The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

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ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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SPACE.	1 Yr.	6 Mo.	3 Mo.	1 Mo
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
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Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

M. F. 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. 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. 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.

LEGAL.

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

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 Food Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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

FRANCIS NUNAN BOOKBINDER, Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario. (Over Williams Store.) Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rulling neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. F. 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 $135,000.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 202, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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

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. FONG LEE HING, Proprietor

CHRISTMAS GOODS AT DAY'S

CARDS, BOOKLETS FINE BOOKS, BIBLES, HYMN BOOKS, POCKET BOOKS TOY BOOKS, WRITING FOLIOS, TOYS and GAMES

Store is full of good things for Xmas Gifts. Prices extra low. Large new stock

DAY'S BOOKSTORE GUELPH

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,700,000

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. A. H. DEVITT, Manager.

ACTON SAW MILLS

LUMBER, LATH SHINGLES AND WOOD.

DRESSED LUMBER, ROUGH LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLE AND STOVE WOOD OF ALL KINDS. Kept Constantly on Hand.

James Brown. Terms Cash.

GRAIN WANTED!

All kinds of Grain wanted at Acton and Georgetown Elevators and at Norval Mills.

The highest market prices paid.

The Acton Flour and Feed Store. Is supplied with high class grades of Flour. All kinds of Feed at Cash Prices constantly on hand. Rolled Oats, Breakfast Foods, Cattle Spices, Etc. ROBERT NOBLE, Proprietor. W. J. HUMPHRIES, Manager at Acton.

For the best Quality of FLOUR GO TO EVERTON or EDEN MILLS. Always sure to get the BEST ARTICLE at RIGHT PRICES. Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale. Chopping done and Oats rolled for horses every day at both mills. Cash for wheat and Oats. HENRY HORTOP. 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 12 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

—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 notes at the lowest current rates. No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph. A general banking business transacted. A. P. H. JONES, Manager.

Do You Realize How Near Christmas Is ?

One month and Christmas will be past. Have you not thought how pleasant it would be to see all the nice things Hood & Co. have for Christmas purposes? Read this partial list of specials. Come and look them over before the busy days commence.

Razors, Carvers, Cutlery of all kinds, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Silver Novelties, Lamps, Carpet Sweepers, Hair Brushes, Razor Strops, etc.

OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.

JOHN M. BOND & CO. GUELPH.

Good Shoes Seasonable Prices.

We are here to serve you faithfully and well. The whole system of our business revolves around the central point, that we sell good goods at reasonable prices. The day of large profits is gone. Sudden fortunes are not often made honestly. We are content with the moderate rewards that come from a large trade well managed. Come and talk Shoes with us; we can't discuss politics, but we are full of ideas on foot gear. We sell all Lines and suit all Customers.

W. WILLIAMS. The Shoe Man. Mill Street - - - Acton

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— —Walls 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

FRAMES! FRAME PICTURES FRAMED —BY— Watrs Bros. ART STORE GUELPH. ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE.

BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF CANADA. A new issue of the Subscriber's Directory for the District of Western Ontario, including the Acton Exchange, will be issued early in September. Orders for new connections, changes of address, changes of names, duplicate entry of names, etc., should be placed at once to ensure their appearance. A. T. Brown, Local Manager

Great Clearing Sale —OF— SECOND-HAND BUGGIES, MARKET WAGONS & CARTS —AT— O'NEIL'S CARRIAGE WORKS GEORGETOWN.

13 Buggies, 3 Carts, 3 Market Waggons, 1 side seat Carry-all Waggon, $30 Spring Dray. All second hand and in first class repair. I will sell them cheap. Come and get a bargain. J. N. O'NEILL, GEORGETOWN.

Poetry.

CROWDED IN THE KITCHEN.

Cool!
Upon my word!
It is absurd
That you should abdicate.
I hate
Cold rooms, cold beds, cold feet.
Winter is well, it's not complete
Without you.
Now what about you?
For John to the kitchen goes
To make his love and warm his toes.
Once the parlor was the proper spot
For souls with but a single thought,
And they sat gazing,
Now heavens raising,
Till mighty late
About this grate.
What loves,
What turtle doves,
But now dad sits in the kitchen smoking,
And ma, her nose is always poking
Into the whys and wheres
And mystic airs
Of Cupid,
How stupid!
Coal, come, come on the jump,
In pop, anthracite, or lump,
But come.
To-morrow may be far too late;
Flora wants to light the grate
In the parlor.

—CHARLES F. RAYMOND.

Select Family Reading.

Went Dalton Went East.

BY JAMES ALLISON.

DALTON entered Mrs. Murray's purchases in the daybook and then went back to his desk and the letter.

He drew it from the pigeonhole of imitation walnut desk and turned it slowly from side to side as if he were trying to match the pale gray that from his scant ribbon stock. He looked curiously at the deeper gray sealing wax. He was always very careful not to break the seal when he opened her letters. He liked to study the stately "H" which hid what she said to him from the bustling, impertinent world.

Not that he had received many such missives. Their were just four in all, and he knew them by heart. He read this last one slowly and for the third time:

Frank Dalton Esq.,
President School Board,
District No. 11,
Sahuache County, Col.

DEAR SIR: Replying to your favor of the 23rd, stating that your board had acted favorably on my application for the Twiggins School and would allow the salary which I asked, permit me to say that I feel that I owe you many apologies. The most urgent reason for my desiring to secure a position this summer in Colorado was an incipient throat trouble which has annoyed me for the past year. Recently, however, it has yielded to treatment, and with it has gone this motive for making the western trip. In addition I have been offered a class in elocution at the Mount Clement summer school, an opportunity for acquiring some small reputation, which I feel that I should not miss. Knowing full well that there are scores of worthy applicants for such an opening as your board offers, I am availing myself of a woman's privilege and changing my mind. In other words, I withdraw my application for the Twiggins school. Pardon my thus going into details, but you have been so courteous, I may almost say so cordial, in your correspondence over the matter, that I feel a full explanation is due you. Again expressing my appreciation of your kindness, I remain, yours faithfully,

ELIZABETH HARDIN.

Dalton folded the letter, laid it regretfully on the desk and sat with his hands plunged deep in his pockets. There were no customers in the store to interrupt his meditations. Even the straight, uncompromising Main Street beyond the door was steeped in the calm of the sweet spring day. Ranchmen were home plowing, and no waggons rolled in noisily from mesa and river land. But Dalton was not worrying about the lack of trade. He was thinking of the girl who had written that letter.

Elizabeth Hardin! She had been recommended to the Board by an eastern teachers' agency, and Frank had been instructed to conduct the correspondence. From the very first letter he had been interested in her personality, and when the salary, she named was beyond the appropriation made by the Board for Twiggins school he had calmly announced that the district was growing and needed better teachers, and if the Board wouldn't pay Miss Hardin the salary she wanted, he would make up the difference. The children of Twiggins Corners must be given modern educational advantages. And the remainder of the Board, realizing that the male voters of Twiggins Corners were an uncertain element in county elections, finally acquiesced, and Miss Hardin was "called." Dalton, nervously fingering the bit of gray stationery felt that fate had been cruel in thus requiting his temerity in correcting the members of school district No. 11.

He walked out the side door and mounted the steep stairs leading to the second floor. Lately Dalton had been figuring with Tompkins, the carpenter, on building inside stairs, but somehow this afternoon he did not care where they ran. He entered the carpetless hall and threw open the door to the "front room," overlooking the street, and started silently at it's familiar crimson, with just a dash of olive green. The woodwork was painted dark green, and the carpet was red. Dalton had selected this much and a shiny oak organ before his sister Mary had come out from Massachusetts to keep house for him. But Mary had turned homesick before the year rolled on and had left Dalton to care for as best he might the four rooms he had furnished so proudly.

He looked at them now, wondering vaguely what was wrong. A comfortable Morris chair stood in one corner, but the moths had eaten great holes in its cushions. He could write his name in the dust on the center table, with its old rose plush album. Flyspecks adorned the photographs he had tacked on the wall. A sudden feeling of desolation swept over the man. What did it matter that he held public office, that he was always referred to in the Sahuache Eagle as "our successful young merchant" or that at the last fair of Union Church he had been voted the most popular bachelor in Ledrone? What mattered anything so long as Elizabeth Hardin had declined to teach Twiggins Corners' school?

The very next morning he said to his head clerk:

"Herman, do you reckon you could handle this store if I went back east next month? I have'nt seen the old folks for five years."

And Herman reckoned that he could.

The summer school at Mount Clement was in full sway when Dalton arrived. He took a room at the leading hotel and then quietly started out on his quest. At the first newsstand he picked up a copy of the Mount Clement Educator, devoted to the interests of the summer school. The frontispiece was the picture of a tall, willowy girl, dressed in a sweeping evening gown. Under the picture were the lines, "Miss Elizabeth Hardin, the accomplished young elocutionist who is delighting Mount Clement audiences this summer."

Dalton walked back to his room like one in a dream. And this glorious creature was Elizabeth Hardin, whom he had pictured as a gentle, clinging creature in need of protection against a cold and unfeeling world, the sort of woman who would fit snugly into his four rooms above the store at Ladrone, this girl who was delighting fashionable eastern folks and who could have her picture cover the whole page of a paper! Dalton did not know that Miss Hardin had paid $25 for that frontispiece nor that at this very moment she was sitting in her room at a cheap boarding house figuring on the summer's expenses—the cost of new frocks. Photographs and advertising. She would not clear $5, and then what? Another winter in New York had room with fifty cent side children.

Half an hour later he found her and sent up his card, written by a man who had a stand on the corner.

Miss Hardin was startled. In a flash she recalled the name, the Twiggins school and the correspondence. Would he have on leather "chaps," spurs and a belt full of revolvers? She entered the parlor with some trepidation. A tall, square shouldered man, well groomed and clad in dark blue serge, rose to greet her. She almost laughed at her recent misgivings, and the thought brought a pretty blush to her cheeks, a new light to her tired eyes.

He never knew just how he managed it, but that night Dalton escorted her home from the concert. She wore the marvellous dress he had seen in the picture, and she gathered it up daintily as they walked in the moonlight. He felt as if some explanation of his presence were due, and finally he plunged into it.

"You see, Miss Hardin, I thought perhaps you'd change your mind about the school if I just could talk to you. Perhaps you'd like to come out next summer anyhow. I've always pictured you sort of different, but now of course I understand. You wouldn't like it out there no matter how much we might want you."

He was looking down at the chiffon ruffle on her gown, which billowed like white foam around her feet. An odd smile trembled on her lips; something very like a tear shone in her eye. She had read his thought as in an open book.

"Perhaps, you are mistaken Mr. Dalton. I think I would like Colorado, and if the position is open next summer I may come."

They were passing through a small grove. Dalton stopped short and gazed into her face.

"If it's open! Why, Miss Hardin, of course it will always be open for you!" Then he added in a lower voice. "But next summer is a long way off!"

Elizabeth sighed softly, and a far-away look came into her eyes as if she were scenting the keen mountain air and the Colorado pines.

"Yes, a long, long way!"

Then Dalton forgot her picture in the paper—forgot the imposing frock. He remembered only the little gray note signed "Faithfully yours, Elizabeth Hardin"—and the sigh.

What happened next is not herein set forth, but western men are notorious for acting promptly.

This summer another elocutionist delighted the visitors at Mount Clement, and her picture adorned the first page of the Mount Clement Educator, but in Frank Dalton's Colorado home a new cushion has replaced the one of moth eaten velvet in the Morris chair, there is a drawnwork cover instead of dust on the center table, and a stairway has been built from the inside of the store.

IT DIDN'T LAST LONG.

"Most o' these here advertisements is just lies," gravely observed Silas Perkins, as he laid the city paper down on the box of crackers.

"Oh, I dunno," commented Mr. Meddergrass, reflectively, helping himself to a prune, "I dunno. Las' fall I bought a hat f'm a feller in the city, that had an advertisement in the paper that said the hats wouldn't last long, an' to come early if we'd take advantage o' his marvellous offer."

Here Mr. Meddergrass meditatively chewed the prune, until Mr. Perkins broke the silence with:

"Well?"

"Well, it didn't last long that's all."

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

THE NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Chronicled by Exchanges, Contributed by Correspondents and Our Reporters.

GEORGETOWN.

Speight & Brady have a second order from Mr. Alex. Burns for a gasoline engine. This one will be twenty horse-power and will cost $1500.

Mr. Geo. W. Black, of the Scotch Block, has purchased the Unsworth property from Mrs. S. M. Cook and will take possession in a couple of weeks. Mr. Black and family will be cordially welcomed to Georgetown.

The fuel famine is still a serious problem here.

The Firemen are preparing for their annual New Years' eve programme.

Election matters are beginning to stir slightly. There are few citizens anxious for the thankless duties of municipal office, however.

The High School loses a very competent teacher from its staff for next year in the retirement of Mr. H. M. Wetherald. He has been engaged to the congenial and remunerative position of private secretary to his uncle, S. F. MacKinnon, Esq., Toronto.

The public paid $2,771.42 for stamps, etc., at Georgetown post office last year. The money order business aggregated $23,100.38.

THE SCOTCH BLOCK.

Mr. John Nicolson and his bride of three months ago, of Marlette, Mich., are visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mr. Geo. W. Black will retire from farming in a week or so and remove to Georgetown. His removal from this vicinity will leave a very serious blank, as both Mr. and Mrs. Black live in the highest esteem of the community.

At the Halton Assizes at Milton last week Jas. McKenzie, auctioneer, was placed on trial for alleged forgery of a neighboring farmer's name on a note at the Dominion Bank, Guelph. When the evidence for the prosecution had been presented, the judge took the case from the jury and dismissed it without calling on the defence.

All who have dry wood in the vicinity are preparing to rush it out as soon as sleighing is fit for teaming.

MILTON.

Knox Church will give the Cantata, "In Winterland" in the town hall tomorrow evening.

The list of convictions before the magistrates of the county the past quarter comprises sixteen cases—eight from Milton, seven from Georgetown and one from Oakville.

J. H. Peacock shipped on Monday last to Collingwood 310 hogs and paid for the same $4,200.

A. G. H. Luxton, agent of the Bank of Hamilton, here, has been re-elected president of the Western Ontario Hockey Association. This winter, for the first time since Mr. Luxton came here, Milton will have a hockey club and it is likely to join the above association.

The revenue of Milton post office last year was $2,002.41. The money order business amounted to $27,883.12.

FASTING FOR HEALTH'S SAKE.

We all eat more than we require, and this daily repeated superfluity tends to sluggishness. In a more primitive state of society meals were more irregular and the amount of food tallied more with the efforts expended in obtaining it. Now we eat because it is a meal time; too many of us eat not by rule, but to repletion; we are really hungry. Day after days little more is taken than is used, and this excess either disturbs the liver or tosses the stomach, or circulating in a hyperplastic blood, leads to torpor, or sometimes is put out by—out of harm's way for the time, but much to the distress of the patient later on—in the form of fat. Thus we never have an opportunity of striking a proper balance between intake and output unless we follow the wise maxim of the church and fast once a week—not merely abstaining from the mere toothsome delicacies, but fasting honestly even to emptiness and discomfort.—London a Hospital.

PIOUS SOUP.

Some years ago a thrifty old cottager named Bethia Rummy attended service every Sunday morning at the little church of St. Elzevir, distant some two miles from her cottage on a hillside in Derbyshire. As regular in her provision for temporal wants as she was in attendance to spiritual necessities, her custom was to place a piece of bacon in a pot near the fire to be ready cooked against her return. Then, with her big prayer book wrapped in a snowy handkerchief, Bethia trudged on to St. Elzevir's. One Sunday, however, she came late and fluttered to her usual place, just in front of the reading desk and to her vicar's astonishment remarked as she unfolded the snowy handkerchief: "Lawk a daisy me! If I haven't filled the prayer book and brought the bacon to church!"

MAKING A CHARACTER.

A mass of unsightly clay, as it comes moist and ragged from the pit, is devoid of character. The potter places it upon his wheel; it is spun around with lightning rapidity; he presses with his thumb now here, now there upon the whirling mass and when the wheel stops, he takes from it the shapely vase or useful bowl. The clay now has character. So in one sense is character in man formed. Life is a stamping machine. Thought, deed, word, feeling combine in moulding us. In every man we may see an impress either good or bad, according as his spiritual powers have been under the stamp of goodness or badness, both of which leave their indelible mark.—Donald Guthrie.

AN APT PUPIL.

When the A.'s went to California they rented a small furnished house and engaged a Chinese man of all work. The house was well situated and tastefully furnished, and Wing Lee proved to be a good cook, clean and respectful. As soon as the A.'s were settled the neighbors began to call, and it was then that the fact was discovered that Wing was absolutely devoid of any ideas as to the ushering out of guests. So one morning the ladies determined to instruct him. Providing him with a tray, Miss A. went out, rang the bell, was shown into the parlor and waited while the calm celestial carried her card to Mrs. A. This performance was repeated several times until the ladies were quite satisfied that Wing was perfect in his role.

That evening at half-past eight the bell rang. Wing sauntered majestically to the door, while mother and daughter hung breathlessly over the banister to watch the result of their teaching.

They heard the gentleman's voice ask if the ladies were at home. They saw Wing present his tray and receive a card with an air which made them mentally pat each other on the back, and then they saw him draw a card from his sleeve ("Mine," gasped Miss A., "the one we used for the lesson"), compare the two carefully, and returning his to the astonished guest, with a bland, "Ticket no good, can't come in" calmly shut the door in his face.

MIKE FEARED A RELAPSE.

Joseph Jefferson once played an engagement in a Western town, appearing in Rip Van Winkle. In the hotel at which he was stopped was an Irishman, who acted as porter and general assistant. Judging by the deep interest he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee and proprietor rolled into one.

At about six o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping at his door. When he struggled into consciousness and realized that he had left no "call" order at the office, he was indignant. But his sleep was spoiled—for, that morning, so he arose and soon after appeared before the clerk.

"See here," he demanded of that individual, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the clerk; "I'll ask Mike."

The Irishman was summoned.

"Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk to one side, he said in a mysterious whisper:

"He was snoring like a horse, sor, and Ol'd heerd the b'ys sayin' as how he were onct afther slapin for twinty years, so Oi sez to mesilf, sez Oi, Mike, it's accomin' onto him agin, and it's yer juty to git the crayther out o' yer house instantly!"

WHAT ONE GLASS OF RUM DID.

A sailor once spoke as follows to a large audience of people:

"My friends, I don't know how to make a speech, but I want to tell you what one glass of rum did for me. I had a small vessel on the coast. My brother was the mate and there were two other sailors. I had my wife and two children on board. One night it was stormy. My brother was to keep watch that night. The sailors persuaded him to take one glass of rum to help him through the night. He was not used to liquor. It overcame him and he sank into a heavy sleep. I woke after midnight to find my vessel a wreck. I took one of the little ones in one of my arms and my wife took the other. For hours we battled with the cold waves. After a long struggle the waves swept the little one from my embrace. Before long the other one was swept from the arms of my wife and our darlings were lost from us forever. We battled on with the storm and the waves. Then I looked at my wife and she was cold in death. I struggled on my way to the shore. Then I found that my wife, my children, and all I had in the world were snatched away from me by one glass of rum."

A LOVESICK GOLDFISH.

At a country house last summer I saw quite an unique friendship, writes a correspondent. The cat of the household, a magnificent Persian Tom goes, when thirsty, to a large glass bowl in the drawing room, wherein a goldfish disports itself, and there seems to have an interesting tete-a-tete with his finny friend—drinking the other's health, I suppose. The lady of the house told me that a week or two previous to my visit the cat had been unwell and could not be induced to leave its quarters in the kitchen. It was noticed that the fish also seemed sickly and refused to nibble the crumbs and seedlings thrown to it, but not for a moment did any one dream of associating its indisposition with the absence of the cat. When, however, master Tom appeared on the scene again, with quite an elastic step, the fish became itself again and is now as frisky as ever.—London Chronicle.

A LONG WAIT.

At a dance in Dublin, a young, brainless barrister met a lady of exalted position with whom he was so much smitten that before the week was out he called upon her father to ask for her hand.

The old man began proceedings by asking what prospects he had, to which the barrister replied:—

"Well, none at present, but when my uncle dies—"

"Ah, when your uncle dies," replied the father, as he rang the bell. "Here John, show this gentleman out till his uncle dies."

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where the thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow;
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children!
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and summer climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come, come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Be a light unto all who are in the house. Shine wherever you live. Eat without fault-finding. Mend the torn garment without complaint. Go on the unpleasant errand without bewailing the necessity. Respond to the call for help cheerfully. Commend often; censure only when you must. "Papa, I do try to do right; won't you please tell me something when I please you?" a little girl said to her father, who was constantly correcting her. We should keep the light of a holy example always burning.

A boat went out to sea, carrying a father and daughter. A terrible storm came up as they were hurrying back, the coast was dangerous. The mother lighted a lamp and started up the worn stairway to the attic window. "It won't do any good, 'mother,'" the son called after her. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it, and prayed. Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer of gold on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily, they came toward the light, and at last were anchored in the little sheltered harbor by the cottage. "Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices and came down the stairway with a lamp in her hand. "How did you get here," she said. "We steered by mother's light," answered the daughter, "although we did not know what it was out there." "Ah!" thought the boy, a wayward boy, "it's time I was steering by my mother's light," and ere he slept he surrendered himself to God, and asked him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by and disease smote him. "He cannot live long," was the verdict of the doctor; and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not be afraid for me," he said, as they wept. "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by mother's light."—Parish Visitor.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

If you have anything to do, do it at once. Don't sit down in a rocking chair and lose three-quarters of an hour in dreading the job. Be sure that it will seem ten times harder than it did at first.

Keep this motto: Be on time in small things as well as great. The boy who is behind time at breakfast and school will be sure to get "left" in the important things of life.

If you have a chronic habit of dreading and putting off things, make a great effort to cure yourself. Brace up! Make up your mind that you will have some backbone. Don't be a limp, jelly-fish kind of a person.

Depend upon it that life is very much like you make it. The first thing to decide is what you are going to make it.

The next thing is to take off your coat and go to work. Make yourself necessary somewhere. There are thousands of boys and young men who who wouldn't be missed if they would drop out of the world to-morrow.

Don't be one of this sort.

Be a power in your own little world, and then, depend upon it, the big world will hear about you.—Selected.

PREDESTINED OBSEQUIES.

One morning, while visiting in Richmond, I overheard the following conversation between my hostess and the cook:

"Please, Mis' Gawdon, may I git off nex' Sunday to go the fun'ral of a friend of mine?"

"Next Sunday? Why, Eliza, this is only Monday! They wouldn't put a funeral off for a week."

"Yes'm," respectfully; "dat dey has to, 'cause he ain't dead yit."

"Not dead! I am positively ashamed of you. How can you be so heartless as to arrange to attend the funeral of a man who is still living? Why, he may not die at all."

"Yes'm, but he will; dey ain't no hope."

"It is impossible to say that, Eliza; the best doctors are often mistaken. But even if they do know a case to be hopeless, they cannot now predict the exact time of a man's death with such a certainty that the funeral can be arranged so long beforehand."

"Yes'm," with calm assurance; "but he will be buried nex' Sunday, for all dat, 'cause he's gwin' to be hung on Friday."—E. L. H. in Harper's.