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English office, 30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us news, subscriptions and advertisements, and where our readers can, free of charge, see our paper when in England.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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SUCCESSOR TO DR. JOHN M. MACDONALD.
Office and rooms—Corner Mill and John Streets. Night calls promptly attended to.
Office Hours—8 to 10.30 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

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L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW,
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION ETC.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

E. D. AULT, M. D. C. M.
Successor to Dr. McKeague.
Office and residence formerly occupied by the Doctor, Frederick St.
Office Hours—8 to 10 a.m.; 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p.m.
ACTON - - ONT.

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Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets.
GUELPH.
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OFFICE—Mill Street in Matthews' Block, potaitre.
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J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST.
ACTON.
Office at Residence, Main St.
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OFFICE—Perryman's Block
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E. AND J. HARDY & CO.,
ADVERTISING CONTRACTORS AND NEWS CORRESPONDENTS,
30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., England.
A File of this Paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given if required.

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

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

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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.

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER
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Orders left with the FREE PRESS, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

JAMES McDONALD
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the counties of Wellington, Halton, Waterloo, Wentworth and the City of Guelph.
Sales conducted on reasonable terms and satisfaction guaranteed in every case.
For terms, dates, etc., apply to Box 276, Residence—Cor. McTague St. and Elora Road, GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 147. Guelph.
Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Alma P. O., telephone to Alma or Springs, or left at FREE PRESS office, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

Acton Hand Laundry

CHARLIE SUEY

Work done by hand, no machinery; no acids nor chloride of lime used, which destroy the clothes. Care is always used with the work, and to make clothes clean and pure. Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and Vests a specialty. Ladies' work given the best care and done at lowest prices.
Laundry dried outside.
Orders washed every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and ironed and dried every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
If you want first-class work, and entirely satisfactory, go to CHARLIE SUEY'S HAND LAUNDRY
Willow St. Acton, near Henderson & Co

ATTEND THE BEST!
It has paid others. It will pay you.
ELLIOTT Business College
TORONTO, ONT.
Has now the largest attendance in its history. We have room for more. Enter now. Circulars free. Graduates always successful.
Corner Yonge and Alexander Sts.
W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal

GUELPH Business College
Masonic Block, Upper Wyndham St. Guelph, Ont.
Get the best business education by attending this far-famed institution. A young man being Four Thousand miles away has just signified his intention to take a course at the Guelph Business College.
A Continuous procession of educated young men and women is moving forward from Principal MacCormick's classes to occupy responsible positions of trust and responsibility. One of our young men has just accepted a responsible position at Twelve Hundred Dollars a year.
Now is the time for ambitious young men and women to get the education and training that qualify for marked success.
Come Direct to the College Office, Masonic Block, Upper Wyndham Street, or address
M. MacCORMICK, B.A.
Principal.

New Pictures at Waters Bros.

New ideas in Framing..... Artists' Supplies.....Oil and Water Colors ..... Always fresh and of the best quality.
WATERS BROS. GUELPH
ART STORE.

SAYERS SAW MILLS
NASSAGAWEYA
Four-foot Slabs for Sale
Hemlock and Pine Lumber
2000 Cedar Fence Posts. Telephon Poles, or Cedar for any purpose up to 40 feet long.
Bill Stuff cut to order.
Lath and Shingles constantly on hand.
P. SAYERS & SONS
NASSAGAWEYA P. O.

ACTON LIVERY AND BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicit the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
at his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a. m. and 6.10 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

Let US Handle the Flour for YOU.
We supply to scores of satisfied customers every week their Bread and Pastry Flour, as well as their Meal for breakfast.
ACTON FLOUR AND FEED STORE
ROBT. NOBLE, Proprietor
N. P. MOORE, Manager.

Excelsior Bakery
We are headquarters in Acton for Bread, Cakes, Pastry, etc., of first-class quality.
We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.
T. Statham & Son
Mill Street, Acton

THE BIG HARDWARE STORE
WASH DAY Necessaries
Tubs
Pails
Wash Machines
Washboards
Wringers
Boilers
Kettles
Granite Kettles
Clothes Baskets
Clothes Racks
Rope and Wire
Reel Heads
Cotton Mitts.
WE DON'T SELL SOAP.
The Big Hardware Store carries a large quantity of Household Hardware.
"Our Prices are always right."
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Phones 97, 103 Limited, GUELPH

A Fine Club of Young Men and Women will invade the halls and class rooms of the Central Business College, Toronto, and become members on Jan. 2nd next. Plan to be one of them. You will get good care and win fine results. Write at once and let us help you to decide. Address, W. H. Shaw, Principal.

Arnold's Livery
JOHN ST., ACTON
Stylish Rigs, Double or Single, Supplied on Shortest Notice
COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ORDERS Given Special Attention.
HENRY ARNOLD - - Proprietor

The Old and Reliable Granite and Marble Dealers
WE are manufacturers and direct imported of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at whole sale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to stand law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or jest our owners by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and competition.
HAMILTON & SONS
Cor. Norfolk and Woolwich Sts., GUELPH

Is It Footwear
You Are Looking For?
If that's the case go to
Williams' Shoe Store
I carry a full line of boots, shoes, rubbers, etc., for people of all ages and sizes.
Fall and winter stock now ready for your inspection.
Wm. Williams
The Shoe Man
Mill Street - - Acton

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS
The Best Quality of
Manitoba
Family and Pastry
Flour
For sale at lowest prices
Our Own Make.
Chopping Done and Oats Rolled every day.
Feed for sale.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.
HENRY HORTOP

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any insurance required will be promptly attended to.
W. H. DENNY, Agent, Young St., Acton.
Also agent for The Union Insurance Co., of England.

Poetry.

TRIALS OF A BACHELOR.

Same old boarders,
Same old hash;
Same landlady
After cash;
Same old hollow,
Aching void;
Same old grinders
Hard employed:
Same old liver,
Same old prunes,
Same old music,
Same old tunes;
Same old soup,
And same old flies;
Same old bread
Of leather-pies;
Same old bread,
And same old crust;
Same old porridge
Of sawdust;
Same old coffee,
Same blue "cream" (?).
("Things are seldom
What they seem")
Same old hall,
And same old tick,
Same old "kivers,"
None too thick;
Same old stairway,
Same old room;
Same old floor,
In need of broom;
Same old bookshelf,
Same old row,
Glad to get out
Anyhow.

Select Family Reading

Tom, Dick and Harry

By Anna Shields

I AM Tom! Dick is my brother, and we are the orphaned sons of Richard Hope, who went down with the "Saucy Jane" with his wife and the fortune he had made in California, when we were but six years old. We were twins, and clinging to each other, were picked up by a passing steamer and carried to New York. I was old enough to know and to tell that we were going to visit our aunt, Mrs. Dresdale, of Oakhill, and kindly strangers saw that we arrived there safely, forlorn little orphan beggars. But fresh misfortune met us, for our aunt died one week after she gave us a very tearful welcome.

We had no real claim upon Cyrus Dresdale, being only his wife's nephews, but out of his great, generous heart he gave us the place of sons in his home. Dear Uncle Cy! Never were boys made happier than he made us for four years, sending us to school, and giving us every pleasure boys delight in, and, above all, such loving companionship as few enjoy, even with their own father.

Then the change came. Uncle Cy married again, and his wife could not endure to have two great rude boys about the house. Every day, every hour, we committed some unpardonable offence, and found all our pleasures restricted. First, our ponies were sold; then our rabbits and guinea pigs were killed; then we were moved from our large, beautiful room to a miserable little attic, where we baked in summer and froze in winter.

Uncle Cyrus stood by us as far as his quiet, peace-loving disposition allowed, but his new wife ruled with a rod of iron, and, at last, seeing we could not please her, he sent us to boarding-school. Homesick for a week, we were thoroughly happy afterward, and, wanted for no pleasure Uncle Cy could give us. I cannot dwell too long on our boy-life, but we, Dick and myself, can never forget the kindness of Uncle Cyrus Dresdale. We came to Oakhill sometimes for a brief holiday, and this brings me to Harry.

Harriet Dresdale was the only child of our dear Uncle Cyrus, and was born just one year after his second marriage. It was uncle himself who gave her her nickname, greatly to Mrs. Dresdale's disgust, but, as he said:

"Really, my dear, I must complete the trio, Tom, Dick and Harry."

We were twenty-one years of age when Uncle Cyrus took us into his study one morning and made a brief speech that I shall never forget.

"My dear boys," he said, "for you are as dear to me as sons, and have made me proud of you many times, I must send you away once more. We will not talk about the reason, but you know it is not because I do not love you. You have good education, good morals, and I am not afraid to trust you. You, Tom, will practice your profession, and Dick can go into business, since he wishes it; but you will each find ten thousand dollars in the G—— Bank that is your own. It will keep you from want, until you make more by your own talents and exertions. Come sometimes to see me; do not forget that I love you."

He broke down there, and we hung about him as if we were still little boys, full of love and gratitude, and keenly aware of the cruelty of separating us from him.

Off to the great city, where Dick opened a drug-store and I put out a doctor's sign. We had both studied medicine, but Dick would not practice. His was a most delicate, sensitive nature, most unlike my own, and he could not bear the sight of suffering. We were unlike in all things, no one would have guessed we were twins. I was tall, strong and dark, not in the least handsome. Dick was slender and fair, with a rare beauty of face and a gentleness that was almost womanly.

We had been seven years in the city, and once more were at home at Oakhill, when we could spare a vacation, for Mrs. Dresdale was dead. There was nothing said, there could not be, but we knew that we were welcome, and we stole many a day to run down to visit dear Uncle Cyrus, and, it must be told, fall in love with Harry. Can I make you see her, this cousin who was not our cousin? Brown, curling hair shaded a face of pure oval shape with delicate, regular features. Great blue eyes, soft, wistful, innocent as a babe's, lighted her beauty, and her smiles displayed perfect teeth. She was not tall, but her figure was graceful and prettily rounded, and her hands and feet were dainty as a fairy's.

She was frank and sisterly with us and always gave us cordial welcome, and we never guessed each other's devotion, because we could not well leave the city at the same time, Dick leaving me in charge of his store and clerks, and taking my practice in return.

Not until Uncle Cyrus died did we know that we both loved Harry, and then a crushing blow fell. For it was found, after our uncle was buried, that he had lost nothing of a once noble fortune. Nothing for the delicately nurtured child who had never known a wish ungratified. Harry's aunt, Mrs. Leyburn, took her home, and the beautiful house at Oakhill was sold. After all the confusion was over and there came a breathing spell, Dick took me into his confidence.

Like blows from a hammer his words fell on my heart.

"Tom," he said to me, "I have been over to see Harry. Poor little girl, she is very miserable. All her bright, pretty smiles are gone, Tom. It would make your heart ache to see how pale and sad she is."

Ah! Had it not already made my heart ache?

"She has lost the kindest father, Dick," I said.

"And, as if that was not sorrow enough," said Dick, "they are not kind to her at Leyburns'."

"Not kind to her!" I cried. "I thought they fairly worshipped her."

"So they did when they thought Uncle Cyrus was wealthy. Now they tell her every day that she must find something to do—some way to earn a living."

"Never!" I cried. "Why, Dick, we owe everything to Uncle Cyrus, and we are not poor men now."

Then Dick said, in a faltering voice:

"Do you think, Tom, it is too soon after her loss for me to tell Harry how I love her—to ask her to become my wife?"

The room seemed to be reeling around me; Dick's face grew dim; his voice sounded far away. He loved Harry! And I was only waiting until the first bitterness of her grief was over to ask her to be my wife. Fool that I was! What was my homely face compared to Dick's beauty; my quiet ways against his grace and tenderness? Before he spoke again, I had recovered from the shock his words gave me, and resolved to keep my secret. Let him win her if he could. I dared not think of my own chance if she refused him. Time enough for that.

Day after day he sought her, yet kept silent. Little guessing the torture he inflicted, he told me of his wooing, but ever with the same refrain.

"She gives me no chance to tell her how I love her, Tom! She is like a sister, only."

I kept away, but my hope grew stronger. If she loved Dick as a sister, might it not be that I, homely and quiet as I was—had won the deeper love I craved. My patience must have been great in those days. Every lonely hour was filled with dreams of Harry's fair, sweet face, her low, musical voice, her bright, winning grace. I recalled every loving word she had ever spoken to me, every caress she had given to me. I knew that even in her childhood I had given her more than a brother's love, and I saw that her mother dreaded lest she should love one of the penniless boys who were so dear to their adopted uncle.

We had begun, Dick and myself, to turn some of our investments into ready money, to make a fund for Harry.

"She shall have the twenty thousand uncle gave us," we said, although it would cripple us somewhat to take so large a sum out of our fortunes. Nothing had been said to her, for we were afraid she would refuse to take it. We waited for Dick to speak, but we gathered the money together in the bank.

We had no home to offer Harry, even if Mrs. Grundy would have permitted her to accept one. The store was a store only, with a small room at the back for storing larger quantities of drugs than were in daily demand. Dick and I had a large room in a boarding-house opposite the store.

It may have been the longing for a home that first suggested to us the idea of investing part of Harry's money (we always spoke of it as hers) in a house and some furniture, each hoping to share it with her. The first real brightness that came into her dear face after her father died was when we told her we were going into housekeeping, and begged her to help us select and furnish a home. Again, I starved my own heart, and sent her with Dick house-hunting, until they selected a house that seemed the perfection of a modest home, most unlike the beautiful Oakhill mansion. But it was Harry's own taste that selected the furniture, suited to the small rooms, but good in quality, and Harry said: "Ever so pretty!"

It was all ready and paid for, and five thousand still in the bank, when we all went over to admire the final effect.

We were standing in the pretty parlor when Harry said, softly:

"I hope this will be a happy home for you, boys, and that there will soon be the sweetest of wives to share it with you. And now, to day, you must give me your good wishes, too. I am going to be married."

"Married!"

Who said it? The voice was choked and very hoarse. Not mine; surely not Dick's.

"Papa knew," said Harry; "but we were to wait until Charlie was a little more prosperous. I was not sure"—and Harry's eyes drooped—"whether my loss of fortune would not make me less attractive to Charlie, but I wronged him. We will be very poor, but I hope I can help him, and we have made up our minds not to wait for money. Some day we may invite you to our house, but, in the meantime, you will come to see us where we are boarding, will you not?"

I answered, pitying the ghastly white face that Dick had turned to the window. And I continued my answer by asking:

"Who is Charlie? You forget, we have not seen him, yet, indeed, see you as much as we might have wished."

"Charlie Foster, a clerk in the bank. Dick has met him."

"Yes," Dick answered, in a low voice. "A fine fellow he is, too, Harry. Come, Tom, we must be going."

Not a word was spoken until we stood face to face, in our own room. Then Dick looked me in the eyes.

"You, too, Tom?" he said. "I never dreamed of that."

"I wanted you should have the first chance, Dick. But it is all over. Shall we take Doctor Morton's office?"

For we had an opening that promised well in another city. It had scarcely been considered, but it came as a relief, and we accepted it. Our wedding present to Harry was the house and the five thousand dollars, her father's generous gift to us in the past. It is many long years since that wedding day that we faced manfully, and we are rich men—Dick and myself. But we never married, and our money will go to Harriet Foster's three boys, Tom, Dick and Harry.

A SHREWD SCOT.

Any one that has had experience in a land where a strange tongue is spoken will sympathize with the hero of this tale and appreciate his ingenuity.

A Scottish tourist wandering about the streets of Paris some distance from his hotel found himself in a maze from which he could not escape, and, to make things worse, he failed, through ignorance of the language, to get any light to guide him homeward.

Then a happy thought struck him. By dint of signs he concluded a bargain with a fruit-hawker for a basketful of goose-berries, and then, to the amazement of everybody, went about shouting: "Fine Scotch grosets! A penny a pun!"

This went on for awhile, till a fellow-countryman rushed forward to him, and seizing him roughly by the shoulder, asked:

"Man d'ye think yo're in the streets of Glesca, that ye gang about like a madman, crying grosets?"

"Ech!" he replied, with a sense of relief. "Ye're just the man I was looking for. D'ye ken the way to the Hotel ——?"

A PRETTY DOG STORY.

Here is a pretty dog story, which is also quite true. During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier, he was visited by a celebrated singer. The lady was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad of "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and, seating himself at her side, watched her as though fascinated, listening with delight unusual in an animal. When she had finished, he came and put his paw very gently in her hand, and licked her cheek. "Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is 'Robin Adair.'" The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment, during the lady's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side while she was indoors and when she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.—Scottish-American.

INNEFFECTUAL TRICK.

An amusing example of two souls with but a single thought is the following, furnished by one of the participants:

Many years ago, he says, I was in camp with a friend of mine in Canada. Toward morning I awoke shivering with cold. The fire was very low. My companion was sound asleep.

Well, it isn't nice to get out of a warm blanket to haul frosty logs to the fire, so I gave Wyndham a kick, and then pretended to be asleep.

There was no response, and by and by I tried another kick. Then the old scoundrel burst out laughing.

"I did the same thing to you fifteen minutes ago," he said. "That's how you came to wake up."

Then we both turned out, and soon had a fire going.

ANOTHER MATTER.

Circumstances alter cases, says the proverb, and sometimes the metamorphosis is accomplished with amazing suddenness.

Two amateur hunters in the northern woods, not long ago, saw a deer, and both fired at once.

"That is my deer," said A. "I shot it."

"No, you didn't" hotly replied B. "It is my deer because I killed it."

A third party was approaching from the opposite direction, with fury in his eye and a club in his hand.

"Which of you two rascals shot my calf?" roared the farmer.

"That fellow just told me he did it," said A.

And B, now thoroughly alarmed for his personal safety, answered:

"He lies. He shot it himself. I saw him do it, and I'll swear to it."

THE BOY AND THE MAN.

Coleridge Patteson—a scholar at Eton, one of England's famous historic schools—was a high-spirited lad, and a great favorite in the cricket eleven of the school, for he was an uncommonly good player.

At the club suppers "Coley," as the boys called him, was disturbed by the questionable jests and stories of some of the members, and at length declared publicly that he should protest against anything like indecency in the conversation or in the songs that were sung.

Notwithstanding this, at the next meeting one of the boys began to sing a salacious ditty, and Coley rose indignantly to his feet.

"If this sort of thing goes on, I shall leave the room," he said.

The singer continued, and Coley marched out. The next day he wrote to the captain of the eleven, and assured him that unless he received an apology he should quit the club.

He was too important a man to lose, and the apology was sent. The trial of feeling to the young fellow who made it could have been no greater than the trial of demanding it and risking a refusal; for, like all enthusiastic cricket-players, Coley was passionately fond of the game. But he loved character better than cricket, and the outcome was a victory of principle.

Here was the kind of a boy of which martyrs are made. The spirit that emboldened him to resent vileness sent him afterward to present Christianity to a pagan people. A group of islands north of New Guinea in the South Pacific became the brave man's field of labor, and there he fell a victim of heathen cruelty.

But death has not erased from the memory of earth his example of manly courage and loyal chivalry. The story of the boy at Eton and "Martyr Bishop of Melanesia" is told here—and will be told for many a year to come—to kindle fearless virtue in other minds and impress a noble lesson of Christ-like sacrifice.

NOT GOOD AT ARITHMETIC.

Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, an English poet, in a volume of reminiscences entitled "My Confidences," tells a curious story of Dean Stanley, in illustration of the dean's difficulties with numbers. Mr. Locker-Lampson, who was a connection of Dean Stanley's by marriage, once told him how the Composer Halle's cook had bought a lottery ticket with the number twenty-three.

"I had a dream, sir," said the cook, "that made me buy that number. I dreamed the number seven, I dreamed it three times, and as three times seven makes twenty-three, I bought that number."

When Mr. Locker-Lampson had concluded this story, the dean did not laugh, as he was expected to; instead of a laugh a wistful look was observed on his face, as if he would like to know where the joke lay.

"Then, suddenly, for he was very quick," says the narrator, "his face brightened and he said, but not without a shadow of dejection: 'Ah, yes, I see; yes, I suppose three times seven are not twenty-three!'"

AN APT COMPARISON.

When General Grant became President of the United States, many people were apprehensive, knowing how taciturn and unaccustomed to civic functions he was, as to the way he would conduct himself in his new and bewilderingly exalted office, and especially on occasions which required oratory.

Accordingly, one of his friends, who was not able to attend the inauguration ceremonies, hailed with intense curiosity another friend who had been present.

"Well, well," said the first, breathlessly, "how did he act?"

"Just as he should."

"And wasn't he nervous?"

"Nervous! No, he was just as cool and collected as if—as if—"

"As if he had been on the field of battle?" said the general's friend, supplying the comparison that the other was seeking.

"That's it exactly."

HIS THREAT.

A little colored boy, the grandson of an old servant in a New England family, is a constant playmate of the boy of the house, whose parents are particularly anxious that their child shall treat his colored companion with gentleness.

They are so anxious, in fact, that the little negro has acquired a habit of running to his playmate's mother with any trouble which may have befallen him, sure of her protection.

One day the two boys were snowballing, and in some way or other the Negro received an especially damp and "sloshy" snowball in his face, though it had been aimed at his back.

"You better look out, William Percival!" he cried, turning a snow-plastered face, from which gleamed two small but wrathful eyes, on his playmate. "If you don't say you won't do dat again, I take dis count'nance right in and show it to your ma jus' as it is!"

Dangers of a Cold and How to Avoid Them.

More fatalities have their origin in or result from a cold than from any other cause. This fact alone should make people more careful as there is no danger whatever from a cold when it is properly treated in the beginning. For many years Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been recognized as the most prompt and effectual medicine in use for this disease. It acts on nature's plan, loosens the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Sold by all druggists.

RUNNING A NEWSPAPER.

Jim Jones, he was an editor, that is, tried to be;
He bought himself a hand press, and started in to see
Jes' what there was in editin', but when he'd canvassed 'round
Some fifteen hundred editors in that same town he found,
They all knew more about it than Jones could hope to know;
They told him: "You must run her, Jones jus' so an' so an' so.
Be sure and boom the Baptists, they're bound to help you out,
An' give the good old Methodists a big salvation shout!
"Give every man a notice; be sure and put it down
Whenever Major Jinks is seen to perambulate the town!
Put in a few free locals for all the stores, an' give
Each inan a free subscription, if you want your sheet to live!"
Well, Jones, he done jes' as they said, for fear they'd make a row;
But the more he tried to please 'em all, the more they told him how!
Until at last he took his book an' laid it on the shelf,
Then run the paper in the ground 'an followed it himself!

GOD'S LIGHTS.

A little four-year-old inquired of her mother one moonlight night:

"Mamma, is the moon God's light?"

"Yes, Ethel," replied the mother. "His lights are always burning."

Then came the next question from the little girl.

"Will God blow out His light and go to sleep, too?"

"No, my child," replied the mother. "His lights are always burning."

Then the timid little girl gave utterance to a sentiment which thrilled the mother's heart with trust in her God.

"Well, mamma, while God's awake, I am not afraid."

HUMOROUS.

Edna—Are you going to get one of these pancake hats?

Edith—Yes; just as soon as I can raise the dough.

J—"What is the matter with C—'s new typewriter?"

S—"She is troubled with bad spells."

His proposal had just been declined.

"I never thought," he sighed, "that you would have the heart to refuse me."

"I haven't," she replied, "my heart belongs to another man at the present writing."

Mrs. O'Brady—Shure, I want to bank twinty pounds. Can I draw it out quick if I want it?

Postmaster—Indade, Mrs. O'Brady, you can draw it out to-morrow if you give me a wake's notice!

Cassidy—"Faix, me ould woman is always throwin' th' mimories av her dead husband in me face."

Hogan—"Faith, mimories don't hurt. Me ould woman throws tackittles and flatirons."

Governor of Prison—"In what trade were you before you were convicted?"

Prisoner—"I was a 'cellist in an orchestra."

Governor—"Well, then, we'll set you to work sawing wood."

Reggy—Would you aw-like me to give you a sensible-aw-present on Christmas?

Peggy—No, I always like to receive presents that suggest the giver.

Mistress—I am sorry to trouble you, Bridget, but my husband wants his breakfast to-morrow at 5.30.

Cook—Oh, it won't be no trouble at all, mum, if he don't knock nothin' over while cookin'it an' wake me up.

THE GOLDEN RULE OF THREE.

Three things to be—pure, just and honest.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to live—courage, affection and gentleness.

Three things to love—the wise, the virtuous and the innocent.

Three things to commend—thrift, industry and promptness.

Three things about which to think—life, death and eternity.

Three things to despise—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to admire—dignity, gracefulness and intellectual power.

Three things to cherish—the true, the beautiful and the good.

Three things for which to wish—health, friends and contentment.

Three things for which to fight—honor, home and country.

Three things to attain—goodness of heart, integrity of purpose and cheerfulness of disposition.

Three things to give—alms to the needy, comfort to the sad and appreciation to the worthy.

Three things to desire—the blessing of God, an approving conscience and the fellowship of the good.

Three things for which to work—a trained mind, a skilled hand and a regulated heart.

A MOTHER'S PRIDE.

A mother's greatest pleasure is in seeing her little ones bright, playful and healthy. The well child is a blessing to the home, but the sick child is a regular little tyrant. A few doses of Baby's Own Tablets will make the sickly child well, or an occasional dose will prevent sickness. There is nothing to equal these Tablets as a cure for stomach and bowel troubles. They make teething easy, break up colds, expel worms and cure simple fevers. Baby's Own Tablets are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst not to contain one particle of opiate—they never do harm—always good. Mrs. G. M. Kemp, Carleton Place, Ont., says: "I have given Baby's Own Tablets to my little one since he was a week old, and have found them a splendid medicine. At eleven months he weighed over twenty-six pounds." The tablets are sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.