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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D., C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

DR. G. I. KELLY,
HON. GRADUATE McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL.
LICENTIATE SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES, LONDON, ENGLAND.
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Office Hours—8 to 10; 1 to 2, and 7 to 8.

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EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE,
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WORK CAREFULLY DONE. PRICES MODERATE.
OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE.
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Agent Union Fire Insurance Companies.
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Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

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Account Books of all kinds made to order to ruling of any description neatly bound, ruled neatly and promptly done.

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H. P. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

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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 $100 and upwards.

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THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 341, or Telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
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Paper Makers

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HOCKEY STICKS

A Fine Assortment

EXTRA LOW PRICES.

AT

Day's Bookstore,
Guelph.
Day sells cheap.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,600,000

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts and Deposit Receipts.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

MONEY ORDERS.
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50.
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.

ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

ANY PICTURES TO FRAME?

Any Pictures to Frame?

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WATERS BROS.
Wyndham Street
GUELPH

WHEN YOU WANT
FLOUR
—and—
OATMEAL
GET OUR
GUELPH AND GLEN MILLS BRAND
The best in the market.
All wide awake dealers use it.
Extra quality—prices right.
HENRY HORTOP.

ACTON Saw & Planing Mills
MAIN ST.
Manufacturers and Dealers in All Kinds of
DRESSED AND UNDRESSED LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES.
SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS.
WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES.
ALL KINDS OF INDOOR AND OUT-DOOR FINISH.
Having a well assorted stock of lumber on hand orders will in all cases be promptly filled.
Lumber dressed and matched while you wait.
Prices are as low as any other mill turning out work equal in quality.
Custom logs cut at any time.
JNO. EVANS, Manager. JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.
All kinds of wood on hand and promptly delivered to any part of the town.

NOTICE
Larger Premises

Messrs. COOPER & AKINS beg to announce to their patrons that owing to the increased confidence placed in them during the present season they have been compelled to take larger premises where they hope to continue to increase their business by giving the utmost satisfaction—both in material and workmanship.
Our object will always be to lead in style of materials and of Garments and to do this we are continually adding to our already large stock consisting of Fancy Suitings in Scotch and West of England Worsteds, Pantings, Fancy Vestings and a full range of Fall and Winter Overcoatings.

COOPER AND AKINS
Fashionable Tailors
Mill St., Acton.
Sole agents for the celebrated Burgess Blanketing, Tike and Hall warp, which will not change color in the years' wear or money refunded.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Guelph Branch.
(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)
Savings Bank Department
HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal and paid or compounded half yearly.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

Grand Rush
On Carvers.
Large shipment just to hand (December 26th,) too late for Christmas trade—should have been here on December 1st. Now is your chance to have a
"Luxury-Necessary"
—AT AN—
"Ordinary-Necessary" Price.
Our loss is your gain. But the stock is too large for ordinary needs and must be reduced. Carvers with and without cases. Prices will run from 40 cents up.
"Our Prices are Always Right."
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH

THORP'S
Elevator
ROCKWOOD
Pays highest cash price for—

Oats	Peas	Barley
Wheat	Rye	Cattle hides.
Sheepskins and	Wool	

Always on hand—
Goldie's, Acton, Hortop and Conestoga Flour

Mill feed	Chop stuff	Oatmeal
Oatmeal	Cornmeal	Bbl. salt
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Saltpetre	Oilcake	Flax seed
Corn	Stock tonic	Axle grease
Lanterns	Globes	Etc., etc.

GEO. J. THORP,
GUELPH and ROCKWOOD

DON'T LIE
Around home all winter. Improve your mind by attending the
ROYAL CITY Business College
When in the city call and see our bright rooms.
J. W. WIGGINS, Principal.
Traders Bank Building, GUELPH, ONT.

Procrastinate!
No! Don't do That
But come to-day to the
Acton Pump Works
and get your Pump repaired or buy a new one. We can do it. Watering Troughs, Cisterns and a general jobbing business done. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Skates Ground Concave
Bring them in.
CHARLES EBRAGE
Main St., Acton.

It's Your Nerves.
It's the Condition of Your Nerves that Either Makes Your Life a Round of Pleasure or a Useless Burden.
To many women life is one round of sickness, weakness and ill health. To attempt even the lightest household duties fatigues them. Many of the symptoms accompanying this state of decline are: a feeling of tiredness on waking, faintness, dizziness, sinking feeling, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, cold hands and feet, headache, dark circles under the eyes, pain in the back and side and all the other accompaniments of a run-down and weakened constitution.
All these symptoms and conditions are simply the result of a poor quality and defective circulation of the blood, with a wasting away of the nerve forces.
By feeding the system with
DR. WARD'S BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS
You strike at the root of the disease and lay a solid foundation on which to build. Soon the weight increases, the sunken cheeks and flattened busts fill out, the eyes get bright and the thrill of renewed health and strength vibrates through the system.
50 cents per box at all druggists, or
DR. WARD CO., Toronto, Ont

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; wage per year, payable weekly; $2 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expenses money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 Dearborn Str., Chicago.

Poetry.

THE LAST TO CUDDLE DOON.

I sit afore a half-out fire,
An' I am a' my lang,
Nae frien' wi' mair daunies in,
For a' my fowk are gane.
An' John, that was my ain guidman,
He sleeps the mools amang—
And auld frail body like myself—
It's time that I should gang.

The win' moans roun' the auld house an',
An' shakes the aa fir tree,
An' as it sughs it wauknes up
Auld things fo' dear to me.
If I could only greet, my heart
It wadna be sae sair;
But tears are gaein, an' hearts are gaine,
An' baith come back sae mair.

Ay, Tam, puir Tam, sae fu' o' fun,
He tauld this warld a fecht,
An' sair, sair he was hackit doon
Wi' mony a weary weght.
He bore it a' until the en',
But when we laid him doon,
The gray hairs there afore their time
Were thick amang the broon.

An' Jamie wi' the curly heid,
Sae bauldly, big, an' brew,
Was cut doon in the pride o' youth
The first amang them a'.
If I had tears for thae auld sair,
Then could I greet fu' weel,
To think o' Jamie lyin' dead
Anaith the engine wheel.

Wee Hab—what can I say o' him?
He's waur than dald to me,
Nae word frae him thae weary years
Has come across the sea.
Could I but ken that he was weel,
As here I sit this nicht,
This warld wi' its faught and care
Wad look a wee thing richt.

I sit afore a half-out fire,
An' I am a' my lane,
Nae frien' hae I to dauner in,
For a my fowk are gane.
I wate that He who rules us a'
Frae where He dwells aboon,
Wad touch my auld grey hald, an' say,
"It's time to cuddle doon."

—*By Alexander Anderson (Surfaceman)*

Select Family Reading.

New Shoes.

BY J. M. W.

ONE bleak, mean November day an ox cart with a bale of cotton, on which were perched a man and a boy, jogged slowly through the pine woods. Bud Scroggins was on his way to town to sell his third bale. The two former had gone to the guano agent and the merchant who "run" him, and he did not even hope to get out this year. His fourth and last would have to pay tax and doctor's bills, so this bale, he promised his wife, was for her and the children. Johnny, his eldest child, the boy of twelve who accompanied him, was greatly elated at the prospect of a pair of shoes. He was undersized and pale, with small but attractive features. Eyes of wistful hazel, mobile nostrils, and girlishly sweet lips. He had never fully recovered from an attack of hemorrhagic fever that nearly killed him the year before. The little fellow had worked hard to make the staple on which he was riding, and from the look of his bare feet he deserved "'is nu shuze." He would be prouder of them than Mercury was of his winged sandals.

For weeks Johnny had talked of nothing else. His mother said, "He was enuf tu aggerwate ther pizzen outen anybody," and Bud testily threatened to "slap 'im on ther middul ov nez' week ef 'e sed shuze ter 'im argin."

The boy then turned for audience to Aunt Cindy, an aged negress who lived in their kitchen. He was her favorite of all Miss Jinny's eight children. When a baby the old woman never tired of hugging and kissing him, ecstatically crying: "Gord Almighty, Gord bless dis yere yittle ole kittun 'possum! Nobody nuber shull bally-whack dis yere yittle ole squal-er-phanter! Bhail day, meh?"

Father and son jolted along for miles without exchanging a word. The evergreen desolation of the wire grass and the cassalegs sighing of the pines made a lonely enough ride.

"Hit's gittin' col'er an' col'er, an' hit's gonter be bad weather thes sheuh'," observed Bud, through his nose, as he glanced at the heavy shadows in the northwest. This prophecy was lost on Johnny, who was thinking of a pair of bright-topped boots he once saw a town boy wearing—a memory so voluptuous that he tried to put it aside. "I knowed hit us gonter be bad weather 'fore we lef' home," the nasal tenor continued to grumble, "an' I wouldn't er let yer er cum ef yer hadn't er blo sur crazy erbout them air danged old shuze."

The speaker was fastidious about his feet—he wore socks on weak days.

Johnny was now absorbed with the idea of christening his new shoes. This would occur at Big Bethel preachin' the next day. How the boys would admire and envy him! And how a certain pair of the prettiest black eyes in the world would brighten when they saw his shoes!

Near the Ohoopee they were overtaken by Elder Gooley God'in, the Hard-shell preacher. He was riding his famous loping filly. As he loped on after "swappin' howdies" the horse's hoofs rang on the hard road, and Johnny thought it unfair not to shoe oxen, too.

At noon they reached Sainsboro. When they had "taken er snac" Bud went from one buyer to another with a sample of his cotton. They examined it carefully, dickered as to its quality, and indifferently making propositions. Bud felt like "jumpin' jubar" (he said) when he got an eighth of a cent more per pound than he had hoped for.

It was Saturday, and the streets were black with negroes. They remember the day before the Sabbath, also, to keep it, doing no work of any sort therein.

While passing through this ladon of loafers, Bud was accosted by an old crony swearing cordialities. His pantomimic hints of the "O-be-joyful" seemed to exercise a sort of nervous compulsion over Bud.

"Honny, yer go has' ter ther kyart an' wait fur me," he said to Johnny; "I'll be back ther terrectly an' go an' git yer shuze."

It had begun to drizzle with a swirl of icy wind. Johnny wrapped himself in a blanket, fastened at the throat with a sharpened splinter, and doubled up under the cart with their brindled pup. More than an hour passed, and the boy was chilled through. In the gathering night he went to Family Rushup's bar in search of his father.

Bud, always savage in his cups, was now in the humor of a mad dog. A rough joke had just been played on him, and his attempt to carry it off pleasantly turned out a very dry grin as he said: "Whell, yer boys hes shore scooped me."

At this moment Johnny, just inside the door, called in a husky stammer: "Pa-ap, O pap!"

Bud turned, and thinking Johnny had witnessed his humiliation, was furious. He gritted some profanity about a red destiny, as he made for the boy, who began ducking his head.

The sound of a hard slap split the air. Johnny reeled. The blow left a mottled wheal on his cheek. Bud's remarks were not nice.—The boy put the back of his hand to his forehead and tottered out sobbing. The crowd roared.

* * * * *

Johnny went home without his shoes. The night was terrible. When the oxen missed the road, having been left to guide themselves, for you could not see your hand before your face, Johnny had to get out and feel for the three paths in the wire grass.

Twice the cart came near turning over. In the Ohoopee swamp it struck a cypress knee with a splitting crack. And a deep bog was barely escaped.

Bud sat in the bottom of the cart squalling. Once in a while he dozed.

Johnny took no notice of the "suggerbilln's" they passed, nor did he even feel any fear in going by the "haunted plazes" on the road. He was so cold he shook all over, his feet and legs seemed freezing, but he was unconscious of it. He only thought how saddened his mother and Aunt Cindy would be at his disappointment, how the boys would poke mean fun at him, and worse than all how the pretty black eyes might regard him with contemptuous pity. His face was wearied with a strangling anguish—it was the poor little chap's Gethsemane.

The rain turned to sleet, and the wind shrilled with sinister weirdness. The pines sounded as if they were coming down. The cart creaked on, the oxen stumbling through the slush. They did not get home until long after midnight.

* * * * *

Two days later Johnny's lungs were afire with pneumonia.—His mother despaired from the first, for one of her children had brought a hpe into the house the week previous, and this was a sure sign that there was to be a death in the family. The Ohoopee was on such a rampage from the recent rains that Dr. Buggs could not reach his patient until too late.

In his delirium Johnny begged piteously for his "nu shuze." Bud borrowed Elder God'in's loping filly, the fastest horse in the neighborhood, and went to Sainsboro for the shoes. But before he returned, though the horse was in a lather, Johnny had sunk into a state of unconsciousness from which he never rallied.

"I can't go, I can't go," moaned the child between the death rattles, his last intelligible words being, "I hain't got no nu shuze ter wear."

At the rising of the next morning there was a sound of weeping and wailing at Bud's house. Miss Jinny broke down utterly, and had to be taken out of the room; Bud walked the porch with a sad face; the awed children stood at the fireplace sobbing, "Buddie's dead"; and old Aunt Cindy, the tears fairly streaming down her wrinkles, purled over and over, "Goo'-by, babee."

But the saddest sight of all, in the sun's first electrical streaks through the chink of a window, was Johnny's scarred and scrawny little feet, so often blistered by the hot sand of the cotton field, so many times stung by nettles, and swollen with ground itch, and even now raw with frost bites.

At the funeral, as Elder God'in was vociferously concluding with a passage from the Apocalypse: "An', lo, er great multartude-er, what no man ken num'er-er, uv all nashuns, an' kin'rids, an' pepul, an' tongues-er, stood 'fore thier throne, an' 'fore ther Lam'-er, clothed wid white robes, an' p'ims on ther han's-er—"

"Yis, Loord, wid dem goldun slippus, too-er," blurted out old Aunt Cindy.

WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

The groom entered alone and said confidently, "Do you use the word 'obey' in your marriage service, Mr. ——?"

"No," said the minister, "I do not, usually."

"Well," said the expectant Benedict, "I have come to ask you to marry me now, and I want it used."

"Certainly," replied the other. "It shall be done," and presently the couple stood solemnly before him. "James T——," said the clergyman, "do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"I do."

"Do you solemnly promise to love, honor and obey her so long as you both shall live?"

Horror and rebellion struggled with the sanctities of the occasion on the bridegroom's face, but he chokingly responded, "I do," and the meek bride decorously promised in her turn.

After the ceremony was over the bridegroom said excitedly aside to the grave minister: "You misunderstood me, sir; you misunderstood me! I referred to the woman's promise to obey."

"Ah, did you, indeed?" serenely answered his reverence: "But I think what is good for one side is good for the other, don't you? And, my friend, it is my advice to you to say nothing more about it, for, as an old married man, I can tell you you'll have to obey anyhow!"—*Woman's Journal.*

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMAN.

"We are twentieth century women at last, with the dower of privilege and responsibility which enriches woman in this wonderful era, and I have no hesitation in declaring that we are more fortunate than any other of our predecessors," writes Margaret E. Sangster, in the January *Ladies' Home Journal*. "Our grandmothers spill great grandmothers were handicapped in their girlhood by a thousand prejudices and cast-iron traditional rules, from which we are emancipated. They had neither our wide field of activity nor our possibility of thorough preparation for life, they had not our strong health nor our immunity from nervous irritation. The heroines of the past took cold if exposed to a shower; they could not walk over a frosty meadow because of their thin kid shoes, and came into the house muddy and bedraggled after a morning's tramp, which we would take without the slightest inconvenience in our short skirts and thick boots."

DOES A TWO-YEAR OLD BABY PAY?

Does a two-year-old baby pay for itself up to to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday when my own baby slipped into my study and "scrubbed" the carpet and his best white dress with my bottle of ink. He was playing in the coalhod ten minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted fifty cents' worth of postage stamps on the parlor wall and poured a dollar's worth of the choicest "White Rose" perfumery out of the window "to see it rain."

Then he dug out the centre of a nicely baked loaf of cake, and was found in the middle of the dining-room table with the sugar bowl between his legs and most of the contents in his stomach.

He has already cost $100 in doctors' bills and I feel that I am right in attributing my few gray hairs to the misery I endured walking the floor with him all night during the first year of his life.

What has he ever done to pay me for that?

Ah! I hear his little feet pattering along out in the hall. I hear his little ripple of laughter because he has escaped from his mother and has found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No, I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can just cry if he wants to. I won't be bothered for—"rat, tat, tat," go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence.

"Rat, tat, tat."

I sit perfectly still.

"Papa."

No reply.

"Peaze, papa."

Grim silence.

"Baby tum in—*Peeze*, papa."

He shall not come in.

"My papa."

I write on.

"Papa," says the little voice; "I lub my papa. Peeze let baby in!"

I am not quite a brute, and I throw open the door. In he comes with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, with laughing face. I catch him up into my arms, and his warm, soft little cheek is laid to mine, the baby voice said sweetly:—

"I lub my papa."

Does he pay?

Well, I guess he does! He has cost me many anxious days and nights. He may cost me pain and sorrow. He has cost much. But he has paid for it all again and again and again in whispering those three little words into my ears: "I lub papa."

Our children pay when their very first first feeble little cries fill our hearts with the mother love and the father love that ought never fail among all earthly passions.

Do our children pay?—J. H. D., in Detroit *Free Press.*

THE TALE OF A CAKE.

An east-end car was loaded down with shoppers, mostly women, for it was in the middle of the afternoon. Conversation was proceeding at a great rate. It was like a pink tea or a session of the sewing circle. But all at once a hush fell over the fair chatterers. A negro lad entered, bearing in his arms an immense cake three or four decks high and frosted over from pit to dome, as they say of a theatre. There was a profusion of flowers by way of decoration, and delicate traceries of gauzy lace completed the embellishments. The cake was so large that the negro could scarcely carry it. The cake told the whole story of the wedding, the bridesmaids, the orange flowers, the flower girls and the banquet afterward. Every feminine heart in that car was a flutter as its owner gazed speechlessly upon the evidence of a wedding to be. Finally, when the car stopped to let on another passenger and everything was very still, one lady took courage to ask the negro where the wedding was going to be.

"Whut weddin'?" asked the negro, his eyes protruding.

"The wedding that cake is for."

"Dis ain't no weddin' cake."

"No?"

"No'm. Dis yere's er cake walk cake."

There was a smile that reached from one end of the car to the other, and very soon conversation was resumed as before.—*Baker and Confectioner.*

BE READY.

Readiness is among the greatest of Christian virtues. We try to anticipate events. We plan to meet expected issues and crisis. But experience has taught us that, in the course of events, there are thousands of opportunities that come upon us as total surprises. They are suddenly here, and quickly gone. They did not allow us special time to prepare for them. What we do we must do quickly. Therefore if these opportunities are to utilized, they must find us in readiness.

The soldier is steadily at drill. It may be monotonous and seemingly useless. But only thus is he in constant readiness. He does not anticipate the demands that may be made upon him. But when the crisis is suddenly on, he is all readiness. His practice has become habit; and habit is second nature. March or halt, pursuit or retreat, live or die, all is in readiness for the crisis.

Readiness for every good work. This is the commandment for the Christian. If readiness be lacking, the opportunities come and go, and the soul that might have been used of God for the service is passed by, and lost is the eternal reward that would have resulted had there only been a readiness. It is God who lays hold upon us as instruments and agencies in his service. But he declines all in whom there is any lack of readiness.—Cornelius Woelfkin, D.D.

"A HOT CORNER."

Whilst travelling a short time ago by rail, a young lady with a little girl about five years of age entered the compartment. As there was only one seat vacant, a young gentleman took the child on his knee, and the following conversation took place:—

Young Gentleman—What a pretty little girl you are to be sure.

Young Lady—Oh, she's right enough, but her teeth spoil her. She eats too many sweets.

Gentleman (jokingly)—Never mind, little one. They'll have to buy you some false ones.

Little girl (delightedly)—Oh, yes! Like sister's! Also, take them out and show the gentleman.

A STORY OF SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, the famous British composer, died suddenly last month in London. His career was intimately connected with that of his collaborator in comic opera, Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

Of Sir Arthur many anecdotes are told. In 1881, Mr. Browne was engaged to sing Colonel Calverley in "Patience." He writes:

"I had been told to go to Mr. D'Oyly Carte's office to meet Mr. Sullivan and have him try my voice. On my arrival, twenty minutes before time, I was ushered into an elegantly furnished room. Mr. Carte was not there, but seated at a piano, humming a plaintive melody, was a man little older than myself, a plump, rosy cheeked fellow, with black hair, side whiskers and moustache and dark brown eyes twinkling with kindliness and good nature. He stopped singing when I entered and asked me if I wanted to see Mr. Carte.

'I have come to sing to Mr. Sullivan,' I replied, a little proudly.

'Really!' he said, elevating his bushy eyebrows. 'Well, I hope, for your own sake, that you are in good voice.' And he turned again to the piano with a pleasant little laugh.

Sudden fear of failure made my heart sick. 'Have you ever sung before him?' I asked, a little huskily, for the thought of the ordeal before me already gave me a tickling sensation in the throat, and I was mentally resolving to make an excuse for an appointment the following day.

'Oh! yes. He's heard me sing,' chuckled the provoking young man at the piano, thumping out an amazing sequence of chords. Then he suddenly wheeled round and said abruptly:

'Look here, young man. Take my advice. Sing a song or two now to get your voice into trim and see what sort of form you are in. Got any music? I'll play your accompaniments for you. Come along.'

Taking the roll from my hand he selected Pinsuti's 'Bedouin Love Song' and Arditi's 'Bitrop Cup.' I felt no nervousness while singing to this stranger, only a little annoyance that he 'vamped' or glossed over the more difficult parts of the accompaniment to the first song. I probably never sang better in my life. But I felt like an awful fool when, immediately on the termination of my second song, Mr. Carte stalked into the room, saying:

'Hello Sullivan! 'Fraid I'm a little late. This is Mr. Browne, the young man I wanted you to hear. What do you think of him?'

'He's all right, Carte,' said the composer, laughing; and, rising from the piano, he extended his little fat hand to me. 'I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Browne,' he continued. 'You have a nice voice, but you must let me show you how to make the break half a note higher. I think you will find it to your advantage.'"

NO WINE.

We record an event of great importance in the history of our social and moral progress. This was the annual banquet of the University of Toronto Faculty of medicine, held on December 6, in the University Gymnasium.

Three characteristics of this dinner are particularly noteworthy. This was the largest and most successful college banquet ever held in Canada, nearly four hundred being present. Not a drop of alcoholic drinks were used, Thirdly, it was held by medical students.

These facts suggest to us many thoughts. That a large body of students, to whom the public have been accustomed to give censure, and attribute deeds most atrocious, vote an established law and custom of society by holding a banquet without wine.

This, we think, marks a great change in the character of public banquets, and just before the dawn of the twentieth century is one of the brightest omens that the future reign of alcohol is short. Never before in the history of the Toronto Medical College has it held a banquet, so overwhelmingly successful, where, instead of the noise and riot and dissipation of most public banquets, quietness and sobriety, the proper guise of intelligence and learning, prevailed.

The 'Varsity Meds. have set a noble example. Can the men of Canada, the athletic associations, the football teams; the hockey, cricket, and baseball teams, do better than follow the university undergraduates, the best talent of Canada, our future leaders in thought and action?

Among the speakers and guests were: Hon. Geo. W. Ross, premier of Ontario; Mr. Justice Moss, Sir John A. Boyd, Prof. Wrong, Dr. Parkin, Dr. Jordon (of first South African Contingent), and many others.—*Onward*

SLATE PENCILS.

Slate pencils were formerly all cut from solid slate, just as it is dug from the earth, but pencils so made were objected to on account of the grit with they contain, and which would scratch the slate. To overcome this difficulty, an ingenious process has been devised by which the slate is ground to a very fine powder, all grit and foreign substance removed, and the powder bolted through silk cloth in much the same way in which flour is bolted. The powder is then made into dough, and this dough is subject to a very heavy hydraulic pressure, which presses the pencil out the required shape and diameter, but in lengths of about three feet. While yet soft the pencils are cut into the desired lengths and set out to dry in the open air. After they are thoroughly dry, the pencils are placed in steam baking kilns, where they receive the proper temper. Pencils made in this manner are not only free from all grit and of uniform hardness, but are stronger than those cut out of solid slate. For these reasons they have superseded the old kind. Over twenty five millions of these pencils were made and sold in 1899 by one American concern in Chattanooga.—*Exchange.*

A VALUABLE INVENTION.

The Geneva correspondent of the *Daily Mail* credits an engineer named Planta with the invention of a mechanical brake that will stop a train running 25 miles an hour within eight yards and 50 miles an hour within 20 yards. Passengers can apply the brake by pulling an alarm cord. The shock is less than that caused by existing brakes. The correspondent adds that the Government will adopt the invention on trains throughout Switzerland.

WILL POWER.

There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
Can circumvent, or hinder, or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for little, will alone is great,
All things give way before it, soon or late.
What obstacles can stay the mighty force
Of the never-resting river in its course,
Or resist the steadfast flight of day to wait?
Each well-born soul must win what it deserves.
Let the fool prate of luck! The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim.
Why, even death stands still
And waits an hour, sometimes, for such a will.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THAT TIRED FEELING.

Getting out on the 6th floor in the morning and working between meals makes life a burden to some people. There are few of us who enjoy a snap, but how few can stand it. The man who expects to reach success "on flowery beds of ease" will be bed sore before he reaches the end of his journey, if the bailiff does not sell the bed from under him. They have a lot of pretty names these days for things that our fathers used to call by plainer terms. Churlishness is called brusquenness; meanness is called economy; knavishness is termed shrewdness; temper, nervousness; drunkenness, dipsomania; and laziness, ennui. The human machine is like any other mechanism, it must be kept going or it will deteriorate. The man who shuffles on his job whether he be the proprietor of the establishment or the porter in the store, is getting ready for the junk shop. Some men cross the dead line before they are in their prime. They let the screws loose, the wheels wobble, and before they are aware of it they are "has been." It was the terror of being thrown into the scrap heap that led Paul, that man of tremendous energy and tireless activity, to say: "I therefore so run, as not uncertainly; so fight I, as not beating the air; but I buffet my body and bring it into bondage; lest by any means, after that I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected." (R. V.) This is no good gospel for the business man as for the Christian. Fear the junk heap.

OLD COINS.

A gentleman was riding on the outside of a coach in the west of England, when the driver said to him:

"I've had a coin given me to-day two hundred years old. Did you ever see a coin two hundred years old?"

"Oh, yes; I have one myself two thousand years old."

"Ah!" said the driver, "have ye?" and he spoke no more during the rest of the journey.

When the coach arrived at its destination the driver turned to the other with an intensely self satisfied air, and said:

"I tell you as we drive along I had a coin two hundred years old."

"Yes"

"And you said to me as you had one two thousand years old."

"Yes, so I have."

"That's not true."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Why it's only 1900 now."

SHE KNEW.

Marjorie is the small and only daughter in a family which boasts of several sons. Aged four is Marjorie, petite and imperious and enjoying excellent opportunities for becoming spoiled. She has lately attained to the dignity of the kindergarten and comes home daily with some fresh acquisition of wisdom. A few days ago it was addition, and she proclaimed proudly at the dinner table:

"I know how much two and two make and three and two and four and two."

"And what," said her father, "do you and I make, Marjorie?"

Without a moment's hesitation over these new factors in her problem the little maid answered, with a dimple and a smile:

"Sweethearts."

And all the family were satisfied with Marjorie's arithmetic.—*Yonker's Statesman.*

WHY THE BISHOP DID NOT SCOLD

"A little boy in the neighborhood of Bishop Brooks' home in Boston was one day mischievously ringing doorbells and running away before the doors were opened," says a writer in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "In pursuit of this amusement he ran up the steps of the bishop's residence, and the bishop, happening to be in the hall ready to go out, opened the door quickly, before the boy had turned to descend the steps. The child was so startled by the sudden appearance of the good man, who had a kindly smile for all children, that he ejaculated: 'Why, Phi'ps Brooks! Do you live here?' In spite of the misdemeanor the bishop could not find it in his heart to scold the little fellow. He also had been a boy."

CONTRARY TO HUMAN NATURE.

When a football match was being played in England a clergyman walked up to a group of boys who were clustering round the gates and asked them if they would like to go inside.

"Try us, mister," they cried in a breath.

"Then you shall; but first you must promise not to shout," went on the gentleman.

The eager light in the boys' eyes died out at this, and one of their number looked at the person reproachfully, and said:

"Keep your money. If yo was to tie my tongue down we'd gold shut up ah couldn't help shoutin' when our side scored a goal."

THE BOY WHISTLED.

An old lady went into Friedrich's store at Traverse City and asked for a pair of shoes, whereupon the boy behind the counter began to whistle. The old lady gave him a piercing look and said:

"Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?"

Boy—That's what Friedrich told me to do, mum.

"Told you in whistle?"

"Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."

A little country boy during a visit to the city was obliged to drink condensed milk. "Mamma," he said, "I'm glad we don't have condensed cows at home."

If your stomach is weak it should have help. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength to the stomach and cures dyspepsia and indigestion.