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. R. C. & 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 6 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. ACTON. DENTIST. 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.

LEGAL.

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

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

R. J. McNABB, Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc. OFFICE—Perryman'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 Food Store, Mill Street, Acton.

INSURANCE AGENT, W. M. 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' Store.) Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully 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 $500 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 54, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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

Sun Savings and Loan Co.
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.
Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00
Ten-year maturity shares are paid
Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 paid in—maturity value $100.00.
Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to
R. J. McNabb, Agent, 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 Caps
Pistol 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. (They 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 BELLS CHIMES.

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.

Letters of Credit, available in all parts of the world, issued at this office.

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.

Our Store is Filled with
Christmas Goods
Too Numerous to Mention and too Lovely to Describe
Waters Bros.
ART STORE
GUELPH.

—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 6.10 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

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

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

—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. E. H. JONES, Manager.

BEDS.
What gives a more comfortable look to a bedroom than a fine Brass mounted bed?
We can supply you with Beds in brass mounted or iron at prices from $4.50 upwards, strong, well made and very neat. We have a very large assortment to choose from. Also Child's Cribs in iron. Beds to be shipped carefully packed. Our prices 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 used.
LEE KIM, Proprietor.

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

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

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.

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, home office, definite salary no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 1 PARKSON BLDG., CHICAGO.

Poetry.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

The table was spread with New Year's gifts;
We counted them, one by one;
And said to each other: "This New Year's Day,
We have forgotten none."

But that night in my dreams I heard a voice
That seem'd to speak from heaven;
"My child, hast thou forgotten none,
When no gift to Me'd given?

"I am thy King, and yet my claim
Unheeded is by thee:
How is't that, on this New Year's Day,
Thou hast no gift for Me?"

"Lord, just because thou art a King,"
I answered trembingly,
"To whom belongs the whole wide world,
And heaven and earth and sea,

"I never thought that Thou wouldst care
For New Year's gifts from me;
There's nothing in my little store
Costly enough for Thee."

"My child," replied the loving Voice,
"I seek not thine, but thee;
Thou canst to-day My heart rejoice,
Giving thyself to Me.

"That I might have thee for Mine own
I died on Calvary;
It was for this I left My throne,
Child, give thyself to Me."

I woke and all around was still;
But on that New Year's Day
My heart made answer: Lord, I will,
And I gave myself away.

—Alice Jane Muirhead.

Select Family Reading.

Turning a New Leaf.

A MAN in a ragged overcoat and slouched hat, which pretty well concealed his features, was pacing the narrow walk which stretched in front of a fine, well-built house.

It was hard to be outlawed, and it did not ease the pain to know that he had brought the misery upon himself and others. Those garments of shame which he had worn five years seemed to clothe him from head to foot.

Half maddened by his thoughts, Bruce Proctor walked away from the place. But his former home was a magnet. After the streets were quiet he was drawn to haunt the spot again.

Bruce ventured round at last to the side door, and sat down on the steps. To be even thus near to them was some comfort.

Five long years since he had held his Gracie in his arms. She had not then been able to lisp "papa," but he remembered her baby fingers crowling over his face, and her cooing laugh.

She had since been taught that her papa was dead, and already a great wall of separation was built up between them.

There was nothing to hope for from the mother. From the moment of his arrest as a defaulter they had been as strangers. No message had come to him from her during his term of imprisonment, which had been shortened by extenuating circumstances.

He had hoped against hope that when his term had expired she would send this word: "Come home and let bygones be bygones." Surely her love would at last prove stronger than her pride.

But it had not, and his love had so far mastered his pride that here he was creeping round his own home like a thief in the night, because those dear to him were within.

A startling thought came to him, and he felt with trembling fingers in his pocket. He had a key to this side door! It had been in his pocket at the time of his arrest; it was there still when his own clothes were returned to him with his freedom.

He got up and inserted it in the keyhole. It turned readily. He turned the knob noiselessly and stood inside. Soon he groped his way into the dining room and sat down.

He leaned back in his chair with a sense of restfulness. The house was in a slumber, unconscious of its new inmate. Barter and his wife were there yet, of course, in the character of butler and housekeeper.

But where was Gracie sleeping? There was a dainty little room across the corridor, which Agnes had once said should be Gracie's chamber by and by. He wondered if she were yet its occupant.

He reached the head of the stairway noiselessly, and stepped along the upper hall. He stopped at the door of his wife's chamber, which was ajar, and applied his ear to the opening. He could hear the slow, measured breathing of deep slumber.

A little beyond, on the left, another door was partially open, and a triangle of pale light reached from it into the hall.

He was repaid for the risk he had taken. A night lamp burned dimly under a rosy globe. His child lay on her low bed in one corner breathing softly.

Her Christmas gifts were all round her. A minature cradle holding a dainty doll stood in the corner. A train with the engine headed for the doorway was ready to run, while puzzles and picture books abounded.

He moved a step or two forward and started at the first glimpse of his own reflection in the mirror. In his shabby overcoat and compromising hat he seemed a blot upon that peaceful scene.

It seemed as if he must rush to the room and take her in his arms and devour her with kisses. Yet he dared not press even one light kiss upon her cheek, lest she should awake with a scream.

Before the father could make up his mind to retreat, she opened her big, brown eyes and fixed them upon him, not in fright or surprise, but with a sweet, slow wonder dawning more and more in their depths.

"You are Santa Claus," she said, in a confidential whisper. "I thought I should catch you some night. Did you come down the chimney?"

He nodded.

"Have you carried Christmas presents to the poor little children?"

Another nod from him.

"Please shut the door," she said, "so's not to waken mamma. Thank you. How surprised she will be when I tell her in the morning. I'm glad you came to-night again. I like all my things, specially my doll, and I'm very much 'bliged to you, Mr. Santa Claus."

"I am glad you like them," he found voice to whisper.

"Why don't you come here and sit on his chair?" she queried, with an impatient little gesture. "You must be tired going around all the nights. Mamma says it takes you a month to get done.

"I've made mamma leave the light, so I've laid awake every night in case you should come," she said, confidentially.

"I do believe I woke up in time to hear your coat brush out of the door the night you brought these things. But mamma said you'd come again. I'm so glad I woke up and caught you."

"I'm glad, too," he said.

"You don't wear a very nice hat and coat," she said presently, but all the boys and girls love you just the same, don't they?"

"I expect so."

"And I love you so much. You don't look a bit funny, though; you look sorry; your eyes are crying instead of laughing. What are you sorry for?"

His patted his cheek with her hand pityingly. Her touch made him tremble with the stress of his emotion.

"Would you like to have me live with you?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"But I spect I couldn't leave mamma," she said slowly, as if fearful of hurting his feelings. "But I do love you a whole lot, dear Santa Claus," and, with an unexpected movement, she sprang from her bed and clasped both her arms tightly about his neck.

As he strained her to his heart. He kissed cheek and brow and neck. He was conscious of a wild desire to carry her away with him. She nestled in his arms contentedly.

"I want you to bring me a nice papa next time," she said presently. "All the other girls 'cept me have papas."

Her innocent words were like a stab in his heart.

"I had a papa once," she added, "but he went away when I was a little tot. When I ask mama about him she sends me off to play. She looks sorry, and cries sometimes when I say, "Will he ever come

back?" Oh" with a fresh caress, "I think I would like you for a papa. But I spose the other children couldn't spare their Santa Claus."

There was the sound of a stealthy footstep outside the door. Bruce started up in fright, with the intention of escaping into the street again. At that moment the door swung open in his face, and a pistol shot rang out upon the midnight stillness.

Bruce fell heavily to the oor; Gracie screamed.

Mrs. Proctor had fired the shot at the man who she thought, was attempting to carry off her little one.

She tore open the clothes on the left side, where a dark stain was slowly spreading, and felt the heart. It was beating feebly.

"Oh, mama, mama, it's my Santa Claus, who says he loves me a whole lot," said Gracie, kneeling down and trying to lift his head from the carpet. "What have you done to him? He won't speak to me. O, dear!" and she began to cry, with her face on his.

* * * * * * * *

"He will live, said the surgeon, an hour later, "if he has good care, but his heart had a narrow escape from that bullet."

He opened his eyes after the surgeon had gone, to see his wife by the bedside.

A NEW YEAR'S LESSON.

Happy is the man whose life is so filled with worthy achievements and truths that he can come into a new year thankful and courageous. To many the experiences of the past are humiliating. The discovery of weakness should not be discouraging, but should lead to a nobler life in the future. The cause of defeat is the absence of that life which is so masterful that it can control circumstances and make life's success and adversities yield nourishment to the higher life of man. God has established the equilibrium of a man's spirit at the point of worthy living, and no rest can be found in the presence of the past or in contemplation of the future unless the life of true purpose shall be ours.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A THOUGHT FOR NEW YEAR'S.

It is the blessed provision of the almanac to have a new year come round annually. It gives to countless numbers of persons an opportunity to indulge in their darling vice by stilling their consciences with the promise of turning over a new leaf on New Year's day. Yet even if one does live up to once programme of purity is it not better to have resolved and failed than never to have resolved at all?—*Exchange.*

NEW ENDEAVOR FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Now we have come to New Year's Day a new year with its unwritten record of success or failure. What shall the record be? We have all made some New Year's resolutions, I hope. I am sorry for the man or woman who has made none. It is for us now to transmute our New Year's resolutions into New Year's activity, into something positive and definite in the line of making the world happier and brighter. Do not be afraid of good resolutions. He is on a lower spiritual plane, who makes no resolutions, and cares to make none, than is he even who makes resolutions to-day and breaks them to-morrow.

But there is no need of breaking them to-morrow. We can keep every resolution that we have made, for the One in whose strength we make them says, "My strength is sufficient for thee."

I think one trouble with our New Year's resolutions is that we lay them upon the shelf as it were, for safe keeping. Then they are very easily broken. A resolution is not like a china plate,—the more often it is used, the more liable to be broken. In fact, it is just the reverse with a good resolution; the more often it is used the less likely it is to be broken.

Then make these good resolutions, and put them at once into practice, not to-morrow or next week, but to-day. A resolution to live a deeper spiritual life, to spend more time in prayer, more time with the Bible and with devotional books,—these are resolutions that you can begin to put into practice to-day.

With this will go a resolution, I think, to do some personal work, to invite some one to Christ or at least to devote yourselves conscientiously to the meetings of the Week of Prayer, and to every obligation of the church and Christian Endeavor society.

The great trouble with our New Year's resolutions is that they are often big, hazy, and far-off. This year make them definite, specific, relating to things near at hand, things that you can at once put into practice; and, whatever special form they may take with you, let the underlying thought be that of a closer union with Christ, and a stronger effort to bring others to him. Let this be the new endeavor and the new resolution for the happy New Year.—FRANCIS E. CLARK.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The Mexicans celebrated New Years Day with human sacrifices.

January 1 was made the beginning of the legal year in England in 1752.

The month of January is said to have been named by Numa Pumpilius in 672 B. C.

January was made New Year's Day in France by royal edict in the year 1564.

In Norway there is a superstition that the kind of fish caught on New Year's Day indicates the character of the fishing during the year.

In Wales there is a superstition that money should not be paid out New Year's Day, for, as it is, the payer will have bad financial luck all through the year.

In Scotland "first-footing" was formerly universal. It was the Scottish name for New Year's calling. At a little before 12 o'clock young fellows would start out from home to "first foot," their sweethearts, and to be the first caller on New Year's Day was deemed a good sign of success in courtship.

The ancient Jewish year began on March 25, and owing to the fact that many if not most of the early Christians were of Jewish origin, and that gave long to early Christianity, the Jewish year was long retained amongst Christian converts, and many of the writings of the early fathers were dated according to the Jewish division of time.

The Roman year originally began with March, and September, October, November and December were the proper names for the last four months, as the year had but ten. When January and February were added, however, the names became entirely inappropriate, but nevertheless have by general custom been retained in spite of the error implied.

Janus, the Roman deity, whose name given to the first month, was the god of all gates, doors and entrances. He presided over the beginnings of new enterprises, above doors and gate and he was always represented with two faces, one looking outward, the other inward. Special sacrifices were offered to Janus on the first day of the year, and a feast was held in his honor during the month.

THE BUCKSHOT AND THE BULLET.

Don't be a buckshot, be a bullet. This was the sentiment of an advertisement that I read the other day: Don't be a buckshot be a bullet.

A man went out and fired at a board with buckshot, and peppered the plank in a dozen places. Then he tried a bullet from a rifle, and went tearing through the wood and spent itself in the distance.

See the point?

Don't be a buckshot, be a bullet.

"Can you give a fellow a job?"

"Well, what can you do?"

"Oh, I kin do anything."

The old old answer—he is one of the buckshot.

Can do anything; what an absurdity!

"Well, what can you do?"

"Oh, I kin do a little bookkeepin', clerk a little, and I kin write shorthand a little, and use the typewriter a little, and"—

"Can you strike a trial balance?"

"No, I can't just do that."

"Can you take charge of a set of books?"

"No, not exactly."

"Let's see how you are on taking a letter from me."

"Well, it's a long time since I wrote that way; I'm a bit rusty."

This world is overcrowded with men who are filled with this brief conceit, "Oh I can do anything."

They are the buckshot.

Don't be a buckshot, be a bullet.

"Good day, sir; what can I do for you?"

"I want a job."

"What can you do?"

"I'm a carpenter."

"What can you do?"

"I tell you I'm a carpenter, and can do anything that a carpenter is supposed to do."

"Can you lath and plaster?"

"No, I'm not a plasterer; I said I was a carpenter."

"Well, we need a man; you can start in the morning."

Versatility is a dangerous possession.

This man was not versatile; he was a carpenter; he was the bullet.

How insane the idea that to dirty the hands is to destroy the dignity.

The great universities are turning out more buckshot than bullets.

A little delving into history, a little idea about the transitoriness of nations in this great whirl of time, a little smattering of languages dead and musty, of Greek roots and Latin verbs, a little knowledge of the physical, of the veins flowing to and the pumping of the arteries from the heart, of valves and ducts, a jab at political economy and a faint at political science, and he is a B. A., an M. A., and he thinks the world is his for the asking.

"Have you got anything for me to do?"

"What's your qualifications?"

"I'm a B. A., and can read Cæsar's Bellum Gallicum and can talk on ancient history."

"That won't do, but if you can talk on trousers I'll give you charge of this department at fifteen dollars a week.

So he tried, but he was a buckshot and knew too much about everything else except trousers and wouldn't do.

"Will you take the position as teacher of the Bible class?"

"No, I am not prepared."

"Well, what under heaven have you been doing at that theological school for four years?"

"Well to tell you the truth, for one solid six months we tried to decide who wrote the Pentateuch, and finally decided that it might have been Moses and then again that it might not.

And this man is studying for the ministry.

Have one idea.

Columbus had one idea, and that was "Land ahead"; Napoleon had but one and that was 'Power'; Washington's was "Independence"; Lincoln's "Freedom for the slaves," Florence Nightengale's, "Who can I help?"

One idea, one specialty, with the mind on the main chance, and there can be no failure.

A newsboy in Chicago said, I'll be rich some day, and I won't forget the newsies then. And the motto burned itself into his soul and somehow or other he gave a little better shine than the other fellows, and a few years ago, on a Christmas eve in Chicago, I saw hundreds of newsies feasting in his immense store windows on Madison Street, in that same city as he had called, "Shine sir? Paper sir?"

What a tribute to the possibilities of an ideal.

He was no buckshot, but a bullet; a man with one idea, and his eye always looking out for the interests of the main chance.

Do one thing well.

This is the day of the specialist.

There is a girl in a hotel near here who can take half a dozen orders for dinner at one time, and rarely makes a mistake in a dish. She is no good at anything else; cannot cook or make a bad satisfactorily But while the other girls are running in and out the girdles the tables and takes the orders and puts them in her brain-pan, people notice her: "Smart girl, that."

And because she does this one thing well the other girls envy her.

This is the age of the specialist.

Concentrate!

Do not scatter your forces; be a bullet; keep your eye on the main chance, then you will succeed and they will envy you.—CHARLIE CHESHIRE.

THE OPENING YEAR.

As with doubtful hands we push away the shades and take our first steps in the opening year, the thought cannot fail to come to us all of how little we know, what is before us. Living, but living an uncertain life, let the season utter its warnings. One thing is certain, that if you desire improvement in anything it will never come to you accidentally. It must begin in a distinct, resolved purpose to make a change for the better. I call on you to give this day to a serious review of your life, of what you have been living for, and what you purpose henceforth to live for. Give one day to this and let it be this first day of the year; at least begin the year aright. Here you stand at the parting of the ways: some road you are to take; and as you stand here, consider and know how it is that you live. Carry no bad habits, no corrupting associations, no enmities and strifes, into this new year, leave these behind, and let the dead Past bury it's dead; leave them behind, and thank God that you are able to leave them.—*Epworth Peabody.*

A NEW YEAR SONG.

When the year is new, my dear,
When the year is new,
Let us make a promise here, Little I and you,
Not to fall a quarrelling
On every tiny thing,
But sing and smile, smile as I sing,
All the glad year through.

As the year goes by, my dear,
As the year goes by,
Let us keep our sky swept clear,
Little you and I;
Sweep up every cloudy scowl,
Every little thunder growl,
And live and laugh,
Laugh and live,
Neath a cloudless sky.

When the year is old, my dear,
When the year is old,
Let us never doubt or fear
Though the days grow cold.
Loving thoughts are always warm;
Merry hearts know no'er a storm,
Come ice and snow, so love shall glow
Turn all our gray to gold!

—Laura E. Richard.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A Happy New Year! A glad New Year!
Is the wish of my heart for you;
May that "perfect love which knows not fear,"
Be "our Motto," the whole year through.

Let the Seasons come, and seasons go,
Yet no change in our friendship be;
May the summer's heat, and Winters snow,
Be as Spring and Autumn to thee.

When the south winds fan, or north winds roar,
Or Temptation's fierce storms arise;
Keep Faith at the helm—Hope at the oar—
The Beacon of love in your eyes.

Come pleasure or pain, come good or ill,
Come Life or come Death this New Year;
Drink deep to the drogs the Master's will,
"I am with thee—thou need'st not fear!"

Then, welcome, New Year, latest and best
Of all the glad years that hath been;
May we, at its close, with love attest;
He hath led us "by pastures green."

—John Imrie, Toronto

MATCHMAKING MR. WU.

Many amusing stories have been told of the inquisitiveness of Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister at Washington. His running fire of interrogation, though at times exceedingly embarrassing, has been known to result happily for the victim, as the following story told by the New York *Tribune*, indicates:

Mr. Wu was a guest at a large gathering and in the course of the evening was introduced to one of the debutantes of the season a modest and charming little maiden of nineteen. The diplomat immediately took an interest in her past, present and future, and after inquiring as to her age asked: "And you're not yet married? Why aren't you? Wouldn't you like to be?"

The girl blushingly replied that she had no objection to wedded life, but that nobody had yet offered himself as a life partner. She thought that satisfied Mr. Wu, who hurried away, but not so. A little while later, the popular minister reappeared, accompanied by a young naval officer, lately out of the Academy, whom he introduced something after this fashion;

"Miss Washington, let me present Mr. Turret. He's not married either, and he wants to be, for he just told me so. You'd make a fine young couple, just suited to each other. I hope you'll be happy," and with that the representative of the Celestial Empire withdrew, leaving an embryo admiral and possibly a future society leader blushing crimson and speechless with embarrassment.

"The best part of the story is that within a half year the young people were married."

VARIETIES.

Here is a definition which is as difficult to read rapidly as "Peter Piper picked peck of pickled pepper," and yet it is more sensible, in fact it is an actual statement of facts, as you will find if you read it slowly: "A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper which carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper under the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper."—*National Advocate.*

The janitor at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, is usually an old sailor, as is eminently proper; and one who had been recently appointed presented a request one day to the proper authorities for certain prequisites to which he was entitled. Although there is a good library open to employees as well as cadets; he wished a book specially for himself, and the book he asked for was a Bible. He, moreover, knowing something of the results of certain critical schools, we presume, specified in his writed petition that he wanted "a good, religious Bible." The iridescent glories of the new Rainbow Bible evidently had no charms for him remembering the "good, religious Bible" which he had listened to by his mother's knee in days gone by.

LONELY DAYS.

Among the hardest days we ever live through are those which follow on a great bereavement. We are unnumed if we have prolonged care for an invalid, or an anxious time for weeks in a sick chamber, where fever or some other malady has run its course, at the amount of time left on our hands. We are conscious of our loss at the table, in the library, after supper, when the postman rings the bell, when friends call. At times the sense of loss is almost unsupportable and the time drags on slow-footed, that was once so light of pace.

But there are rifts in the gloom. If our loved ones have gone to heaven, they are not, for God has taken them. If we believe in Christ's assurances of the future life, we shall find our loved ones where there are no more partings. If we believe in service there, as in service here, it will soon be a great comfort that they who were about the Master's business when abiding with us, are absent from us, but not absent from him, and that they are engaged as much and as actively as ever in errands of duty divinely ordered. Bit by bit to the most sorrowful, time and faith bring tender healings, and we learn to take up the maimed life and to gather up the fragments and to go on in the strength of the Lord our God.—*Selected.*

General debility—failure of the strength to do and the power to endure—is cured by the great tonic—Hood's Sarsaparilla.