The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVII.---NO. 27. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1891. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, - ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year if paid in advance, or within three months from beginning of year; $1.50 per year if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the date on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 8 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.00
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.00
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

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 dense.

DR. UREN,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Dr. McGarvin's house, corner Mill and Frederick streets.

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

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

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

R. J. McNABB,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC.
Rents and accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
J. A. MOWAT'S Office, Acton

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Crossland's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE. H. E. STONE.

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. Roller neatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good tee-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.

Wellington Marble Works.

QUEEN STREET, GUELPH.

CLARK & CARTER,

DIRECT Importers of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all shades and from the newest designs. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wishing to purchase, will please give us a call and inspect our stock and prices, as we are confident we can compete with any establishment in Ontario.

Having sold out my interest to the above firm, I respectfully solicit the patronage to my friends and the public on their behalf.
J. H. HAMILTON

IRELAND'S
Desiccated Wheat
For Dyspeptics and anyone with weak digestion.
TRY IT,
THE IRELAND NATIONAL FOOD CO., (Ltd.)
TORONTO

AGENTS WANTED

In every Township,
To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor."
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
E. N. MOYER, Publisher,
120 Yonge St. Toronto

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 slabs cut stove length always on hand.

Telephone communication.

S. M. COOK & CO.,
GEORGETOWN,
Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents.
—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—
Halton, Peel, Wellington, Simcoe, York and Ontario.
Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.
Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 186, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE:—41 Queen St., East, Toronto.
S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers, Georgetown and Toronto

THE
LADIES' PICTORIAL
XMAS NUMBER,
With Colored Supplement
RIVAL - QUEENS
To hand at
DAY'S
The other Numbers expected daily, will have plenty in stock, having bought extra large quantity.
DAY + SELLS + CHEAP.

Bank of Montreal

CAPITAL - $12,000,000
REST - 6,000,000

A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
JAS. H. FINLAY,
Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

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

STEEL ENGRAVINGS,
Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Moulding
IVORY OAK FRAMES SILVER GILT
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, &c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 20c.
5 Foot Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.

Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, - GUELPH.

New Planing Mill

—AND—
Sash and Door Factory.
John Cameron, Contractor.
Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all kinds of buildings, and execute in all kinds of
DRESSING,
MATCHING,
and MOULDING.
—MAKE ALL STYLES OF—
Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber.
And keep a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
JOHN CAMERON.

—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 8:30 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

Wellington Mutual
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.
F. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.
JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

Hamilton's Marble Works.

HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the core, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor.
Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 16 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.
N.B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days.

BELL
Pianos
AND
Organs
WERE AWARDED
THE - GOLD - MEDAL
AT
Jamaica International Exhibition
1891,
In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.
FOR SALE
On Monthly or Quarterly Payments.
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE,
Guelph, Ont.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.

Wishing to cultivate a connection with good, reliable farmers, and knowing how difficult it is for them to conform to fixed rules, will always extend to them greater privileges than any other class of business men.

TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
Paid up Capital $2,000,000
Rest Fund $85,000.00

GUELPH BRANCH,
We call your attention to the conveniences offered by our Savings Bank Department. Deposits of $1 and upwards received, and interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum from date of deposit to withdrawal, paid or compounded half-yearly, on 1st May and 30th November.
The Advances made to responsible farmers.
Advances made to farmers on the security of Sales notes.
A specialty made of collecting farmers' sales notes and no charge made for collecting when payable in Guelph.
We have unsurpassed facilities for transmitting money to all parts of the country.
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.

CRINDELL'S
MACHINE & REPAIR SHOP

In addition to machinery repairing I am now prepared to do
HORSE SHOEING &
General Blacksmithing.
In a most satisfactory manner. Woodwork repairs also made.
Careful attention given to all work brought in.
Any machine or implement by whomsoever manufactured will be repaired in a work manlike manner.
Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand.
HENRY GRINDELL.

SEASON---1891

WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sized on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1 50 per M.
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

GENTLEMEN
Order now your
Fall Suit
And Overcoat
New Goods Specially Imported for my Trade.
Choice Patterns.
Fit, Style and Workmanship the Best.
Prices the Lowest.
My Specialty, Perfect-Fitting
$4 Pants to Order.
R. E. NELSON,
Fashionable Clothier,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.

Merchant
Tailor.
Choice Stock of
Overcoatings, Cheviot Worsted and Tweed Suitings, Trouserings, &c.
Having opened up a merchant tailoring business in Acton with a view of staying here and making it a success I would respectfully solicit a liberal share of the patronage of the public.
I will endeavor to give perfect satisfaction and keep abreast of the times as regards style, prices, &c. Inspection invited.
Terms Strictly Cash.
Respectfully Yours,
Briggs Nicklin.

FRANK BURGESS,
House Painter, Paper Hanger, Sign Writer, Etc,
Is prepared to execute orders in any of the above lines in the best manner and at reasonable terms. Every job having my personal attention I can assure customers complete satisfaction. Graining in all woods a specialty.
Orders left at my residence, Main St., Acton will receive prompt attention.

JOB PRINTING,
INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE,
FREE PRESS Office, Acton

Acton Lodge, No. 204,
I. O. O. F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
W. WILLIAMS, N. G. H. H. WORDEN, Secretary

Poetry.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

Behold the pictures that the revolving
Of the m[illegible]
Fraught wi[illegible] of the future—
Welcome [illegible] with cheer!
Lovely are the pictures painted
By the Frost-King's icy hand;
Never brush of artists blest
Painted aught so pure and grand.

Yet these pictures fair as fleeting,
Are reduced, in spring-time's fair,
By the rose hue and the emerald,
Wrought by artists, Sun and Air.
Varied pictures greet the vision;
Orchards gay with wealth of bloom—
Promises of future fruitage
Diffuse with their rich perfume.

Springtime's gentle charms have blended
Into summer's richer hues;
Peeping from the laden branches
Luscious fruits the watcher views.
Spacious fields of Nature's content;
View we now all closely mown;
Golden sheaves with joy are gathered
From the seed in springtime sown.

Now the dreamy, hazy autumn,
With bright colors, tints the trees;
Banners of rich gold and crimson
Gently float on every breeze;
Where, in summer, bloomed the wayside,
Grew the lovely, sweet wild rose;
Where, in summer, bloomed the lilac,
Golden rod, the beauty, glows.

Now the yellow leaves of autumn
Are replaced by winter's snow;
Many, many things remind us
That the old Year now must go.
Dear Old Year! we'll ne'er forget thee,
Tho' we bid thee now farewell!
Will the New yield such rich blessings?
Ah! the answer none can tell.

Select Family Reading.

David Derrick's Watch-Night.

A gray winter twilight, the snow falling from leaden clouds, a group of shivering sheep huddled together on the bleak hillside, the muffled figure of a man breasting the keen, cold wind in a determined way, while near him is his shepherd dog, looking with intelligent eyes at his master and seeming to ask if there'll not be more comfortable quarters for them soon.

"Yes, my brave fellow," said the man so interpreting the expression, "Yes, yes, we'll soon get out of this I hope. Don't let your limbs stiffen, my hearty, and soon we'll catch a gleam of our Beth's light in the window and then the best bone in David Derrick's cottage for his good Hero; and for me a kiss from the sweetest wife in christendom. Won't she be glad to see us though? She said when I started;

"Be sure to come back early, David, dear, for it is the last night of the year and the first anniversary of our wedding, and we must keep watch-night together as we promised."

Ah! how well do I remember that night a year ago. How fair she looked in her white wedding dress, didn't she Hero, old fellow? And how proud she was of you, a shaggy little puppy, just because you belonged to her David. The little one is proud of we two rough fellows, eh, Hero?

But I mustn't stand here in a reverie, while she is waiting. Come let's be looking for that light in the window with a right good will."

Hero answered the cheering words in the best dog fashion—by a succession of lively barks—and scampered across the snow to recall a straying sheep in a way to show that his nimble feet were in no danger of stiffening.

"Ha! said David under his breath, "two miles more through these deepening snow drifts, and the night is fast coming on and a storm with it. Can we find the ford in this blinding snow, or shall we miss the way and be—

But no, no! I shall not think of that, but stop these forebodings and on, on to the little wife. Won't our nest seem warm and bright after this hard fall?"

With a fondness creeping into his honest blue eyes and a smile to the firm lips in spite of the physical discomfort as he thought of the loving greeting awaiting him, he drew his great cloak more securely about him and strode resolutely on.

On through the gathering gloom and faster falling snow. The storm was indeed coming on apace and the dark night closing in. The flock moved sluggishly, unmindful of shouts of encouragement from the master and reprimanding barks from the dog. Sometimes they almost seemed a part of the great snow heaps as the driving wind piled it in nearly insurmountable barriers before them. Brave Hero was sometimes completely lost to view and the stalwart figure of David seemed but a moving snow drift.

On they struggled through the soft, white cruel masses, that almost suffocated them.

"Surely we can't be far from the old stone wall that leads to the ford," thought David after some time had passed, "but I cannot strike it on either side and see no land mark to guide me. But I'll keep on; perhaps the way seems longer than it is in this numbing cold. I shall come, Beth, dear, if there's breath in my body to take me!" and he set his teeth with strong determination and pressed eagerly into the darkness, trying to learn something of his whereabouts. But alas! for brave hearted David! Alas! for his brown eyed Beth! Nothing before him but darkness and snow. Nothing all around and above him, but darkness and snow.

Suddenly the storm seemed to increase in fury; the fierce wind dashed the snow about in heaving masses; the myriads of flakes fell with doubled rapidity. For some moments David was completely lost, and when the drift that enveloped him parted a little, he was more bewildered and blinded than ever. He stopped and listened; no sound of the sheep's bell, nothing save the moaning of the wind across the icy wastes of snow. He pressed on and on in the terrible storm, he knew not whither; he shouted, but his words were snatched from his lips by the mad wind and lost ere it had gone five paces.

Still he pressed desperately on—with his thoughts almost maddening him as he pictures the face of his wife growing white and wan like the cruel, cruel snow, when she knows he can never come to her again.

"Just wait, little one, and I'll soon be there!" he cried hoarse with despair.

"The last night of the old year and I'll see the new one dawn yet; yes and we'll watch the old one die too. Die, the old year or I?" Which has the most life? Ha! ha! I am the oldest by some thirty years, but do you think that I shall be the one to give up? Not I, not I! courage faint heart!"

With a face grown stern and set with desperation, he pushed on with all the strength he could muster.

On, without pausing, except now and then to call in a voice that was fast growing weaker, the name of his faithful dog there was no answering sound; his flock and dog were lost in mountains of snow, through which he battled alone. Gradually his step grew less firm, he could not now call except in a hoarse whisper. A strange dizzyness seized him; his weary, half frozen limbs refused to support him longer. Suddenly slipping into, what to his dazed senses seemed a great chasm, he fell almost senseless. For some time, without knowing it, he had been walking on the top of the broad stone wall which was now level with the surface, and had stepped off and fallen through the yielding snow bank. He struggled faintly to regain his footing, and then sank back exhausted.

"Hero, old fellow, where are you?" his voice was a whisper now.

"Beth, darling, I want to come; you know, dear, I would, on our wedding night, and to keep watch-night with you, but the cold snow smothers me! I cannot Beth—little one—

The whisper grew to an indistinct murmur, and David Derrick was fast being covered by the falling flakes. Noiselessly and gently they fell, burying him in his cold and lonely grave.

When the dark heap at the foot of the stone wall had almost grown white, a dog jumped from the high wall, and great, shaggy Hero crept close to his unconscious master with a low whine of joyful recognition. No answering word did he receive, but he nestled closer to the prostrate form with no thought of deserting—faithful even in death.

So together in the silence and darkness and bitter chill, the dog and his master were keeping watch-night, while the little wife in the cottage just on the hill, waited and longed for the footsteps that came not.

"What! all alone Beth, my girl? This the anniversary of your marriage and New Year's eve, and he away! Why I thought I would find you two here as gay as two nesting birds in the Spring time.

It is a rough night, too, my lass."

And Father Derrick shook the flakes of snow from his great coat and let his pretty little daughter-in-law take the seal-skin cap from the head whose locks were almost as white as the snowflakes that he shook in small showers from his great, rough coat.

"David and Hero went for the sheep that had wandered out about two miles from the village, Father, but he should be home by now. He promised to return soon and he has been gone several hours. I didn't wan't him to go this afternoon, but he said it looked as if a storm was coming and farmer Martin sent word he'd better get them home."

"Yes, and the storm has come in a hurry I thought I'd tramp over and see what a merry time you two were having, but I wouldn't have started if I had known it would be so bad. It nearly took me off my feet before I got here and the snow is falling faster all the while."

"And David out in it!" cried Beth with a quiver in her voice. "Oh, Father where can he be?"

"Come, don't fret a bit, my girl; the lads' a right I don't doubt. The sheep were a trifle unruly, perchance, but he and Hero can bring them safely home. I guess he isn't far away now. Keep a light in the window, his coffee hot and he'll soon be with us."

So the old man spoke in his cheery way, but with secret misgivings as he thought of the storm raging without.

They waited and listened for the well known footstep in vain. The troubled look deepened in Beth's brown eyes, and she hardly heard the good-humored yarns the old man was spinning to while away the tedious hours. At an unusually loud roar of the wind as it shrieked about the eaves of his cottage, she would start with a nervous cry.

Once Father Derrick opened the cottage door and tried to penetrate the darkness with anxious eyes, but the wind blew volleys of snow into the room almost extinguished the lights and tore fiercely at Beth's clinging skirts as she passed close to the good man's side and tried if she could discerne some familiar object.

"Well, well, child," said Father Derrick coming back to the fire after a restless walk up and down the cottage floor, his tone a little tremulous in spite of his effort to keep it firm.

"Perhaps the boy's safe at neighbor Martin's now. The storm might have prevented him starting. He'd turn up tomorrow morning as big as life and laugh at your fears before you have time to scold him a happy New Year."

"No, no! Father! he must have started. He promised you know, and David never breaks his word. Oh, father, he is lost in the snow. O, what shall we do.

"Lost in the snow this night? My boy David! Here daughter, give me my coat; I must find my lad."

Trembling with excitement and exhaustion the good old man seized his coat and cap and would have rushed out into the dark and cold without another thought if Beth's gentle hand had not detained him.

"Here Father, wait a moment! Let me put a bottle of wine in your pocket, for David may be faint with cold when you find him."

So, though almost wild with anxiety, her womanly thoughtfulness and solicitude for her loved one did not desert her.

Who can say that a special Providence does not watch over the least of His children?

When Father Derrick opened the cottage door, he found to his surprise that the storm was over. The wind was stilled and the snow had ceased. The earth lay calm and white in the pale beams of the moon that was struggling to shine through the gray drifting clouds, and its light on the snow-covered earth, made the night almost as bright as day; the crystalled world lay alike a fairy-land all around the little village home, the moon light glinted on the church spire in the distance, where the bells were waiting to ring out this, the grandest night of the Old Year.

The pure moon beams that lighted Father Derrick's way seemed but to symbolize that watchful care and love our Heavenly Father ever keeps over us, for if the storm had continued, the old man would have been lost and shared the fate of David.

With a few hopeful words to the little wife, and his own spirits buoyed up, he tramped away in the direction of the village fords. He stopped every few steps to call the name of his son or his faithful companion, but received no response until he reached the frozen stream. Here he was answered by the pitiful whine of poor half frozen Hero and following the sound the moon found the lad and dog huddled close together in their cold bed.

Father Derrick placed his hand over his son's heart and found with great thankfulness welling up in his heart, that it still beat.

Hero, noble brute, had by the warmth of his great body kept alive the spark of life; a dog's faithfulness had saved David Derrick's life.

After chafing the cold hands and limbs and forcing some wine through the still lips, Father Derrick was rewarded by seeing consciousness come back to his son's face and light into his son's face.

By his father's assistance David succeeded with some difficulty in reaching his home and poor Beth, who was waiting so anxiously and lovingly.

Being a strong man, the wine and warmth soon revived him, and all the suffering and apprehension of the past four hours was soon forgotten as the little party gathering about the blazing fire.

Father Derrick in his favorite armchair and corner, enjoying his pipe and beaming with good spirits and smiles; Hero, who had enjoyed the best bone in David Derrick's cottage and many carresses besides, lay contentedly stretched on the rug before the fire, his head resting on his two front paws, dozing peacefully, but now and then opening his eyes to bestow a loving look on his dear master and to make sure he was indeed there.

David and Beth happy as two young lovers, sat hand in hand and talked of their bright future and the rich blessings of the present.

"And the little wife thought I would certainly come because I had promised, did she?" said David with a tender look into the soft brown eyes that returned his gaze so trustingly.

"That's right, always have faith in your David. It has been a little experience, and I thought for a time I shouldn't see your face again, dear, but please God we may be together many, many years yet. Yes, the old year is dead and we are left to each other.

As he spoke the village bells rang the knell of the Old and the birth of the New Year; and David Derrick's watch-night was kept.

When Does Old Age Begin.

Some men are old at forty, while others may be almost said to be young at eighty. A man is just as old as his tissues, particularly those of his heart and brain and there are octogenarians who, for mental and even physical volatility, might be their own grandsons. The secret of such perpetual youth lies mostly in regular exercise whether in felling trees or in the humbler form of the daily "constitutional." Even when life has at last fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, exercise of a kind and amount suited to the "shrunk shanks," stiff joints, brittle bones, and other evidences of senility, will keep the furnace of the vital locomotive aglow long after others less carefully stoked have paled their inaffectual fires. But this can only be done (to continue the metaphor) by slackening speed and reducing pressure. If old men will jump hedges as in their salad days, they will not improbably do so to a musical accompaniment of snapping thigh bones. If they run to catch trains their hearts are extremely likely to mark their sense of such an outrage by stopping work. Dr. Hammond, of Washington, has collected seventy cases which have occurred in that city during the last ten years of men dying suddenly from running after street cars.

If a man has ridden all his life he may continue to do so as long as he can sit on a horse, otherwise this exercise is too violent for the aged. The "constitutional" is unquestionably the sheet anchor of old age so far as exercise is concerned. I need say nothing more about it than that each walk should be taken with a definite purpose, if it is only to set one's watch by a particular clock. To have an object of some kind makes all the difference between wholesome exercise and the listless dragging about of the dead weight of one's own body, which makes walking one of the most fatiguing as well as the dreariest of all forms of motion. To sum up the whole subject, the golden rule for exercise through all the seven chapters of man's strange, uneventful history, is to use it that the stream of life shall flow swift and clear, never stagnating like a muddy pond, and, on the other hand, never dashing itself to pieces in mere foam and fury.

The Prodigal Daughter.

The minister had preached an excellent sermon on a text taken from the parable of "The Prodigal Son," and as a relation he permitted the prettiest girl in church to walk home with him. Everybody at the church door praised the sermon, and the minister thought his fairest parishioner would certainly burn a little incense in his honor. He talked about the weather at first—for even clergymen are not above such polite subterfuges. Then he paused to allow his companion to turn the conversation in his direction. But she said nothing. So he broke the ice with: "And how did my sermon please you?"

"Oh! it was very good no doubt," she replied "from a man's standpoint. The prodigal son is always returning, and the fatted calf is continually being killed. But I think it is time that something was said and done for the prodigal daughter. If a girl falls into evil company and squanders her substance in riotous living there is no prospect of a welcome and forgiveness if she returns home. She is condemned without mercy by her own sex, and woe betide her if she leans for support upon the other. The next time you want a topic for a stirring sermon think of the hopeless fate of the prodigal daughter!"

Stop and Think.

Do young men who are in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors ever stop to think what such a practice is doing for them? It not only threatens to destroy health and manhood, but it shuts them out from the better positions in the employment of those who conduct the business of the country. No drinking man can secure a position as teacher in a college; as bank cashier or as superintendent of any railroad; as ticket agent in any prominent city in the country. In fact there is scarcely any place of trust that will in these days be entrusted to a drinking man. Not because a drinking man is more dishonest at heart than others, but because he cannot be trusted. He is more liable to neglect his business than is a sober man, and the temptation to use his employer's money is much greater. Young men who are just starting out in life should remember this.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Margie's Cause for Gratitude on New Year's Day.

"What made you sigh, Margie?"

"I couldn't help it. I happened to remember that our minister said last Sunday that every one should begin the new year with gratitude to God. Then I thought of Florence Percy's party, which comes off New Year's eve.

"But what made you sigh, child?"

"Because I haven't anything respectable to wear. My old blue silk is all worn out and as old-fashioned as the hills. I must say I don't feel like beginning the new year in a particularly thankful spirit. I want too much."

"O my child, think a moment."

"I have thought mother; I have thought how you have to slave almost day and night. You want me to finish my course of studies, and I want too. But I never look as the others girls do, and we have to pinch in every direction just to live from day to day; so no wonder I did not feel so very thankful."

"Oh you'll feel better Marjorie girl, when you come back from your holiday visits; you are all tired out now; but you're going into fine, large houses where there is plenty of money, and for a while you must forget all about our trials and enjoy yourself all you can. Your aunts and cousins will be very glad to see you, and I've no doubt you'll come home feeling as bright as a button."

"Well, I'll certainly try. You've done everything you could to have me go feeling comfortable, but there'll be a sharp contrast between my appearance and the friends I visit. However, they know before I get there that I'm a poor relation and can't be expected to compare very favorably with those who have enough and to spare."

"Never mind about that; remember child, you're the daughter of a King. Carry yourself with simplicity but with dignity, and I've no doubt you will win respect and affection. Your clothes are a comparatively unimportant consideration. It's not the fine feathers, you know."

"Perhaps not," laughed seventeen-year old Marjorie, "but I'd like to be a fine bird in fine feathers for once, just to see how it would seem. But I can only imagine our having always the same pinching need of money. Money! that's our great want. Money! How desperately we do need it! If only we could have more money I believe I should become one of the grateflest mortals right on the instant."

Then Marjorie Hunt kissed her good Christian mother "good night" and went to bed, and Mrs. Hunt could no longer keep the tears out of her eyes.

It was two days before New Year's. The wind was whistling around the little house and snow was in the air, but Mrs. Hunt had made everything as cheerful as possible in the simple home in anticipation of Marjorie's return.

Pretty soon the door-bell rang and there was Marjorie, fresh as a June rose, her face one mass of dimpling smiles, and to her mother's satisfaction she seemed perfectly delighted at finding herself at home again. After the cheery little supper she began the story of her visits in true girlish style.

"Yes Auntie Baldwin's house is perfectly elegant! Everything is hardwood, draperies, rosewood sets, mirrors of plate glass, oil paintings, etchings and easels, lace and solid silver, open fire places, and, all kinds of ornaments that I don't remember the names of; but mother, Aunt Baldwin is nearly blind! Did you know it?"

"Yes, dear. Her sight has been gradually going for years."

"Well, she knows everything trying under the sun. She thinks the servant takes advantage of her imperfect sight to neglect her duties, that her agent is scheming to defraud her, that the butcher and grocer cheat her! Really, of all the unhappy objects I ever heard of or saw, she is the most unhappy."

"Auntie Curtis is lovely, but is so feeble she doesn't even leave her room except when they carry her to the carriage for an occasional drive. She can't eat a mouthful of solid food nor anything really nice; so with all her money she can enjoy very little."

"Auntie Howland has a beautiful home and excellent health, but such a husband! He frets and scolds and keeps everybody miserable until he takes himself off; then auntie tries to be cheerful and appears as if she didn't care much for his bad temper; but she does, I know, for she couldn't help caring.

"Cousin Jennie Howland is one of the most unenviable young girls I ever met."

"That seems astonishing, my dear, considering how much she can have."

"Yes, I suppose so. She has the most artistic, expensive dresses imaginable, and spends nearly all of her time just dressing and going about; but her life is absolutely empty of anything really satisfactory. She is never contented. She thinks that her friends slight her, and she crammed her loveliest dress into my trunk, declaring that the dressmaker had purposely spoiled it. Won't it be grand enough for me to wear to-morrow to Florence Percy's New Year's eve party?"

"But I sincerely pity Auntie Howland, she can take so little comfort either with her husband or daughter; and I pity Jennie too. She has a morbid dread of illness and thinks religion the most doleful thing in the world.—I tried to tell her the religion of Jesus Christ was just full of brightness and hope, but she wouldn't listen to me and was almost rude about it."

"Auntie Curtis used to watch me as if my red cheeks were a fascination; and one day she said it seemed to her I had almost everything desirable in life—youth, health, friends, and excellently good spirits. Only think, ma, everything—me!"

"But anyway I never felt as happy and contented before in my life as I do to-night. I'm just delighted to be back in this peaceful, plain, cosy little old house, with my own dear mother for company. And what do you think I keep thanking God for?"

"You will have to tell me, Marjorie".

"Why, I keep thanking him now, and if I'm spared I'm going to begin the new year by thanking him, that my greatest trial is only lack of money. I begin to realize the value of some of my great blessings—eyesight, health, dear friends, no harrowing suspicions, no jealousies. Those are the real troubles after all."—*American Messenger.*

What to Try.

Try pop-corn for nausea.
Try cranberries for malaria.
Try a sun bath for rheumatism.
Try ginger ale for stomach cramps.
Try clam broth for a weak stomach.
Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas.
Try swallowing saliva when troubled with sore stomach.

"IS GOD DEAD?"

Alone he sat in a great arm chair,
His study door ajar;
His children played on the winding stairs,
The mother sang a bar
Of some love song they together sang
In happy days gone by;
And for his dog and in childmirth rang
With all wealth could supply.

And yet his heart had a strange unrest,
Of mingled fear and doubt;
His soul had long made a fruitless quest
For things "passeth understanding out."
In worship wise and in religious love
He'd searched for so-called "truth,"
Until he longed for the peace, once more,
The simple faith of youth.

A little head of bright, golden hair,
Peeped through the door its charms;
A little angel climbed up his chair
And nestled in his arms.
"Is God dead, papa?" A question new.
"No; why ask that?" he said.
"You don't talk wif him as you used t' do;
I jes, mebbe, He's dead."

"A child shall lead them" he humbly sighed,
And kneeling down in prayer,
The fears and doubts were all satisfied
As he talked with his Saviour there.
The little hands in devotion held
Unclasped; she raised her head,
And from her lips, and his heart, there welled
"I'm so glad God is not dead."

Courtship and Marriage.

With an honorable girl, with an honorable man, an engagement carries with it something more than a few sunny months of courtship. After courtship comes marriage. After marriage comes the home. To describe the reasons which to some young people seem sufficient to justify them first in "flirting" and then in getting "engaged" would answer to no good purpose. But putting aside the indirect manner in which writers address their readers, let me speak frankly to you as a friend to a friend. Let me ask you to consider what you must have in your future husband, in your future wife, to make it even tolerable to spend twenty, or thirty, or forty years together. I will not insist on the elements which are necessary to the romantic perfection of married life, for most of us are common-place people and a life of romance is beyond our reach. There are some very common-place things which you ought to make sure of.

Good sound health is one thing. There are twenty grave reasons for insisting on it. Next to this I should put perfect truthfulness. The man who will lie to other people will lie to his wife; the girl who will lie to other people will lie to her husband. Next to truthfulness, temperance industry and courage. The fortitude that is the power to bear pain and trouble without whining. Then unselfishness for the selfish man, the selfish girl, though drawn out of selfishness in the early weeks of courtship, will settle back into it, when the wear and worry of life comes on.

I said just now that most of us are common-place people, and that a life of romance is out of our reach; but I believe in "falling in love." The imagination should be kindled, and the heart touched. There should be enthusiasm and even romance in the happy months that precede marriage, and something of the enthusiasm and romance to the very end of life, or else the home is wanting in its perfect happiness and grace. The wonderful charm which makes the wife more to the husband than all other men—this is necessary to a happy marriage. But take my word for it, those plain, solid virtues of which I have spoken are indispensable to the security and happiness of a home, and it is a home you are drifting to when you are drifting into love.

Farm Topics.

Help pays when it is needed.
Neglect seldom pays in anything.
If a door sags and rubs, level it up.
Sheep need dry soil and good shelter.
It costs little to keep a clean door-yard.
Quality in the horse is preferable to color.
Don't be afraid of working between meals.
If a leak appears in the roof, stop it at once.
Good, tillage leaves a clean soil after harvest.
Ashes mixed with salt are excellent for sheep.
In the hurry of work, don't forget your wife.
Every machine is liable to wear, rust and decay.
Goats among sheep are said to ward off infection.
It is better for the soil to grow weeds than nothing.
When doing well, be not rash in making a change.
Don't allow your sheep to get wet and chilled in the fall.
Hens, hogs and sheep are all beneficial to an orchard.
Wherever you find a screw or nut loose, tighten it up.
All non-agricultural soils should be made tree-producing.
Ashes are worth more as a fertilizer than for making soap.
When you find a board loose on the fence, drive a nail into it.

—If the members of this congregation, who are liberal in donating buttons in the collection, would change the programme a little by dropping in a needle and thread once in a while for the purpose of sewing on those buttons I would feel deeply grateful for their thoughtfulness," said Bro. Flunk.

Women are not slow to comprehend. They're quick. They're alive, and yet it was a man who discovered the one remedy for their peculiar ailments. The man was Dr. Pierce.

The discovery was his "Favorite Prescription"—the boon to delicate women. Why go round "with one foot in the grave," suffering in silence—misunderstood—when there's a remedy at hand that built an experiment, but which is sold under the guarantee that if you are disappointed in any way in it, you can get your money back by applying to its makers.

We can hardly imagine a woman's not trying it. Possibly it may be true of one or two—but we doubt it. Women are ripe for it. They must have it. Think of a prescription and give out of the way waiting for it. Carry the news to them!

The seat of sick headache is [illegible] brain! Regulate the stomach [illegible] Dr. Pierce's Pellets are [illegible]

"His editorial [illegible] penny the [illegible] wife had a [illegible] dollars and [illegible] didn't like [illegible] butter."