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. P. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—8 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. F. 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 5 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

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

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

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—Perryman's Block
ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to 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. ruling neatly and promptly done

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

WM HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL
INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 23, or telephone 14, 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 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 filing and gumming done.

Acton Bakery
MISS B. MILLAR
Opposite Brown's Drug Store, - Acton.
BREAD
Weston's and Williams'
Received daily and promptly delivered
Cakes, Buns, Doughnuts, etc., fresh every day.
CONFECTIONERY.
Maple Cream, Lemon Taffy,
Pea Nut Brittle, Almond Rock,
Sponge Taffy, Etc., etc.
All our own make, pure and wholesome. A general assortment of confectionery and a special line of Chocolates.
FRUITS—Navel Oranges, Lemons, Bannanas, etc.
Nuts of all kinds.
Fancy Biscuits, Cooked Ham, and Bologna Sausage.
MISS B. MILLAR.

STOCK
TAKING
SALE
ALL WALL PAPER
At Cost
For Two Weeks
....AT....
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH
DAY · SELLS · CHEAP

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
Seasonabe 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 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

Spring
Is Coming!
Why not prepare for it by bringing in your Buggies and Market Waggons now, to be Repaired and Painted?
I am in a better position than any one in the County to give you a first-class job. I keep everything on hand to repair your vehicle. I have plenty of room to store your job until the roads are good.
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 8.19 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 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. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

SPECIAL
FOR
MACHINISTS.
GRAND DISPLAY
of
STARRETT'S
CELEBRATED
TOOLS.
Last Saturday, came to hand the best assortment of machinists, tools ever brought to Guelph. An education for you in seeing them if not to buy.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH

VIM OATS.
A New Kind of Chopped Feed, only $12 per ton, Bags Included.
Come and see it. The cheapest feed going, used with corn, wheat or oats it can't be beat.
Whole Corn, 55c, in large lots, $11 ton ground. Unloading a car at both Guelph and Rockwood, this week.
Chopped wheat $22 per ton.
Oilcake, $30 per ton. Guelph, $1.50 per 100.
Oatmeal, $2.25 per sack; $1.15 half sack.
Quaker Oats, 10c a package; Tillson's, 10c package; also Rolled Wheat, Cracked Wheat, Graham flour, Buckwheat flour, Split Peas, Pot Barley, &c., 5, 8, and 10 lbs. beans, for 25c. Have three qualities.
Sulphur and Salts, 12½ lbs for 25c; Saltpetre, 10 lb, 3 lb for 25c; also Gentian, Ginger, Fenugreek Horse Balls, 15c each, 2 for 25c.
White Oil Liniment, 25c bottle; Cough Powders, Worm Powders, Heave [illegible], Spavin Cure.
Sole Agent for
Worthington's Great Stock Food,
10 lb box for 50c, the best made. Also the International Stock Food and the Colonial Stock Food. A full line of each.
Hess Stock Food, all sizes. In poultry foods we have Pratt's, Hess', Panacea, International, Colonial and Rusts.
Oyster Shells, Mica Grit, Ground Bone, Roup Cure, Cholera Mixtures, &c.
Timothy and Clover Seed, just in. First of the season. Seed Peas Barley, Oats, &c., coming in. In fact as a traveller said the other day, we have the largest, best equipped and most up-to-date farmers and stock raisers supply store in the whole Dominion, and he says he travels from Halifax to Vancouver.
Terms—Cash only.
We buy Oats, Peas, Barley, Wheat, Rye, Buckwheat, Beans, Potatoes, Turnips, Wool, Hides, Sheepskins, Furs, etc. Highest prices paid.
Geo. J. Thorp,
GUELPH and ROCKWOOD.

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

THE NEW POTATO FROM NOVA SCOTIA
THE SILVER DOLLAR.
This new strain is the most popular general crop potato in the Maritime Provinces. It is an immense yielder and said to be entirely free from rot. It is a round white potato with somewhat deep pink eyes. Its eating qualities cannot be surpassed.
We imported one large car, 405 bags, in November just before the cold weather and they have never seen the frost. We propose to sell them out as long as they last at $1.25 per bag of 90 lbs; not more than 10 bags to any one person, as we wish to distribute the seed and give everybody an opportunity of getting this great potato.
Purchasers not wishing to remove them at once, may, by depositing 25c. per bag on them, leave them with us for a few weeks. This is a good opportunity to get a new blood potato at a very reasonable price.
Geo. J. Thorp,
Guelph

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper
Makers
Georgetown
Ontario.
BOOK,
NEWS,
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 machinery or chemicals used.
FONG LEE HING, Proprietor

Poetry.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

The following clever little poem was written by Master Thomas Arbour Davis, son of T. O. Davis. It certainly bespeaks much talent on the part of the young writer :

As along life's rocky pathway,
Loaded down with worldly care,
I struggle slowly onward,
Striking sharp snags here and there,
What a blessing when I'm weary
That my thoughts may roam away
To the pleasures of life's springtime
When my heart was young and gay.

To the home and days of childhood
In the years long long ago,
When old nature's spilling treasures
Set my boyish heart aglow ;
For the days were bright and cheerful ;
Balmy air and sunny skies,
Led me on through fields of pleasure
Viewed by boyhood's thoughtless eyes.

For I loved the autumn sunshine
And the silent woods of gold,
Old November's drifting snow flakes,
Leaden skies and dreary cold.
My heart was filled with longing
For the days that were so near ;
Days of evergreen and holly
Ruddy fires and Christmas cheer.

And the patriarchal "Santa"
Struggling through the storms and drifts,
Urging on his steady reindeer,
Loaded down with Christmas gifts ;
Climbing up the tall tall chimneys,
Peeping through the frosted pane ;
Filling little hearts with gladness ;
Bringing sunshine in his train.

But the fleeting years roll onward ;
Childhood's pleasures pass away,
Autumn's mantle falls around us,
And the world seems old and grey,
At times a ray of sunshine
O'er life's rough pathway strays,
Peeping through the deepening shadows,
Memories of our childhood's days.

—THOMAS ARBOUR DAVIS, JR.
Prince Albert, Sask.

Select Family Reading.

The Mission of Dorothy.

BY EMILY S. WINDSOR.

CYRIL Moore, lawyer, was not noted for the suavity of his manner nor the mildness of his glance. Both were unusually severe this morning, and he was not inclined to deal gently with his disturber. He had been interrupted in the consideration of an important matter, but Dorothy Dale's brown eyes never flinched before his deep-set grey ones.

"Please may I talk to you a few minutes?" she asked in her soft little voice.

"I am very busy," he returned, "and gave orders that I was not to be disturbed."

"The elevator boy showed me your office, and there was no one in the other room, and so I came in," said Dorothy.

The lawyer made an impatient movement, mentally resolving upon the censure which Wilson should receive for leaving the entrance to the office unguarded.

Two little red spots had crept into Dorothy's face, but she went on bravely :

"You see," she began, "I"—

The lawyer again moved impatiently and frowned, but his small visitor persisted.

"It is so important you see." There was a keen note of anxiety in her voice, but the brown eyes never wavered. And what was there in their depths which brought to the lawyer's mind a vague memory and made him look at his visitor with a stirring of interest, then hesitate and finally push aside the papers over which he had been absorbed, and say shortly :

"What is it? I can give you a few minutes."

"Oh, thank you," said Dorothy, politely. "It is about that position in the Hilton school."

Cyril stared in surprise. What could this little, old-fashioned girl have to say about that? It would be interesting to know. He pushed his papers further away and leaned back in his seat.

"Sit down," he said pointing to a chair. Dorothy obeyed with a grave "Thank you," settling herself comfortably in the chair which was so high that her feet were quite a distance from the ground. Her blue felt sailor hat was pushed back on her head, and several soft brown rings of her hair had found their way to her forehead. She lifted her clear brown eyes to the lawyer, and again their depths vaguely stirred his heart.

"You see, auntie lost all her money in Boston, and so we had to come here to live. Auntie owns a little house here, and she says that is better than nothing. And yesterday Mr. Pruden told her they wanted a teacher in that school and that aunty must try to get it right away."

"Oh, indeed," ejaculated Cyril.

"You see," she went on in a confidential tone, "aunty knows a lot of things. She belonged to over so many clubs in Boston. Everyone says that she is so clever."

Dorothy paused to see if the lawyer was properly impressed with the importance of her aunt's acquirements.

"Yes," said Cyril, politely.

"Mrs. Pruden told aunty that you could let her teach that school, but last evening a letter came from Mr. White in Boston to say auntie must come to see him right off. You see, he attends to all of her business. So she had to go on the early train this morning." Here Dorothy stopped out of breath.

Cyril Moore uttered an interrogative "Yes?"

Dorothy smiled up at him. "And I was afraid she might be too late when she came back, and then it will be such a nice surprise for her when she does come back for me to tell her I came to see you about it."

"Then she doesn't know what you are doing?" queried Cyril.

"Oh, no, I waited till she was gone."

"Where do you live?" questioned Cyril.

"Over on Rose Crescent."

The lawyer did not recognize the locality, but there had been many changes in the old town during those years in which he had been absent from it.

"Auntie will be a splendid teacher. You see she is so sweet. Won't you please try her?"

In her eagerness Dorothy arose and stood before him, placing her hand in its woollen mitten on his arm.

The little action thrilled him. A sudden realization of the loneliness of his life smote him, and again the child's brown eyes awoke that memory.

"Please, won't you?" urged Dorothy, with an unconscious pressure on his arm.

Cyril looked down into the eager face with an expression in his own that few had seen there during later years.

"I'll see what I can do. I must know more of her qualifications. I mean," he explained kindly, "if she knows all the things that the person who teaches in that school must know, I'll do my best."

"Oh, thank you, I'll go now." Dorothy slipped off the mitten and gravely tendered her hand to the lawyer. He rose and bowed over it with more ceremony than he had for many years shown any member of her sex.

Dorothy flashed a confiding smile at him and tripping jauntily away through the outer office, much to the surprise of Wilson, who was now at his post.

Wilson was still more surprised that afternoon when on going into the lawyer's private office he found him putting his desk in order and was waived away with : "Don't bother me with that now. "It's such a fine afternoon I think I'll take a walk and look at that Dorren property."

Wilson went back to his desk. He furtively watched the lawyer as the latter put on his overcoat, hat and gloves. It was the first time within his knowledge that Cyril had set aside an important matter. What had happened?

The lawyer walked on with a rapid stride. There was in the air a suggestion of the spring which was not yet near.

On the corner an organ grinder was playing popular airs. A little farther on a flower vender was offering boquets of violets for sale. The scent of the flowers floated up to him, and the memories awakened earlier in the day by a pair of childish eyes were again stirred. Cyril bought one of the fragrant, purple clusters, fastening it in the lapel of his coat with a smile. When had he done such a thing?

As he walked along his glance fell upon a lamp post bearing the name "Rose Crescent."

A sudden remembrance came to him of his little visitor of the morning. That was where she had said she lived. He recalled his promise to do what he could for her aunt. Why not call upon her and find out her fitness for the position? He paused to glance up and down the street.

But the child had not told him her aunt's name or their number. Then it was useless to consider it further. Still he would like to please that child.

He was walking on when he heard the flying of small feet behind him and his name called. He turned around to see his little visitor of the morning.

"Oh," she exclaimed. "I was at the window and saw you passing. I thought perhaps you were coming to see us."

"Well," said Cyril, smiling, "you did not tell me your number."

"I forgot," she laughed. "It's in here." They had been walking back, and now she stopped in front of a modest house standing back from the street.

"Come in," she said. "Auntie's just got home. I didn't tell her about it yet."

Cyril followed her up the garden path and into the house. She led him into a room opening off a small hall. A lady seated before an open fire rose at his entrance. She was not very young, and she was very sweet looking, with great brown eyes.

"Madam," began Cyril, "I"—

He broke off abruptly, looked bewildered, then ejaculated, "Rebecca Powers..you!"

"Cyril! Why"—

"You see, auntie, I went to see Mr. Moore about that school. I was afraid you'd be too late, and"—began Dorothy.

But neither her aunt nor the lawyer seemed to hear her. The latter was saying, "She has eyes like yours."

"You see, auntie," began Dorothy once more, but stopped as Cyril spoke again. "To find you here!" His face was flushed, and his eyes were shining. There was a bright color in the cheeks of Dorothy's aunt too. Dorothy was looking at her in surprise. Why, she knew Mr. Moore. Then she would surely get that school.

"Are you still Rebecca Powers? When I saw you last, I thought that you were going to marry"—

Miss Powers interrupted him quietly.

"You were mistaken, but I remember you had a bad habit in those days of jumping at conclusions."

"That one has cost me dear—all these lonely years," he said.

He took the bunch of violets from his coat. "I remember you were always fond of violets, Rebecca. Are you still?" He held the fragrant blossoms toward her, and Miss Powers, after a glance into his face, took them from his hand. She held them to her lips a moment, then fastened them carefully in her bosom.

Dorothy was becoming impatient, but to her great amazement just then Cyril stooped down and kissed her aunt.

Then he turned to Dorothy. "I am going to ask your aunt to take charge of one pupil," he said—"one who needs her very much.

"One pupil!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Why, I"—

But again neither her aunt nor the lawyer seemed to hear her.

A BOOTBLACK'S STORY.

Going from the office one evening last week we were stopped by a wan-faced, sad-eyed boy. He says he's seventeen, but in size he doesn't look it by a half dozen years. He hasn't had enough to eat since he came into the world. Hunger is a law of his life, despair peeps from his sad little eyes, and premature sorrow has been cut into the cheeks which God intended should bloom with roses of youthful joy. But joy is a stranger to this youngster. He lives in hell—the hell created by a drunken father. He was cursed before he was born. And the saloon did it.

"Let me give you a shine for mother's sake," he said. The appealing tone in which he spoke must have stormed the heart of God. It was more than an appeal—it was a live coal of prayer from off the white altar of the Eternal.

As his slender little hand moved swiftly to and fro across the shoe, he said : "Say, can't I handle a brush, mister?"

"You can indeed, my boy."

Seeing he was disposed to talk, we asked : "are your parents living?"

"Yes, he answered quickly, and a flood of bitter memories seemed to look through his eyes. "Yes, but you see, dad—he don't live with us no more."

"Doesn't he!"

"No, we had to drive him away. He'd steal mother's hard-earned money and mine, and spend it for beer."

"Too bad, boy—too bad."

"But say, mister, he like to got us, before he went." Here his eyes sparked as he recalled their narrow escape. "Policemen were just in time to save us."

"Save you? How?"

"Why, man he had a big butcher knife, and was about to kill mother, and me, when the cops nabbed him."

This boy is worse than fatherless. Why? Ask the saloon. It made a brute of his father.

This boy is homeless. Why? Ask the saloon. While brutalizing his father it also robbed him of the money with which he could have built a home.

This boy has not an equal chance in the world with other boys. Why? the saloon makes him shine shoes when his place is in school.

This boy goes home every night to a crushed, broken, and husbandless mother. Why? Because the saloon has taken away her husband and left in his stead an inhuman monster.

This brave little warrior goes forth every morning into the streets of Harrisburg to fight the wolf for mother, himself, and five still smaller ones who are unconscious'y saloon victims.

The institution which will make a thief and a murderer of a father will destroy a nation, if given time. The one remedy is : Destroy the institution!—Keystone Citizen.

THE LARGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

The Chicago Chronicle a few days ago published a communication from Kankakee, Ill., concerning Edward Beaupre, of that place—the largest man in the world. He is eight feet, three and a half inches tall, weighs three hundred and seventy pounds, wears a number ten hat, a number twenty-two shoe, and a number twenty-one collar, the article states. His chest measure is fifty-six inches. He is twenty-one years old, and was born near Winnipeg, of French-Canadian parents, whose statures are not above the average.

"Where did I get my height?" asked Beaupre, repeating the question of a friend. "Je ne sais pas," and he shrugged his massive shoulders.

"Am I strong in proportion to my size?" he went on. "Well, you—may decide." With the remark he walked out of a local restaurant into the street, threw one arm around the body of a farmer's horse, and lifted the animal off his feet.

When Beaupre was ten years old he was six feet four inches tall. "That fact enabled me to escape," remarked the giant when comment was made on his early growth. "My father's clothes were never cut down to fit me. He was only five feet, eight."

For a time Beaupre was a cowboy in Montana. His size was too great for the horses he had to ride, so he gave up the occupation. During his cowboy experience a pony kicked him and broke his jawbone, leaving a bad scar. But for this, he would be as handsome as he is strong. In hotels he has to sleep on the floor, because all beds are too short for him ; in sleeping cars he utilizes two upper berths. "I get along all right," said he, "except for one thing—I am so big the girls are all scared at seeing me, and I have not yet found a sweetheart."—Selected.

WOULDN'T BEAR INSPECTION.

There are times when one pursues an admirable course of reasoning with a child only to find that it results in his own undoing.

"I don't want to wear my old hat to church," said eight-year-old Gladys, "not even if it does rain. The trimming on that hat is all worn out mother."

"It's the best thing to wear on a day like this," said her mother firmly. "And you must remember that it's the inside and not the outside—what is unseen, not what is seen—that God looks at, my little girl."

"Yes'm," said Gladys, eagerly, "I do remember ; but the lining of that hat is even worse than the trimming is."

"Better out than in"—that humor that you notice. "To be sure it's out and all out, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

When a man tells you he never gave his wife a cross word we listen for the rustling of his angel wings.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

(Crowded out last week)

LIMEHOUSE.

Misses Alice and Nellie Brown, of Acton, spent a few days at Jas. Newton's last week.

"I am going to play Ping Pong, will you come?
I am going to play Ping Pong, will you come?
Bring your own bread and butter,
Bring your own tea and sugar,
Bring all you will eat,
And you are welcome to your supper."

Our Ping Pong Club have started out on their rounds with surprise parties. The first was taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Moore, Friday evening. Games were played and refreshments served at 12 o'clock. After which all went home well pleased with the reception they received from their host and hostess.

Miss Nickell, of Rockwood, is visiting at Mrs. Jas. Sharp's.

Mrs. Wm. Hoare, of Georgetown, visited her daughter, Mrs. A. Green, last week.

Mr. J. R. Lindsay, of Toronto, spent a few days with friends here during the week.

Quite a few attended the re-opening of Knox Church, Acton, last Sunday.

ERAMOSA.

Mr. Harold B. Garland has purchased a farm of 110 acres from Mr. Alex. McNee, Nichol, for $5,000.

Mrs. J. T. Hall and Mrs. J. W. Burns, of Rockwood, were delegates to the annual meeting of the Guelph Presbyterial Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at Berlin last week. A helpful paper was read on "Grace more than Gifts," by Mrs. Hall.

Mr. Quinn, of the Liberator office, Toronto, addressed a mass meeting in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening at the close of the public services, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.; and on Monday evening, addressed a public meeting under the same auspices in the town hall on "The Young Men's Greatest Curse." He was well received on both occasions and we trust the evils of the drink traffic will be more thoroughly avoided as the result of his visit. At the close of Mr. Quinn's address on Monday evening, Rev. J. T. Hall delivered an earnest and effective address.

On Monday afternoon a deputation representing the W. C. T. U. and four denominations of the Township including six individual churches, waited upon the Township Council asking for the passing of a by-law limiting the number of licenses in the Township to two. A by-law was subsequently passed limiting the number of licenses to three, which is the number issued during the past year. The Council might, by acceding to the request of the deputation, have conferred a distinct benefit upon the municipality but they allowed the opportunity to pass. Their failure to correctly represent the wishes of the large number of the constituents who voted "yes" on Dec. 4th will not be forgotten.

TIM'S EXCUSE.

Thud! thud! thud! and so on for half a minute came the blows thick and fast on some one's back in John O'Hara's house. Then suddenly out of the door shot Tim, holding his hands to protect the back of his head. The tears were in his eyes and a look of grim resolve on his face not to utter a sound. He found Jim Murray waiting for him, and it was Jim who heard the thuds.

Tim O'Hara was about thirteen, and his brother Joe, was eleven. The one thing Tim cherished was this young brother Joe, and Joe followed tim as a collie follows his master.

"What's the matter, Tim?" asked the sympathetic Jim.

"O nothin," answered Tim, "only father's been drinkin' and is ugly and been poundin' me."

"What's he poundin' you for?"

"Nothin only he's ugly. He always pounds me when he's drunk. Come on down to the stone crusher."

"Hold on a minute, Tim," said the wise Jim. "Why don't you clear out from home and get away from them lickin's? I wouldn't stand 'em if I was you."

"Ain't nowhere to go, if I wanted to," answered Tim.

"I heard Mr. Bradford tell father this mornin' he wanted a boy on his farm. He'll take you in a minute, an' he's a good man too."

Tim's eyes shone, but he said : "Good place, Jim, but can't go."

"Why?"

"Cause I can't."

"Well, why?"

"Cause I can't, I tell yer."

"Well, why can't you?" persisted Jim.

"Cause," said Tim, "if I ain't there to lick, he'll lick Joe."

CONTROL YOUR THOUGHTS.

Until you have learned to control your thoughts you will never be able to live a godly and righteous life. As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is ; and it is because the thoughts that we entertain in the hostelry of the soul are such worthless and vain ones that our words and acts often bring so heavy a disgrace on the name we love.

Well might the wise man say : "Keep thy heart with all diligence ; for out of it are the issues of life." When the heart is right the ear and the eye and the mouth and the foot will necessarily obey its promptings ; but, when the heart is wrong, filled with ideas of ink, like the cuttlefish, it will envelop itself in the impurity to which it gives vent.

If you habitually permit evil things to have their sight of way through you or lodging with you, remember that in God's sight, you are here equally guilty with those that indulge in evil acts, because you are withheld not by your fear of Him but by your desire to maintain your position among men. —F. B. Meyer.

POOR PAPA!

Poor papa works so hard till lay
For mamma and for me
That every night when he comes home
Quite tired out is he.

I wish that I was big enough
To work hard every day ;
Then papa could stay home and rest,
And I would earn the pay.

I'd work my hardest all the long ;
I wouldn't be afraid,
To climb up all the ladders
That the other men have made.

And do just like my papa does,
And I'd just think it fun
To work as I earn the money,
Like my papa's always done.

And papa, he could stay at home
And play with all my toys,
And have the bestest kind of fun
With all the other boys.

He wouldn't have to go to bed
Until he wanted to.
I'd let him do just lots of things
That I ain't 'lowed to do.

—ARNOLD M. ANDERSON.

HE'S SO OBLIGING.

"I can't make out how it is that Jim Johnson always gets such places," said Harry Smith, the carpenter's son, to another boy, one afternoon. And Harry was not the only one who thought thus. Jim was certainly no pattern of cleverness, or beauty or strength ; he could not do more than others, nor could he do it so well as many, but for all that it was quite true he always had good places, good wages and a good character.

When he left on employer to go to another it was generally said, "I would not part with him if I could help it ; he is a good boy and so obliging." This was the secret of his good luck—he was so obliging. Did the merchant or the wagoner want an errand boy, or did any one want a job done at a moment's notice, it is only to get a sight of Jim, and it was as good as done ; for Jim would hurry through his own business, without feeling it was trouble, in order to help.

When he was at home he kept the woodbox full of wood, and his mother never had to ask him to bring in a bucket of water, and many other little things did he do in a cheerful manner ; so that he was a great favorite. And if he saw younger boys in trouble he would help them out ; and he put on his shoes again, after having them off, to walk two miles to the town for a parcel containing a new gown which the carrier had neglected to bring the kitchen girl, who was crying her eyes out because she could not have it to wear next morning at her sister's wedding. But it was not so much what Jim did, but how he did it that was so agreeable. —American Agriculturalist.

NEW KIND OF SOUP.

While travelling in Greece a certain clergyman lately found himself compelled to stay the night at a monastery on Mount Athos. The welcome was warm, but the food execrable, in particular the soup, which the guest could hardly force himself to swallow.

Being a classical scholar, his knowledge of ancient Greek helped him to some understanding of the monks, who spoke the widest different modern tongue, and he was astonished to hear that the unpalatable soup was an English dish.

"English!" cried one of the monks, adding that an English sailor had been there not long before and recognized it.

"What did he call it?" asked the clergyman.

The monk had to think a moment before he could recollect the strange English name of the soup. Ah, he had it. It was beastly muck.

HIS OWN BUSINESS.

A noted clergyman, who had great success in winning souls, was introduced by a millionaire to his wife in the parlor of a hotel, where they were both stopping, and the millionaire went out of the hotel, to return in a few minutes to find his wife in tears. On inquiring of his wife what affected her so much she told her husband that the gentleman to whom he introduced her was very remarkable, for he had spoken to her about her spiritual condition so tenderly that she could not help weeping. Her husband said : "Why did you not tell him to go about his business?" His wife replied : "My dear, if you had heard him, you would have though he was about his business." It is reported that the wife could not find rest or comfort until she found her Saviour.

MEN GETTING SCARCE.

The advantages of the modern Portia are counterbalanced by an equally large number of difficlties that confront the woman lawyer. Mayor Low's secretary, James R. Reynolds, is still telling his friends a little fling he had recently at Miss Rotalie Loew, the attorney for the Legal Aid Society. Miss Loew was conducting a hearing before the mayor and called one morning to tell Mr. Reynolds she could not attend the afternoon session.

"I've got to go over to Ludlow Street and get a man out of jail," she said by way of explanation.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Reynolds in grave surprise. "Are they really getting as scarce as that?"—New York Times.

REVISED WISDOM.

Misery loves company, but company does not reciprocate.

Look before you sleep.

People who live in glass houses should pull down their blinds.

Eat your steak or you'll have stew.

As you sow, so must you rip.

Sweet are the uses of diversity.

Where there's a will there's a lawsuit.

Pride goeth before and the bill cometh after.

Tamper not with fledged fools.—The Cynic's Calendar.