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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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

40 LAMPS FOR Parlor Dining-Room And Hall. At very low prices to clear AT Day's Bookstore, Guelph. Day sells cheap.

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

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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. E. H. JONES, Manager.

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12½ lbs. Oatmeal for 25c. 35 lbs. S. K.—Oatmeal for 90 cents. 90 lbs. S. K. Oatmeal for $1.75. Choice Feed Corns in quantities at 45c. —AT— GEO. J. THORP, SEEDS, GRAIN, IMPLEMENTS, ETC. GUELPH and ROCKWOOD

....BRAINS WIN.... ....BATTLES.... ROYAL CITY Business College OF GUELPH, ONT., Can develop yours, for the battles of life. When in town call and see our bright and cheerful rooms. Office open Saturdays. J. W. WIGGINS, Principal. Traders Bank Building, GUELPH, ONT.

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 OUTDOOR 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 Reigal Blankets, Tyke and Hollwarp, which will not change color in two years' wear or money refunded.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $900 per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 151 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

Poetry.

A BELATED VALENTINE.

To Jess.

I sat me down with pen in hand,
Resolved to write to you
A valentine—you understand—
Rhymed sweet as poets do.
Hot clock ticks falling bold and plain
The measure spoiled, I guess.
For clock and rattling cars and rain
Rang only "Love and Jess."

I tried to work in "hearts" and "darts,"
But nothing else would come
Like "love" and "dove" and "arts" and "parts."
My muse was stricken dumb.
Two words with my brain beat time!
My poem they were—no less.
Of course, you see, they wouldn't rhyme
For they were "Love and Jess."

—*Ethel McNish.*

Select Family Reading.

Aunt Cinthy's Valuntine.

BY MARTHA YOUNG.

BEFORE over a jonquil had bloomed Aunt Cinthy came to her mistress with every appearance of agitation spread over her thin little face. All the wrinkles on her yellow countenance were in play, whether in fury or excess of frivolity, none might say.

"Miss May," she jerked out, "I wished you'd write me a valuntine."

"Why, Aunt Cinthy, this is no time for valentines; this is too early."

"You smoke hams fo' to six months 'fo' yer cyarve 'em," declared the old woman, sententiously. "You please, ma'am, write me a valuntine now!"

"Aunt Cinthy, what have you to do with valentines?" asked her mistress, with some impatience, looking up from the exercise in French that she was correcting; for in her changed fortunes Mrs. Carew had added to her many efforts for support of herself and daughters and faithful old nurse a class in French.

"I'm 'bleeged ter have one, and I don't keer ter buy one," declared Aunt Cinthy, obstinately.

Aunt Cinthy had already buried three husbands, and it surely seemed, with her half-century of years behind her, that she had done with wounded hearts and arrows.

"Valentines are for young folks and children," explained Mrs. Carew.

"Dat's hit!" cried Cinthy, triumphantly. "I's gwine send mine ter a rale young man. You know dat fool nigger boy we-all beep payin' so many nickels ter cut we-all wood? Well, dat's him. Dat ve'y nigger boy—Major—dat's him!"

"Why, that boy can't be twenty years old!" exclaimed the lady.

"He ain't," laughed old Cinthy. "His grammy and me, us wux ol' fellow-servants 'fo' surrender. Dat ve'y same young nigger beep pourin' 'lasses down my ear. Hit time he stop his foolish talkin'. I gwine marry dat boy—sho!"

"You don't think he wants to marry you, Aunt Cinthy?"

"Yessum, he do," cried the old woman. "Last week he axt me how ol' I is. Ever' one of my husbands, dead and buried, des begin des dat way. He say I sho make de richest cracklin'-bread in nine 'jinin' States. Ever' man I done married and buried done des dat way. He say my ironin' ev' Sunday shirts is de freest wrinkles he ever is see. He say I got de lightest hand at a puddin', and de neatest at a pie, he ever is see. Ever' man I married and laid in his grave carried on des dat way."

"But you wouldn't marry him, Aunt Cinthy?"

"Who gwine cut we-all wood if I don't? Us done waste-mo' nickels on him now dan he worf."

Doubting if even so early a valentine would persuade young May to wed this quaint December, Mrs. Carew consented to write, at Aunt Cinthy's still more urgent solicitation and dictation.

The old woman stood by the fire, with one sharp elbow in one thin hand, and a sharper chin in the other, and began: "Yessum; I been stud'in' what to say to dat young nigger, and I 'bout know how how ter suit him. Dis hash is de song I gwine send him:

"Green tree rocky—O!
You tell me dat you love me so.
De bare tree sun a-rockin', too;
Hit say I maybe mought love you.

De yellerhammer's wings will fly
Around de ol'est tree dat's nigh;
And young fool niggers will, I see,
De foolish 'bout growd folks like me.

Go, nigger, ef you ain't got sense
Yar stay on yother side de fence,
But keep up yo' fuss round my kitchen do',
I'll hatter take you fer my beau.

Dar's sugar in de gourd, when you string hit fine;
Dar's sugar in de pumpkin vine;
Dar's sugar in yo' heart fer me;
And yo' valuntine I'll sho'ly be."

The valentine was duly sent, though January frosts still whitened the fields, and hyacinth buds had scarcely begun to peep above the borders of the flower beds.

Aunt Cinthy sent Major four times one day to the post office to inquire for the valentine. He could not prevail on the irascible postmaster to look for anything for Mr. Major B. Jenkins. Moreover, the postmaster said repeatedly, and very reasonably, that there could not be a valentine, for Valentine's day was more than a month off. He was bothered enough when that day came, and he would not be bothered before. But at length Aunt Cinthy's urgency and Major's persistency prevailed. The "drop letters" were looked over, and Major received his missive. Most probably Major never read his early Valentine; most probably he couldn't.

However, there was little need for its perusal, Aunt Cinthy quoted from it to him so frequently and so feelingly. Whether he appreciated it never transpired; but he certainly appreciated and sampled more frequently than ever Aunt Cinthy's crisp waffles and light puddings.

Aunt Cinthy, pursuant of her plans for him, had persuaded her mistress to let him occupy an old cabin in the farther lot, for which he was supposed to pay rental in wood chopping.

The first of February Aunt Cinthy began to make diligent preparations for receiving a valentine, which she had determined, willy nilly, to have.

She made Major whitewash her own house in the upper lot with four snowy coats, inside and out. She had him decorate all the inner walls with cedar boughs, made very white with flour, to the great diminishment of Mrs. Carew's barrel. Whether the victim knew that he was preparing garlands for his own sacrifice, none could tell.

Aunt Cinthy determined that nothing should be lacking for "Major's fust weddin'," as she styled it.

She made a great snowy cake, and set it in the ironing room, with other dainties flanking it. This was a wise provision, as the sequel proved.

The 14th of February was the day set for the wedding. Uncle Benson came up from the River Place, which had once belonged to his former owners, the Carews. In all the changes of rent, mortgage, and sale, Uncle Benson still remained head man at the River Place.

He declared he had been "at ev' one of Cinthy's weddin's, and nary one would he miss while his head was hot."

Aunt Cinthy was enveloped in yards upon yards of white barlatan veil and dress. She looked like "a pick-room in giddup time," Uncle Benson said.

The preacher was there, with sleek black face and sleek black coat and keen appetite fo' he coming feast. The "pair of licenses," wisely bought and paid for by Cinthy herself, lay on the table.

The hour came, but not the man. Suspense grew fearful. One by one the guests crept out, going to seek the bridegroom, but returning without him.

Cinthy sat in the chair of state, rocking and lamenting loudly.

Uncle Benson gave forth a stream of reminiscences concerning those other three "weddin's that went off all beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!"

He vowed that nothing but fear of his old woman on the river kept him from coming forward to offer himself for "bridegroom," rather than have "Sis' Cinthy and all these fine folks disap'inted of de weddin' and de weddin' supper."

He was about to begin a chain of recollections about the three funerals, which had also passed off most beautifully, when Miss May came to the rescue, bidding him go in search of the bridegroom, and return not without him.

Cinthy still rocked and lamented, but even now she found a moment of satisfaction, and cried out, wiping her tears: "Anyhow, Miss May, our cord wood hit ittes wood now. Ever' stick of hit dat no-count nigger cut, and cut it short, too."

Suddenly sounds of scolding, vociferating, scuffling, came from the cabin in the far lot. While all held their breath and listened, Uncle Benson came panting and puffing to the snowy chamber. His Sunday coat and his gray woolly hair were all pulled awry with exertion. With one last great effort he flung the bridegroom into the room, exclaiming: "Dar he! Dat him! Hesh he! Hid under de bald! I ketch his heel; I fetch him out. He for dissis'lutin' Cinthy of de weddin', and dis her fo'th too!"

A sigh of relief went up from the assembly.

"Halt back, he did. I tol' him never was he gwine ter eat toof in dat big cake in de ironin' room lessen he come, and come quick. Dat fetch him!"

"He's des sorter bashfullike," declared Aunt Cinthy, with unctuous air of possession and unmarred satisfaction. "He'll outgrow hit wid his age; he'll git mo' sense as he git mo' ageable."

No sooner had the sudden entrance of the bridegroom been brought about than the preacher, promptly settling his back against the door to prevent a like sudden exit, began without delay the ceremony.

Major's answers were perhaps a little sulkily given, but Aunt Cinthy's replies were cheery enough for two.

"Hit's like I tol' you, Miss May," she observed, as she passed where her mistress stood to observe the ceremony. "You hatter be soon ter send yar valuntine, ef yar want ter git a' answer to yourn at due date and time."

With this the determined and happy bride led the procession to the cake-cutting in the ironing-room.

HE LOOKED HUNGRY.

William M. Evarts, who went to the United States Senate with the reputation of being as good a lawyer as the State of New York possessed, was always an exceedingly slender man. His face, even when he was in his prime, had a look of emaciation with suggested hunger, and long afterward the senator used to relate with amusement a comment made upon his appearance soon after his entrance on his duties at the Capitol.

One day, says Mr. George S. Hilton in a recent volume, a solid, substantial-looking farmer from the interior of New York seated himself in the visitors' gallery of the Senate Chamber, and asked the doorkeeper, standing behind him, to point out Mr. Evarts.

It was noontime, and only a few members were in the chamber. Pretty soon Senator Voorhees entered, and strode majestically to his seat.

"Is that Evarts?" exclaimed the farmer.

"No," said the doorkeeper, "that is Mr. Voorhees of Indiana."

Another gentleman with a great deal of presence entered the Senate Chamber. The old man leaned back and clutched the doorkeeper's arm.

"That's him!" he whispered. "That's the great Mr. Evarts, isn't it?"

"No," was the answer. "That is General Logan."

At length Mr. Evarts came in, and the old farmer was at once informed. He looked at the distinguished lawyer long and earnestly.

"By gum!" said he, with an accent of commiseration. "I'll bet he hoards."

ANTS WITH UMBRELLAS.

The doings of ants are among the most interesting things that naturalists find to study. No members of the insect world present more startling suggestions of intelligence and forethought governing their actions. It is not correct, however, to explain the habits and conduct of ants by human analogies. For instance, it was once supposed that the so called "parasol ants," living in hot tropical countries, carried little leaves above their heads for the sake of protection from the sun. Later investigations have shown that the ants actually do carry leaves, suspended by the stem which they hold in their jaws, and that columns of them thus furnished with leaves like an army with banners march in regular order; but that the leaves, instead of being intended to shelter the ants from the sunshine, are deposited by them around their nests to form a soil in which grows a kind of fungus that they are fond of. So the parasol ant is not a dandy, but a farmer.

BREAKING HOME TIES.

The train leaves at 9.02. Better hurry breakfast, Meg."

"Somehow I can't do a thing this morning. I got to the pantry, and when I get there forget what it is I want. Where is mother?"

"Upstairs, packing the satchel."

"Poke the fire a little, will you, father? I want to mix up some johnny-cake for Dick. It's the last he'll have goodness knows how long." And Meg brushed away a tear with the corner of her apron.

"Where is he, father?"

"Out in the barn."

Yes, Dick was out in the barn, with his arm around the neck of a little gray colt, Nan.

"I wish I wasn't going," he muttered, looking through the barn window at his dovecot. "I didn't think it would be so hard. But I can't stay out here, for my time is almost gone.—Good-bye, Nan," and for a moment his head rested against the silky mane. "Good-bye, Nan. I'll look around the old familiar barn and he went out. Just outside, in spite of the protests of the bristling mother hen, he stopped and looked at the brood of downy chicks. Then the pretty Jersey calf, Dick's favorite, claimed his attention. The big eyes lost a mournful look, Dick thought, as he stroked the soft neck. "Pretty Bess," he murmured.

But he must hurry on, for Dick loved every living thing on the farm, and his time was short in which to say good-bye. Nothing seemed forgotten, and he had just completed the rounds when Meg called him to breakfast.

"How much time have I, father?" asked Dick as he entered.

"An hour and a half. Sit down. Call mother, Meg."

Just then Mrs. Warren entered with the satchel. There was a look of suffering on her face as she crossed the room and stood behind Dick's chair. She did not cry, but only leaned her head down against his, and her arms went around his neck.

"Mother!" whispered Dick in a choked voice, while Meg gently pushed a chair close beside Dick's. For a moment no one spoke. But these last moments were too dear to the mother's heart for her to give way to grief now, so she took Meg's chair with a smile.

After all, breakfast is quite a cheery meal and Meg brought blushes often to Dick's cheeks as she gave him hints about designing girls.

Then the neighbors dropped in, each with a word of advice or of good will, and wished him Godspeed. Old Aunt Martha was the last to come, and Dick was loath to let her go again, for he felt in the happy days of his return Aunt Martha would not be with them. Her ship was almost in the haven, and Dick's heart was heavy as he watched her picking her way across the fields toward her home.

At last they were all gone, and nothing was left but to say good bye. The trunk had already been carried to the wagon. Meg sits by the window with her hand on Guess's hand. Poor Guess, what will he do without his master? All the morning he had been Dick's shadow, and his eyes fastened on Dick's face with a look which plainly said: "Take me with you."

"Well, time to go, Dick," said Mr. Warren, as he picked up the satchel.

Mrs. Warren looked quickly at the clock. "Why, no, father; not for ten minutes yet."

"I leave at 9.02, you know, mother," Dick explained.

"And you must go now?" She was at his side in an instant, and, putting her hands on his shoulders, gazed up into his face as thought she would never look away. Just so she looked when she bent over Jamie's little coffin and kissed him for the last time. A look which sought to fix his face in her mind for ever, and at the same time pierce the future, and see what it held for her boy. Dick longed to comfort her. His heart was almost breaking, yet he could only stand there awkwardly holding his hat. He was not looking at his mother, but off into the distance, and was struggling hard to keep back the tears. In his boyish heart he believed that to show any emotion was unmanly, yet how he longed to tell that dear, hard-working little mother how much he loved her, and how hard it was to leave her!

But Mr. Warren, was calling from the waggon, and after one last good-bye Dick was gone.

In the farmhouse that night a silent figure stole into the south room under the eaves and knelt by the bed. The moonlight, streaming in through the open window, lighted up the disordered room and the tumbled bed. Evidently nothing had been touched there that day.

Far away the same moon was looking down upon a young boy standing on the forward platform of the train speeding eastward. The world was before him, and he was looking manfully through his tears into the future.

Breaking home ties? No, thank God! they are not broken. It may be some chance word or look which will bring back to the poor wanderer the dear old farm, that father leaning over his Bible, or the mother's loving face, and with the rush of memory will come, too, the old-time thoughts and desires.—*Alice S. Freeman.*

"Not the tie is never broken, the chain is only lengthened;
For death alone can break the tie
That binds the heart to home."

—*Northwest.*

UNFORTUNATE.

There are many Joneses in this world, but perhaps not quite so many as people think. Not long ago two friends met, who had not seen each other for ten years, since their school days.

"Whom did you marry, Billy?" asked one.

"A Miss Jones—of Philadelphia," replied Billy, who was a trifle sensitive.

"You always did take to the name "Jones." I can remember when we went to school together, you used to tag round after a little snub-nosed Jones girl."

"I remember it, too," said Billy. "She's the girl I married."

A SMALL BOY'S PLUCK.

In a London tram car the other day a small boy was observed to be suddenly agitated, but regained his self-control after a few moments. Soon after the conductor appeared and asked for fares. When he stood before the small boy there was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following:

"Please, sir, I'm my pap; I've swallowed the money."

A RICH BOY.

"Oh, my," said Ben. "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning around quickly. "How much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs?" said Ben in surprise.

"Yes! what do you use them for?"

"Why, I run and jump and play ball, and, oh, everything."

"That's so," said his father. "You would not take $10,000 for them, would you?"

"No indeed," answered Ben, smiling.

"And your arms, I guess you wouldn't take $10,000 for them, would you?"

"No, Sir."

"And your voice. They tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn't part with that for $10,000 would you?

"No Sir."

"Nor your good health?

"No Sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than $5,000 a piece at the very least, don't you think so?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Your eyes now. How would you like to have $50,000 and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think a moment, Ben: $50,000 is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn't sell them for that much?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then they are worth that much at least. Let's see, now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper—"Legs ten thousand, arms ten, voice ten, hearing five, good health ten and and eyes fifty—that make a hundred. You are worth $100,000 at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump throw your ball, laugh and hear your play mates laugh, too; look with those fifty-thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you and come home with your usual appetite for dinner and think now and then how rich you really are."

It was a lesson that Ben never forgot, and from that day every time he sees a cripple or blind man he thinks how many things he has to be thankful for. And it has helped to make him contented.—*Selected.*

A FEW TRICKS.

Can you place a newspaper on the floor in such a way that two persons can stand upon it and not be able to touch one another with their hands? Answer: Yes: by putting the paper in a doorway, one-half inside and the other half outside of the room, and closing the door over it, two persons can easily stand upon it, and still beyond each one's reach.

Can you put one of your hands where the other cannot touch it. Easily; by putting one hand on the elbow of the other arm.

Can you place a pencil on the floor in such a way that no one can jump over it? Yes, if I place it close enough to the wall of the room.

Can you push a chair through a finger ring? Yes; by putting a ring on the finger.

You can put yourself through a keyhole by taking a piece of paper with the words "yourself" written upon it, and pushing it through the hole.

You can ask a question that no one can answer with "no" by saying, "What does y-e-s spell?"

You can go out of the room with two legs and return with six, by bringing along a chair with you.

Conceal a few oats in one of your pockets, and on meeting a friend say, in an off-handed manner "Oh, by the by, I have a note for you." Produce one of the oats and hand it to him.

If you say ba, ba, two times, how often have said it? The answer is you have not "it" at all.

There are numerous catches on the same lines, such as "Peas pudding hot," etc., spell "that" in four letters.

Why do Southdown white sheep eat more than Welsh black sheep? Because white sheep are much more numerous than black.

How many geese out of the water count twenty-nine in the water? None. Geese cannot count.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

Franklin not only understood the value of time, but he put a price on it that made others appreciate its worth.

A customer who came one day to his little bookstore in Philadelphia, not being satisfied with the price demanded by the clerk for the book he wished to purchase, asked for the proprietor. "Mr. Franklin is very busy just now in the preasroom," replied the clerk. The man, however, who had already spent an hour aimlessly turning over books, insisted on seeing him. In answer to the clerk's summons, Mr. Franklin hurried out from the newspaper establishment at the back of the store.

"What is the lowest price you can take for this book, sir?" asked the leisurely customer, holding up the volume. "One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt reply. "A dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk asked me only a dollar just now." "True," said Franklin, and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to leave my work.

The man, who seemed to be in doubt as to whether Mr. Franklin was in earnest, said jokingly: "Well, come now, tell me your lowest price for this book." "One dollar and a half," was the grave reply. "A dollar and a half," was the grave reply. "Yes, and I could better have taken that price than a dollar and a half now."

Without another word, the crestfallen purchaser laid the money on the counter and left the store. He had learned not that he who squanders his own time is foolish, but that he who wastes the time of others is a thief.

SAVE HORSE'S TAILS.

Those who have long agitated against the docking of horses' tails have one a great victory. The Queen, in sending out and order that none of her horses be treated in that way, also announced that she had persuaded the Prince of Wales to follow her example. With royalty taking up such a vigorous stand, it is likely that the docked horses will soon be as rare in London as full tailed horses are at present.

Rich, warm, healthy blood is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla and thus coughs, colds, and pneumonia are prevented. Take it now.

A MODERN VALENTINE.

I've written it, love, with a stiff steel pen;
For the geese I understand.
Are so learned, now that their quills, I trow,
Must supply their own demand.

I've secured it, love, by the aid of glue,
Instead of a strand of hair,
Which I cannot obtain, for I say, with pain,
I have really none to spare.

I send it to you by the postman, love;
For Cupid, I grieve to hear,
Is afraid of the cold, and has grown so old
That he doesn't go out this year.

But the message is ever the same, my love,
While the star that their course paint;
Though to me and to you it may seem quite new,
'Tis the old, old history still.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

MAKING CHARITY A HABIT.

Last Christmas, the *Church Messenger* tell us, the children in a farm school on Long Island received, according to custom, a gift contributed by the summer visitors to provide a tree and gifts to be hung on it. Their parents were well-to do farmers who made Christmas a happy holiday them. This gift of their city friends was always a luxury in excess of ordinary fun.

A week before Christmas their teacher told them of a miserable negro community, showing them a photograph of the hungry, barefooted boys and girls, into whose lives pleasure seldom came.

One boy shouted, "Let's send them a Christmas box!" The others agreed eagerly.

Take time to think about it," their teacher wessed them. He gave to each child a paper on which the child's name was written. Think it over until to-morrow," he said, "and then write upon this paper the share of your Christmas money which you will give to the negroes one-half, one-third or none. No other child must know what you give."

The papers were returned the next day, and on each was written, "All."

The money was spent by the children in gifts each where packed by themselves in a huge box, ardent with great delight.

This practical bit of kindness did more to kindle God's fire of charity in their hearts than years of vague discourses upon the duty of benevolence.

One of the most influential and wealthy of American families has been noted for three generation for active and systematic benevolence. A friend recently congratulated one of them upon this noble family trait.

"I do not think," he replied, "that my people are one whit more kindly or have any warmer hearts than others. But my old grandfather made charity a habit in the family. His children and grandchildren were taught that to look after the poor was part of their daily business. To be charitable has come to be a matter of course to us, not an occasional spiritual exercise."

WRITE TO MY MOTHER.

When we arrived at the tenement in Catherine Street that night, we found him in a miserable bed, in the fifth floor, back under the roof.

He had been knocked down by a truck on Canal Street that afternoon, and the ambulance had borne him to his lodgings—as soon as it appeared—to die.

The detective trimmed the candle, rearranged the clothes on the bed, and, shook up the feeble fire in the stove.

"You are so kind," he whispered faintly, "and I know you will grant my wish?"

"Write—a—letter—to."

Then the strong man sat himself down beside the table, and beneath the splutter of the candle, held his sheet of paper and his pen.

"Say," he murmured, "say that—"

Then we waited a long time.

"Say that I never for—forgot—them."

"That you have never forgotten them," and the pen raced on with death.

He started into the air and a glassy look grew in his eyes.

"And—that—I—am coming—home."

"And that you are coming home again. Yes, my boy, yes."

The pen raced on, but swifter still sped death.

"And—that—my—mother—should—not—weep, but—

"Yes, yes."

Ah, how the pen sped on, with death so near at hand!

"And the address—where does your mother live?"

"She lives in—

We heard the death-rattle in his throat; we heard the sobbing of the wind outside we felt that strange glamour, the creeping lack-lustre in his vacant glance; and we knew that another soul had slipped forth in the dark unknown, unwept of men, but numbered with his God.

Next day he was buried in Potter's field.

The unfinished letter to his mother was placed upon his breast.

THE GROCER DID NOT LAUGH.

They were in the grocer's, field the grocer, seeing a blind man about to enter, "Are you aware how delicate the touch of a blind person is? When nature deprives us of one sense, she makes amends by bringing the other senses to extraordinary acuteness. Let us illustrate by this gentleman. I'll take a scoop of sugar and let him feel it, and you will see how quickly he'll tell what it is."

The blind man having entered, he was put to the test. He put his thumb and finger into the scoop, and without hesitation said, "That is sand."

Everybody laughed but the grocer

Where shall the ox go but he must labour since he knows how?

A NEW BOOK FOR FEMALE NINE HOME WORKERS

Sent Postpaid to Any Address in Canada.

The manufacturers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes and the popular Diamond Dye Mat Rug Patterns are now issuing a new and enlarged edition of the Diamond Dye Rug Book, that should be in the hands of every women and girl in Canada. Many new and attractive designs for Mats and Rugs are shown as well as full directions for making and coloring. Thousands of women who are interested in the making of pretty rugs are sending for this book. Send in your address at once to The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Que.