The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M.D., C.M., 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.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC.
SUCCESSOR TO DR. KELLY.
Office—Frederick Street - - Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE,
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets.
GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO.

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST.
ACTON.
Office over McKee's Drug Store.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
VISITING DAYS.—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood.
The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

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A. J. MACKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

J. B. McLEOD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS.
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Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first mortgage on farm property at 4½.

R. J. McNABB,
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OFFICE—Ferryman's Block,
ACTON - - - ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Wood Store, Mill Street, Acton.

INSURANCE AGENT,
W. H. DENNY,
General Agent Confederation Life Association.
Agent Union Fire Insurance Companies.
Office Young St., Acton.

HENRY GRIST,
OTTAWA, CANADA.
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams' Stove.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order periodicals of every description neatly bound, ruling neatly and promptly done.

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

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 $300 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL, $125,000.
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 893, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

AMATEUR CAMERAS AND SUPPLIES
PREMO,
POCO,
RAY,
MAGAZINE,
CYCLONE.
PRINTING FRAMES.
4 x 5 and Cabinet, 25 cents.
PRINTING PAPERS.
SOLIO,
ARISTO,
VELOX,
PHOTOX.
H. RAMSHAW,
PHOTO ARTIST ACTON

Christmas Goods AT Day's Bookstore.

Fine Books	Picture Books
Toy Books	Fine Bibles
Pocket Bibles	Hymn Books
Ladies' purses	Ladies Wallets
Ladies Card Cases	Writing Folios
Scrap Books	Fancy Cases
Photo Cases	Albums
Dressing Cases	Collar and Cuff Boxes
Handkerchief Boxes	Dolls
Games,	Toys of all Kinds,
Waggons	Sleds
Rocking Horses	Doll's Carriages
A. B. C. Blocks	Building Blocks
Working Bags and Boxes	Etc., Etc., Etc.

The wise woman will go straight to Day's Bookstore to select her Xmas presents. (This will be reserved for her on payment of a small deposit.) The store is full of fine new goods and Day's low prices win every time.

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.

NASSAGAWEYA
Saw and Planing Mills.
Lumber and Shingles
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Bill stuff cut to order.
Wood at $1.00 a load at the mill.
P. Savers, Proprietor

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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.19 p.m.
Careful attention given to everything
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS

Acton Pump Works
Main Street, Acton.
If you are in need of a good Pump, either in wood or iron, come to Acton Pump Works.
—Cisterns Made—
—All Repairs Promptly Attended to—
—Wells Cleaned—
THE
CHICAGO NORMOTOR
Is acknowledged the lightest running and best windmill manufactured. I am agent for this district. Call and investigate before you buy.
T. EBBAGE,
Main Street, Acton.

Excelsior Bakery and Grocery.
In addition to our daily supply of first-class Bread, Cakes, Buns, Etc, of our own manufacture, we are now supplying Fresh Oysters of the best brands.
Our Oyster Parlor
is now open and patrons will find their orders filled with entire satisfaction.
A larger stock of Groceries and Provisions than ever before, and the public know our prices are always reasonable.
T. STATHAM & SON.
MAIN ST. ACTON.

—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 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. H. M. JONES,
Manager.

Bond & Co.,
GUELPH,
FOR
Mechanics Tools.
"Starrett Tools are THE Tools. They are guaranteed accurate. Our stock includes Micrometers, Callipers, Thread Gauges, Hacksaws, Combination Squares, Centre Gauges Rules, etc.
Special Tools procured on short notice. Enquiries promptly attended to.
Our prices are always right.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

New Cutters
Season—1901-1902.
JUST IN.
All bargains. Common seated. Terms Cash or on Time
Also Robes, Blankets, Rugs, Rubber Aprons, Whips, Halters, Tie Straps, Etc. All at special prices.
Geo. J. Thorp
Opposite Market
GUELPH.

CHINESE LAUNDRY.
In Pearson's Building, Willow Street, Acton.
Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals sed.
LEE KIM, Proprietor.

Do You Use Your
Neighbor's Telephone?
By so doing you are injuring his business.
PRESENT RATES make it possible for you to have a Telephone in YOUR NAME.
The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown, Ontario.
BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER

ACTON
SAW MILLS
LUMBER, LATH SHINGLES AND WOOD.
DRESSED LUMBER, ROUGH LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND STOVE WOOD OF ALL KINDS
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
James Brown.
Terms Cash.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $18 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, 1 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

Poetry.

DOWN TO SLEEP.

Dark woods are bare and still;
December days are clear and bright;
Each moon burns up the morning chill;
The morning's snow is gone by night.
Each day my steps grow low, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things 'lie down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads.
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her fawns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of "good night;"
And half I smile and half I weep,
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

December woods are bare and still;
December days are bright and good.
Life's noon burns up the life's morning chill
Life' night rests feet which long have stood;
Some warm soft bed in field or wood
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

Select Family Reading.

A Candy Pull in The Dark.

"PLEASE may we borrow your kitchen this evening?"

This is the request which a deputation of the older blind girls of our school frequently make of me.

"A candy party?" I replied interrogatively; and at the prompt answer I usually gave my consent, stipulating only, for the benefit of my own sweet-tooth, that samples of the evening's product shall be brought me, after a proper amount has been set aside for the benefit of the younger pupils.

"Dear me! I should be afraid they would burn themselves, or perhaps set the place on fire," said the solicitous visitor to me one evening when the deputation had smilingly departed.

At my laughing answer that I feared neither of these disasters, the good lady expostulated still further: "You surely do not trust these girls alone, without some seeing person to help them and to watch over the fire?" she said anxiously.

And for an answer a half-hour later I bade her come with me to my cozy kitchin. The fragrant aroma of boiling molasses stole through the crack of the kitchen door as we pushed it further ajar, while a merry hubbub within told that a good time was in progress.

My guest gave a little start of surprise I don't understand this in the least," she exclaimed in a whisper. "The gas is not lit, the blinds are closely drawn, and there is nothing but the dim light from the front of the stove to show what is going on. I am sure it is very unsafe."

As she stood in the hallway accustoming her eyes to the flickering light, a voice which seemingly came from the same locality as the sound of the steady clank of an iron spoon against the sides of a pot, said brightly, "Mary, Maud, and Alice are to get the platters read. The butter is in a small dish in the left hand corner of the second shelf of the pantry. Please remember that the taffy pans are to have an extra greasing, for they are rough on the bottom and the candy sometimes sticks."

My friend became not a little interested. "That young woman is evidently the mistress of ceremonies," she said, indicating who she meant by the nod of her head.

"The girls always call Alma the little housekeeper," I said softly. "She is very capable and knows how to carry out what ever she undertakes."

A scurry in the dark, a rattle of tins and crockery, combined with the sounds of tearing paper and vigorous rubbing, told us that the instructions were being carried out to the letter. Then again the voice of the young housekeeper was heard.

"Another cup of cold water, Dora," she said; and at once a tap was turned on, a cup filled, and a small girl was dimly seen crossing the kitchen.

It was evident that the crucial moment had not arrived, for the molasses instead of balling in the cold water, remained, so the young cook announced, "as soft as mush."

"But how does she know? She cannot possibly see," said my friend amazed.

I murmured much about the practical use of the sense of touch, but as I spoke the spoon ceased its regular movement and the stirring said, "Nally you may come here for a few minutes; my poor finger nails are smarting to the quicks."

A tall, slender girl moved slowly across the room, but our attention was speedily diverted from her by the voice of the mistress of ceremonies. She now spoke from a distant part of the room, from whence a crunching sound had been steadily proceeding.

"Are you nearly ready with the peanuts, Jennie and Lulu?" she asked. I do hope you have been careful not to drop shells on the floor—"

"Nor to leave the inner brown coat on the nuts, in order to tickle the throats of those who eat our candy," interrupted Jennie saucily. While Lulu added teasingly:

"Don't fuss, old lady; we have done everything just as your own particular self would wish."

Just here the housekeeper's ears warned her of danger, and she hurried back to her post. Under the less vigorous rule of her successor, the molasses had frothed lightly to the brim of the pot, and a tiny trickle had already run down on the stove, whence arose a smell of scorching. A few strong roundabout strokes brought the seething pot to order, but immediately a new excitement arose. Cora, in the course of an excited trip with the teeting cup, inadvertently trod on the tail of the cat, who uttered a doleful "miaow" as she sought refuge under the stove.

"I'm sorry, pussy! I hadn't the least idea you were there, began Dora apologetically, at which the girls burst into peals of irresistible laughter.

"But you all know I would not have hurt her for worlds," began Dora, with a trace of grievance in her voice.

"Don't fret, Dora. A tiny thing like you couldn't hurt her much, anyway," said the cook soothingly. "Please forget all about it, and bring me fresh water quickly for I think the candy is nearly ready."

The testing was evidently satisfactory, for immediately the pot-block was laid on the table, while the cook, with the aid of a helping hand carried the pot to the table, rested it on the block for a moment, and then tilted it and allowed the thickened molasses to spread out on the waiting platters, which were at once set outside on the window ledge to cool. A small quantity of molasses which had been reserved for taffy was retained in the pot and again set to boiling.

But the little housekeeper was by no means through her duties. "There is a saucer of flour on the shelf over the sink, girls," she announced. Rub your hands well with it, so that there will be no burns or blisters to complain of later on."

It was not long before the platters where brought in and great lumps of the soft substance were given around. Jennie and Lulu, whose knowledge of this stage of the work evidently exceeded that of the others combined their portions, and pulled and stretched the soft, yielding mass from each other's outstretched hands until, as Lulu expressed it, the consistency changed from soft dough to that of spun silk. The others worked singly, but evidently with excellent results, for when the taffy mixture had been set aside to cool, the cook had nothing but words of encouragement or approval, to give her assistants.

Don't stop, girls, even if your arms do get tired!" she urged. The candy hardens quickly, and must be worked while it is soft. And don't try to whiten it with flour, Nelly," as she recognized the girl's nearness to the flour saucer. "Work the air well through it, and it will whiten in the proper manner. Jennie and Lulu, yours must be nearly ready by this time. I will flour the bread-board while you pull out long thin strips that will make a pretty braid."

Since the real work of candy-making was nearly over I drew my friend into my own sitting-room, whereupon she at once began asking many more questions.

"Will they not leave the kitchen in a terrible state?" she asked. "I should expect to find molasses over everything, though to be sure," she added reflectively, "everything seems to be done in a very orderly manner—so far, of course, as one could judge in the dark."

"They will leave the kitchen in the same condition in which they found it," I answered her. "The pot will be filled with water and left to soak overnight, but they will come early in the morning before we are astir and give it a thorough washing. The floor will be neatly swept up and the stove top left scrupulously clean. Oh, I assure you our girls are by no means the bad housekeepers you think them."

Just here the little housekeeper, flushed and radiant, came to my door. "We have had such good luck to-night!" she said happily. "The worked twists and braids are better than ever before, and I am sure you will have no fault to find with the taffy."

While my friend and I were showing our appreciation of the toothsome dainties in the most practical manner, a chorus of "good-night," and "thank you so much for the kitchen," greeted us, and presently the retreating footsteps of the girls could be heard in the corridor.

"They are really wonderful girls," said my friend slowly as she nibbled at a bit of the crisp taffy. "An hour ago I did not believe it possible that they could make candy at all, but now," she added with a smile, "I can truly say that the candy pull in the dark has been an unqualified success."—*Yarmouth Light.*

THE IRISHMAN ON THE STAND.

Lawyers with an appreciative sense of humor enjoy nothing so much as to get a quick-witted, ready-tongued son of the Emerald Isle on the stand to relieve the monotony of the technicalities of the case. A gentleman who had been collecting samples of Irish wit and repartee for some time relates the following anecdotes. Some of them are doubtless mellow with age, but in any case they will bear repetition:

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the court clerk of a prisoner charged with some trivel offence.

"That are yees there for but to find out?" was the quick rejoinder.

A henpecked husband had his better half arrested for assaulting him. The plaintiff was on the stand.

"And now, Mr. O'Toole," said his counsel, "will you kindly tell the jury whether your wife was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"Wid what, sor?"

"With impunity."

"She was, sor, but she ginerally used the potaty masher."

A witness testifying in a murder case, was asked to describe to the jury the exact location of a flight of stairs.

"Explain to the jury," said the prosecuting attorney, "exactly how the steps run."

"Shure, sor, if you stand at the bottom they run up, and if you stand at the top they run down."

In a suit brought by an instalment house to obtain payment for a suit of furniture, a witness was asked if he knew what quartered oak meant. Here is his definition:

"It m'ans that it's thra quarters poine."—Baltimore *Sun.*

SEEING THE POINT.

The following story is told of a Philadelphia lawyer who has been dead a number of years. A young man came to him one day and asked pecuniary aid to start him in business.

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Once in a while."

"Stop it! Stop it for one year, and then come and see me." The young man broke off the habit at once and at the end of the year, came to see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man.

"Moderately," said the young man.

"Stop it! Stop it for one year, and then come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke away from this habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philathropist.

"Yes, I do," was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for a year; come and see me again."—The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at. "He'd have told me that now that I'd stopped drinking and smoking and chewing that I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And it have."—*Youth's Companion.*

SUNDAY SOCIAL FUNCTIONS—THE KING VERSUS "THE UPPER TEN."

The following paragraphs from an excellent article in the *Acadian Recorder*, of Halifax, N.S., of recent issue, discussing the growing practice of holding suppers and other social functions on Sunday, will be read with interest:—

This is indulged in by those even who profess to be good church-goers, who frequen our places of worship with becoming regularity. We were sorry, for instance, that on a recent royal occasion it seemed wise to some to have a dinner party on Sunday evening to the Duke of York. We are sure the visitors would not have been offended had this violation of the Christian Sunday not been proposed. In fact it is by no means a function of Royalty to violate the one Day of Rest that all should enjoy, for an English paper remarks that King Edward has stunned society people by placing the ban on Sunday entertainments of every sort. The news came out as a result of his declining to leave Scotland for London on Sunday. It is said that he will not encourage Sunday dinner parties at restaurants or other diversions.

We all know what a potent influence for good Her Majesty, the late Queen, had on society, and we are glad to see her Royal son following in the same path, and even branching out for himself as well. We would advise those folks in Halifax, who of late have been giving Sunday evening dinners, that they follow the King. What is the use of the Board of Trade or other organizations trying to make arrangements so that the mail steamer will not leave Halifax on Sunday, if devotees of fashion break the laws that the community is endeavoring to keep sacred? This law written or unwritten, it matters not, is that all employees shall have one day of rest from toil. We try to give it to our laborers, and we learn with great satisfaction that the Allan steamers are to sail from Halifax on Mondays during the coming winter, instead of on Sundays as at first proposed.

But while the male workers are to get their rest, the maids in the kitchen must be kept busy all day preparing for Sunday evening suppers. That are not, we much fear, permeated with the spirit of the Sabbath day. Horace Greeley said once that the liberty for rest for such demands the law of rest for all. But the liberty of rest for such cannot be secured when our Sunday evenings are being used in the way mentioned. We hope the practice to which we have called attention will not grow. We trust it will abate, but it will only cease when the Christian conscience is strong enough to dominate all avenues of society in this city, discountenance such practices as are growing too rapidly to be looked on as a matter of course. It is a practice that our ministers can well afford to denounce in earnest and strong tones without fear or favor. Indeed we have been surprised that the pulpit has not spoken out in the matter with greater fearlessness than it has in the past. Meanwhile we would tender to one and all the advice to follow the King in this respect as they do in others, and they cannot be far wrong.

TOO SMART FOR HIS PAPA.

The twelve-year-old son of a Topeka (Kansas) fond parent recently became the proud possessor of some guinea pigs. A day or two after they were safely corralled in a cage he went about bragging of his new acquisition to his playmates. Now, it seems these youngsters knew of a "sell" in which guinea pigs play a prominent part. They started to hook the youngster and they got him hard and fast.

He felt so badly about it that he started to sell some one else. His father was the victim.

"Do you know, papa, if you hold a guinea pig by the tail its eyes will drop out?"

His father laughed outright.

"Who in wonder told you such stuff as that, Louie?"

"The boys all say that," answered Louie sober as a judge, "and it's so, yes, sir."

"Oh, nonsense," said the father still laughing.

"Well, you go to the cage and hold one up and you'll see."

Just to humor the boy the father went out. In a moment he came back looking—well, looking like a man who had been badly sold.

"The little rascal got me that time," he remarked to a friend.

"But I don't see the point," said the friend.

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Well, guinea pigs have no tails."

NOVEL CURE FOR HEADACHE.

"This most excellent and never-failing cure for nervous headache," says the apostle of physical culture, "is the simple act of walking backward. Just try it some time if you have any doubt of it. I have yet to meet the person who didn't acknowledge its efficacy after a trial.

Nobody has as yet discovered or formulated a reason why such a process should bring such a certain relief. Physicians say that perhaps it is the reflex action of the brain, and thus drives away the pain that, when produced by nervousness, is the result of too much going forward. However, there comes a feeling of everything being reversed, and this is followed by relief. This relief is always certain, and generally speedy. Ten minutes is the longest I have ever found necessary.

An entry or a long room is a good place for such a promenade, but even better than this is a long porch, or a secluded walk in the open air. You should walk very slowly, letting the ball of your foot touch the floor first, and then the heel; just the way in fact, that one should, in theory, walk forward but which in practice is so rarely done.—Philadelphia *Record.*

PROVED HIS INNOCENCE.

An amusing story is told of a clergyman, who, taking occasional duty for a friend in one of the moorland churches of a remote part of England, was greatly scandalized on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly abstract a half crown before presenting the plate at the altar rails. After the service he called the old man into the vestry and told him with emotion that his crime had been discovered. The verger looked puzzled. Then a sudden light dawned on him. "Why, sir, you don't mean that auld half-crown of mine? Why, I've 'ad off with he this last fifteen years."

A BRAVE LITTLE NEWSBOY.

The following is a sketch full of touching interest of a ragged newsboy who had lost his mother. In the tenderness of his affection for her he was determined that he would raise a stone to her memory. His mother and he had kept house together, and they had been all in all to each other, but now she was taken and the little fellow's loss was irreparable. But getting a stone was no easy task, for his earnings were small. But love is strong. Going to a cutter's yard and finding that even the cheaper class of stones were far too much for him, he at length fixed upon a broken shaft of marble, part of the remains of an accident in the yard, and which the proprietor kindly named at such a low figure that it came within his means. There was much yet to be done, but the brave little chap was equal to it. Next day he conveyed the stone away on a little four-wheeled cart, and managed to have it put in position. The narrator, curious to know the last of the stone, visited the cemetery one afternoon, and he thus describes what he saw and learned: "Here it is," said the man in charge; and sure enough there was our monument, at the head of one of the larger graves. I knew it at once. Just as it was when it left our yard, I was going to say, until I got a little nearer to it and saw what the little chap had done. I tell you boys, when I saw it there something blurred my eyes, so's I couldn't read it at first. The little man had tried to keep the lines straight, and evidently thought that capitals would make it look better and bigger, for nearly every letter was a capital. I copied it, and here it is; but you want to see it on the stone to appreciate it:

MY MOTHER.
SHEE DIDE LAST WEAK.
SHEE WAS ALL I HAD. SHEE
BED HEAAD Bee WaITING Fult—

And here, boys, the lettering stopped. After awhile I went back to the man in charge, and asked him what further he knew of the little fellow who brought the stone.

"Not much," he said, "not much. Didn't you notice a fresh little grave near the one with the stone? Well that's where he is. He came here every afternoon for some time working away at that stone, and one day I missed him, and then for several days. Then the man came out from the church that had buried the mother, and ordered the grave dug by her side. I asked if it was for the little chap. He said it was. He had sold his papers all one day, and was hurrying along the street out this way. There was a runaway team just about the crossing, and—well—he was run over, and didn't live but a day or two. He had in his hand when he was picked up an old file sharpened down to a point, that he did all the lettering with. They said he seemed to be thinking only of that until he died, for he kept saying: "I didn't get it done; but she'll know I meant to finish it, won't she? I'll tell her so, for she'll be waiting for me;" and, boys, he died with those words on his lips."

When the man in the cutter's yard heard the story of the boy the next day they clubbed together, and got a good stone, inscribed upon it the name of the boy, which they succeeded in getting from the superintendent of the Sunday School, which the little newsman attended, and underneath it the touching, expressive words: "He loved his mother." When the stone was put up, the little fellow's Sunday School mates as well as others were present and the superintendent, in speaking to them, told them how the little fellow had loved Jesus and tried to please him, and gave utterance to this high encomium: "Children," said he, "I would rather be that brave, loving little newsboy, and lie there with that on my tombstone, than be king of the world, and not love and respect my mother." That little newsman has left a lesson to the world.—New York City *Mission Monthly.*

NOT IN ORDER.

In a certain Lanarkshire village, a meeting was called to consider the advisability of erecting a bridge over a burn which had been heretofore crossed by means of stepping stones.

The schoolmaster, who presided over the meeting, warmly advocated the erection of a bridge in an eloquent speech, when a local worthy, who was something of a character, and noted for his outspokenness, got up and interrupted:

"Hoot, toot, schulemaistar, you-rre fair haiverin', man! Wha wad gang an' put a brig ower sicean a wee bit burnie as yon? Loah, man, I cud cross it wi' a standin' jump!"

"Order, order," exclaimed the chairman, angrily. You are certainly out of order."

"I ken I'm out o' order," rejoined the interrupter, amid the laughter of the audience. "If I was in order I cud jump as faur again!"—*Tit-Bits.*

JOHNNY'S LAUNDRY.

Secretary Long is one of the most democratic citizens on earth. Everytime he gets a chance he goes back to his old home in Massachusetts, where he is regarded as one of themselves by the simple inhabitants. One day on one of these vacations, Mr. Long took his laundry under his arm and carried it around to the local laundry. A day or two later, feeling the need of a clean collar and shirt, he trotted around to see if it was ready. Entering the little shop he made his inquiry of a man in charge.

"Is my laundry ready?"

"I'll see," replied the man. Then turning toward the back room, where his wife was, he shouted:

"Hey, Mary! Is Johnny's laundry done yet?"—New York *Times.*

SYMPATHETIC ENGLISH JUDGE.

A good story is told of Mr. Jell, who has just been appointed a Judge of the High Court. On one occasion, when he was recorder of Shrewbury, a prisoner who was something of a hypocrite, tried at a Quarter Sessions to melt his heart with tears. "Have you never been in prison?" asked Mr. Jell in soothing tones. "Never, my lord, never," was the reply. "That can easily be remedied. I'll send you there now."

CUNNING.

Jimmie—But your stockin's have holes in them.

Johnnie—Uh! I'm golu' ter put a basket beneath 'em.

As many mince pies as you taste at Christmas so many happy months will you have.

OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR HEART.

Open the door of your heart, my lad;
To the angels of love and truth,
When the world is full of uncurbed joys
In the beautiful dawn of youth.
Casting aside all the things that mar,
Saying to wrong, depart;
To the voices of hope that are calling you
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide,
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul
Like the stars at eventide,
All the faithless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art
Are yours if you'll only give them room,
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,
Heedless of class or creed
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,
The sob of a child in need,
To the shining heaven that o'er you bends
You need no map or chart,
But only the love the Master gave.
Open the door of you heart.

—*Moses Gage Shirley.*

VARIETIES.

He who can be glad at another's success, though he has failed, is yet victor.

A hasty man is seldom out of trouble. He is constantly offending some one or other and picking quarrels right and left. He boils over and scalds himself.—Spurgeon.

The man who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—Colton.

It is not always those who utter most who feel most; and the dump pools are sometimes dumb because it would need "the large utterance of the early gods" to carry their thoughts through the gates of speech.—George Macdonald.

It is comparatively easy to do what we have to do and go where we have to go, but the supreme test of a man is not so much in the discharge of obligatory as of voluntary and self-appointed tasks.... A man is not half a man who does not do some things with his teeth clinched and his face set like a flint.—Charles Frederick Gross.

Praise with a sting in it is not worthy of the name. It is of small comfort to a pastor when a member of his congregation takes pains to praise his sermon, and winds up with the depressing little word "but—What comes after that word may be only a look, a shrug of the shoulders. The sting is keen, and the attempt at praise falls flat, "I like it, but"—had better be left unsaid, if praise is intended.

EASILY CAUGHT.

As an eccentric-looking old man was sitting in an armchair before a fire in the smoking room of one of the leading commercial hotels. His trousers were somewhat drawn up one leg, which was crossed over the other, exposing to view a brilliant red, white and blue striped stocking; and noticing some of the company looking at it and smiling, he said, with apparent satisfaction:

"Nice pattern that, isn't it, gentleman? I'll bet there is not another like it in the room."

"I'll bet cigars around that there is," replied a youthful commercial.

"Done cried the old man, "where is it?"

"On your other foot!" responded the bettor with a triumphant laugh, which was generally joined in.

"That's just where you make a mistake," said the old man, with a knowing wink. "I generally reckon finding one fist in a company, and so come prepared."

He then pulled up the other leg of his trousers, and, to the amusement of all but the loser, exposed a black stocking.

HALL CAINE USES HIS BIBLE.

Mr. Hall Caine, the novelist, states that he is largely indebted for his literary successes to the Bible.

"I think," he says, "that I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it, and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells."

"Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible;

"The Deemster" is a story of the Prodigal Son. "The Bondman" is the story of Esau and Jacob. "The scapegoat" is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl, and "The Manxman" is the story of David and Uriah."

CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS.

To be born on Christmas day is, according to an old superstition, to be lucky all one's life.

The great event of the Christmas dinner 400 or 500 years ago was the entry of the chief cook bearing the boar's head, garnished with rosemary.

In Cornwall Christmas eve is a special holiday with children, who are allowed to sit up till midnight and drink to the "Mock"—as the Yule log is called there.

The twelfth cake was formerly made full of plums and with a bean and a pea. Whoever found the latter was king and whoever found the former was queen of the ceremonies.

A CLERICAL WIT.

After a church conference held a few days ago, two brother ministers had a friendly tilt regarding the meaning of a certain passage in one of Shakespeare's plays. They could not come to an understanding, and one of them remarked jokingly; "Oh, well, brother, I will ask Shakespeare when I meet him in heaven!" But, supposing Shakespeare did not go to heaven?" retorted the other. "Then you can ask him about it," was the reply.

MISCONSTRUED.

Clara (haughtily)—I went to the theatre every night last week, and had a different escort each time.

Rival belle (vindictively)—You should be more cautious, my dear.

Cautious!

Yes, my dear. Ill-natured people all over town are saying that you can't get the same man to go with you twice.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

The fact that most diseases arise from an impure or low condition of the blood, is fully proven by Hood's Sarsaparilla.