The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Accounts payable monthly.

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:—4 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. & H. 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 2 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.
DENTIST,
ACTON.
Office over McKee's Drug Store.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
VISITING DATES—First and third Tuesdays, Georgetown; 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—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 Feed 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' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order periodicals of every description carefully bound, rulings 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 $183,000.

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 802, 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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can at all ways be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 8 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR.

Balance of
Christmas Stock
To Be Cleared at
DAY'S.

Remainder of Ladies' and Gents Purses at half.
Toilet Cases at Cost.
Bookstands, half price.
Brass Photo Frames, half price.
Fine Hair Brushes, 25 per cent. off.
Bibles, half price.
Toy Books and Games, Dolls, Toys, Dolls, Carriages, Etc., at Cost.
First comes, get first choice.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.
DRY DOLLS 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.

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.

Sun Savings and Loan C.
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 aid 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

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. PETSHAW,

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 expenses straight, bona fide, definite salary no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expenses money advanced each week. BRANCH MANAGER, 1 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

—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 $3.50 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.

-SALT-
How are you off for Salt?
Five Carloads Just In.

1 car of Liverpool Imported in 150 lb sacks best salt for meat and cattle.
1 car of Windsor Salt in bbls, 200 lb, 50 lb, 20 lb, 12 lb, 10 lb, 7 lb and 3 lb sacks. Dairy salt.
1 car Rock Salt for Horses, Cattle, Etc.
1 car Coleman Salt in bbls, sacks, etc.
And lastly 1 car of Sarnia Coarse Salt in 300 lb barrels and 200 lb sacks.
We are headquarters in salts and are the most convenient to load in your waggon. Call at McDonnell St. Side.

Geo. J. Thorp
Opposite Market
GUELPH.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor
Are well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gummin and filing done.

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

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS FLOUR and OATMEAL MILLS.

Best quality of Flour and Oatmeal at right prices.
Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.
Chopping every day at both mills.

HENRY HORTOP.
PROPRIETOR

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 AGRIMOTOR
is acknowledged the lightest running and best windmill manufactured. I am agent for this district. Call and investigate before you buy.

Poetry.

BOOKS.

Read the publishers' announcements of the books,
Story books.
Glory books,
Books for high and mighty ladies, books for cooks,
Books for laddies and for lassies,
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Books in yellow paper wrappers,
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Dancing through them all the time!
Historical romances by the score,
Books the like of which were never writ before,
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An avalanche of Books!
Oh, the world is being buried under books,
Under Himalayan ranges of new books;
Books, books, books, books, books books books!
See the late the papers publish of the books that they receive,
Fairy books,
Airy books,
Books that somehow shall achieve
The success for which their hungry authors pray—
Books that perished on that day
That the presses gave them birth!
Books of mirth,
Books concerning far-off corners of the earth,
Books brimful of dash and go,
Books of woe—
Unintentionally so.
Books by Rudyard and by Winston and the rest of them you know
Piled in windows and on counters everywhere,
Stacked in pyramids that tower in the air—
Oh, the millions and the billions of the books
For the coming holidays,
How their numbers do amaze!
The world is groaning under all the books.

—Chicago Record-Herald

Select Family Reading.

Percy's Birthday Gift.

BY W. THOMPSON.

IT WAS the middle of a hard winter, and, consequently, the poor of New York City suffered greatly, especially those living in the then dilapidated tenements of Greenwich St.

Here, in one of the few decent and cleanly houses at that time existing in this neighborhood, dwelt the widow Raymond and her only child, Percy, a bright and attractive little fellow, the thirteenth anniversary of whose birthday was now at hand.

Mrs. Raymond, a reduced gentlewoman, not yet thirty-two years of age, supported herself and son by making up garments for a Chatham Street clothier, while, out of school hours, Percy assisted all he could by running errands and doing other odd jobs. Yet, with her utmost exertion, it was only by rigid economy and much self-denial that the widow had been able to save a trifling sum of money, which she lovingly intended to expend in purchasing a birthday gift for her boy.

But with the anniversary morning had come some pressing work, and she could not well leave the house. So when Percy came in from school at noon, she said:

"My dear, I expected to go out this afternoon and surprise you with a little present, but I dare not do so, for Mr. Levy says these trousers and this waistcoat must be finished for a customer before seven to-night; so I will give you the money, and, when school is over at four o'clock, you can buy what you like with it. Is there anything you particularly want?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, mother, a pair of high, warm boots. I know a second-hand store on Canal Street where I can get a four dollar pair, just as good as new, for two dollars, and they'll fit me splendidly."

"Why, that is excellent, my son. I have three dollars and sixty cents. We'll have more than enough left for a holiday supper. Oh, dear! When your Aunt Lucy was with me I didn't have to pinch so."

"Who is Aunt Lucy that you cry so often about, and where is she, mother?" asked Percy.

"She is, or was, my only sister, child; a beautiful girl, two years younger than myself. She used to live with me in Boston and help me a great deal after your papa died and I became so poor. But when you were about eighteen months old she married a steady young man named Braddon and went to California with him. Eight years ago Lucy wrote me that her husband had lost everything in the great San Francisco fire and had died directly afterward, leaving her entirely destitute, with a little girl baby to provide for. Since then I have never heard a word from or of her. All my own letters were returned, marked 'unclaimed,' and the poor girl must have died soon after her great sorrow came. But I should not tell you these sad things to-day. Here are your two dollars. Let us take dinner now and be merry. My dear sister and her baby have doubtless gone before us to a happier world than this."

When the midday meal was finished, Percy ran to the grocery for a few little extras required for that "holiday supper;" then gave his mother a parting hug and set off for school, saying that after making his purchase he would surely be home before dark.

Mrs. Raymond sewed steadily until five o'clock, and then, with that pitiful haste which the busy poor must practice, prepared Percy's favorite dishes, and placed them on the little stove and, with no further waste of time, watched the cooking while sitting at work.

The winter days had lengthened but little as yet, and it was now dark; but the boy had not come—an unusual delay for one of his punctual habits.

"He want to see Percy's new boots," said the four-year-old child of a neighbor on the next flat, pushing his curly head in at the partly opened door.

"But Percy has not come yet, my dear. I suppose he is showing his wonderful boots to some of his playmates. You shall see them by and by," kindly replied Mrs. Raymond.

The inquisitive youngster scampered away, and the fond mother smiled sadly to think how very small a thing suffices to interest a child of poverty.

The little dollar clock ticked on and on, and now its two hands standing in one vertical line proclaimed that the hour of six had come. The dainty supper was already cooked, but he in whose honor it had been prepared was still absent. Though feeling somewhat anxious at the unaccountable delay the careful mother removed the nicely browned viands to the heater and went patiently on with her sewing.

At twenty minutes past six, the last stitch had been put into the day's work, and she was folding the garments ready for delivery, when up the stairway, through the common hall and into the room, Percy rushed like a young hurricane, his eyes sparkling with excitement and his rosy cheeks glowing with joy.

"Why, my son, what has kept you so long, and where are the boots?" asked Mrs. Raymond, folding the boy in her arms.

"Didn't get them, mother; old boots will do for a while. Spent most all my money some other way," puzzlingly replied Percy.

"Spent—your—money! Why—why—"

"Yes, yes; all but thirty cents," interrupted Percy. "The prettiest little girl—her name's Susie—and the nicest mamma! Almost frozen and starved to death! And oh, mother, I'm the happiest boy in all this big city," rather inconsequently explained the radiant youth.

"Surely," half tearfully said his mother, "surely, Percy, you have not allowed yourself to be imposed up."

"Not imposed upon one bit, mother, if I am a foolish little boy. I'll tell you all about it as we go along, for, Mamy, dear," coaxingly added the eager child, "I want you to come right off to see Susie's mother. She's not old and ugly at all, but real pretty. She lives away down on Water Street, and when you see how poor she is I'm sure you'll say I did right."

When Percy used his pet name, "Mamy," there was no resisting him; besides—the Lord be praised for it!—the poor are always ready to assist the poor. So Mrs. Raymond said:

"Well, dear, this work is finished now. We'll take it round to Levy's on our way and get the money for it; but wouldn't you like to have supper first?"

"Oh, no, mammy; it will keep till we get back. Let's go quick, for I told Susie I'd bring you as soon as ever I could."

The night was bitterly cold, and the piercing wind, surcharged with cutting particles of dust-fine snow, swept whirling eddies through the streets with a relentless fury well-nigh unendurable to the most warmly clad pedestrians. But, sustained by an earnest purpose, the mother and son went bravely on, and, after getting her hard-earned pittance at Levy's the former said:

"Now, Percy, tell me the who's story. I do hope you have not been imprudent.

"Well," began the boy, "I had got within a block of the shoe store when the prettiest little girl you ever saw came shivering along the sidewalk. She wasn't near so tall as I am—her head don't come up to my shoulder—and she hadn't anything over her dress only a ragged old shawl. And oh, mother, there were little icicles on the front of it, where her tears had dropped and frozen hard.

"There were lots of people hurrying along, but none of them took any notice of the poor girl, though she held out her little blue hand once or twice and was crying all the time. She seemed afraid to speak to big folks, but as soon as she saw me she came right up and said so prettily:

"Little boy, my mamma is hungry and sick, and most frozen, too, for we haven't one stick of wood to put in our little stove."

"And ain't you cold and hungry, too?" I asked her, and—and I was afraid I'd cry right there in the street.

"Oh, yes" she said; "I haven't had anything to eat to-day—only a tiny piece of bread; but I'm strong, not sick like mamma is, and my name is Susie."

"Well, Susie," I said, my mamma is the best one in all the world. She's given me lots of money to buy a birthday present for myself; but I don't want it now.

"You come right along with me. Where do you live?"

"Away off on Water Street, near the dock, she said."

"Then I called an expressman, and we got into the sleigh and went to a place where they sell everything to poor people. I bought a quarter's worth of wood and kindling, a little tea and sugar, a pot of butter, a big loaf of bread, a can of soup, two candles and a box of matches, a pound of mutton-chops and a can of oysters—for I thought, maybe, a sick person could eat oysters better than anything else.

All these things came to a dollar and ninety cents; but the groceryman seemed to guess what I was buying them for, and he said: "I want to help a little, too; so I'll take off ten per cent. And he really took only a dollar and seventy cents. That made me glad, for now I had thirty cents left to pay the expressman. He was a very good man, I guess, for he said we might as well ride as walk, and he covered us up nice and warm with a buffalo-skin while we were going to Susie's house.

It was nearly dark when we got there. Susie said her mamma lived away up in the fifth story, and so we climbed all those stairs and came to a door at the end of a long, narrow hall. Susie turned the handle, and went into a small room—oh, such a very, very poor one!

Then I saw a pale lady, wrapped in a striped bed-quilt, sitting on an old broken chair and trembling dreadfully with cold. Susie ran up and put her arms around the lady's neck and said:

Mammy, darling, here's a good little boy. He's brought us some wood and, oh, such a lot of nice things to eat! We'll never be cold nor hungry any more!

At first the poor lady was so surprised that she couldn't do anything but cry. Then she knelt right down on the bare floor and said over so many times: Oh, thank God! Thank God! And I had to run out of the room, because I couldn't help crying, too. When I went in again, the lady praised me up so that I felt quite ashamed—just as though I'd done something that any other boy wouldn't do!

Then the driver helped me to bring the wood—only four armfuls—and the other things upstairs, and, mother, he wouldn't take one cent of pay. Tears were running down his cheeks, and he just said: 'No, no; I'm poor myself,' and he hurried away without waiting for thanks.

There was an old sheet-iron stove in the room, and it didn't take me a minute to make a good fire in it. Then Susie—she can do things as well as a big person—put some water on to boil, and pretty soon she had a real nice supper ready. Her mamma said I must stay and eat with them; but when I told her that my mother would have a birthday supper waiting for me, she let me off with drinking a cup of hot tea.

I don't think the lady is really sick, only starved; for after she'd got warm and wasn't hungry any more, she looked as bright and pretty as could be. She told me all about herself and Susie, and how they came to be so poor, and that she had been only one week in this city; but I don't know why she never asked my name, and I didn't like to tell it without being asked. But here's the place now, mother; this big brick house. Let us run right up-stairs."

In afterward referring to this story, Mrs. Raymond said that all the time Percy was telling it, he gave her no chance to put in a word, and seemed curiously afraid of being questioned—all of which she attributed to his modesty. So now as they came to the foot of the stairs, she made no remark, only gave him an approving kiss, and toiled up, up, up the whole five flights.

Giving no time for rest after the weary climb, the excited boy hurried her along the hall and knocked softly at a door.

"Come in," said a childish voice, and the visitors entered.

The room, dimly lighted by a single candle, was of small dimensions, and on the edge of its poor little apology for a bed sat a young woman, not yet thirty years of age. For a moment she and Mrs. Raymond exchanged glances in silence. Then there rang out a blended cry of: 'Mary!' 'Lucy!' and the long-seperated sisters were sobbing in each other's arms.

The older of the two was the first to regain some degree of composure, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, this is wonderful, wonderful! My darling Lucy, I thought you were lost to me forever!"

Percy could contain himself no longer.

"Mamma, dear," he almost shouted, "this is my birthday gift—a brand new aunt and—hooray!"—a sweet little cousin, too!" And he caught Susie up in his strong, young arms and waltzed around the room with her like a half-crazy thing.

It then appeared that, while telling her life-story to her unknown nephew, Mrs. Braddon had betrayed her identity to the shrewd boy, but he, with singular self-command, had managed to conceal his own, and had deliberately planned this astounding surprise for all parties.

"Ah, you cunning rogue!" said his mother, as she and Aunt Lucy alternately embraced the delighted urchin.

Quickly a covered back was called, and in less than a half-hour after their first meeting, the happiest quartet in New York city sat around the table, whereon was spread Percy's birthday supper, still hot and in an excellent state of preservation.

Mrs. Braddon's pathetic story of her California wanderings, her return to Boston and her fruitless search for her sister, need find no place here, but after it was finished she said, with deepest reverence:

"Mary, our Father's ways are indeed mysterious. But for your noble boy, my child and I would have lain cold in death before the dawn of another day; for without food and warm bed clothing, we could never have survived this terrible night."

"After Him, we must thank Percy's sensible choice of a gift," returned Mrs. Raymond. "If he had not chosen boots he would not have met your lovely little girl."

"You must go further back than that, mamma," thoughtfully observed the blushing boy: "If you had not worked so hard and been so saving and so good to me I would not have had money to buy the boots."

The next day Aunt Lucy's belongings were brought from the wretched tenement house, and she and Susie comfortably settled in their new home, though it proved but a temporary one, for in less than six months the industrious sisters, working heart and hand together, had established themselves as dressmakers in a good neighborhood, where their beautiful children, always mistaken by strangers for brother and sister, had many advantages and were—deservedly, too—the joy of their lives.

JIM'S BARGAIN.

It was years ago when I saw him first. His home was pretty well wrecked—got down to the stage when there was no latch key to jab with, to stab with, to miss with, it was only a catch with a bit of wood stuck on the inside. There was nothing to steal; what was the use of a latch key? Well—yes there was something in this ramshackle home, one little girl, and Jim thought much of his Flo. She often ran out at night and reached up to his hand, and he always took the chew out of his mouth before he bent down and kissed her.

Jim tried to work the barkeeper to death, and wore big scratched, patches on the floor with his heels, till the porter came in every morning and put fresh sawdust over it, and the bartender got fatter and his diamonds bigger.

Then the bailiff took a look in and Jim saw his furniture on the sidewalk and the red flag at the door. Powerful things these landlord's warrants, but the landlord must be protected.

The only thing Jim cared for was Flo—Flo and whiskey, and shining his elbows on the bar.

He soon got ramshackle home No. 2.

Diphtheria got on a rampage, and while it was keeping the grave-digger busy Jim kept the syphon in the saloon from getting clogged with stale early morning ale.

One night a woman's face peared around the screen which hides the devotees of Bacchus in their insane worship. The lips moved and a voice said 'Flo's sick.'

Jim went home on the double. She was just getting ready for the order for a coffin from the city.

He hadn't prayed for many moons but he got it out in a lump.

"God give me my girl and I'll never drink again."

God gave him his girl, and Jim made good with God.

He moved away from the old town, from the old associates, and the sawdust, and the diamonds scintillating from over the bottles.

He's not a preacher, nor ranter, just a common-sense chap. I saw him the other day and he stuck out his paw and it was steady and his eye was clear.

"Hullo, old man," he said, "come up and see us; Flo's going to be married next month."—Charlie Churner, in the Toronto *Star.*

After the grip, pneumonia or typhoid fever, take Hood's Sarsaparilla—it restores health and strength.

STEALING A DINNER.

If boys knew how much the circumstances and privations, of their lot are envied by prosperous elderly men, they would perhaps be more easily reconciled to some of the hardships that they must meet. An exchange relates a curious story which illustrates the envy which even rich men have for some simple things which poor boys enjoy.

The wealthy head of a great corporation, which employs many people, was one day wandering about the premises of the concern. It was near midday. He happened to come upon a dinner pail, standing in a cool corner. He surmised that it might belong to the office-boy and so it did.

The dinner pail somehow exercised a fascination over the man. He could not resist the temptation to lift the lid. Within he saw a slice of home-made bread well buttered; two doughnuts, brown and fresh; a slice of new cheese, and a piece of apple pie.

The millionaire at once felt very hungry—hungrier than he had been for many a day. The dinner-pail carried him back for a time, sixty years ago, when he had carried just such a pail, when he had had in it bread and butter and doughnuts and applepie, and when these things had tasted very good to him.

He became a boy again and he could not resist the temptation to eat out of this pail. Squatting on the floor he fell to on the bread and butter, and then on the doughnuts and cheese, and was just eating the apple pie when the office-boy came running up.

"Look here!" the boy called out. "That's my dinner you're eating there!"

"Yes, I suppose it is, said the millionaire. "But it's a first-rate dinner for all that. I haven't eaten so good a one for fifty years."

He finished the pie, and then, rising, took out his pocket book, any from it handed the office-boy a five dollar bill.

"There," said he "go out and buy your dinner. I couldn't have got for five dollars a dinner that I should have enjoyed so much. What I've eaten is well worth it."

Then he bade the wondering boy good-bye and went to his office.

FEW DO IT.

There is still a manuscript letter written by Sir Thomas Moore to his wife, Alyce, when the news came to him that his great mansion at Chelsea, with its offices and huge granaries had been almost destroyed by fire.

Instead of lamenting over his loss, he bids her first "find out if any poor neighbors has stored their corn in his granaries" and if so, to recompence them. Secondly to discharge no servant until he has another abiding place; and lastly to be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God for what He hath given us and what He hath left us."

He urges her, "I pray you, Alyce, with my children to be merry in God."

Most of us if we had lost property and home in a night, would think we did well if we were patient under God's will; but to be cheerful and even "merry" in him, is an almost forgotten grace.

Robert Louis Stephenson in a prayer written for the family on the night before his death, asked that when the day returned it should find them strong to endure if it brought sorrow, and eager to be happy if happiness was their portion.

"Why," asked a Hindu sage, "Why are the Christians melancholy men? If I believed, as they say that the Great God was my Father and that His Son was my Elder Brother, I should not groan though I lost a few bushels of wheat, or even an eye. I should be of all men most happy and gay. They do not believe what they say."

David, whose life was full of troubles and griefs and sins, taught the world its hymns full of a mighty, joyous thanksgiving.

Paul in prison, knowing that death in its most painful shape might be near, could exhort his friends not only to be patient, but to "rejoice in the Lord always. And again I say," he adds, urgently, "Rejoice."

Most man will laugh when they are well-fed and their lives are comfortable, but it is a different thing to sing in prison, or when one's home is burning to find time to attend to the poor and "be merry in God," like old Sir Thomas Moore.

PIPES AND BEER FOR COLLEGE CHEER.

We did not intend to put the caption to this article in rhyme; but as it came spontaneously, and forms a suitable heading, we will let it stand.

Mr. Henry S. Pritchett, who now presides over the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a postprandial speech at the annual dinner of the Schoolmasters' Club in Boston, a few days since, delivered himself after this fashion. He said that College banquets were entirely too stiff and formal; that they lacked the element of good fellowship and free intercourse. He suggested the introduction of the custom prevailing in the German Universities. Let the professors and the students lay aside their dress suits and meet unceremoniously in some ordinary room, each furnished with a general pipe of tobacco and a schooner of foaming beer. This is Mr. Pritchett's idea of college cheer.

We are decidedly of the opinion that we have already more importations from the German universities than are wholesome for us. Too many of our higher institutions of learning are highly tinctured with the mysticism, rationalism and transcendentalism of the German schools. Now we are asked to add the convivial practices of the students, many of whom spend no inconsiderable portion of their academic days and nights in the excesses of dissipation, thus laying the foundation for the most ruinous habits in after life. Our American boys are urged to imitate them in this respect. We hope that Mr. Pritchett stands alone in his notion of student fellowship among our college President. A man holding such views could hardly be regarded a safe counellor and guardian for youth.—Richmond *Christian Advocate.*

NO GOOD.

School Teacher—"Now, Bobby, spell needle."

Bobby—"N-e-d-l-e."

Teacher—"Wrong. There is no 'l' in needle."

Bobby—"Well, 'taint a good needle, then."

HE HAD TO TAKE TIME AT LAST.

He was "Chilly old business," he used to say,
And early and late he worked;
Each day in the week was his busy day;
He hated a man who shirked.
Dollar to dollar and dime to dime,
But for anything else he had never the time.

He hardly doubt spare enough time to sleep,
For time for his meals by half,
He boasted he never had time to weep,
We know he had no time to laugh.
Golf, he maintained, was a cardinal crime—
The very worst method of murdering time.

He wouldn't take time for a friendly chat;
He wouldn't take time to read,
Excepting, of course, in his ledger—that
Was enough to amply his hard.
His family knew him but slightly, for he
Had no time at all for society.

A time came at last when he rushed no more
To his office with breathless haste.
He took time at last, though he must have felt sore
At having the time to waste.
This necessity may make some other men sigh;
He's had to have time to fall sick and die!

—Chicago News.

THE PRESIDENT'S DOG.

A little incident which somebody about the White House witnessed the other day is significant both as an illustration of certain traits in the character of President Roosevelt and as an example of his admirers. There has been an impression among certain of his critics that he believed the strenuous life to consist chiefly in hunting and killing animals; but though a mighty hunter, he is not merely a nimrod, as the following occurrence shows:

It was a rainy, dreary day, soon after Mr. Roosevelt returned to Washington, and after a busy morning the President and his secretary started for a walk. Just outside the door lay a poor, homeless dog, as close to the wall as he could get, his body curled up in the smallest possible bunch to avoid the rain and possible observation. As the two men emerged from the door he looked up apprehensively to see if a kick or a stern "Be off with you now," would compel him to beat a hasty retreat. But nothing of the sort occurred. Mr. Roosevelt's expressive face took on a pitying and kindly look, and bending down he stroked the animal's head and pulled him gently by the ears.

"Poor doggie haven't you any master?" he inquired. Then he went back into the house, and the dog, with instinctive understanding of the situation, trotted close at his heels. The President ordered that the waif should be taken to the kitchen and there given a good meal and it is said that that dog will be the dog of the White House during the administration. Mr. Roosevelt is not one of those sportsmen who is satisfied with popping away at tame pigeons. When he goes hunting he wants the excitement of killing wild beasts. It will be a good thing for his boy admirers to remember that the man who led the charge of San Juan was quite as ready to befriend a homeless dog, as to hunt cougars or grizzlies.—*Methodist Protestant.*

THE STUPIDITY OF THE URBAN.

"Henry," said Uncle Amos, from Upcreek, who was visiting his city nephew, "who's that man in the house on the other side of the street? Every morning he stands in frontof a window and shaves himself. He's done it now for three days hand-runnin'."

"I suppose he has done it every morning for the last ten years, uncle," replied Henry.

"Has he lived there all that time?"

"Yes, and longer than that, for all I know. I've been here only ten years myself."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"What does he follow?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, uncle."

Uncle Amos put on his hat and went out. In an hour or two he returned.

"Henry," he said, "that chap's name is Horton. He runs an insurance office down town. He's worth about $27,000, owns that house and lot, belongs to the Presbyterian Church, has three boys and one girl, an' he's forty-six years old. I've found out more about him in an hour than you have in ten years. I do believe livin' in the city makes people stupid.—Chicago *Tribune.*

TEMPERANCE AND OBSTINACY

The temperance principles of the regiment of Illinois Infantry Volunteers, known as the "One Hundred and Two Dozen," are well illustrated in an incident related by the regimental chaplain. In the battle of Champion Hill, Orderly Sergeant Abram Newland, company D, was shot in the face, and left to die upon the field, but was picked up later and carried to the hospital.

Sergeant Newland's jaws and mouth seemed to be all shot to pieces, and he was in a sinking condition. Seeing this the sergeant ordered him to have a little brandy, which the dying man, as they thought him to be, refused. The surgeon told him he must take some stimulant or die.

Newland motioned for paper and pencil and wrote, "If I die, I die sober."

This obstinacy angered the surgeon for a moment and he muttered "Die then." But his kind heart conquered and he gave the sergeant the best of attention, and saw him recover with scarcely a trace of a wound. The surgeon remarked afterward:

"Sergeant Newland was too obstinate to take brandy, but no doubt his temperance principles saved his life, since a drinking man never could have rallied from such a wound."

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