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The Acton Free Press

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H. 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:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. Edinburgh.
L. R. C. S. & L. R. 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.

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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, Brockville; Friday, Rockwood.
The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSHAND, 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.

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

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. F. MOORE
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence or at the office.
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 $185,500.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 867, or telephone 156, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, 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 Scroll Sawing, Horse Shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of same make. Jobbing and Shop work.

If You Want
Good Bread
TRY OUR
White, Brown and Currant Loaf.
Fresh Scones, Buns and Dough Nuts every day. All kinds of Cakes on hand. Tarts made to order. Wedding Cakes a specialty.
- Confectionery.
Best assortment of Confectionery from best makers. Popular prices.
Oysters and Fruits
of best grades in their season.
Oyster Parlor now open. Oysters served in most popular methods.
T. STATHAM & SON
Bakers and Grocers.
MAIN ST. - - - ACTON

CHRISTMAS GOODS AT
DAY'S
CANDS, 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
DAY'S BELLS + CHOP

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.

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

For the best Quality of
FLOUR
GO TO
EVERTON OR EDEN MILLS
Always sure to get the
BEST ARTICLE at RIGHT PRICE.
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

Are You Going To Get a New Cutter?
I have a very nice assortment, very Stylish, Roomy and Comfortable, all My Own Makes, best value in the country.
I have a splendid assortment of heavy Bob Sleighs, made of the very best materials and guaranteed to keep the track.
I also have a nice line of pleasure Bob Sleighs 2 and 3 seats, just the proper thing for any farmer to have. Don't fail to call and see my stock. Remember this is the best Shop in the county for all kinds of Repairing.
J. N. O'NEILL.
GEORGETOWN.

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

—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 and paid or compounded half yearly.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting $5.00 notes if payable in Guelph
A general banking business transacted.
A. H. M. 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 Bond & 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.

FRAMES!
FRAME
PICTURES
FRAMED
Waters Bros.
ART STORE
GUELPH
ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE.

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.

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 ACME MOTOR
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

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

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—$50.00 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

Poetry.

OLD FRIENDS THE BEST.

Grandpa looked at his fine new chair,
On the twenty-sixth of December,
Saying: "Santa Claus has good to me,
He never fails to remember,
But my own arm-chair is the one for me,"
(And he settled himself in it nicely.)
"I hope he won't mind if I cling to it,
For it fits my back precisely."

Papa came home that very night,
He had plowed his way through the snow,
And the Christmas twinkle had left his eye,
And his step was tired and slow.
Warming for him his slippers lay,
The lovely embroidered in gold ones
That hung on the Christmas tree last night,
But he slipped his feet in the old ones.

And when dear little Marjory's bedtime came
On the parlor rug they found her,
The long dark lashes adripping on her cheeks,
And her Christmas toys around her
Neglected Angelique's waxen nose,
The fire had melted completely,
But her precious rag doll Hannah Jane,
On her breast was resting sweetly.

Select Family Reading.

Turning Over A New Leaf.

IT was the last day of the year, and there had been a week of bitterly cold weather, with a very heavy fall of snow. The morning dawned bright and beautiful, and the sunlight played on the long icicles that hung from the roofs, and brilliantly illuminated the snow laden branches of the trees. It had not at present much dissolving power, but as the sun reached the zenith there would no doubt be a rapid thaw. So said James Turner, who in woollen comforter and gloves was industriously sweeping the snow from his doorway, and making a path by which himself and neighbour could cross over to the village shop. I suppose it is really very rude to look in at people's windows and yet I should like you to take a peep in at Mr. Turner's cottage window and admire Little Johnnie; he is sitting on a footstool near a fire, and indeed everything about him is bright. There was no one else in the room, but that did not signify. Having finished his sweeping, James Turner opened the cottage door and asked, "Where's your mother, Johnnie?"

"Upstairs, father," was the reply.

"Never mind; I'm going to send poor little Tim in to have a warm at that fire."

"All right, father," said Johnnie. Send him along."

Little Tim came in shivering, with ragged clothing and bare feet. He was of the same age as Johnnie, but much smaller in size, and very pale and fragile looking. His eyes sparkled when he saw the comfortable-looking Johnnie, and he exclaimed, "Oh, how nice it is!"

"Come along, Timal," said Johnnie. "Here is plenty of room. Oh, my! how cold you are! Put your hands on my porringer, and that will warm them proper."

Tim accepted the invitation, and it must be confessed that when he held the outside of the porringer his eyes fell longingly on the bread and milk it contained.

"Have you had your breakfast?" asked Johnnie.

"No!" said Tim sadly: "my mother has nothing for me this mornin."

"Oh, my!" said Johnnie again. "Well, never mind; eat that up quick."

And poor little Tim emptied the porringer, and basked in the warmth of the fire until strange questions suggested themselves, and, child-like, he asked them: "Where do you get your milk?"

"We buy it of old Styles. Where do you get yours?"

"We never have any. My mother never has any penny for it. I wonder why some people have money and other people have none."

Johnnie was puzzled now, but Johnnie continued: "A good long while ago I had no socks or shoes, and my mother had no money, and father was often cross with her; but one day we had such a jolly supper that I wondered about it, and asked if we should ever have another as good, and father said, "Yes, Johnnie plenty of them, for I have turned over a new leaf," and since then we have had fires and milk, and pudding, and clothes, and I have a Sunday suit in the cupboard. To-morrow we shall have a New Year's gift and it is to be a clock; and it all comes from father turning over a new leaf."

Just then Mrs. Turner came downstairs, and with true kindness spoke to little Tim, and then asked Johnnie if he had given Tim any pictures to look at.

"No, mother," said Johnnie; "we have been having a serious talk."

Mrs. Turner looked amused, but she asked, "What has Johnnie been saying to you, Tim?"

"He has told me about the new leaf, and I shall ask my father to get one."

"Poor little fellow! it will be a happy thing for you if your father will alter. God help you all this winter."

Mrs. Turner found some clothes that her own little son had outgrown, and they were plenty large enough for her neighbour's child, and the little boys were both delighted with the change in Tim's appearance; but as Mr. Turner was coming to dinner now, they sent Tim to his mother, to tell all his wonderful story, and to give her a new shilling as Mrs. Turner's New Year's gift.

That same night Tim Raglan the elder came home earlier than usual, and apparently in good spirits.

"To-morrow will be New Year's Day, mother," he said jocularly. "Will you stand treat?"

"I wish I could," she said; "but Tim, come and show yourself to your father."

Tim came willingly, and his clothes were felt and admired, until nobody could say any more about them.

"Ah!" said Tim the father, "some people do get on. I remember when Jim Turner's wife had an empty cupboard, and no money for firing."

"Yes," said little Tim, "Johnnie told me about it; and and he says they have plenty now, because his father turned a new leaf."

"What does he mean by that?" asked Raglan; but his countenance showed that he knew well enough what it meant.

"Couldn't you turn a new leaf, father?" said the little boy, looking wistfully into his father's face. "It would be nice to have bread and milk for breakfast in a nice hot porringer. Why, father, Johnnie says they buy their milk from Old Styles, and it's just delicious. Could you turn a new leaf, father?"

"I am afraid not," said the man huskily; and he hastily left the room and the cottage.

Mrs. Raglan feared he had gone off to the public-house, and scolded little Tim for letting his tongue run so fast; and so at the close of what had been to Tim a wonderfully happy day, he crept to his comfortless bed, sad and heavy-hearted. Poor Tim! His last conscious thought was, "I wish father would turn over a new leaf." About an hour afterward there was a gentle knock at Mrs. Raglan's door, and to the poor woman's joyful surprise she found it was Mrs. Turner.

"I thought you would like to know you." Husband is in our house and having a chat with mine. Your good time are coming. I've bought you a few sticks for you fire; and a little bit of tea! Now you cheer up, and when we send in to make him as comfortable as ye can. God help you!"

Poor Mrs. Raglan was unable to speak, but she speedily lighted her fire and put on the kettle, and then slipped over to the shop and got a loaf and a rather [illegible] bacon, changing her new shilling for the purpose. And sure enough Timothy Raglan returned to his cottage in a penitent state of mind. Very timidly he spoke of his resolutions to turn over a new leaf, but he had made it, and James Turner had promised to help him in every possible way. He found it hard sometimes, but he said he prayed to God for grace to keep his vow, and every day it was easier; and now he could not live without prayer, neither could he go without his comforts very willingly; but the new leaf is still new, and he means to keep it.

Well, to finish my story. Let me tell you little Tim woke up and smelt the bacon cooking, and in a great hurry jumped out of bed and called out, "Mother, they are cooking the New Year's dinner in at Johnnie Turner's."

"Poor little chap!" said Raglan. "Come here, Tim, and hear the glad news. I am going to turn over a new leaf."

On his father's knee little Tim sobbed out his thankfulness, and thought how soon his home would be like Johnnie's, and what a good thing it was to have a new leaf to turn.

NED'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION AND HOW HE KEPT IT.

This being the first day of the year A. D., 1902, it is just and right that I make some suitable resolutions for the day. Therefore be it "Resolved, that during the coming year I will strive as far as possible to do unto others as I would be done by. Signed,

"Edward Lawrence."

"There now, that's done right up in a business manner, I think," said Ned, proudly surveying the paper. "I expect it will be pretty hard work," he added ruefully.

"Edward, my son," said his father, directly after breakfast, "will you clean off the walks the first thing this morning?"

"Oh, dear," Ned was beginning, when he thought of his resolution and answered promptly:

"Yes, father I'll see to it at once," and started off with a merry whistle.

His father looked in surprise, for Ned had been much given to whining when asked to do anything.

When he came in, his mother asked him to go on an errand for her, and he went at once, notwithstanding he was anxious to get to his book, "Tip Lewis," which he had received Christmas, and in which he was interested.

When he did get a chance to read he found his sister was reading the book.

"Give me my book," he cried.

"Oh, Ned, I'm right in the middle of a chapter, and it is so interesting! Might I just finish this chapter?"

"No," he answered crossly. "You had no right to get my book." Then, as he noticed her regretful face, he thought: "Now, I guess that's not just as I'd be done by," and added: "Well, I'll finish the chapter, then, Nellie."

"Oh Ned," exclaimed his little brother, "won't you show me how to spin my new top?"

"Not now, Freddie, I'm reading, don't you see?"

"But I'm lonesome," pleaded the little fellow, "and I can't do it right."

"Come here," said Ned, suddenly recollecting himself. And in a few moments the little fellow was as happy as could be.

That afternoon Ned went coasting. It was fine sport, and Ned's sled was recognized as the swiftest on the hill. It's queer how boys will tug up a long, tiresome hill just for the sport of riding down again, when, if asked to work half as hard, they would think themselves awfully abused. But they always have and they always will, I guess (and girls too, for that matter), and Ned was no exception to the rule.

No one noticed a poorly dressed lad who had no sled, and stood shivering with the cold, and wistfully watching the merry-makers. Ned saw him. "It must be pretty hard," he thought, "to have no ride at all, but it's none of my business." And his sled when he reached the top went merrily down the hill again.

But he was not easy as he climbed back again. "Suppose you had no sled and he had one," whispered a small voice, "what would you like him to do? Your sled is large enough for two. Why not take him on with you?"

"But my sled would not go so fast."

"Supposing it wouldn't—he as you'd be done by."

By this time he reached the top of the hill.

"Here, you," he called to the boy. "Wouldn't you like to ride?"

Wouldn't he? His cheeks flushed and his eyes sparkled.

"Well, come jump on then." And away they went.

Not once but many times they went (for Ned never did things by halves), and he acknowledged to himself that somehow he felt lots happier, and the boy was such a nice little fellow, too.

"Come next Saturday and you can ride some more," he said, when he started for home, and his new friend promised as he ran joyfully off.

"Well," agreed Ned that night as he thought over the day, "it may be a much harder way, but its also much nicer, and I think I'll keep right on for the year."

FATHER TIME AND HIS CHILDREN.

There once lived an old man whose name was Time, and he had four children, two girls and two boys. The boys' names were Winter and Autumn, and the girls' names were Spring and Summer. Now father time was very fond of his boys and girls, and he was always doing something to make them happy, but he believed that it was best for children to have work to do, and not play all the time. So he told Winter, who was the oldest, that he should expect him to look after Snow and after North Winds and Jack Frost. Winter was delighted with his work, he was very fond of Snow, and North Wind and Jack Frost were particular friends of his, and many merry times they had together after their work was done. One of the things that they loved very much to do, was to freeze over the rivers and ponds, so that the boys and girls might have skating.

Summer, Winter's elder sister, had a great deal to do, for she had all of the flowers and vegetables to care for but it was a pleasure for her to take care of the flowers, she loved them so much, she would coax the sun to shine warmly and the rain to fall softly upon them. Then the little flowers would lift their heads and when the morning breeze passed them by they gave him their very sweetest perfume and that was their way of saying thank you.

Spring was the baby sister, and everyone loved her very much, because she was always so happy and glad. One day Father Time told Spring that she might take care of the little seeds that were lying fast asleep in the ground, and the buds on the trees. Then Spring was happy indeed, because she had been afraid that perhaps Father Time might think she wasn't old enough to do any work, and she wanted so much to help. So she made up her mind to do the very best she could, so she sent the April showers to awaken the little seeds, and then she sent the sunbeams to help them to come to light, and the sunbeams and the showers helped the buds to blossom. So, when the trees were all in bloom, every one said that spring-time was the most beautiful time of all the year.

Autumn Time, the younger brother, was a very busy little fellow. He was very fond of bright colors, and sometimes wore a scarlet and yellow jacket. His work was to help the grain, the fruit and nuts to ripen. Now Autumn knew that this work was important and that the farmers depended on him for their harvest, so he said to himself I'll get the sun to help me. The sun was glad to help Autumn and they worked very hard together, so that when the harvest days were over, and the farmers had filled their barns with with the grain and fruit they found that they had enough to last until Autumn came again.

Father time was much pleased with his children's work. They all did so well that he never could tell which one did best.—Kindergarten News.

TOO LATE.

A North Side boy, five years of age, who had recently become the brother of another little boy, was sent to the grocery the other day to get some loaf sugar. By mistake the grocer gave him granulated, and the boy was sent back to have it changed.

"How do you like your new brother?" asked the grocer, as he was weighing out the right kind of sugar.

"Oh, I don't like him very much," the little fellow answered. "He cries all the time."

"Why don't you change him, then, as you do the sugar?"

"We can't change him now, 'cause we've used to him three days."

Happiness is the proper goal, of human efforts, and health is indispensable to it—take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Remember that life is neither pain nor pleasure; it is serious business, to be entered upon with courage and iron spite of self-sacrifice.—De Tocqueville.

That alone can be called true refinement which elevates the soul of man, purifying the manners by improving the intellect.—Coleridge.

Every thought which springs and piety throw into it would burn the world.

THE CHILDREN'S DAY.

In every household "special pains should be taken to insure a "good time" for the little ones of the family and in homes where there are no children the opportunity is afforded to make it a pleasant day for some less fortunate little ones whose parents have not the means of providing gifts and good dinners for them.

Perhaps during the year that has nearly gone death has taken from your home the child God had given you and you mournfully sit at your lonely hearth brooding over your grief, refusing to be comforted. It may cost you an effort, and perhaps you feel that you cannot now endure the sound of childish voices in your silent rooms, yet it will surely bring comfort to you if you throw off this feeling and invite some children to spend the day with you.

In memory of your own little one who now needs them no more, prepare a few gifts for your guests. Whatever these may be, toys or useful articles of which they stand in need, they will not fail to give pleasure to the recipients. Let the dinner be as good as you can prepare it, and the memory of it will linger long years in the little hearts of those whose part of it. It may be as bread upon the waters—who knows?

As far as possible let the gifts be suited to the needs of the recipient. The boy whose toes ache with cold will appreciate warm shoes, and to the little girl who has no other head covering than a summer hat a new hood will be welcome.

A lady once remarked in my hearing that she thought it a mistake to make only gifts of wearing apparel to poor children, even if it was needed. Children, she said, appreciate toys, candies and nuts, or even ornamental gifts more than they do clothes, and that a child would get more enjoyment out of such things, even if I went with cold feet and bare hands. In

Be that as it may, each of us is able to give enjoyment of some sort to some child at Christmas time. Let not this joyous season pass while we selfishly lavish gifts upon those whom we have every reason to expect will return the compliment and leave unnoticed those to whom Christmas means so little more than the name.—Philadelphia Times.

INVENTED FOR REVENGE.

It was in anger, said Thomas A. Edison to a friend recently, that first impelled him toward the invention of the incandescent light.

It was in his earlier days, when Edison was the inventor we read about—poor, enthusiastic, never-sleeping. He occupied a mere hovel with his apparatus. All his money went for his experiments. Suddenly, one day he faced a crisis with the gas collector. The man had been to the house often, but Edison, hardly heeding his business, waved him away, saying:

"Don't bother me."

But the last call of the collector came. His instruction was peremptory. He must turn off the gas.

"But, man," said Edison, "I can't quit this experiment to-night. I'll pay the bill. I'll telephone to the office—anything. I must finish this work to-night."

The man was a gas collector. The lights went out.

"That night, as I sat in the darkness," said the inventor, "I swore I would make an electric light that would ruin the gas companies."

THE "PROFESSOR."

When Farmer Hornbeak's second cousin, Mary Ella, was married to the professor, the old man hurried back from the village with the exciting news. Ladies' Weekly reports the conversation which followed:

"A professor?" replied Mrs. Hornbeak, in a pleased tone. "I guess then that she's made a good match of it, and got a man of good education and social standing. If so, be that he's a professor. I'm real glad it's so, too."

"Wa-al, I don't know," said the old man, warily. "That depends a good deal, 'cording to my way of thinking, on the variety of the species he belongs to, so to say. Theodosia didn't tell me, and I forgot to ask, whether he is a dancing-master, a corn doctor, a piano-tuner, a prize-fighter, a horse physician, a layer-on-of-hands, a balloonatic, a seventh son of a seventh son, a sword-swallower, a phrenologist, a bicycle-rider, a magician or an elastic skin man."

GIVING IT A NAME.

An automobilist came to grief on an English country road, and he was trying to set his recalcitrant machine to rights when he was addressed by an old man with a scythe who was leaning over a neighboring gate.

"What do you call that thing o' yours?" asked the ancient.

"An automobile," said the perspiring owner.

"Auto what?"

"Automobile—means a thing that goes by itself," replied the chauffer a little impatiently, adding—"And what do you call that thing in your hand?"

"Well, it automograss, but it doesn't," replied the ancient one, with a chuckle, as he lazily sharpened his scythe.

A SIMPLE DELUSION.

An Irishman, newly arrived in the United States, was one day regaling some friends with an account of the play he had witnessed the night before.

"How much did all that lux'ry cost yez?" asked an envious member of the group.

"Nivver a cint," was the reply. "Oi jist walked in backwards, an' th' man he th' dure thought it was goin' out I wuz."

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

"The Lord, he will be with thee, he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee."—Deut. 31. 8.

He, hereto who safe hath kept thee,
Safe to keep henceforth is near;
Fearless, then, thou unwyst enter
On whether untried year.

What it holdeth—more of suffering;
Or some interval of relief;
Sweet surprise of joy vouchsafed,
Or new mystery of grief;—

Whether to its latest moment
Thou must tread earth's toilsome ways,
Or if almost ere it open
Past shall be thy pilgrim days;—

He, and only He, discerneth,
At whose word the seasons move;
But His wisdom faileth never,
And unchanging is His love.

Hereto safely he has kept thee,
Henceforth safe to keep is near;
Fully then in Him confiding,
Enter thou the untried year.

—AMY PARKINSON.

DAYS TO COME.

One is for New Year's day, my dear,
Two is St. Valentine's day,
Three for the birthday, chilly and drear,
When The King came this way.

Four is for April fool, my dear,
When we fool each other in play;
Five is the time when we want the trees,
And we call it Arbor day.

Six is the day when we take the flowers
On the soldiers' graves to lay;
Seven's the glorious First of July,
Eight is for Labor day.

Nine's for Thanksgiving day, puddings and pies,
Turkeys and nuts besides;
And ten is the last and the dearest and best,
The beautiful Christmas-tide.

—JANE GRAY.

THE CHRISTMAS FARMERS' ADVOCATE.

"The Golden Fields are waving,
The sun sets golden red,
A sleeping Empire's waking,
An Empire's day is breaking,
A maiden Empire's making
A mother Empire's bread."

The above lines were written by Cy. Wayman, the clever American author who makes his home in Canada, for the beautiful colored frontispiece of the ever-popular periodical the Farmers' Advocate. Some idea of the magnitude of the issue may be seen from the fact that it actually required over 10½ tons of paper to print it! Some 30 or 40 specially-written articles on every phase of agriculture and kindred themes, by the most eminent writers on this continent and in Great Britain, appear in its 80 pages, which are embellished with over 100 photogravures and reproductions of many of the best of modern paintings. It is a unique production, every page disclosing something of interest and value. We congratulate the Farmer's Advocate on its success.

AN ALGONQUIN SUPERSTITION.

Most Christian countries, to some form or another, have the tradition regarding the cattle kneeling in their stalls on Christmas eve. It seems strange that the Algonquin Indians, north of Lake Temiscamingue, who have not been brought into touch with Christian civilization to any great extent, should possess a legend strangely similar to the ancient Christian story. Such, however, is the case, and hunters who have been in that northern country during the Christmas season have been surprised to see the Indians steal out into the woods on Christmas night and hide among the trees that they might catch a glimpse of the deer kneeling in the snow. On this night the Chippewa tribe of the Algonquin will not shoot or trap any of these animals, believing that at such times the deer are falling on their knees and looking up in worship to Manitou, the Great Spirit.

ALWAYS THE SOUTH WIND.

Tourist, to hotelkeeper in the Highlands—"Is this a good place, landlord, do you think, for a person affected with a weak chest?"

"Name better, sir; name better," was the encouraging reply.

"I have been recommended, you know, by the doctor to settle in a place where the south wind blows. Does it blow much here?"

"Toots aye!" was the reply; "its aye the south wind that blaws here."

"Then how do you account for it blowing from the north at the present time?" said the tourist.

"Oh, that's easily accounted for, sir," was the reply. "It's the south wind a' the same, sir, jist on its road back again."

DON'T BLAME THEM.

The maid thrust her head inside the door of the family sitting room and called out.

"Mrs. Sthrahug, the cockroaches is thick in the pantry. What'll I do wid 'em, mem?"

"Cockroaches, Norah?" exclaimed Mrs. Strong, much displeased. "How does it happen that you have allowed them to become so numerous?"

"They kim here from Mrs. Pairkins's, mem, nixt door," mentioning a neighbor with whom her mistress was not on very good terms.

"Came from Mrs. Perkins's, did they? said Mrs. Strong, considerably mollified. "Well, I don't blame them! They'd starve to death in that house!"

RESENTED THE QUESTION.

Representative Williams, of Mississippi, has a new negro story.

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the courtroom, speaking to an old negro.

"No, boss," was the reply. "I ain't done nothing to be called names like that. I'm got a lawyer here who does the defensing."

"Then who are you?"

"I'm the gentleman what stole the chickens."—Washington Post.