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English office, 30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us new 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.

*MEDICAL.*

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Night calls answered from residence, Frederick Street.
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SUCCESSOR TO DR. JOHN M. MACDONALD.
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**The BOND HARDWARE Co.**
Retail Phone 97 GUELPH, Limited

THE QUALITY STORE
**The Christmas Store**
This store is a vast emporium of pretty and useful things suitable for Christmas gifts. A satisfying sense of fitness permeates the whole place.
WHY EARLY BUYING IS BEST.
To buy intelligently one must buy early, for comfort and satisfaction follow in its wake. Exclusiveness has always been a strong point at this store, and many articles and designs cannot be reproduced, nor can they be found elsewhere. Exclusiveness is what makes a gift appreciable and imparts to it that rare value.
In the lines enumerated below there are many divisions which give latitude in selection and contain something suitable for almost anyone you may have on your list.

| | |
|---|---|
| Watches | China |
| Diamonds | Leather Goods |
| Rings | Chafing Dishes |
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| Washago ..... | 12.45 p.m. | 9 00 p m |
| Parry Sound .... | 3.10 p m. | |

| SOUTHBOUND | No. 2 | No. 4 |
|---|---|---|
| Parry Sound .... | †9 00 a m. | †..... |
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## Poetry.

### PRECIOUS NAME.

There is a Name whose matchless spell
Can waken joy and woe dispel;
A Name of strangely wondrous worth;
Most precious Name of all on earth.
Wouldn't thou that Name's vast value know?
Then with it to thy Father go.

Hast thou a heavy load within
Of unconfessed, unpardoned sin?
Go plead with God that precious Name
Through which thou may'st free pardon claim!

Accepting gratefully the loss
Of sins assumed upon the cross.

Hast thou a need or sorrow sore,
For which thou would'st relief implore?
There's One who heeds it from above,
Whose nature and whose Name is Love;
Who trod Himself thy weary road,
And bore for thee thy heavy load.

Hast thou a longing in thy soul,
Which all inferior ones control?
A longing that's too deep and high
For earth's resources to supply?
That longing came from Him who died
To have it more than satisfied.

## Select Family Reading

### THE NEW MAGAZINE

By Marian B. Van Gieson.

"THIS is for mother, and I want you girls to do the work after supper so that mother can read. It isn't sufficient to say 'All right,' and then go on without doing anything. Mothers have so little time for reading. Now, if we all are considerate about these things, our mother can have more time."

Mr. Walker smiled as he laid the new magazine on the table. To a keen observer Mrs. Walker's face might have betrayed a weary little smile, as she answered, "Thank you, father; I shall enjoy it."

How many, many times had she heard the remark, "This is for mother," but how rarely had opportunity for gratifying the longing for first possession been hers!

James Walker was so busy during the day that he thought of home as a most delightful place for relaxation, comfort and rest, and when there, felt himself entitled to all its privileges, whether responsive to its influences or not. But in his way he dearly loved his family—his patient, cheerful little Fannie, the elder daughter of the household, and Katie, who, although ten years old, was still looked on as a baby.

Discipline in the Walker family was not weak, and the girls were generally obedient and respectful; but recently the reins had become lax, and Fannie knew that when her father became absorbed in his reading, his injunction could be easily disregarded.

After supper Mrs. Walker quietly rose and carried the tea things to the kitchen, while Fannie, without a pang of conscience, took possession of the magazine, and read on and on until her mother called. Rising slowly, with her eyes still on the story she was reading, Fannie, at last, but very reluctantly, walked to the kitchen.

"I don't see what's the hurry! I just wanted to finish my story. I'm going to help with the work."

Few girls were as intimate with their mothers as Fannie and Katie, but they had unconsciously grown careless, because Mrs. Walker was lenient. Was it her fault that each one became too engrossed to notice that she alone was bearing the burdens which insured comfort for the rest?

After performing her various duties, Mrs. Walker entered the sitting-room, to find Katie poring over the magazine. Was it selfishness, born of her longing to read, that prompted Mrs. Walker mentally to calculate the length of time that would elapse before Fannie would leave to fulfil her engagement, and Katie would go to bed?

However, Mrs. Walker appeared placidly content as she conned the pages of a week-old paper until Katie's bedtime hour arrived.

"Mamma, are you going to finish telling me the fairy-story? It was so lovely of you last night, when I knew that you had planned going to Aunt Jennie's with papa."

"I don't feel in the mood now, dear. Suppose I read you something this time."

"Oh, mother, your very own stories are better, better than any I have ever heard. Do tell me what became of the King of the Mushrooms!"

The bit of flattery that accompanied Katie's request made Mrs. Walker a real martyr, and the story was duly finished, to the intense satisfaction of the one and the relief of the other.

After the little prayer had been said, the good-night kiss given, and Katie tucked in bed, Mrs. Walker again entered the sitting-room.

Mr. Walker had laid aside his paper and was enjoying the magazine. As Mrs. Walker selected a much-read book, her reading was frequently interrupted by, "Listen to this, mother," or, "How is this for an exhibition of modern business principles!" The latter was generally followed by reading aloud a dissertation of considerable length.

At ten o'clock Mr. Walker wound the old-fashioned clock, laid the fire in the range, in anticipation of an early breakfast, and after a yawn, said, "Well, I believe I'll go to bed. We had a hard day at the office. No one seemed to know his own work, and much devolved on me which rightly belonged to another clerk."

Mrs. Walker had heard a similar complaint nightly for years; but she only smiled a little, giving no sign that she noticed the repetition.

"Yes, father, you go to bed; you do need rest. I shall wait for Fannie. Besides, I want to read a little."

"Now, mother, you know that it is unnecessary to wait up for Fannie. You need rest, too. There is nothing to be gained by overtaxing yourself."

Mentally questioning what could have wearied her eyes, just for one moment she felt like rebelling; but she had practiced repression for so many years that she decided to agree.

The following day Mrs. Walker, thinking the house deserted, took the much-coveted new magazine to her pleasant room up stairs. Seating herself at the table, she turned to the first article, and after a cursory examination, said, half aloud, "Oh, yes, father read that to me." She turned on and on through the magazine, finding scarcely a topic that was new to her.

The Walker family liked to have others hear whatever was humorous, entertaining, or interesting. It could not be considered altogether selfish, this desire to have a general laugh or a general discussion, but the privilege of finding and promulgating the thing of interest never seemed to fall to Mrs. Walker.

Laying the magazine aside rather impatiently for one usually so calm and unruffled, Mrs. Walker communed with herself.

"I wonder how I should feel if I could open a perfectly fresh magazine, see each article myself, and read my favorite author. I believe that I could see into his heart of hearts and appreciate his feelings if just once I could have this privilege. Oh, I wonder if I ever shall!"

Almost horrified, after having given expression to such thoughts, she leaned back wearily in her chair and closed her eyes, as if in silent prayer for help to overcome such selfish weakness.

When she opened her eyes, she scolded herself. "I am ashamed of you, you selfish mother! You ought to be content to listen to the others and to be happy in their happiness!"

Fannie, returning from a drive, slowly ascending the stairs and smilingly recalling the pleasure the drive had given her, heard a voice in her mother's room. Approaching the door softly, she became an unwilling eavesdropper.

For an instant she was stricken almost to betraying her proximity. Then she crept down to the lower hall and made hurried preparation for going out.

Mr. Walker was in the midst of computing interest on notes overdue, and had given orders that he was not to be interrupted. His office door was hurriedly opened, and Fannie entered. She wore a look of determination, implying that notes or other office trials carried no weight whatever in comparison with her important communication.

"Papa, do you know how we are treating mother? It is perfectly atrocious! I overheard her actually accusing herself of being selfish just because she is pining to see a new magazine and read just one article herself before every one in the house has read it to her. Just think of it! It is we who are selfish to a shameless degree. I never thought she cared. But why shouldn't she? We would. I have no doubt we treat her just as bad about everything else. I am going to take all I have left of my allowance and buy some new magazines and smuggle them into mamma's room."

"Not so fast, Fannie. You are partly right, I suppose, and I guess I ought to appropriate some of that reproof. We have influenced Katie, too, for I often see her with a copy of mother's own magazine, and she does not relinquish it, either, or even ask her mother if she would like it. Here, I will add something to your purse for this first really generous purchase we have thought to make. The idea of giving your mother a year's subscription to her favorite magazine as a birthday gift, and then never allowing her a peep inside until every article of interest is second-hand! But I'd wait for her birthday if I were you. She might suspect that we had overheard her if you make the gift immediately."

On the morning of Mrs. Walker's birthday the breakfast table assumed a festive appearance under Fannie's dexterous fingers. Flowers were everywhere, and several dainty little gifts were cunningly displayed, bearing good wishes.

The most important of all, however, was a neat package, marked "For mother; to be enjoyed at her leisure."

And on opening it, Mrs. Walker found copies of three of the new month's magazines.

### HER GRACE.

A Washington divine, says The Star, tells a story of a certain clergyman's family in which it was the custom that each of his children repeat a Bible verse at the beginning of every meal in place of the more general formula of grace before meat.

One day one of his little girls found out in some small sin, had been sentenced to a much curtailed dinner, to be eaten at a table by herself. When the family was seated around the dining-room table the usual little ceremonial was performed, and when her brothers and sisters had each repeated a text her father called upon her, sitting solitary at a wee table at the other side of the room. At first she demurred on the ground that, being debarred from the family circle, she saw no reason for joining the family devotions. Her father insisted; she remained silent for a moment, thinking, then spoke out clearly: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

The burden which is well borne becomes light.—Ovid.

### THE ROLL OF HONOR.

**The Pupils Who Were Successful at the Last Examinations.**

The following gives the list of pupils of the High and Public Schools who won places on the roll of honor at the last examinations:

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

MIDDLE SCHOOL.

FT. JR. JR. TEACHERS

Class I—W. Grindell, I. White, A. Harvey, M. Chapman.

Class II—M. Richmond.

JR. MATRICULATION

Class I—W. Brown.

PT. I JR. TEACHERS

Class I—A. Speight.

Class II—M. Moffat, I. Graham.

Class III—K. Smith, B. Husband, G. Johnstone, A. Dills, E. Garvin, A. McDonald, H. Griff, A. O'Brien, F. Mullin.

LOWER SCHOOL

Class I—E. Faulkner, H. Hurd, H. Black.

Class II—N. Williams, E. Black, H. Brown, J. Gibbons, M. O'Brien, L. Anderson, R. Nelson, E. Hunter.

Class III—E. Anderson, J. MacDonald, L. Wiles, S. Pearson, K. Plank, D. Folster, A. Kenney, B. Mullin, C. Swackhamer, J. Moore, C. Sharp, A. Pirathrook, C. Plank, G. Husband.

MIDDLE SCHOOL—Highest in Geometry, W. Grindell; in French, A. Speight; in Arithmetic, I. White; in Algebra, W. Grindell; in Composition, A. Speight; in English Grammar, A. Speight.

LOWER SCHOOL—Highest in Physical Science, L. Anderson; in History, E. Faulkner; in Book-keeping, E. Hunter; in Geography, H. Hurd.

W. H. STEWART, Principal.
MISS M. NORTON, Assistant.

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

FIRST DEPARTMENT

Sr. IV—Bertha Brown 275, Luella Reed 251, Mildred Matthews 210, Fred Williams 237, Fred McLaughlin 210, Annie Porter 218. Total 300.

Jr. IV—Gordon Rice 234, Jessie Purvis 250, Ethel Goldham 247, Ethel Faulkner 237, Austin Lehman 237, Roy Bauer 210, Rae Cook 201. Total 300.

MISS A. L. HUDSON, Teacher.

SECOND DEPARTMENT

Sr. III—Earl Brown 870, Janie O'Brien 810, Boyd Clark 762, Lawrence Dunn 753, J. D. Burt 711, May Lindsay 600. Total 1050.

Jr. III—Ernie Brown 903, Ethelred White 903, Gertie Pearson 897, Lottie Barr 885, Isabel Anderson 837, Robinson Locker 768. Total 1050.

MISS MINNIE BENNETT, Teacher

THIRD DEPARTMENT

Sr. II—Nellie Anderson 780, Ida Young 666, Earl Vincent 631, Joseph Smith 620, Gladys Worden 580, Louie Wilson 566. Total 800.

Jr. II—Hazel Agnew 650, Macmillan Smith 620, Ethel Craig 611, Birdie Porter 590, Melfort Collier 572, Thomas Hammond 570. Total 750.

MISS M. E. SMITH, Teacher.

FOURTH DEPARTMENT

Sr. Pt. II—Laura Patton 291, Wilbert Craig 260, Hazel Proctor 231, Willard McVeigh 231, Charlie McLeod 215, Velma Burt 211. Total 350.

Jr. Pt. II—Jennie Pearson 267 Harold Reed 538, Polly Heaton 228, Lloyd Bell 217, Victor Alger 181, Vera Forbes 180. Total 350.

MISS M. R. HOLMES, Teacher.

FIFTH DEPARTMENT

Sr. Pt. I—Geraldine McVeigh 118, Harold Kennedy 114, Roy Brown 103, Delsine Gibbons 101, Winnie Pearson 100, Willis Sye 97. Total 120.

Jr. Pt. I—Myrtle Thomas 118, Margaret Wilson 118, George Anderson 117, Marguerite Stewart 117, Jean Wilson 117, Bessie Woodhall 113. Total 120.

MISS K. KENNEDY, Teacher.

### WOODSIDE SCHOOL, ERIN.

The following is a report of the examinations held at Woodside School, Erin, during the month of November.

Fifth Class—Maggie McIntyre 101.

Fourth Class—Robert Warne 149, Mary Butler 130, Alvin Fisher 80.

Third Class—Florence Butler 127, Wilfrid McIntyre 114, Violetta McIntyre 101, Frank Swackhamer 91, Willie Butler 57.

Second Class—Margot Watson 111.

MISS F. L. WATERS, teacher.

### REMARKABLE.

One day some Americans on a visit to Wales expressed a wish to see a certain old and historic church. The incumbent was only too pleased to show them round, especially as he believed it would end in a donation being given to his parochial fund. He is as proud of the school as he is of the church, and finished up by asking them in there also, and inviting them to question the scholars.

One of the party accepted the invitation.

"Can you tell me, little boy," said he to one lad, "who George Washington was?"

"Iss, surs," said he, "he wass a 'Merrycan gen'ral."

"Quite right," said the American. "And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?"

"Iss, surr, 'e was remarkable 'cos 'e wass a 'Merrycan an' told the trowth."

The American didn't question further.

### A WAY TO WEIGH.

A certain peasant supplied a baker with three pounds of butter daily, and after some time the baker noticed that the butter never weighed three pounds. At last he summoned him.

"Have you no scales at home?" the Judge asked.

"Yes," said the peasant.

"Have you weights?"

"Yes, but I never weigh the butter with them."

"Why?"

"Because since the baker buys my butter, I buy his bread, and as I always buy three pounds at a time I weigh the butter with the bread."

He was acquitted.

### TWENTY YEARS AGO.

MARRIED—At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. W. Rae, Mr. William A. Stewart, to Margaret, only daughter of Mr. John Walters, all of Esquesing.

DIED—In Toronto, at the home of his brother, 591 Gerrard St., Dec. 1st, Isaac W. Webster, late of Acton, aged 33 years.

DIED—In Nassagaweya, Nov. 27th, Jane Richardson aged 88 years.

DIED—In Acton, Dec. 6th, Ralph, only child of William Gripps, aged 18 months.

At a meeting of the session of Knox Church, on Friday evening, it was decided to allow the introduction of an organ into the Sabbath School.

The continuous downpour of rain for 20 hours on Saturday night and Sunday, filled the ponds, creeks and cisterns, and water is now much more plentiful.

A growing tree may be cut down, made into paper, and turned out as a newspaper, all within thirty-six hours.

Mr. Wm Hemstreet, auctioneer, has sold his farm, 65 acres, fronting on Main St., to his nephew, Mr. Alfred Hemstreet, of Trafalgar, for $5,000. Mr. Hemstreet will still live in Acton.

Special services are being held in the Baptist Church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Cunnings.

Mr. Ach. Campbell has sold his farm, "Knowhead," lying both in Nassagaweya and Esquesing, to Mr. Fyfe Somerville for $10,000. Mr. Campbell lived there for 51 years, arriving there from his boyhood hood home, Broadalbane, Scotland.

On Tuesday morning about three o'clock a big double-header freight train ran into the rear of another freight on the main line at the east switch. A good deal of smashing was done. The fault was that the engineer of the rear train ran through when signalled to remain at the semaphore.

Last week Police Magistrate Young, at Burlington, found one hotelkeeper guilty on three separate charges of violating the Scott Act, and imposed a fine of $150 and costs, or 6 months imprisonment, and another guilty of a third offence; sentence being deferred until the arrest of the man who is wanted on five separate warrants.

On Monday night a checker match was played between players residing on the north and south sides of Mill St. An early victory was scored by the north. The players were: North—John Harvey, C. T. Hill, D. Henderson, Leslie Moore, A. B. Wright, 99. South—James Matthews, L. Lan[illegible], W. Mullin, A. E. Slater, Edw. Dynes, 14.

About 400 people were present at the opening of the Salvation Army Barracks, corner Mill St. and Park Ave., on Monday evening, at the close of a two days' opening services. The new building will be bricked next summer.

Mr. M. Speight, of Markham, has been visiting Acton friends.

Another estimable family, that of Mr. James Moore, of Crewson's Corners, have removed to Acton.

Mr. John Lawson, Sr., of Esquesing, has moved to Acton to his fine brick dwelling, corner Mill and Wilbur Sts. We welcome the family.

"Our own correspondent" from Crewsons Corners reports a series of revival services in the Methodist Church now over four weeks and still continuing, in which some member of nearly every family in the neighborhood professes a desire and purpose of a changed life.

Also, says that a portico at the entrance to the only church in the village, is very necessary, in order to prevent the escape of heated air in winter weather.

Also, that the general custom of turning around to look at arrivals at the door must gratify those who like to be looked at, and annoy those who do not.

At an auction sale in a furniture store in Teeswater, the floor suddenly gave way, precipitating 60 or 70 persons into the cellar, the furniture, including three stoves, tumbling down on top of them. No limbs were broken but many painful injuries were received.

All the candidates for the Mayoralty in Toronto find it necessary to disavow connection with the liquor party.

The quarterly returns made by Police Magistrate Young, of Halton County, include 10 fines for violation of the Scott Act, $250 and costs; 5 for third offences, sentenced to 2 months each in jail; 1 committed for perjury.

### CONRIED'S COMPLIMENT.

An actor told a graceful story about Heinrich Conried.

"At a reception," he said, "the loss of the various senses was discussed, and a young woman, a grand opera singer of considerable beauty, said to Mr. Conried:

"'Which would you rather be, deaf or blind?'

"Smiling and bowing, gallantly, the great manager answered:

"'Deaf, madam, when I am looking at you, and blind when I hear you sing.'"

### NOT LONESOME.

"Aren't you awfully lonesome without George?"

"I haven't time to be. I spend the mornings reading his letters and the afternoons answering them."

### THE MODERN DRAMA.

"I want you to write me a play."

"What sort of a play?"

"Well we have 17 specialties. Get me up enough stuff to wedge them apart."

The man who vents his spleen on another gets most of it himself.

There is no sweetening power in the sweet words that have a bitter heart back of them.

No heart is emptied of its venom by pouring it out at the lips.

### THE GLORY OF WORK.

There the workman saw his labor
taking form and bearing fruit,
Like a tree with splendid branches rising from a humble root,
Looking at the distant city, temples, houses, domes and towers,
Felix cried in exultation: "All the mighty work is ours.
Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore,
Every chopper in the palm grove, every raftsman at the oar,
Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and cleaving sod—
All the dusty ranks of labor, in the regiment of God.
March together toward his triumph, do the task His hands prepare.
Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and prayer."
—Henry Van Dyke.

### GUIDE TO SUCCESS.

1. Be critical with your work, that others may judge it less harshly.

2. If a man misjudges you, forgive him. To err is human; to forgive divine.

3. You may have to pay the price for standing by right principles, but your work will show the result.

4. Do not have one set of morals in your home and another in business. Right is right and wrong is wrong.

5. The real worker loves his work, and to it will sacrifice any pleasure.

6. There may be plenty of clouds in your workday life. Remember that the most beautiful sunsets come often after cloudy days.

7. Hesitate about giving explanations, unless you are asked for them. Apologies are often mistaken for confessions of wrong.

8. Do more than you are paid for. Remember it takes some people a long time to pay their bills.

9. Allow people to criticize your work all they like, but resent any unfair attack on your character.

10. Know more than your work demands. Extra charge is a convenient thing.

11. When you get discouraged, try and begin anew.

12. There are those who achieve much when they are young; more learn their rewards with years.

13. Don't be a coward. The sun hates to shine on those who are afraid of their own shadows.

14. Recall some of the things your mother taught you when young—they are worth remembering.

15. You can beat a dray horse, but a race horse needs sympathy and encouragement.

16. To-day and to-day make the to-morrows.

17. Never lie. Honest work is built on true principles.

### WHEN CRITICISM IS USELESS.

It never pays to call attention to something which is wrong in another's appearance unless it is possible to correct it. As a party of excursionists left their train recently, at the seaside resort where they were to spend the day, a tall girl caught a younger one by the shoulder, and looked her over scrutinizingly.

"Sake's alive, Luella, there must have been soot or something on the seat where you were! The back of your dress is a sight and no mistake. Oh, it's no use trying to rub it off. That would only make it worse you know."

Poor little Luella! The day was spoiled for her, as was easily seen by a glance at her scarlet, sensitive face. The wonder of the great breakers rolling in green and majestic, and curling over in white foam, the delights of the sandy beach, the possible chance of finding a shell or a starfish were all forgotten in the miserable consciousness of black streaks on her white frock, unseen as far as she herself was concerned, but painfully in evidence to all the rest of the seaside visitors. Luella spent the rest of the day walking about with her neck twisted, vainly trying to see how she really looked.

"Did you know your girdle had been one-sided all the evening?" one girl asked another, just as the party was ending.

And the other answered with deliberation: "No, and I don't want to know it. If you had told me in time for me to straighten it, that would have been another matter. But now I don't care to hear anything about it."

The reproof was deserved. Such criticism should never be offered unless the one to whom it is given has the chance to act upon it.

### DOING THE DAY'S WORK.

The surest road to good work is the simple doing of the day's work. We have no foresight which tells us what endeavor will be most successful, and so we must neglect nothing. We cannot tell what seed will grow and what will fail, and so we sow beside all waters. It is but seldom that success is won by some brilliant, strategic move. In the majority of cases it is the result of doing the day's work faithfully.

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