The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XX.---NO. 25. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1894. 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 strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Transient advertisements, 10 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	30 00	20 00	12 00	4 00
5 inches	20 00	12 00	7 50	2 50
1 inch	6 00	4 00	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.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.,
Office and residence: Corner Main & Frederick roads: Acton.

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the royal College of Dental Surgeons.
None but first class operations performed.
OFFICE: Over the Drug Store, ACTON.
Ops. every day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

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.

DOUGLAS & MURRAY,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.
OFFICES: 128 Queen St. Parkdale, Victoria Chambers of Victoria St.
Telephone 276. TORONTO.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. G. MURRAY.

E. W. BOYD,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c.
MONEY TO LOAN.
Office: Booth's Block, Main St., Milton.
Office at Streetsville: 1st and 3rd Wednesdays, at the Palace Bakery Block, Queen street.

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk Fourth Division Court, County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Provident Life Assurance, Real Estate Agent, Notary Public, etc.
OFFICE: Matthews' Block,
ACTON ONT.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
J. E. CHARLES,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
Office: Charles & Co.'s Store,
Mill Street.

JAMES HUTCHEON,
Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer,
Office: adjoining T. A. Mowat's Machine Shop, Mill street, Guelph.

JOHN DAY,
ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE: Wyndham Street.

HENRY GRIST,
PATENT AGENT,
Solicitor of Patents for Inventions, &c.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Suits for infringement. Thirty Two years experience.

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.

FRANCIS SUNAN,
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St. Guelph,
Over Williams Store.
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description neatly bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

THE PALACE BARBER SHOP
MILL STREET, ACTON.
H. H. WORDEN, Proprietor.
Always keeps a stylish hair cut, beard or shampoo. An exhilarating shampoo always given. Razors honed and put in first class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.

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

THE METHODIST CHURCH
ACTON.
REV. J. E. HOWELL, M. A., Pastor.
Parsonage, Bower Avenue.
Public Services 11.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Sunday school 2.45. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited.
Strangers and visitors always welcome. We extend a welcome to others at the door.
Epworth League of this church: Entertainment Committee meets every Tuesday evening. All welcome. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. All are cordially invited.

Young Men
Get a thorough business education at the Toronto Business College and avoid the mistake of those who have to learn at the expense of business success. Spring, the coming spring. Don't let the present opportunity slip. Do now! Beautiful circular of future outlook in the neatest of typewriting. Write for a copy of the December number of the

"Guelph Business College Journal."

It will certainly interest you both in the nature of its contents and in the evidence it affords of the grand work being done for young men by the Guelph Business College. Among its varied contents you will find an article on "The Facility of Money," another on "Penmanship as an Art," an article on the Montreal Clearing House—by one of our own Graduates. The translation of Dumas thrilling "Drama of the Sea" is continued, and the first instalment of a nautical translation of Book I. of Virgil's Aeneid is also given in this number.

For the "Guelph Business College Journal" mailed free, address:

PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont.

Those People that Think We're Crazy

To sell a dollars worth of Music for 10c. must take into consideration the fact that we are after the music trade of the city. And is no object to us to sell we get it.

These are the kind of prices that we are going to have. Suppose you come in and see what we can do.

No trouble to show goods. Mail orders will be promptly attended to.

DAY'S BOOK STORE,
GUELPH.
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.

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
GEORGE RANDALL, President.
JOHN SHUH, Vice President.
C. M. TAYLOR, Secretary.
JOHN KILLER, Inspector.
A. C. BIGGS, Agent,
BURLINGTON P. O.

I CO,
Thou goest,
He goes,
We go,
You go.

[illegible] at Cost for the remainder of the year.

P. SPRAGUE,
The People's Popular Furniture Store,
Upper Wyndham St.
Guelph.

Xmas Goods

New Ties Knots
Bows Bows Flowing End Ties
Derays and all New Shapes

Cashmere and silk Mufflers, Kid Gloves, Gauntlet Gloves, Collars, Cuffs, Umbrellas, Silk Handkerchiefs.

A GREAT SNAP.
Beautiful White Corded Silk Handkerchief. Regular Prices, 75c. and 90c. I am selling them at 40 cents.

Big three inch Overland Clothing for the Holidays. Secure a pair of the Special $4 Pants Late selling.

R. E. NELSON,
Hatter and Gents' Furnisher,
69 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.

Acton Flour Mills
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
The above roller mill now in complete order, and by strict attention to business hopes to merit the wants of the public with
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
and Chopped Feed.
AT RIGHT PRICES.
Orders by mail will receive prompt attention and will be delivered to any part of the town.
Highest price paid for wheat and one price for all.
Don't forget to patronize home industry, give us a fair trial and we will leave the matter entirely to you as to the quality of the goods and satisfaction.
Orders taken at the Mill or at D. Kennedy's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

SEASON---1894.

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, Cornice 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. ERRÉGE, Manager.
Acton

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized ... $2,000,000
Capital Paid Up ... 1,800,000
Rest ... 800,000
GUELPH BRANCH
A per cent per annum on sums of $1 and upwards deposited in the Savings Bank section and paid or compounded every six months.
Deposit Receipts issued.
Farmers' notes discounted.
The collection of sales notes a specialty.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. H. IRWIN, Manager.

A WILD CAT

hides in a tree and jumps on people taking them by surprise that's not our way of doing business. We cordially invite you to call and see us. You will receive courteous treatment and good value for your money. The surprise is in the bargains we are offering in

LAMPS CUTLERY
PLATED WARE.

and lots of lovely things specially suitable for Christmas presents.

BOND & CO.
"Everything in Hardware."
GUELPH.

Xmas Boxes
Given away [illegible] of Shoes.

Great Inducements to Buyers of Shoes beginning 15th December

Valuable Presents
GIVEN WITH ALL PURCHASES OF $1.00 AND UP.

The Leading Shoe House
W. McLaren & Co.
GUELPH.

OUR STOCK
of
Fine Hats and Furnishings is exceptionally large, and choice this season, and at the prices we are quoting, they are remarkably good value.

The [illegible] equally as good as the Guthrie's, for the above is to compare the quality and prices of our goods with those of our competitors.

We want your trade, and will make it worth your while to deal with us.

Yours respectfully,
SHAW & TURNER.
Merchant Tailors and Clothing Dealers, GUELPH.

Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
[illegible] Mutual plan. Assets and liabilities for number to any address. Post cards or phone 66 will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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.

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Doors, Frames, Mouldings in all style.
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
to order on short notice.
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

Poetry.

CHRISTMAS COMING.

By getting close to Christmas. Across the hills and dells
You can almost hear the chiming and the tinkle of the bells.
But the skies are clear and candid, with no clouds that dream of snow
So you hear in dark and daylight all the ebon bugle's blow.

It's getting close to Christmas. There's something in the air
That seems to breathe of Bethlehem and all the glory there,
And sweet the bells and bugles sound through our dreams of rest
Ring bells your sweetest music! And, bugles, blow your best!

It's coming, come to Christmas. Oh, time of peace and joy!
And oh, bells once more, once more, a wakeful watchful boy!
Wrap the stocking in the corner for old Santa Claus to fill!
But we still thank God for Christmas and we're boys in memory still!

Atlanta Constitution.

Select Family Reading.

A Christmas Eve Experience.

BY CHARLES EDELMAN COPP.

"Come, darling, come. Don't drag on mamma's hand."

But the little prince had stopped short before an immense window full of dolls. He was a mannish little figure with the straight, dark blue coat buttoned almost to his ankles, and the close fitting, woolly cap upon his head, but inside the coat was a white piqué dress with lace and ruffles, and underneath the cap shone out a soft and lumpled baby face with full, red lips, and great dark starry eyes.

It was the day before Christmas and the little prince's eyes had been growing larger all the afternoon. The store windows were so full of wonders and he so full of baby awe and admiration. He had not learned to weary of it at all, to dread the rushing crowds, and to think bitter thoughts about money and the sweet things he would like to do. He simply wanted everything he saw and when he found he could not have it he just forgot that want in some new wonder.

Only these dolls, those gaily dressed, beautiful dolls they were a different matter.

He stood holding his mamma fast while the hurrying people jostled them this way and that.

"Oh see, please!" he cried. "Mamma out of all those many don't you think dat you can buy me one, jess on'y one?"

His eyes were two round wishes.

"Oh precious," she answered, trying to push on. "Mamma couldn't buy another thing to night. See, its getting dark, and papa will be home and think we're lost."

Still he hung back, his lips quivering with disappointment.

"Mamma," he said at last choking down a sob, "you'd like to buy me one, you want to do it very bad, oh very bad, don't you?"

"Why yes, my sweet. I would like to, of course, anything you want."

All right den," he answered, and he trudged manfully away from the enchanting sight.

It was a mistake, anyway, having to go down town that afternoon.

The little prince's mamma had finished her Christmas shopping a week before but that very morning, to her dismay, Bert's brown dressing gown had come home with navy blue instead of a dark green velvet collar and cuffs.

Bert, you know, is papa to the little prince. He is a handsome fellow with twinkling blue eyes and brown mustache and wavy hair, and it was most important that his dressing gown should be exactly right. It was to have been of stylish brown and green, the very sweetest combination. Besides that, was not the piece of velvet Bert's wife had taken to the tailor's. It was much finer and better every way than the one he had put in. That settled it.

She bundled up the dressing gown, took the little prince by the hand, and started for the tailor's. It was away down town, but never mind.

Of course the tailor was very much surprised. Of course it was a mistake. Of course it never would have happened except for the Christmas rush, and of course it could not possibly be changed that day. Of course she would have to give it to her husband as it was and have it altered afterward.

Of course you will alter it to-day, and have it ready as you promised us of course. I will not take it at all," she answered, borrowing his own expression in rather a saucy way.

The tailor looked at her determined face and changed his tone. They could change it and finish it that day, he admitted, so much but they positively could not promise to deliver the garment, so would it not be better, after all, to give it as it was, and there—

She cut him short. "Take it, and make it right. I will call for it myself when it is done."

Bert's little wife detested carrying packages as much as anyone, but "I guess I can do it for Bert at Christmas time," she told herself.

So she and the little prince had waddled from store to store all the afternoon, and now with the dressing gown safe in her arms, she was on her homeward way.

It was then upon dinner time. The car was crowded, but the tired little prince stood bravely first on one foot and then on the other, and looked love at his tired little mamma whenever she glanced his way. He knew she could not hold him with that bulky bundle in her arms. Besides, he knew the secret from papa about the gown, and he was going to keep it, too.

Dear little prince! That was not his real name at all, but somehow it seemed to fit, he was such a royal little man.

When they reached home, there was barely time to put away their wraps before Bert came home and dinner was announced.

It had been a hard day at the office and Bert was tired, for he never would have noticed when the little prince insisted on his having his place at the table moved from the end around to "mamma's side." As it was he looked annoyed, though he said nothing.

The little prince was hard to please that evening. He could not eat the bread that mamma had prepared because he "wanted to butter it himself." He threw a spoon across the table because it happened not to be the one marked with his name, and announced altogether in proving that his day's work had been far too heavy for his baby strength.

Bert was silent for the first ten minutes. Then, "My dear," he said, and his little wife knew instantly that what he meant to say would not be pleasant.

"Do you think," he went on with a smile that was only half a smile, "that you are giving me a square deal in the matter?"

"I don't know what you mean," she said constrainedly.

"Beg pardon, but I think you do. As many times as I have told you how I enjoy our quiet dinners when we two are alone and as easy as it is for you to have that boy asleep before this time, it seems to me that your keeping him up to turn the whole meal topsy turvy, is not exactly doing as you would be done by, to say the least."

But, Bert," she began to speak, and stopped. If she could tell him how she and the little prince had spent the day, how sadly they had tired themselves, and all for him—he would forgive them on the instant, she was sure. But the idea of divulging a Christmas secret before the proper moment was not to be accepted. So she waited.

"It would be different," he resumed, "if you had anything in the world to do except care for the boy. But you have told me repeatedly your Christmas work was all done days ago, and you had only to be here from now on, and I tell you when a man comes home so tired as I am—"

"Other people besides men get tired sometimes, too," she interposed. "You may not know what I've been doing, but I have had a very busy day, and as for the baby, he's as tired as you are, every bit."

Then why can't he be in bed where he ought to be? You know very well—"

"Say, papa!" suddenly cried the subject of contention in a voice of high excitement. "I hanged my stockin' up ever since dis mornin' an' I just know something I know Santa Claus is jess a jokeman 'cos truly you and mamma that put in presents and sings after I'm gone to sleep. I foun' dat out an' I know it too."

"Yes my son," said Bert in a voice as low as he could make it. "Did you think your papa was deaf? I'm not. I can hear quite as well as ever. Then, to the little mother, "Where, I'd like to know, did he get the habit of shouting in that style. Do you ever stop him, and tell him to speak softly, or do you let him go on that way all day long?"

"I don't like some manners. Bert," she said, indignantly.

"It's a pity you hadn't found that out some years ago, he said dryly.

"I don't care," wailed the little prince, as the chill of the atmosphere struck his tender heart. "I don't like papa an' I sink he's bad."

"Hush darling, hush," said mamma.

"Oh no," said Bert. "Let him speak his mind. Don't make him a hypocrite with all his other faults."

"I don't, I don't," the child went on. "I wish I didn't have him, he's so bad."

His sobs grew fiercer with every breath.

Little prince," whispered mamma, "you will have to go away unless you stop. Mamma can't stay and let you cry like that."

"Call for her cab, Ellen, oh, Ellen, and put him to bed. But pop on a cap!

No one no one shocked the child. I won't I won't I won't. Oh you bad bad papa!"

"I always wish he'd be kissed or cry with some one else."

"Bert her eyes were pleading to be did not meet them. "Bert don't its Christmas Eve."

"Yes and last Sunday it was Sunday dinner that must not keep me from disciplining him." Meantime for the sake of present peace, are we to let our boy grow up an ungoverned waif, good for nothing.

You are unreasonable," she answered hotly, turning to the weeping child once more and wiping the tears from his flushed excited face. "Any one could see that it would be foolish to try any innovation at a time like this."

Still the little prince could not be quieted and in a moment mamma [illegible] excitedly. "Come" she said.

No, no!" I want to [illegible] and to call Ellen.

The little one did not [illegible] to lift the struggling, [illegible] out of the room to which he clung and it was small wonder that during the [illegible] of his wakeful flying feet shed a glass of water from the table to crash to pieces on the hardwood floor.

Bert started up.

"I shall punish him for that," he said.

The small woman put her [illegible] before. He clung to her, frightened into silence by the sound of the breaking glass.

"You shall not even touch him while you are angry," she cried.

"I shall punish my boy when I think best."

"You shall never strike my baby while I live."

They faced each other [illegible].

"Oh very well," said Bert after a [illegible] to my good [illegible] is doing bravely. I admire your method. Teach him to scream for what he wants until he gets it, and and then to call his father names and say he hates him. By and by, when he gets big enough to knock me down you'll feel your work is done, won't you? Its wonderful, isn't it that? I should think you would want to institute a class, a mother's class, who don't you?"

It was too much. She covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, she sobbed, "so cruel, sarcastic, heartless thing. How my brother would hate you if he could hear you talk to me like that. Oh I can't bear it. Oh Christmas eve! Oh, its dreadful! I won't stay with you! I'll take the baby and go somewhere anywhere away from here! I never can stay. I want to go home where they love me, and I will!"

Bert tried to look indifferent during this outburst. He shrugged his shoulders, and he pretended not to notice.

Tired men are sorry sometimes, after dinner.

Bert stole silently up the stairs and stood eavesdropping at the door of the room where the little prince was being put to bed.

"But I can't love him, can I?" he heard in a baby voice, still broken with sobs.

"Why, sweetheart, of course you love your own dear papa."

"You don't love him, do you, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. I do, I do!" There were tears with the admission, and Bert found some in his own eyes at the same instant.

"Well, den, I will, if you do," was the answer.

"And now, darling, you'll mamma you are sorry for flying into such a rage and saying and doing all those naughty things."

"I can't, mamma, I can't, 'tho' I tell her. It don't come into my heart to feel sorry, not a bit."

Then the tender voice replied and went on and on so softly that Bert could not hear the words. He guessed that she was praying with the little culprit.

Suddenly he heard: "It's come, it's here! Oh, mamma, it came right into my heart, and oh, I feel so sorry! I do. I am I didn't ought to say dose words an', more'n ever, I didn't ought to luck dat glass, an oh I never, never will again!"

A silence followed. Bert knew that they were locked in one another's arms. After some time the little prince said "Mamma!" "Yes, darling."

"I'm so sorry I kicked dat way" the words had a drowsy drag. "I sink I must have forgotted glass would break!"

Bert listened after that until he heard the little mother rise up from beside the sleeping child and come softly toward the door. She started, as she came upon him, standing there, but he did not give her time to turn away.

"Sweetheart" He took her face in both his hands. "I didn't ought to say dose words, and oh, I never, never will again!"

There were hot tears upon her lashes, but her head went down upon his shoulder and he held her close.

"Dearest, sweetest little wife" he whispered. "I am sorry, oh, so sorry! I think I must have forgotted glass would break!"

And then, although her face was pressed against his coat, he knew, somehow or other, that she smiled.

CHRISTMAS JINGLES.

The problem that is causing
Old Santa's worried look
Is how to allow up in good shape
With a fat-to-seal pocketbook.
Kansas City Journal.

Though holidays by bitter winds are tossed
The cold never chills our glee
It always takes a little frost
To sprout a Christmas tree.
Washington Star.

While over the smiling land
His cold bleak way he wended
And Christmas time is almost here.
The football season ended.
Louisville Courier-Journal.

FATHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Story Were Useful to the Family, and He Saw Little of Them.

We were talking about Christmas presents, the girls and mother and I, when father came in. Then we changed the subject just a little bit, because it was father's presents we were discussing. Father sat down by the stove and rubbed his hands he had just been out to the barn and a queer expression slowly settled upon his features.

"Say mother and Ned and the girls," he said. "I don't want any of you to get me any presents. Don't go and do it, you know."

Why father," said Lena in an aggrieved voice, "we always get you useful presents, don't we? I don't myself believe in things that are not useful."

Father's eyes twinkled. "Yes," he said, but I think that they are sometimes a little too useful, you know."

Neil shrugged his shoulders impatiently, but mother said: "Let father have his joke. What is it this time, father?"

The old gentleman having warmed his hands, settled himself back comfortably in his big chair, and his eyes twinkled more than ever.

"Well, let's see," he went on in a ruminating manner. "Do you remember the dozen hemstitched handkerchiefs that you gave me last Christmas, Lena?" I guess I used one of them just once. Some way or other with a general impartial glance at the company, "Lena and Neil have been using of them and I've been using of Lena and Neil's old torn ones. He he! I don't know just how twas, but it's a fact. Then Ned do you remember the compass you got me for a birthday present last June? It was a nice little compass and I guess a feller about your size thought he was too. But he's been using of it ever since. Then, let's see there was the silk hood for chief that mother gave me at birthday and I put it away choice like, and the first thing I knew Lena was a wearing it round her jacket. Yes, my presents are all useful a little bit too useful maybe. See the point, don't you?"

Father's neat presents had his name written on each of them, and none of us ever again thoughtlessly used the dear old man's things.

KRISS KRINGLE IN GERMANY.

Throughout the German fatherland prevails the belief in the Krist Kindlein, or Christ Child, who rewards with gifts the faithful children who love their parents and believe in God. On Christmas eve each household assembles at dinner and when the candles are lit the father of the family watches the shadows on the wall for if any one should have his or her shadow obscured by that of another object that is to be unlucky. If the children retire in odd numbers, that is also unlucky, and it will not do to fill up the number with strangers or near relatives. Dinner being over, the children retire into a dark room and gorge at the possible they are to receive. Soon the parents open the door and say: "The Christ child has visited you, upon which the children come forth to gaze upon their gift decked Christmas tree. New York World.

CHRISTMAS

BY GEORGE LUX.

Breaking on the twilight stillness
Listen to the Christmas chimes
They have brought the same glad tidings
More than eighteen hundred times
Peace on earth

Let the bells ring, out the joy of the nations
Ring the baby of the manger, is King
He is the highest who once was the lowest
Let all the children be joyful and sing
Peace and goodwill strife shall be still
Dig babe of the manger is King

Ring, ye bells ring, out the joy of the nations
Ring, ye bells, outside the door
Echoes of that wondrous tidings
That was heard in days of yore
Deck the house with holly
Let the bright red berries shine,
While we celebrate the birth night
Of our gracious Lord divine.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep"
The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail
With peace on earth, good will to men.

Gift Sale

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO RICH AND POOR.

A Merry Christmas, one and all,
Rich and poor, large and small
To north, to south, to east, to west,
To every land where Christ is guest,
A Merry, Merry Christmas!

Christmas is the world's holiday. Other holidays are local, and are mostly memorials in the history of the country where they are observed; but Christmas is more ancient and honorable, it belongs to no one nationality, but its fame and observance are as extended as Christianity, the birthday of which it celebrates. All through the ages, since angelic songsters announced to the wondering shepherds, watching their flocks by night on the plains of Judea, the advent of a Saviour, who [illegible] the birthday of the world redeemed, has been commemorated with mirth and song. The day has been considered in the double light of a holy commemoration and a cheerful festival.

It appears to us of the northern temperate zone that Christmas comes at an ideal season of the year. How much of custom there is in this fancy, we cannot tell, but how superlatively fitting it is that Christmas is ushered in with the jingle of sleigh bells and the merry ring of the skates. Winter has only just come, and the holidays give us space to bid him welcome. The day might have fallen later when the hoary old fellow has worn out his welcome and we are beginning to think eagerly of the milder air and crinkled buds of spring, but the Yule tide is not so badly timed. The tree lighted up by the household fires, the roasting of nuts the round games, the tossing of home cradles, would be tame if placed at the wrong season, but they come at the very nick of time. Our fellow colonists in Australia must eat their Christmas pudding with their fresh greens and they are to be profoundly pitied. They lose all the radiant literature of Europe, full of Christmas frolics by fireside, over snow fields and on the glittering bosom of sealed streams; they lose all the memories of the past Christmases that live again under the merriment of the new, they are indeed to be pitied.

NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE.

Two small boys were standing in a door way with their hands in their pockets as the reporter waited for a car and over heard them talking as follows:

"Say Jimmy, I got trun down pretty hard nothink but a little red box of bun, candy and a puter book as ain't fit for me little sister to cut dolls out er. Pat's all I got fur six weeks a hustlin trn me brekfus every Sunday mornin and walkin six blocks to dat Sunday skule at Forty seventh street and den hurryin trn me dinner to get to t other one up by Sixtieth. Tings ain't wot dey was. I used to get"

"Is dat all you got" broke in the other with a chuckle. "I went to Troy and ivery one uv 'em gimme a big box o' good gumdrops and such things and a book. Dat a tree books and a tree boxes and only been to one o them skules four weeks and dat skule dun the best gimme a book all about fightin wid red covers."

"Aw my luck. Where did you get one?"

Over to dat place nex Brady's on Leventh avenue on de morning and vent down ter Thirty fif street in de afternoon, and I had ter hunt I kin tell yer fur one as was open eventu but a feller in skule tole o' one where they does thinks slick up in de Seventies, and I tride it for four weeks and deyse gimme gimme de book about fightin."

"Leks you and me work parde nex year eh? We kin work trew at four each and divvy."

"I guess if de ting a worked right dere a good deal in it."

But here the car came along.

CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

No one can tell when holly was first used for Christmas decorating, since it is certainly at or soon after the Christian era. Indeed it may have been long before for some of the traditions concerning it have an appearance of antiquity about them that cannot be ignored. Thus it is said that holly is one of the sacred trees to destroy which was to procure disaster. An early legend, an ordinary tale runs this way. A youthful hunter lost himself in a forest and his supplies running out he was in danger of starving. He soon could be despaired and in the midst of his distress a wild beast, the like of which he had never seen before appeared. Taken by surprise he seized the bough of a tree torn it off and prepared to defend himself with it. It chanced to be a holly tree and the monster he disfigured it he fell to the ground and was turned into stone. His brother, after many months searching, was informed by a friendly fairy of the mishap that had befallen his brother, whose body he was told would be found lying under the bough he had torn off. A charm was given the seachiet to enable him to restore the dead strong youth to life, and after a long journey the task was accomplished, and the two brothers were reunited.

ECONOMIZING FOR CHRISTMAS.

There is a touch of humor in the petty economies practiced by many men for several weeks before Christmas. The man who has been accustomed to costly lunches and who invariably bestows a substantial tip upon the waiter about this time of the year is likely to affect a liking for a lunch-pan consisting of a sandwich and a piece of pie. He does not smoke quite so many cigars as formerly and convinces himself that a less expensive weed is quite as satisfactory as his favorite brand. He does not frequent the cafes as much as formerly and there is a noticeable lack of his usual free hearted hospitality when he encounters his friends in such places. This strange parsimony which has come over the man is not due to the fact that he has met with financial misfortune, nor that he has suddenly become sordid and mean. He is merely economizing in his expenses in order that he may have more money with which to purchase Christmas gifts for those he loves. It may be a wife or child, mother or sister for whom he makes these sacrifices, and there is no doubt that in the happiness he brings to other hearts he will find ample compensation for it all. The Christmas season is marked by innumerable instances of self denial.

Catarrh is a constitutional disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constitutional remedy. It cures catarrh. Give it a trial.

It will pay you to go to Guelph for Shoes. McLaren & Co. are having a

A CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

Dear Santa Claus—wiper help Wal
Is bitter truly—so bad
I've been a good boy
So please fill a heapid the stocken
I want a drum to make me rock
And drive me from nowhere
I want a dog—a Dan Rock
So he will not get lark
I want a pooker gun to shoot
Right at my sister Anne
And a bigstomped I can load
Just as full load as I wanny
I want a double bar lake face
To scare in his ou baby
I want a pony I can race
Round the parlor home
I want a little butcher too
So I can do some choppin
I pose on gobs I can see
When mamma [illegible]
Is asleep and [illegible]
I'm [illegible]
Don't you forget my stocken
And make ya get the doctor quick
And never try to cool me
Yes Santa Claus if papa says
I am naughty in a story
Just say if he—me I'd
Die and go to kingdom glory."

A BIT OF PATHOS AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

There is a little girl of six who has proved herself one of the ministering children not in name only. A few weeks before the baby of the family died. The children as well as the mother had looked forward to hanging up the baby's stocking at Christmas with a great deal of pleasure. But the feet of the baby brought such anguish to the mother that she decided to have no Christmas celebration of any kind. On Christmas Eve as the family sat in partial darkness, recounting their loss with all its sad circumstances, a tender little voice pierced the gloom.

"Mamma isn't there any Christmas in heaven?"

"Yes, darling," answered the weeping mother. "It is always Christmas there."

"Then, why don't you keep it here?" persisted the little girl. "Don't make believe baby isn't dead, an hang up her stockin, mamma, an let's all have Christmas jus' the same and be happy like she is."

The child's wisdom prevailed against the unreasoning sorrow of the mother, and the little ones are happy, and busy hiding the stocking of the baby who will keep Christmas in heaven.

THE ERA OF THE INCARNATION.

The day we celebrate as the birthday of Jesus commemorate the greatest event in the history of time. It was upon this day, if we allow that the world has fixed upon the correct date, the Word was made flesh and began to dwell among us. It was upon this day that He who was in the form of God and who thought it not robbery to be equal with God took upon Himself the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men.

It was a great day to the earth. To it patriarchs had looked forward and seeing it afar off were glad. Kings had desired to see it and concerning diligently what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify when it testified beforehand of the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow. Wise men, to whom the stars had whispered of its approach waited and watched. Heralds announcing and decreeing that the day [illegible] were ready to depart in peace when in its clear light they saw the salvation of God. All the comers [illegible] of heaven overlooking the scene [illegible] glorifying God in the highest and proclaiming peace on earth, good will to men.

WHAT CHRIST TAUGHT.

Before Christ came men did not know God. They did not understand his fatherhood and affection. They had all along supposed that whoever would enjoy God's favor must purchase it by some way and so before the coming of Christ men crouched and trembled before God as they do before an almighty tyrant and their worshipped before him with sacrifice of slavish fear. But the coming of Christ brought a new element into human faith. He taught not the love alone, but he taught all men to love one another, that the love them with a love that is unto devoted and to let them see it by their acts, love their child, that he or she may learn to forgive them as they forgive others, and even to love their enemies, that all God asks of man is love, [illegible] love.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

[illegible] and most appropriate the time that was. There was no present fitness for that Lord's birth to celebrate it at [illegible] time. Into the earth's [illegible] the promise of [illegible] from the Sun of Righteousness [illegible] And [illegible] to [illegible] Lord [illegible] to us.

J. E. Howell.

CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCE.

Properly or improperly the observance of Christmas is well nigh universal in Christendom even among those that ignore the anniversaries of our Lord's death and resurrection and of the descent of the Holy Spirit. There is another curious fact the celebration of Christmas has been oftener perverted than that of any other festivals. Various customs of heathen origin were connected with it in the middle ages, these shaken by Cleany of the English and Scotch reformers to oppose any celebration of the day. But as a festival in the home hold it has now become such as to children that we must observe it.

No Shoes wear like McLaren & Co. of Guelph. See the prices they are giving away.

BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER.

A few cases present selling. We are bound to make things cook from now till the New Year. We believe in sales made and in making prices interesting to the customer. Everything is moving, and we are in the race to give you Bargains. Extensive stock of Boots, Shoes and Slippers. Rubbers & Socks for dancers. Big stock. Will build in without a Fancy Coat when you can get one for [illegible] worth $5 and $6 worth $6 and $7 worth $7. Lovely Mittens at close prices. Unheard of value in Mens Wool Tweed Suits [illegible] worth $7.50. Mens Tweed Overcoats [illegible] worth $7.50. Boys Overcoats good from $1.25. Boys Suits as low as $1.50. Special close prices in all our goods for we are out. Goods bought right and for cash, we can give close cut prices and make things interesting as any city establishment. Heavy Tweed Pants $1.25. All Wool Mens Sox 12½ cts. per pair. Woollen Yarn a specialty. A cycle to be all extra. Extraordinary value in Rubbers. Ladies' and gents' Waterproof Tan Shoes very wide toes, $1.98, $2 goods for $1. Heavy Mantle Cloths 36 in. 25 cts. yd. Special prices in all wool heavy Shirts and Drawers one each, worth 75c. Heavy Ribbed Shirts and Drawers 50c. each.