thence to Osborne on Christmas Eve. The Queen usually receives presents of several genuine wild boars' heads from German relatives.

A LAY CHRISTMAS SERMON.

Another Christmas has arrived. 'Christmas—the birthday of the founder of Christianity—kept by His followers and by thousands who are not his followers the the wide world over. Whether the 25th of December be the exact date of His birth or not is immaterial. The day has been set apart by custom and accepted centuries ago.

An ordinary birthday recalls the personality of the individual in whose honor the festivities of the day are held. But Christ's birthday differs from others in this, that to many who recognize the day and celebrate it, the personality of the babe at Bethlehem—the teacher at Jerusalem—the martyr at Calvary—is unknown, or at most there is but a vague conception.

Yet His birthday impresses the entire world with the influences of his religion, and breathes afresh His spirit.

Compare Christian with heathen lands, and see how all true civilization comes from or is fostered by, the influence of His life, His teachings and his death who gave His name to our religion. There are no facts more solid than those of Christianity—let Skeptic and Agnostic sneer and deny as they will.

The Christian Bible—with its lofty doctrines of mortality, and its warm spirit of love, clothed in the terse and sinewy language of our Anglo-Saxon fathers—raising men upward spiritually, and strengthening them mentally

The Christian Churches—acting on both this life and the next—their very spires silent indicators pointing to a land beyond, their associations and services, giving to us change of thought, and rest from every-day life and work; providing many of the poor with the only "club" to which they can safely and freely belong, and giving them the only social life they have an opportunity of enjoying.

The Christian Sunday with its rest from worldly toil, with its opportunities for turning the thoughts of man from the soil to which our physical frames belong, and reminding them that gold, and lands, and houses cannot be carried away from earth; and that riches more enduring may be found in a virtuous life and character.

But on Christmas the very spirit of Christianity is exemplified more thoroughly than in any of the forms through which Christianity unfolds itself upon the day. Not in the solemn church services—not in rigid denominational creeds,—not in theological discourse—but in the cheerful, unselfish life.

This is not the age of stern martyrdom, when men are called to give up their lives at the stake, or even to lose their property, in defence of principle. Not in this way can Christianity be exemplified in our day and generation.

But to make others happy was the great object of the life and death of Christ. And the Christian of to day is called on to show forth the Master's spirit in the daily and hourly sacrifices of personal means, and time, and labor, for the sake of the men and women who surround him.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

Among the blessed observances and customs of Christmas time, that of gathering the members of the family together is not the least beneficient. To draw together the ties of kindred on one day, at least, of the year to rekuit family bonds to revive the sancties of mother and child, and reunite other diverging relationship is surely one of the most fitting modes of commemorating the advent of One, who, though he came on his heavenly Father's business, and invited as he still invites, all men to become His brethren, was none the less dutiful and loving to His earthly parents. We have attended family re-unions where the third and fourth generations have met to enjoy the Christmas season under the same roof. We have been impressed with the charming mystery of love between the the youngest and oldest. This meeting of extremes strengthens the chain, so to speak, that unites our race in one less a link should be dropped out; a chain stretching back through countless past generations, but which for nearly two thousand years have been consecrated by sentiments of the Christmas festival.—*Exchange.*

CHRISTMAS FARE.

The pleasures of Christmas commence at the first note of preparation for the eventful day, and its influence lasts long after the fun, frolic and feeling have become dim memories.

It is emphatically a day of good cheer and merry-making. In many homes it is a day of family reunion, and a time when old friends and merry young people gather in old homesteads, and sit around generous wide-spread boards telling mirth-provoking stories of the long ago, and enjoying the happy present.

What was once a day of fasting has now become a day of feasting, and the dinner is considered the crowning event of the day. It is fitting that at such times the larder should groan with plenty, and the table show in all its appointments that a time of pleasure and festivity is at hand. The largest turkey, the yellowest pumpkin, the reddest cranberries, and the choicest fruit to be found in the markets, together with the most savory cakes, richest puddings, and spicest of pies, are brought forward to do honor to the occasion.

CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

Once again sweet sacred Christmas! Always new; and for whose recurrence the tired heart grows warm and hopeful, while the heart of the child not yet grown unbelieving by contact with the world, bounds with glad joy. How memories crowd and jostle each other to-night; though wrong it is so human to brood over our trials and stumbling places along the way rather than think thankfully of the many blessings brightening and lighting the rugged journey. You think and think until everything in the room takes on an individuality of its own. The pictured faces on the wall look down at you as if in reproach that you do not heed their silent voices; and gazing, you do heed them. Christmas brings its own sacred memories.

CHRISTMAS GOOD WILL.

As the merry bells rings out a hopeful promise for the future, as the pleasantries of the day gather themselves around our respective homes, as the old-time enjoyments and customs are again perpetuated, and the family circle is made glad and bright by the smiling faces and responsive hearts of those near and dear to us, let no man be so churlish or so niggardly in his feelings, as not to join with us in wishing one and all, the honest and heartfelt sentiment A Merry Christmas.

ANOTHER STOCKING TO FILL.

WHAT MAMMA THINKS.

Santa Claus! Santa Claus! bend o'er our treasure;
Write down his name in that long list of thine;
Open your knapsack of joys without measure;
Bring out the wealth of your great Christmas mine.

He is our gift from the good God above us:
Only a week has our baby been born.
You are the saint that makes children to love us:
Leave him a gift for the bright Christmas morn.

Now he's too young to know you are near him;
Soon will old Santa Claus cause him to smile:
Every fresh Christmas will further endear him;
Treasures from you will his childhood beguile.

Think of the trials the boy has before him,
Time with his hourglass hovers around:
Swift fly the days to which none can restore him:
Soon into manhood our baby will bound.

While he believes in your mythical glory:
Give him his need of the sweet Christmas joy.
Show him the brightest of childhood's story:
Santa Claus, Santa Claus, smile on my boy!

CHRISTMAS.

Sing, O Earth! the glorious morning
Dawns along the eastern sky:
Bethlehem's star the night adorning
Tells that Christ is drawing nigh.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hear the song that angels sing.
While with robes of light and glory
Down they haste on radiant wing.

Sing, O Nations! light is streaming
From the cross where Jesus died:
Bright with heaven's unclouded beaming
Take the Saviour long denied.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He shall reign from sea to sea,
And beneath his gracious scepter
He shall unite the nations free.

—*Selected.*

CHRISTMAS SYMPATHY.

It is well that friends should be remembered, that Christmas presents should be interchanged and Christmas cards sent; but at such a time it should not be forgotten that all the world is kin, that the poor and needy are still our brothers and that our brothers and that many a home knows no Christmas cheer. Go then and out of your abundance brighten some humble fireside. Let your neighbor feel that you are in reality a follower of that Christ who says "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me!" But who is your neighbor?

The neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless
Whose aching head or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

The neighbor! yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
Go thou and comfort him."

How swell the young hearts round the evening board, while spreads conjecture of the coming gifts! and soon the stockings at the jamb are hung convenient where the promised sufferthrough so dy entrance shall descend unseen.

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or a cold which is easily subdued if taken in time becomes, when left to itself, the fore-runner of consumption and premature death. Inflammation, when it attacks the delicate tissue of the lungs and bronchial tubes, travels with perilous rapidity; then do not delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body and drives it from the system. This medicine promotes a free and easy expectoration, subdues the cough, heals the diseased parts, and exerts a most wonderful influence in curing consumption, and other diseases of the throat and lungs. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and whenever a child has taken cold has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentry and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

THE CHILD OF BETHLEHEM.

Now to the Child of Bethlehem,
And to the holy night;
Of kings who came with many a gem,
A joyous song indite!
Sing of the star that gladdened then
The wond'ring Magi's sight;
And of descending angels when
Wide swung the gates of light!

Sing of the message that they brought
The news of peace and joy;
Of where the faithful shepherds sought
The royal infant Boy!
Sing how they found His cradle bed,
His lowly natal place:
A golden halo round His head,
And beaming from His face!

Sing of the reign, that then began,
Of love instead of strife;
Of men reclaimed from error's ban,
And walking in new life.
All glory be to God on high;
Praise Him for Jesus' birth!
Ring out, O song! oe'r earth and sky,
Peace and good-will on earth!

BEHOLD! I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS.

Behold! I bring you good tidings, good tidings of great joy!
For unto you is born this day a Saviour, Christ the Lord.
For unto you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord!
Is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord!

Cho.—Glory to God in the highest, on earth good-will to men!
Glory to God in the highest, on earth good-will to men, on earth good-will to men!
Hark! to the sweet-toned echo that earth brings back again, that earth brings back, brings back again.
That earth brings back again, brings back again!