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Business Directory.

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Money to Loan.
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Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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Wellington Marble Works.
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CLARK & CARTER,
DIRECT Importers of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all shades and various designs. All work and materials 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.

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Desiccated Wheat
For Dyspeptics and anyone with weak digestion.
TRY IT.
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To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor."
The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Indispensable to the head of every household and have a combined reference of 1,000 valuable weights in gold to any one living Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address
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JAMES BROWN
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Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.
Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will receive prompt attention.
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S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers, Georgetown and Toronto.

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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.

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CAPITAL - $12,000,000
REST - 6,000,000
A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
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Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

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.

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Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings,
IVORY OAK FRAMES SILVER GILT
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake Whites.
Double Tubes, Bowney's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 25c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.

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Are said to be the best selected in the city
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ESTABLISHED 1877.
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—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 classes of buildings, and execute 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 6 a. m. and 8 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
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ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.
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JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), Cor. 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.

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Pianos
AND
Organs
WERE AWARDED
THE - GOLD - MEDAL
AT
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In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.
FOR SALE
On Monthly or Quarterly Payments.
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE,
85 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

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 600,000.00
REST FUND 45,000.00
GUELPH BRANCH,
We call your attention to the convenience 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.
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.

GRINDELL'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 workmanlike 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 sizes 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. Pumps of 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 on 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.

MY STORY, MARM.

My story, marm? Well, really, now I have not much to say;
But if you'd called a year ago and then again to-day,
No need of words to tell you, marm, for your own eyes could see
How much the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

A year ago we hadn't flour to make a batch of bread,
And many a night the soulittle ones went supperless to bed;
Now look into the larder, marm,—ther's sugar, flour and tea,
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

The pall that holds the butter John used to fill with beer;
But he hadn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year;
He pays his debts, is strong and well as any man can be;
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the streets, feeling so mean and low,
And didn't like to meet the folks he used to know;
But now he looks them in the face, and steps of bold and free;
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

A year ago these little boys went strolling thro the streets,
With scarcely clothing on their backs, and nothing on their feet;
But now they've shoes and stockings and garments as you see;
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

The children were afraid of him—his coming stopped their play;
But now when supper time is o'er and the table cleared away,
The boys all frolic around his chair, the baby climbs his knee;
And this is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

Ah, those sad days are o'er of sorrow and of pain;
The children have their father back, and I my John again;
I pray excuse my weeping, marm—they're tears of joy, to see
How much the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

Each morning, when he goes to work, I upward look and say:
"O, Heavenly Father, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day"
And every night, before I sleep, thank God on bended knee
For what the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

Select Family Reading.

Rev. Timothy Trueblue.

Rev. Timothy Trueblue was a denominationalist of the "dyed-in-the-wool" stripe, as he was proud to asseverate. He was proud of his church and her history and doctrines, intensely proud, jealously proud and sensitive, about her principles and fair fame. This to him was denominationalism, and he could conceive of no other kind, until his cousin's daughter came to Burton to pay him a visit with her invalid father.

Naturally timid and reticent with ladies or strangers, he had at first made only such advances as ordinarily relations and Christian courtesy required. But there was that in the sunny manner and genial warmth of Miss Sally adapted to thaw out the most secluded nature. He began to watch her at first as one not sportive or mirthful will watch the flittings of a bird, and in spite of an austere mood, begin to feel in sympathy with the sprightly thing. To him she seemed a bright, vivacious creature, as innocent as a canary and as ornamental.

But it was not long before he changed his views. He could not see her steadfast devotion to her father and her patient hopefulness in her trial, without feeling that the most draw strength and courage from a higher source than the arm of flesh.

When she began to send her rays of sympathy farther out and shed them upon the people and work of his own ministerial charge, then he was sure that, stranger as she was, and favored and petted as she had been, and professing another faith from his, still there was a largeness and sweetness and generousness about her Christianity that made it belong not to sect or name but to the world of God's children whenever they were found. She could not do enough for Aunt Riah, her father's nurse; and that was natural. But that she should take the trouble to visit the garrulous Dorcas, and have sympathy to spare for her fault-finding spirit; that she should feel an interest in such a rough boy as Burt Ashton puzzled him.

When she first questioned him about his work and people, he was disposed to attribute her questions to idle curiosity or a sense of courtesy; but when he came to see that it was real interest, and that it was as natural for her to think of others as for the bird to sing, he began to wonder what manner of soul this was, and to let her come nearer and presently to see into the inner recesses of his soul, and to cheer and strengthen him.

Rev. Timothy Trueblue had been trained in that school of denominational loyalty which attempts to feed the soul on the traditions of devotion to the principles of early church founders. He had in his library all the controversial books covering the period of theological discussion that had given birth to his denomination. On these arguments he fed his attachment to his church though the church had long since passed beyond the day of controversy and no one could find in all the ministry of his church one who stood more firmly for its honor and rights than he. His father had been a minister before him and had personally shared in the early making of the history of his denomination.

The recital of the old theological battles out of whose fires had come the "child of Providence," as he was won't to call his church, thrilled every fibre of his being with intensest love and devotion for it. It made him feel toward it as the mother does toward her weakling child that had been picked upon and laughed at by the other children in the street, and he could not see how the recital of the same could fail to have a like effect upon others, upon the young people of his day. It was his main reliance for producing loyalty to the church among its members. He loved to talk in his private conversation, and to preach in the pulpit, of how the fathers of the church had suffered for the principles they held, and extolled those principles with a fervor and enthusiasm, and burnished them by contrast with those against which they had clashed in controversy, in a way that he felt sure ought to commend them to all thinking minds. Certainly he had done his duty in presenting the principles of his church; and certainly if now the young under his care did not reverence those principles and rally to the cause of the church because of their admiration and devotion to them, then the blame must fall upon their own heads, and they must bear the odium of being unworthy sons and daughters of loyal parents.

He was not a bigoted or bitter man, and was ever ready to meet, in a spirit of Christian courtesy, Christians of other denominations, and to mingle with them in fraternal meetings, but always with a watchful eye for anything that could be construed as a slight put upon his own church, and depreciating whatever would cause the children of his church to cast their eyes in the direction of another denomination, whether it were for the choosing of a wife, or the seeking of a business partner or a congenial circle of young friends. Upon this idea of fostering denominationalism he had spent his whole ministering labors, and glorified by his pain and sorrow that he had accomplished so little in awakening in the hearts of the youth the response that the appeals to the testimony of the history of the church and the abstract principles held by his church had aroused in himself.

Perhaps this picture will not be complete without throwing it in contrast upon the background of youthful views in his own church circle.

"He's always talking to us about being loyal to the church," said one of the young people one evening. "And he means by that that one must be born, keep company, have business dealings, marry and die in the church, and be buried in a coffin bought of a member of it; but he never tells us how one is going to be proud of a church like this one, on its last legs, in a tumble-down pigsty of a building, without enough pride or respectability to pay its debts or fix up. Why doesn't the church do something for us to be proud of, I'd like to know; or why hasn't it, if it has such grand principles?"

"Look here," said another who overheard this tirade; "I'll tell you how you measure those things."

"How?" asked the first, half expecting some nonsense for an answer. "Why, upwards; that is," he added just in time to spoil a gratified look on her face, "by the height of the steeple."

"And how do you, I'd like to know?" she asked a little spitefully.

"There's only one way," said he more seriously than any one else expected; "fruits."

"That's what I said."

"Yes, but you're off on the kind, you know; sky-scraping steeples and mellow-toned organs and frescoed ceilings and all that sort of thing you have stuffed your head with isn't the fruit that belongs on the Christian tree. It's feeding the hungry and visiting the sick and drying the mourner's tears, the way Jesus Christ did when he was on earth. It seems to me that is being true to the church and honoring it; and the church that does such works won't have to exhort people to honor it."

In Miss Sally, Mr. Trueblue met a Christian of a different type from his ideal; not one whit less devoted to her own denomination than he to his, yet in a quiet, unargumentative way that would sometimes have left him in doubt as to the quality of her attachment, he had not come to see that it was only her larger appreciation of it that led her to forget to speak of it in a boastful way. She spoke of its record of good works with a quiet assurance, as it needed not her to proclaim its greatness from the housetops. As her church was of more ancient lineage than his own, and rich in the storied traditions and hoary associations of the past, it was to him a constant source of wonder that she did not laud and extol it as she might have been pardoned for doing. But all her devotion to it and her satisfaction in it seemed to be centred on something entirely different. It was not so much a question of who had founded her peculiar sect, or of what names famous in history had been prominent in its annals, as of what it was now doing for the salvation of the world and the rescue of Christ's brethern. When she did mention church names, it was in a spirit of thankfulness that her Master was so large, by using her own church to promote the growth of His kingdom on earth; and she was just as glad when he used others of another name and faith in as large a way, or still. In short, the whole foundation of her denominational loyalty seemed to be not the traditions of the past, but the service of love and self-denial that the denomination was continually inspiring in its members.

He looked at her and studied her as a thing of wonder. When he came to comprehend what it was that actuated her and gave to her steadfastness and devotion of purpose, he could not but compare in his mind the results he saw worked out in her with the opposite results, or rather, the lack of results produced in the young of his congregation by the sort of fuel with which he had so far been trying to feed their denominationalism. Could it be, after all, he was making a mistake? It was with such a question as this in his mind that, day by day, he studied this young girl who came so near to filling his ideal of church loyalty, and yet who so disappointed him, so far as the means by which she had been perfected in what he most admired in her were concerned.

One day she came to him to ask his approval of a Lyceum that she had been talking up with the young people of his church, before she should finally commit herself in its favor.

"Lyceum," he said welcoming her to his study with a smile, "is it what we used to call, in our old fashioned way, a 'debating society'? Now I see where there might be some good in that if we could get them to discussing such questions as the ministry and laity of the church, or the principles of government of the apostolic church, or scriptural authority for more than one order in the ministry."

Miss Sally smiled faintly but quickly recovered herself. "I was thinking," she said with rare tact and [illegible] how perfectly you and father [illegible] if he only were able talk with [illegible] subject what delightful [illegible] would be for a gathering [illegible] isn't debating, altogether [illegible] of, though, but [illegible] papers on [illegible] subjects, the [illegible] and their addition to the collection and use of a circulating library. Don't you think, sir, that there would be a bond of unity and elevating influences in such pursuits?"

"There might be both in the things you mention; but where is the church training of the young come in, except incidentally, in the things you mention?"

"Why, I'm much too dull to explain such a thing to you, but don't you think it would be a good deal just to draw the young people together into common bonds, and to strive to elevate their tastes and pursuits?"

"I'm willing to try it if you think so. I don't want any such risky experiments, though, as getting a thing started that is hard to shut off when you see the harmful tendency of it."

The young people's lyceum was sanctioned by the powers that be, and the work of instituting it and launching it went on in the council chambers of those who were in the leadership of the young. It interested the young people, that was certain, and that was more could be said of anything that had pertained to the church for years back.

But it did more. Before the first interest died away, as Miss Sally knew it was sure to do if fed with nothing more than literary exercises once a week, she had helped the young people to make the discovery that the church in which they met was dingy and dirty and out of repair. From this discovery it was an easy step for their active, restless natures to begin to devise means of improving it. It was wonderful what a sense of proprietorship in the church it gave them when they began to count the nickels and dimes and hours of planning and work of their own that went for its improvement.

"I declare," exclaimed one of the girls after the last bit of new paper had been neatly put in place, "the dear old place looks too sweet for anything; but my arms do ache."

"The inconsistency of that speech!" teased one of the boys. "Why don't you say the horrid old thing, if it has made you tired?"

"Because, some way, the more I do for this place, the more I get interested in it. I ought not to say the more, because I didn't use to take the least bit of interest."

According to the preacher it was because I was not loyal, but say, D just don't believe there's such a thing as making loyalty out of what others do for you; you've got to do something; it's got to cost you something. Isn't it that what I heard father talking about the other evening after he came from post meeting? He said he didn't believe he ever knew what love for his country was until he had left his leg in the trenches before Vicksburg. Oh, there he is, the preacher! I do wonder if he'd me."

The Rev. Timothy Trueblue went on his way toward the parsonage muttering to himself: "That's quite another stripe of loyalty; the devotion that comes of spending and being spent for a cause. How these young people have changed already, I wonder whether, after all, we have not been giving them a fair test? Would they honor the church more if it gave them thoughts worthy their thinking and deeds worthy their doing? Hum, that kind of church loyalty!"

What an old Farmer Says.

This is the advice of an old farmer of one of the Southern States, who has tilled the soil for forty years:

I am an old man, upward of three-score years, during two score of which I have been rich and have all I need; do not owe a dollar; have given my children a good education, and when I am called away shall leave them enough to keep the wolf from the door. My experience has taught me that—

1. One acre of land, well prepared and well tilled produced more than two which received only the same amount of labor bestowed on one.

2. One cow, horse, mule, sheep or hog well fed is more profitable than two kept on the same amount necessary to keep one well.

3. One acre of clover or grass is worth more than two of cotton where no grass or clover is raised.

4. No farmer who buys oats, corn or wheat, fodder and hay, can keep the sheriff from the door to the end.

5. The farmer who never reads the papers, sneers at book farming and improvements, always had a leaky roof, poor stock, broken-down fences, always complains of bad "seasons."

6. The farmer who is above his business and entrusts it to another to manage soon has no business to attend to.

7. The farmer whose habitual beverage is cold water is healthier, wealthier and wiser than he who does not refuse to drink.

What Workingmen Think of Sunday Labor.

Some time ago 450 locomotive engineers of the New York Central railroad petitioned Mr. Vanderbilt for the cessation of Sunday labour as follows:—

"First.—This never-ending labour ruins our health and prematurely makes us feel worn out like old men, and we are sensible of our inability to perform our duty as well when we work to an excess.

"Second—That the customs of all civilized countries, as well as all laws, human and divine, recognize Sunday as a day of rest and recuperation; and notwithstanding intervals of rest might be arranged for us on other days than Sunday, we feel that by so doing we would be forced to exclude ourselves from all church, family, and social privileges that other citizens enjoy.

"Third—Nearly all the undersigned have children, that they desire to have educated in everything that will tend to make them good men and women, and we and cannot help but see that our example in ignoring the Sabbath day has a very demoralizing effect upon them.

"Fourth—Because we believe the best interests of the company we serve, as well as ourselves, will be promoted thereby; and because we believe locomotive engineers should occupy as high social and religious positions as men in any other calling."

In addition to these reasons the petitioners go on to state:—"We do not hesitate to say that we can do as much work in six days with the seventh for rest, as is now done. We ask you to aid us; give us the Sabbath for rest after our week of laborous duties; and we pledge you that with a system invigorated by a season of repose, by a brain eased and cleared by hours of relaxation, we can go to work with more energy, more mental and physical force, and can and will accomplish more work and do it better, if possible, in six days than we can now do in seven."

Words like these, coming from men who have experience in Sunday work should have some weight in the present discussion.

For Scrofula in every form Hood's Sarsaparilla is a radical, reliable remedy. It has an unequalled record of cures.

W. P. Smith, a brother-in-law of Sir W. Howland, died in Portage la Prairie, last week, aged 71.

Weighing An Elephant.

About two hundred years ago there lived a Prince of Mahrattas, in Hindostan, whose name was Shabjee. Princes are numerous in India, but this particular Prince was long remembered on account of his beneficence and great wisdom. He seems to have been the most learned Prince of the time, and his advice and help were always sought in critical matters. Many stories are told of his ingenious settlement of difficulties, and some of them are certainly curious.

Once a very high official in the court of Prince Shabjee made a vow that if he succeeded in a certain enterprise, he would distribute to the poor of his district "the weight of his own elephant in silver." Elephants were highly prized by these Princes, and each kept the largest and finest for his own use. The official's vow, it hasty, was generous, and perhaps the success of his undertaking was worth the price.

The undertaking succeeded, but the official, willing to keep his oath, was met by an unexpected difficulty. There was no possible way of finding the elephant's correct weight. No scales in the country were constructed of sufficient power to weigh such enormous beasts. Elephants were not sold by the pound, and no need had before arisen for scales to weigh them. All the learned and clever men of the court tried in vain to construct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the enormous beast. It did seem probable that of the poor Hindostan would have to get along without that silver. It is possible that the official had thought of this objection when he made the vow. Indians are crafty, and this one might have been cunning enough to leave himself a loophole of escape to prevent parting with his money.

But if any such motion had occurred to him he was doomed to disappointment in the matter. The question was referred to Shabjee, as all such vexatious questions were. And it did not take him long to find a very simple solution. That is always the way with true genius, you know. The solution if finds is so simple that every one cries out in wonder.

"Why, of course!" Why didn't somebody speak of that before?"

Shabjee commanded the elephant to be conducted along a platform into a flat-bottomed boat which lay by the water-side. When the animal was safely aboard, he desired the attendants to mark upon the boat's side the exact height to which the water reached when the elephant weighed down. Then the elephant was taken out, and stones substituted, until enough were loaded into the boat to bring it to the same waterline as when the elephant was the passenger.

Then the stones were weighed. If the scales could not hold all at once, part could be taken at a time, you see, and so the elephant's weight was correctly ascertained. It is safe to conclude that the poor of Hindostan finally got the silver. A Prince so wise must have also been just. Whether the official who paid the money was quite satisfied, history does not tell us, but we will hope, for his charity's sake he was, and as a full-grown elephant weighs several tons, the amount distributed among the poor of the district must have been very large.

His Last Order.

"I have taken my last order; I am going home," he said as the clock struck the midnight hour.

The nurse looked at the doctor with a significant glance and whispered:

"His mind wanders!"

Presently he lifted his feverish head from its pillow. "Any letters from the house?" he inquired. "There ought to be letters here."

Then he slept, and in his sleep was a boy again—babbled of fishing streams where the trout played, of school hours and romps with his mates. At twelve o'clock he suddenly awakened.

"All right!" he called in a strong voice. "I'm ready!"

He thought the porter had called him for any early train. The doctor laid a soothing hand on him as he slept. In his sleep he murmured:

"Show your samples of our goods. I'm going off the road. This order closes me out. The house has called me in. Going to have my first vacation, but I shall lose time—time—time!"

He drowsed off and the doctor counted his pulse. Suddenly the sick man started up.

"Give me a letter from home. Ellen always writes me here. Dear girl, she never disappointed me yet—and the children. They will forget me if my trips are too long. I have only a few more towns to sell—I promised to be home Christmas—I promised to be home—promised——"

He slept again and again awakened with a start.

"No word from the house yet!"

He was going fast now. The doctor bent over him and repeated in a comforting voice the precious words of promise:

"In my father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you."

"Yes—yes," said the dying traveller faintly. It is a clear statement. It is a good house to travel for. It deals fair and square with its men."

The chill December morning dawned—the end was very near. The sick man was approaching the undiscovered land from whose bourne no traveller returns.

"I've changed my route," he murmured faintly. "The house is calling me in—write to Ellen and the children that I'm on my way home—It's in my sample case—without money and without price—a good house—fills all orders as agreed. Call me for the first train—I'm going to get home for Christmas."

They laid his head back on the pillow. He had made the round trip. He had "gone home for Christmas."

Charles Lamb on the First Glass.

Charles Lamb, one of the brightest spirits extinguished by drink, wrote mournfully, looking back upon his childhood, "Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first glass was delicious, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man feels himself going down a precipice with an open eye and a passive will, to see his destruction and not to have power of will to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself, to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and to know be able to forgive the same, when at what other price how he would not have first tempted to

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman, full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone:
"With a Saviour for a Friend
He will keep me till the end."

Sometimes, happening along,
I had heard the semi-song,
And I often used to smile,
More in sympathy than guile,
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her Friend,
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow, nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor,
But, in monotone, the song
She was humming all day long:
"With a Saviour for a Friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Thus the lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
But her spirits always rose
Like the bubbles in her clothes;
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone
Of a Saviour and a Friend,
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby romped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
Or was paddling in the pools
With old scissors stuck in spools,
She still humming of her Friend,
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds,
Have their root in human needs,
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that song may bring,
For the woman has a Friend,
Who will keep her to the end.

A Christmas Sermon.

Here is a whole sermon on trust by a little fellow who, after suffering a keen disappointment in finding an empty stocking on Christmas morning, was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude by a very late visit of the Christmas saint. Kind friends sent the gifts, and Arty's teacher told him so.

"But," said Arty, "God must have told them to send the things to me."

Why yes," he replied; "didn't you know I hung my stocking in the window?"

"But it wasn't filled," reasoned his teacher.

"Yes; but I waited for Him in my heart for I thought may be His time was not as quick as ours.

O if only we could remember, when tempted to fret about a delayed blessing that our Father's time may not be as quick as ours!

Points for Girls.

Your mother is your best friend.

Have nothing to do with girls who snub their parents.

Do not expect your brother to be as dainty as a girl.

Exercise, and never try to look as if you were in delicate health.

Introduce every new acquaintance to your mother as soon as possible.

Enjoy the pleasures provided for you by your parents to the fullest extent. They will like that for a reward better than any other.

Do not quarrel with your brother; do not preach at him, and do not coddle him. Make him your friend; and do not expect him to be your servant, nor let him expect you to be his.

Don't think it necessary to get married. There is plenty of room for old maids, and they are often happier than wives.

Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration, as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. Coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., if attended to in time are easily subdued, but if allowed to run their own course, generally prove the fore-runner of more dangerous diseases. Nine-tenths of the consumptives date their affliction from a neglected cold, and the diseases that are caused by wet feet, damp clothes or exposure are more numerous than are generally supposed. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs, is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which frees the lungs from viscid phlegm by changing the secretions from a diseased to a healthy state.

Real Merit

Is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Druggists say: When we sell a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla to a new customer we are sure to see him back in a few weeks after more,—proving that the good results from a trial bottle warrant continuing its use. This positive merit Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses by virtue of the Peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process used in its preparation, and by which all the remedial value of the ingredients used is retained. Hood's Sarsaparilla is thus peculiar to itself and absolutely unequalled in its power as a blood purifier, and as a tonic for building up the weak and weary, and giving nerve strength.

The rich are only enviable in one attribute—their power to help the poor.

Mrs. Harry Pearson Hawtrey, writes: For about three months I was troubled with fainting spells and dizziness which was growing worse, and would attack me three or four times a day. At last my husband purchased a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, from which I derived considerable benefit. I then procured another, and before it was used my affliction was completely gone, and I have not had an attack of it since.

Oh, this singing in the ears!
Oh, this humming in the head!
Hawking, blowing, whistling, gasping,
Watering eyes and throat a-rasping,
Health impaired and comfort fled;
Till I would that I were dead!

What folly to suffer so, with catarrhal troubles, when the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head are relieved and cured by the mild, cleansing and healing properties of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It purifies the foul breath by removing the cause of offence, heals the sores on the mucous passages, and perfects a lasting cure.

The extraordinary inducements offered by Fisheries Exhibition Committee to supply bait to the fishermen on the Atlantic coast has proved a most successful.