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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

J. F. HREN, M. D. C. M
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S.
Sit merlin, Dentist
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons
Office—Open every day except Wednesday and Saturday, and the first Thursday of each month.
Over the Drug Store, ACTON.

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 HOURS Tuesday and Saturday
OFFICE—Kadenwin's Block Acton

R. J. McNABB,
CONVEYANCER, ETC., ACTON
Rents, Accounts collected. Agent for 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—Crosbman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st Toronto
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE H. E. STONE

W. JACKSON,
Conveyancer, Notary Public, Real Estate Loan and Insurance Agent
Money to loan at lowest rates
Office, Day's Block, Guelph, Ont

MARRIAGE LICENSES
J. L. CHARLES
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office—Charles' Jewelry Store
Mill Street,

JAMES HUTCHEON
Sand Bulter and Cream Sage
Office, adjoining J. A. Mowat's Macdonnel street, Guelph

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
OFFICE—Wyndham Street

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER
Wyndham St. (over Williams Store)
Account Books of all kinds made. Catalogues of every description carefully bound. Roller neatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP
MILL STREET ACTON
An easy shave, a stylish hair cut or a refreshing shampoo always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut
J. & R. WORDEN Proprietor Artists

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications for wards to my address will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent
Guelph.

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON's Block formerly Hatch's Block the same corner of Wyndham and Norfolk streets Guelph Ont
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor,
The only direct importer in Guelph of Scotch Scotch American and other superior granites Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from and none but superior workmen employed

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

GRAIN WANTED.
THE undersigned is prepared to pay the highest cash price for all kinds of grain delivered at his warehouse at G. T. R. station, Acton.
JOHN E. CORRY

Holiday Goods
AT DAY'S.
Albums, Bibles, Poets, Dressing Cases, Pocket Books, Wallets, Opera glasses Bronze Goods.
Those Mexican Onyx Tables from the World's Fair are lovely.
All the new Xmas numbers of the illustrated Papers on hand at
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
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.

We brush
Profits to
The Winds
AND CAP ALL BARGAINS
Commencing to day every purchaser of goods to the value of $1 and upwards, presented with a first-class Clothes or Hat Brush. You have the choice.
Every man or boy purchasing either a hat or cap to value of $1 or more has choice of
NEAT CAP FREE.
Prices Reduced in Every Department Terms Cash
R. E. NELSON,
Merchant Tailor and Gents Furnisher
90 Upper Wyndham St. Guelph

IT WILL PAY YOU
TO GO TO
WATERS BROS.,
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE GUELPH
FOR
New Years Goods
NEW PICTURES
NEW STYLES OF FRAMES
GOODS SUITABLE for PRESENTS
IN INDESCRIBABLE VARIETY
WATERS BRO

Guelph Business College.
Stands head and shoulders above all competitors. Business College, the large of its patronage extending from Great Britain on the East to British Columbia and California on the West but it has also developed into a great
College of Language.
[illegible]
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK
Guelph, Ont
SEASON 1894
[illegible] for their liberal support [illegible] to inform you that we have contracted with an arrangement with R. McDougall Guelph for a constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and we also supply any special sizes at reasonable prices
Frames of All Kinds
such Leader. 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
[illegible] other kind of tin pumps. Low [illegible] satisfactory.
Lower [illegible] and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBRAGE, Manager
Acton

101
Packages
OF
Books, Stationery and Inks
Were delivered by the C. P. Railway to me last week and I am now opening out the same and marking them off at prices hitherto unheard of in this city of cheap goods
Merchants
Buyers of Books
Dealers
School Trustees
Sunday School Managers
and all who wish to get best value for their money should make an early inspection of this stock.
The Public and Separate School Readers all the time sold at 20 per cent. discount.
PANSY BOOKS ONLY 5 CENTS
JOHN SMITH,
20 Wyndham St.,

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized [illegible]
Capital Paid up [illegible]
Rest [illegible]
GUELPH BRANCH
4 per cent paid on sums of $1 and upwards deposited in the Savings Bank department and paid or compounded every six months
Deposit Receipts issued
Farmers' Notes discounted
The collection of sale notes a specialty
A general Banking business transacted
A. E. H. JONES,
Manager

THE WATERLOO MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Company.
ESTABLISHED IN 1863
HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO, ONT
Cash assets over $360,000 00.
The aggregate amount insured, in Western Ontario is over $17,000,000 00.
Ample assets for all liabilities
All honest losses honorably adjusted and promptly paid
OFFICERS
CHAS HENDRY, President
GEORGE RANDALL, Vice President
C. M. TAYLOR, Secretary
JOHN KILLER, Inspector
A. C. BICCS, Agent,
BURLINGTON P. O.

We
Wish
All
The
Free
Press
Readers
A Very
Happy New Year
And we
Hope they
Will call
And see
Us many
times during
1894
BOND'S
Hardware, GUELPH
Music for the Holidays.
My store will be open every evening during month until noon o'clock to give everybody an opportunity if you cannot call through the day to call and select a
PIANO, ORGAN, MUSIC BOX, GUITAR, BANJO, FLUTE or ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
You wish to have for Xmas.
I have them all and will sell very low for cash.
Pianos $25 to $50 cash and $10 per month
Organs $10 cash and $2 per month.
Second hand Melodeons and organs for $10 up to $50 on easy terms.
If you want Music for Xmas it will pay you to call at
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE
Upper Wellington street, north of C. B. Ryan & Co.

BUY YOUR
RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES
AT
McLaren's XMAS GIFT SALE
Commencing on Dec. 16th, and continuing till 30th, we will give a Present with every purchase of shoes over $1 [illegible]
See our Large Stock of Ladies' Slippers for Christmas Dress
The Leading Fr[illegible]
WM. McLAREN & CO.
GUELPH.

ACTON
MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP
GRINDELL & WRIGHT
Are well equipped with all the machinery necessary to manufacture all repairs for
MACHINERY
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
And to do all kinds of
STEAM FITTING
HORSE SHOEING and
GENERAL BLACKSMITHING
And woodwork repaired in a satisfactory manner. We are to put any machine or implement of any make back running and filling done
AGENTS FOR
FLEURY'S IMPLEMENTS AND REPAIRS
GOWDY'S CELEBRATED LAWN MOWER, high wheel, high speed.
Grindell & Wright.

Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication

Poetry.

IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would fashion the faded gown,
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town
And it doubtless be all for the children,
The fun and the shows and the play,
With the patient drudge on the tired mouth,
And the "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her fashion there,
And she stopped about the farm and the house
As busy as bee or a bee
When she tucked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out and did without,
"And lived by the golden rule.

And so your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white,
And her eyes are gazing the far away look
That peers beyond the night
One of these days in the morning
Mother will not be here,
She will fade away into silence,
The mother so true and dear.

Then what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim,
And father tired, lonesome, then,
Pray what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest to-day,
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play

And if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy her a gown of silk
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk
And she'd let you do the trotting,
While she sat still in her chair
That mother should have it hard all through,
It strikes me as unfair

Select Family Reading.

Frankie and Her Bicycle

"Do please let me have it, do!"

"Frankie, don't be such a tomboy girl. Why don't you try to be like other little girls and ask for a large beautiful doll?"

"Oh, mamma!" and a look of disgust came over the little one's face. "I'm not like other girls. I don't like dolls a bit. Besides I've got twenty."

"Yes, but dear, anything else. What will people say?"

"I don't care, mamma. Why should boys have all the fun and girls stay at home always?" And exactly placing her soft cheek against her young mother's she let the tears roll down her face.

"Come, come Bessie let the child have it. It is to be her choice you know."

"Yes, but, Rollins, a bicycle! Why, look! she would be a tomboy, then!"

Well how would that do pet? asked her father from his chair beside the window.

Slipping from her mother's arms she bounded on papa's lap, and slid set an eager him with kisses, as she exclaimed between times.

"No, a bicycle, papa. I hate those little low tricycles I do!" with an upraising of her sparkling black eyes and such a pleading look that the fond father was conquered still he teased her a little as he sat there contrasting the soft dark curls gazing with pride at the beautiful eager face.

Rollins and Bessie Littleton started in life with the best of prospects both their parents well to do, and the young people comparatively wealthy.

Rollins had the capital but no experience, and he met a fine looking, smooth talking individual who claimed, and did indeed have, the business qualifications which young Littleton lacked.

Besides that, he was much older being thirty-five, whilst Rollins was but twenty four and seemed in every way desirable for a partner, so, with but little parley they began business.

One year from the time they opened found Rollins a ruined man. Knowing, now his partner was the cause, yet unable to prove it.

Everything even their beautiful home was sold and the young people went out to—Bessie holding a young baby in her arms.

The [illegible] were good, dear two and would rather die than ask assistance from their kind parents. So when Mr. McDonald offered Rollins work in the Woollen Mills the young man gladly accepted and they were soon established in a pretty little cottage just one mile from the works with good roads all the way.

Frankie was their only child and a real darling. Never having any girl friends to play with she became as lonely as her little neighbors and playmates Bessie was wont could wish. Now at the age of eight her uncle Uncle Frank had offered her a present no matter what, saying he had the hundred dollars to the bank for her. He thought of course her choice would be a pony and cart and even sugested that the little Miss wished other wise. She had her wish. The child no longer the boating parents to refuse her anything she longed for if they could save sufficient to get it even if mamma had to do over her old black dress, and pops wear a shabby hat.

The letter composed by Frank but written by her mother was dispatched and the little girl went out a pair of shoes going to and from the office for the answer.

At last she was rewarded. The long look for the letter came and Frank, after pops had read it to her showed it to every one of the men hands even old black Simon, who not being able to read it, was little Frank proceeded to tell him the contents.

"Uncle Simon, he says mamma sends her love to Uncle Rufus and she but he is the doctor, if man and he's going to send him pet that's my Simon a bicycle, and

"Lah Missy, is at you do wid it? Wa dat for a boy, and not a leetle gal, shore.

"Now just look right away you'll see how nice I'll look and he's already sent it and it will be here to-morrow, so there."

Laughing gayly as old Simon looked puzzled she ran away.

"It's coming! Oh mamma, look, look! Oh, isn't it a beauty!" throwing her arms around it. She did not notice that her father had just taken another package from the wagon, until righting with the machine she gave a spring and was up in the saddle while the astonished parents gazed at her. Having taken a short run, she slid off the wheel and standing it against a tree, gave her pops and mamma a vigorous hug. Then spying the package.

"Oh, mamma! I guess that's my lantern and bell!" she exclaimed, eagerly.

"Papa's knife could not cut away the cords fast enough but when the bundle was opened, there followed an exclamation of joy.

"Oh, isn't it lovely, lovely!" and catching up a pretty little blue cap, she tossed her bonnet over the fence, then she went into the house with her bundle.

Her mother would have followed, but Rollins held her back.

"Don't Bessie," he whispered, "let's wait until the monkey comes out!"

They did not have long to wait.

Out she came, and how more than pretty she looked in her little kilt skirt, blouse waist, and blue cap, all matching, trimmed in gold braid.

How fondly the parents smiled as the little one advanced.

Bessie exclaimed

"Child, when and where did you learn?" She confessed how as she replied.

"Jim Singleton has one, and he taught me."

"You sly little puss," her mother said, as she watched the little one adjust the bell. Then with a start, a run, and a spring into the saddle, with a backward glance, and a flourish of the cap her laughing face was soon hidden from view as she rode easily and gracefully towards the mill.

Many times was the little girl teased; but to no purpose.

How many traps she made to the mill with "a tiny lunch for papa."

One night they had more work than usual, and Littleton was needed until midnight. He was going home to tell his wife spend ten minutes with her, and then return to the mill. He was very tired as he had worked hard all day, and was now walking slowly homeward.

Arrived at his destination, he was greeted by his daughter as she came in on a run. The moon was up and shone brightly.

"Do you know Bessie," he said, as he seated himself "I feel as if I could not walk another mile without resting to save my life."

His words were interrupted by the rattle of his slippers near pitted his head and made him feel so comfortable that he fell asleep.

Not wishing to awaken him, the wife and daughter spoke in whispers when not meaning it, Frank dropped a marble. The father started up glanced hurriedly at the clock and exclaimed

"Bessie! Bessie! Why didn't you awaken me? I've been here an hour and I ought to be there now. Oh God!" he said, wildly. "I cannot get there in time!"

"What's the matter, Rollins. Are you dreaming?" asked his wife, noting his sudden movement.

"No. I told Simon to get everything alone until I get home and telling him how long I'd be absent, and the boiler is nearly empty."

"Oh, God have mercy on us!" exclaimed his now frightened wife.

Even little Frank's face paled as she crept from the room well knowing that if the boiler went dry there would be a terrible explosion.

Quickening her steps she hastily unlocked her bicycle and opened the gate sprang into the saddle and was soon flying in the direction of the mill.

Faster and faster she went heed not the cobbling there to time, the distance that before seemed terribly long now.

At last she rode up to mill. Her coming up again at the door gazing at the moon all unconscious of his danger stood Simon the darkey. He started at sight of the little girl.

"Tell the boiler Simon quick."

He hesitated to believe his wedding.

"What the matter, Lah Missy?" he yelled loud that it resounded in every head. Frankie saw and realized for the first time what she had done.

Ten minutes later the pale frightened face of Rollins was seen at the door.

They told the father of his brave little daughter's action not knowing that there was another listener.

All were surprised when Mr. McDonald stepped forth and took the child from her father's arms. Kissing her gently he said loudly.

"You have not only saved our property but the lives of these men and mine also, for I was in my office writing. Go to your mamma mother little one and tell her that half my fortune is yours."

The child only comprehending that she was to ride home on her bicycle as fast as she could and reassure her anxious mother, gaily thanked the gentleman and without cast backward glance was on her hard wheel and away.

The fate [illegible] at a desk and dozed like a child. The men all with few except [illegible].

Look up [illegible] and Wonder I feel I need a lot like that" and gravely. "As I have to [illegible] meant [illegible] to make a speech.

We [illegible] them still talking and [illegible]

AUNT DOXY'S PRESENT.

BY AMY BINGHAM.

"I've al'ays wanted to give some kind of a present to Leonida's wife," said Aunt Doxy, triumphantly. "And now I've got the chance. I don't go to the city very often, goodness knows, but when I do go, I like to go full handed."

The other old ladies who had been invited to Mrs. Parker's strawberry tea pricked up their ears, with newly awakened interest.

"I s'pose Leonida's wife is a tip-top housekeeper?" observed Miss Patty Earll.

"As to that," Aunt Doxy returned, "I aint just prepared to speak. I have never visited at her house."

"La me!" said Mrs. Murchison, "and them married nigh upon two year."

"It does seem strange, don't it?" said Aunt Doxy, buttering her waffle. "Particular as me and Israel brought Leonidas up from two year old, and allus did for him exackly like he was our own. But he says I haint no idea of the calls there is on a city lady's time. And p'raps I haint. But they've sent me an invite at last, and I'm bound to go, before they change their minds. I'm dreadful curious to know how Maria keeps house. They tell me she's dreadful tasty."

"But what's the present you're going to give her?" asked Mrs. Parker, who, now that the excitement of pouring six cups of tea, and the apportionment of cream and sugar in proper variations to six old ladies was over, felt that she could allow herself to join in the general conversation. "A new gown?"

"Dear me—no," Aunt Doxy made reply "I did think of that, but Israel he guessed she could suit herself better at one o' them big stores in New York. And money was kind o' scarce, and Israel he guessed I hadn't better take mohin. But that aint my way. So I just called in a peddlar a month ago it was, and I sold that ere set o' pink and gold cheeny that belonged to Israel's mother, and the peddlar let me have a beautiful moss rose pattern instead, with a gilt band as deep as your finger on every plate. I calc'late Maria'll be pleased with that ere."

"I wish I could see—" said Mrs. Parker.

"Well," said Aunt Doxy, "you shall. I fetched some of the plates along in my bag."

And she drew from the capacious mouth of a black silk work bag a tea plate, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, an abomination of cheap gilding, splashed over here and there with a set figure not unlike a red and green beetle, which was peculiarly considered to mean a moss rose pattern.

"Beyootiful!" cried Miss Patty Earll, ecstatically clasping her hands.

"Well I never!" said Mrs. Murchison swallowing a waffle crumb the wrong way in her enthusiasm, and nearly choking to death before it could be righted.

"Bless and save us, how pleased she will be!" said Mrs. Dr. Drummond.

"A dozen teas, ten preserves, tea pot, milk pitcher and sugar bowl," triumphantly uttered Aunt Doxy. "Of course I had to give five dollars to boot for 'em besides the old set, but I don't begrudge a sixpence of it."

And she took from her pocket book a goodly, oddly confident.

Aunt Doxy, [illegible] New York with a brain new small choice silk gown in her trunk, a complete set of worked under clothing and six bottles of Uncle Israel's best currant wine, which it is perhaps needless to remark broke and deluged everything with its blood red dyes. And her nephew Mr. Leonidas Dodecastle met her at the depot, and conducted her to the pretty brick house in Marble street, where he had set up the latest and penates of his housekeeping with his new wife.

"Maria," as Aunt Doxy persisted in calling her was a pretty, somewhat languid city lady, who kissed the old lady, or rather submitted to be kissed by her on the cheek, said she was very glad to see her and ordered a tea served in eggshell china.

"Dear me," said Aunt Doxy, "I am dreadful sorry you've ordered to mix such small cups as these ere. Why there aint a real good swallow in one of 'em. I've fetched you a set, Maria, that."

"Maria considers herself rather a judge of china," Aunt Doxy said Leonidas laughing. "She has got an antique salmon set up stairs, full of it. She has just paid a hundred dollars for a specimen of the Lapon species. I was looking on the piano in the parlor just now, I'm my eyes!"

"I believe it is," sighed Maria, fanning herself with languid backward and forward strokes. "I am tired to mention, but myself to place it properly in the cabinet."

"A hundred dollars! My stars!" cried Aunt Doxy. "What china Lipsick ladies better than any other, patterned dishes?" Leonidas, pat on him, my Frankie here?"

"Here," Aunt Doxy.

"Here," added the old lady, and Leonidas, showing his shell like ears, has choose but obey.

Aunt Doxy opened the trunk and brought out alas! only the fragments of the famous moss rose tea set. For they, too, had shared the melancholy fate of the six bottles of currant wine.

"Well it it aint too bad," said the old lady.

"You ought to have had it packed in a proper trunk," said Leonidas, while Mrs. Leonidas dress a long sigh of gratitude as she perceived by the pattern of the plates from what a fate Providence had mercifully saved her.

"Well never mind," said Leonidas, "let us go into the drawing room and see Maria's antiques."

"Never mind," echoed crestfallen Aunt Doxy, obviously still calculating in her inmost mind whether she could not patty one piece together or cement the other.

"But that's just like you, Leonidas. You never did understand the value o' things. I give your grandmother a old set o' cheeny for these ere, and five dollars to boot. And if—"

But here she found herself being drawn gently into the faintly lighted, aristocratically perfumed apartment that Mrs. Leonidas Dodecastle called "her drawing room."

"This is what she may really call china," said Leonidas. "And I quite agree with Maria that they are cheap at a hundred dollars, in fact, Mr. Centilights says that he could easily have got a higher price, only my wife is one of the best customers he has. What do you think of these, Aunt Doxy?"

"Good land o' Goshen!" was Aunt Doxy's shrill comment, after she had stood a full half minute, solemnly surveying the array of plates, cups and saucers that was ranged on the piano in the most picturesque style. "These aint no Lipsic dishes. They're the very pink and gold set I sold to that thern scalawag of a peddlar six weeks ago—your grandmother's wedding set, Leonidas, as sure as you are born. An' of yo don't believe me, you can look for yourself and see where I mended the handle of the cream jug, with white paint skins, mixed with plaster of Paris. And Maria has gone and p'n a hundred dollars for her grandmother-in-law's own set o' cheeny. Well, I never!"

Mrs. Leonidas Dodecastle turned pale. Leonidas himself uttered a long whistle, terminating in several chirks of the tongue. And when Aunt Doxy returned to Fleetville Corners, she advised all her old lady cronies never to patronize peddlers.

"They cheat the eyes outen folks," said she. "And don't you none of you, go to sellin' your old cheeny, neither. There aint no sayin' how much it's worth, if you only keep it."

VALUE OF A GOOD FATHER.

When the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse was about fourteen years old he went to London, having been in a school in Germany. He stayed in London long enough to spend all his money, excepting enough to pay his fare to his home in Cornwall.

He went by train to Bristol, and there took passage on a vessel. He thought that the passage money included his board, and therefore ordered his meals that day.

At the end of the journey a dapper little steward presented a bill for meals to the lad.

"I have no money," said the surprised boy.

"Then," replied the steward, "you should not have taken your meals at the table. What is your name?"

"Mark Guy Pearse."

The steward closed his [illegible] took the boy by the hand and said

"I never thought I should [illegible] you. My mother was in great [illegible] years ago. My father had died suddenly, and your father was very kind to my mother and me. I promised myself then that if I could ever do so, I would show like kindness to some one your father loved."

The truly grateful steward paid the boy's bill, gave him five shillings and sent him ashore in a boat manned by five sailors.

Mark's father was waiting [illegible] son.

"Father," said the boy, "it is a good thing to have a good father," and then the story of the steward's kindness was told.

My lad," said Mr. Pearse, "it is long since I passed the kindness on to him in doing what I did. Now he has passed it on to you. As you go up, mind that you often pass it on to others."

Years afterwards, when the boy had become a man, he was going by rail on a short journey, when he saw a boy weeping bitterly.

On asking the cause of his grief the boy replied that he had not enough money by four pence to pay his fare to the town in which he lived.

Mr. Pearse at once bought the boy a ticket and then related his own experience on the steamer years before.

As I now, he concluded, I wanted to be sure and pass this kind act on to others if ever I was able to do so.

As the train left the station, the station boy waved his hat in the air and said

"I will pass it on, sir! I will pass it on."

TIME AND ROMANCE.

"Come, come, and scamp, why [illegible] in the crystal palaces of Romance, alas? Why do you pelt them with hard facts as you hasten on, shivering their prismatic walls and destroying the beautiful but fragile passion flowers and morning glories that twine along their shining leaves? It is too bad! The delicious fairy land of which Romance is queen, where do you dwell but it, with that irrespective sy the of yours, that sweeps off

"The beaded grass and branch
And the flowers that grow between."

The Loves and the Graces will [illegible] and doves turn to [illegible] crows and chattering magpies at your approach.

But Romance after all, is a most cruel witch, for though Time takes the glitter out of her palaces, and blights her flowery arbors and makes her appear but as a sorry mummer to the eyes of age to the young she is ever the same sweet enchantress, lending all things of earth with a wondrous brightness. Therefore it youthful reader make the most of her while she is with you. Because she has reached his grand climacteric, assert the world that

"[illegible] Time [illegible] Cupid [illegible] Criticism, but then he has lived rather too fast. It is quite possible to be romantic at the age of five and thirty, and we have known persons who were ridiculously so at fifty. Such semi centenarian exceptions to the general rule generally dye their hair, however and in various other ways try to make themselves and the world believe that Time has not as yet unpleasantly intruded into their paradise.

HE DIINA REMEMBER VERA WEEL

"Tough weather and no calling to go to, such simple and perfectly proper matters would do well to adhere to the custom of they do not fully understand the meaning of higher sounding, but apparently more effective terms.

A some what simple Scotchman, when taking his bairns to be baptised usually spoke of them as laddies or lassies as the case might be. At last his wife possessed of the idea that the terms used were inelegant and he must in the future say infant.

The next time Sandy took another of his babies to be baptised, the minister asked

Weel, Sandy, is it a laddie?"

"It's nae a laddie," was the answer

"Then it's a lassie."

"It's nae a lassie," said Sandy.

"Weel, weel man, what is it then?" asked the surprised minister.

"I dinna remember vera weel," said Sandy, "but I think the gude wife said it was an elefant."

A DELIGHTFUL TRIP.

Friend—Did you enjoy your sojourn in Europe?

Reise Hunter—Enjoy it? I should say so! I cut some gold fringe from the Emperor's throne in Berlin, hooked a door knob from the Vatican, broke an ear off an old statue in Italy, and chipped off a piece of Shakespeare's tomb. I wouldn't take one thousand dollars for 'em!

WEDDING FAVORS

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER

"My wedding dress," cried Beauty
"I fain would have it white
Like yonder little snowdrop
That trembles in the light
But it must be of satin,
With crisp fold upon fold
With pearls like the sunbeams
And fine lace rare and old

"And I must have a veil
And carpets of rich style,
Because I wed for money
A willing sacrifice
Then I must give great odours
To pass the time away
My heart will be so heavy
That might be filled and gay.

"Bring forth no orange blossoms
From balmy southern climes,
To bind about my brow head
Such suit the bride who loves
And showers of rice and lightning
All these you may withhold
He'll be content with beauty
I'll try to be with gold

"My wedding dress, cried Daisy
I fain would have it white
Like yonder spotless lily
That blossoms in the light
Pure white! but oh! I care not
What may the fabric be
Long shaped about my fond heart,
Is good enough for me

"And I shall have a cottage
With vines along the door
Perhaps without a carpet
To hide the white pine floor
But we shall be so happy
The bridegroom as you know
And I—he chosen darling
We love each other so

"No sickly jokes, no jeers
Will be unto me hung
I've [illegible] upon
A golden wedding ring
Though we have few [illegible]
Upon our table bare
Days have will days [illegible]
The simple wedding fare

"Oh, how [illegible]
I call the court beside
So I need to be [illegible]
So blessed for the bride!
When [illegible] We [illegible]
If the winds blow [illegible]
With us it sunshine always
We love each other so

THE P. P. A. OATH

The following is alleged to be the oath of the Protestant Protective Association.

I do most solemnly promise and swear that I will at all times and on all occasions, if a member of the Roman Catholic Church, to become a member of this order, I promising him to be such, that I will use my influence to promote the interest of all Protestants everywhere in the world, that I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity if I can procure the services of a Protestant, that I will not aid in building, or in maintaining by means of any Roman Catholic Church or institution of their creed whatsoever, but will do all in my power to retard and break down the power of the Pope, that I will not enter into any conversation with a Roman Catholic upon the subject of this order, or I will enter into any agreement with a Roman Catholic to strike or create a disturbance whereby the Roman Catholic employers may indemnify and replace Protestants, that in all grievances I will seek only Protestants and counsel with them to the exclusion of all Roman Catholics, and will not make known to them anything of any nature matured at such conferences, that I will not countenance the nomination in any caucus or convention of a Roman Catholic for any office in the gift of this Province, and that I will not vote for nor countenance others to vote for any Roman Catholic, but will only vote for a Protestant, that I will endeavor at all times to place the political positions of this Government in the hands of Protestants. Repeat. To all of which I do most solemnly promise and swear, so help me God. Amen.

DOGS OF MOUNT ST BERNARD

Near to the top of the great St. Bernard Mountains, in one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps between Switzerland and Savoy is situated a convent. The monks who live there are most hospitable, and always take in travellers who seek a shelter for in high regions a shelter is often needed. Even when the day looks bright and clear, a storm comes suddenly on, the snow falls thick and fast, and the traveller cannot see a foot before him. By and by he gets benumbed with the cold and sinks in the snow. He would soon die if it help were not at hand.

But the monks of St. Bernard go out on such stormy days, and with far sight discover who may be in need of help. Besides, they have some noble dogs who are trained to seek for people in the snow. The monks fasten a small flask of spirits around the dog's neck in case the traveller should have strength enough to open and drink himself. Then they come back and wait over the dog, so that the more easily wrap himself in it.

The keen scent of the [illegible] enables them to find any one [illegible] if they are buried deep in the snow. They scratch away the snow with their feet and bark loudly to bring the monks. Then comes to their assistance.

One of these dogs, Lion by name, whose mother had been destroyed by an avalanche in trying to bring the box to the convent door, and there he barking and whining brought the monks out, who carried the perishing boy to the fire and after great exertion revived his life.

UNREASONABLE ICE BILLS

Exceedingly mild winter are the [illegible] numerous reports brought to [illegible] crossing the Atlantic as to passage thereon has caused no end of surprise in shipping circles. The latest of from Capt. Tweedie, of the steamship Justice from Lake Island for this port with a cargo of copper ore. Capt. Tweedie said that after experiencing terrific weather in mid Atlantic, accompanied by unusual atmospheric phenomena, such as St. Elmo's lights, etc., the ship got into a fog off the banks and the air suddenly felt extremely cold.

The reduced temperature of the water caused the captain to put extra men on the lookout. On the 14th inst. the cry "breakers ahead" caused the stopping of the steamer. Capt. Tweedie exclaimed, "That's the sea beating against a berg!" and, sure enough, as the fog lifted, an enormous mountain of ice was seen looming upon the starboard bow. It was fully 100 feet high, flat topped, and nearly a mile long. The sea beaten into its cavernous sides with a sullen roar exactly like the sound of breakers on a rock bound shore, which was what deceived the lookout. The huge structure was seemingly being rapidly undermined by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, as its lower portion was honeycombed with the most fantastic arches.—Philadelphia Times.