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All accounts collected monthly.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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Of Special Rates to Guelph During Winter Fair Week-December 9th to 12th and have Your Eyes Properly Examined For Glasses

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CHRISTMAS solos, duets, quartettes, and anthems are much in demand now. You'll need them in a few weeks. Ask for samples on approval. Try them over at your leisure and return the balance. In this way you can have a choice that you cannot otherwise get. Write us to-day.

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In every town and township in Ontario to take orders for

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Pay weekly. Use of handsome outfit free. Exclusive territory. We guarantee strictly first-class stock delivered in prime condition. It pays to sell for a reliable firm. Established 30 years. Write for particulars.

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Highest market price paid for all kinds of Grain.

J. L. WARREN - Manager

Poetry.

CROSSPATCH

Once on a time, there was a witch
Who wasn't poor and wasn't rich.
She wasn't handsome that I know,
For one day when I saw her go
A-toiling past, I said, "Oh, dear,
How can a person look so queer!"
Her back was crooked as the moon,
And as she went I heard her croon
A silly song that seemed to say,
"The children all are good to-day.
To-morrow, maybe, I will throw
My crosspatch cloak o'er Jane and Joe,
And while they whine, 'Mamma—Mamma,'
I'll chuckle to myself—ha-ha!
And folk will say, 'That horrid Jane
Is at her tantrums once again.'
And other folk will say they know
They can't do anything with Joe.
Then, lest some wise ones guess my trick,
I'll puzzle them by being quick,
I'll snatch the patch from Jane and Joe,
And cast it over Clem and Flo.
The friends in wonder then will say,
"How good our Jenny is to-day!"
Or, "Joseph seems a different boy—
He really is his mother's joy,
But little Flo and Clem—beware!
Their naughtiness is past compare."
Now boys and girls that would escape
This witch's ugly crosspatch cape
Must get the fairy Laughing Fun
To stay close by and never run.
Then when the witch with dark disguise
Approaches, she in great surprise
Will find her cloak' ter small by half
To cover boys and girls that laugh.

Select Family Reading

A Climb Up A Steeple

A PICTURESQUE little town is Market Drayton, England, with its straggling street, its quaint, old-fashioned church and its irregularly shaped market place, paved with small, round stones. But even more picturesque did it look on a certain fine summer evening in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, peopled with three-cornered hats, the broad, skirted coats, the flapped waistcoats and silver buckled shoes, of the time of George I.

The sun was just setting, and the portly burghers might be seen strolling forth to enjoy the cool evening air, attended in most cases by their bright-eyed daughters, at whom the smart young 'prentices of the town gazed bashfully from a distance. Here and there appeared a soldier, slightly elevated by numerous "treats" swaggering about in his sugar loaf cap and brick dust regimentals; or a huge, jolly-looking farmer with his wife en croupe behind him, jogging home, well satisfied with the day's work, on a horse as big and easy going as himself.

But what is the meaning of this group of boys assembled in front of the town church and looking up at a curiously carved stone spout close to the summit of its massive tower, very much as a knot of hungry dogs might eye a tempting joint hung beyond their reach?

"That's where the nest is, as sure as my name's Tom," cries Tommy Hawkins, a big, red-haired lad, with a broad, heavy, good-humored face. "I've seen both the birds go out of it and come back to it again. Just like their sneaking tricks, to go and build in a place where they know we can't get at them."

"That's true enough," asserts Jack Larker, a curly headed scamp of twelve, always in mischief and enjoying it. "If they were at the top of the biggest tree in the parish, I'd have 'em down somehow; but that steeple's quite another thing."

And I did want that jackdaw's egg for my collection," lamented a little piping voice, the property of a pale, bright-eyed, deformed urchin as thin and delicate as itself.

"What is it you want so much, Dicky? Anything I can get you?" asks a deep voice from behind, and the little cripple looks up with a schoolboy's intense devotion to his chosen hero as the speaker laid a hand on his shoulder.

By the way in which all eyes are turned upon the newcomer one may see that he is an admitted leader among his comrades. In all Market Drayton there was no wilder or more incorrigible scapegrace than "Fighting Bob," as he has been long since named by common consent, and not without ample reason.

Whenever there is a window to be broken, an orchard to be robbed, an opposition school to be thrashed or snowballed, an obnoxious tradesman to be mobbed within an inch of his life, that square, powerful figure and stern, resolute face, harsh even to ugliness, is always to the forefront in the battle.

There is not a father in the town (his own included), who has not preached upon him in the family circle as a terrible example, nor a misdeed in the calendar of crime which has not been ascribed to him either directly or by anticipation. One man indeed—an under master at his school, and perhaps the only real friend whom the outlaw possesses—has been heard to prophesy that the scapegrace will make a figure somewhere yet, but the general opinion respecting him is comprehended in a significant shake of the head and a muttered remark that "such as he never come to good—his hemp's been sown long ago."

But among his school fellows he is a king sans appel. They are never tired of extolling his prowess, and recounting his feats of strength and daring—how he thrashed "Rough Jack," the butcher boy, who was a head taller than himself—how he endured the severe flogging the head master could bestow, rather than betray the name of an accomplice; how he stopped with his own body a gap in the dam which they were building, till the break was made good, and countless other anecdotes of the same kind, some of which the terrible renown afterward acquired by their hero has been preserved even to our own time.

Such is the youth who, with compressed lips, and a silent, stern composure peculiar to himself, is now listening to Tom Hawkins' eager explanation of the whereabouts of the jackdaw's nest, and Lame Harry's lamentations over the impossibility of reaching it.

"Don't you fret, Harry, my boy," says he at length, patting the little cripple's upturned head. "If there are eggs in that nest you shall have one before an hour's over."

"Why, Bob man, you surely ain't going to climb the steeple!" remonstrates the startled Hawkins. "I know you can do anything in reason, but don't go and break your neck over what's clean impossible."

That's a word I don't believe in," answers the other with cold sternness. "Hold my jacket, Tom." The next minute he is clinging to the water pipe which runs up the side of the church.

The boy is hardly twelve feet above the pavement when the market place is already thronged by astonished spectators, every eye fixing itself on the small, dark figure clinging to that huge gray wall. His comrades below dare not shout, lest they should startle him from his hold.

Foot by foot the daring climber struggles up, moving slowly and cautiously, but evidently without the least fatigue as yet. You might hear a pin drop as he at length placed his hands upon the cornice terminating the roof of the main building, for it projects nearly a foot, and should he make the slightest slip, or even fail to surmount it at the first attempt, his life is not worth a straw. As the decisive effort is made, the indrawn breath of the crowd below sounds like a hiss in the dead silence. But the climber's grasp is true. Another moment, and he stands erect on the roof, waving his hand to his comrades below.

But the worst part of the work is yet to come. High overhead, the tower stands up, tall and bare and rigid in outline, offering neither handhold nor foothold, except the little lancet-shaped stones let into the masonry of its sides, barely wide enough to support one foot at a time. But halting only a moment or two to take breath, "Fighting Bob" clambers doggedly up the sloping roof right toward the tower.

The young dog's got something in him after all," growls a gruff old tradesman, nodding his head in grim approval.

"Come down, you young scamp! Do you want to break your neck?" shouts an angry old gentleman, meaning Bob with his fist. "Pon my word, you're more trouble to me than all the rest put together."

"All right," answers the clear stern voice from above, as he sets foot on the first projection of the tower, "I'll come down when I've got the nest and I won't come without it, unless I come head foremost."

Upward, still upward—seeming from below to be actually hanging onto the bare surface of the wall, without support of any kind, so utterly invisible, at that distance, are the light projections to which he clings. There is no halting or taking rest for him now. Once launched he has no choice but to go through with it to the bitter end; but it appears to some of the keenest among the countless eyes that watch his progress as if his movements were less firm and elastic than before. Every new effort seems slow and labored as if he were yielding at last to the prolonged strain. Should it give way now, his death is as certain as if he were tied to the mouth of a loaded cannon, and no wonder if the faces below begin to look dark and rigid.

At length he is approaching the goal of his terrible journey. Only a few yards over his head the covered nest lies snugly in a hollowed rift just above the grim old carved head that forms the spout; and the parent birds, disturbed by his approach flap away with dismal cries. Already his hand is outstretched to seize the corner of the spout, when suddenly the projection upon which he stands breaks short off, and comes rattling down into the market place below. Quick as lightning he clutches a stray coil of ivy which has straggled round the angle of the tower and grasping the gargoyle with the other hand, swings for a moment in the empty air, while the cry from the throng below goes up like the voice of one man.

The lives of thousands of men, the future of a mighty empire, the military renown of Britain for an entire generation all hang for one moment upon a few inches of mouldering ivy. But the plant's growth holds true. The climber's body is seen to jerk itself suddenly upward; and the next moment, with a shout of defiant exultation, he plants himself astride of the curved spout and thrusts his hand into the long desired nest.

"All right, Harry, my boy!" he shouts cheerily, turning to look at the white terror stricken face of the crippled child. "Her's a fine big egg for you, and I'll take care not to break it coming down."

This, however, is no easy matter; for the climber's strength is sorely exhausted, and he has now the added disadvantage of not being able to see where to plant his feet. More than once during that perilous descent the indrawn breath of the crowd bears witness to the hair-breadth escape from destruction, and when he at length set foot on the pavement the welcome that greets him is such as might befit the first citizen of the town, instead of its most notorious scapegrace.

"What's your name, my brave fellow?" asks a bronzed, grizzled man, with an upright, military bearing—an officer just returned from active service in the East Indies.

"Robert Clive," answers the boy.

"That name will be heard of yet, or I'm much mistaken," says the officer, emphatically.

The veteran's prophesy was destined to be realized in a way which, probably, even he little dreamed of. Thirty years later the scapegrace of Market Drayton was being welcomed home by all England as the greatest general of his time, and had written his name in history as Lord Clive, Baron of Plassy, and commander-in-chief of the English army in India.

DISTRIBUTION OF SEED GRAIN AND POTATOES

From the Dominion Experimental Farms—1913-1914

By instructions of the Hon. Minister of Agricultural a distribution of superior sorts of grain and potatoes will be made during the coming winter and spring to Canadian farmers. The samples for general distribution will consist of spring wheat (5 lbs.) white oats (4 lbs.) barley (3 lbs.) and field peas (3lbs.) These will be sent out from Ottawa. A distribution of potatoes (in 3 lb. samples) will be carried on from several of the experimental farms, the Central Farm at Ottawa supplying only the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. All samples will be sent free by mail.

Applicants must give particulars in regard to the soil on their farms, and some account of their experience with such kinds of grain (or potatoes) as they have grown, so that a promising sort for their conditions may be selected.

Each application must be separate and must be signed by the applicant. Only one sample of grain and one of potatoes can be sent to each farm. Applications on any kind of printed form cannot be accepted. If two or more samples are asked for in the same letter only one will be sent.

As the supply of seed is limited, farmers are advised to apply early; but the applications will not necessarily be filled in the exact order in which they are received. Preference will always be given to the most thoughtful and explicit requests. Applications received after the end of January will probably be too late.

All applications for grain (and applications from the provinces of Ontario and Quebec for potatoes should be addressed to the Dominion Cerealist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Such applications require no postage. If otherwise addressed delay and disappointment may occur.

Applications for potatoes, from farmers in any other province should be addressed (postage prepaid) to the Superintendent of the nearest branch Experimental Farm in that province.

J. H. GRISDALE, Director
Dominion Experimental Farms.

THE "LOST ART" OF LIVING

"And oh, the life!" she said at one point. "Americans don't know how to live. They are all engaged in doing something. They are such beginners. They are only interested in money. I see them in Paris now and then." She lifted her hand. "Here in Europe people understand life better. They know how to live. They know before they begin how much that it will take to do the things that they want to do, and they start out to make that much; not a fortune—just enough to do the things that they want to do. When they get that they retire and live."

"And what do they do when they live?" I asked. "What do they call living?"

"Oh, having a nice country house within a short travelling distance from London or Paris; and being able to dine at the best restaurants and visit the best theatres once or twice a week; to go to Paris or Monte Carlo or Scheveningen or Ostend two or three or four, or as many times a year as they please; to wear good clothes, and to be thoroughly comfortable."

"That is not a bad standard," I said and then I added, "and what else do they do?"

"And what else should they do? Isn't that enough?"

And there you have the European standard according to Miss X, as contrasted with the American standard, which is, or has been, up to this time, something decidedly different, I am sure. We have not been so eager to live. Our idea has been to work. No American that I have ever known has had the idea of laying up just so much, a moderate amount, and then retiring and living. He has had quite another thought in his mind. The American, the average American, I am sure, loves power, the ability to do something far more earnestly than he loves mere living. He wants to be an officer or director of something, a poet, anything you please for the sake of being it, not for the sake of living. —Theodore Dreiser.

IN PLACE OF FERNS

A silver dish filled with growing ferns is charming, but there are other humbler growing things that are not without beauty. One woman has tried several of them.

"You see," she explained to a friend, "I found I could not raise ferns successfully; they dried up, wilted and turned yellow. Then I had this idea. I got several low, wide pots that fit my silver fern-dish, and filled them with rich earth. In one I planted twenty grains of corn. When it was three inches high it was lovely, but now that it is six inches high it is time to bring on the next.

"See those feathery, waving green things? They are carrot-plants. Are they not graceful?

"Next will come a pot of pepper-plants. The leaves are glossy and very pretty. I have also started some grape-fruit plants. They will be the prettiest things of all. I shall try oranges and lemons, too. Don't be discouraged just because you can't raise ferns."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, November 30th, 1893

Mr. T. C. Moore has moved to his new residence on Lake Avenue.

The rains the past week have filled the ponds fairly well. Harvey, the miller, appreciates this influx to "Fairy Lake."

Robt. Brown and family, of Crewson's Corners, recently rented his farm to J. Kingsbury, and is moving into town this week.

Robt. Campbell, of Toronto, is building the third house on Lake Avenue that has gone up since the middle of August.

Storey & Goff's tannery chimney was blown down during a gale one day last week. It is being replaced with a fine brick stack.

Monday's rain took off the snow. Yesterday, however, three inches fell, and the sleighs are running.

The Minister of Education has issued a circular to Public School teachers directing their attention to the clause in the Ontario Statutes in reference to the sale of tobacco, cigars and cigarettes to minors.

A bunch of wild strawberry plants in full bloom, found on Cedar Creek farm, has been sent to this office by Mr. Robt. Bingham.

Thanksgiving services were held in Knox and the Methodist Churches on Thursday last.

Reeve Pearson, of Acton, and Deputy-Reeve John Warren, of Esquesing, represented this part of the county at Warden Husband's dinner in Milton on Tuesday.

Mr. George Thurston has secured a good position in the Guardian Office, Toronto.

Mr. Robert Moore and family removed last week to Bracebridge, where he has secured a good position.

Mr. Albert Laing returned last week from his visit to Muskoka with the phonograph.

Mr. John Jones and family have removed to St. Catharines, where Mr. Jones has secured a very satisfactory situation.

Miss Lottie Armstrong visited friends in Milton during the week, and sang at the Thanksgiving supper and at the Methodist Church on Sunday evening.

An earthquake was felt all over Montreal at 11.47 noon on Monday. Nothing like it has ever been experienced before. It was felt from cellar to garret of the most substantially built edifices.

BORN

Wilson—In Esquesing, on November 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson, a son.

MARRIED

Nickle-Joyce—On November 22nd, at the home of the bride's parents, 117 Markham St., Toronto, by Rev. H. E. Bales, B. A., Mr. Edgar Nickle, Merchant Tailor, Acton, to Miss Lillian, daughter of William J. Joyce, formerly of Guelph.

DIED

Martin—In Erin, on November 25th, John Percival, son of Thomas Palmerston Martin, aged 1 year and 8 months.

WORK OF A TEN-DOLLAR BILL

Mr. Brown kept boarders. Around his table sat Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter, and Mr. Hadley, a flour and lumber merchant.

Mr. Brown took out of his pocket-book a $10 note and handed it to Mrs. Brown, saying:

"Here, my dear, is $10 toward the $20 I promised you."

Mrs. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying:

"That pays for my new bonnet."

Mrs. Andrews said to Mr. Jordan as she handed him the note:

"That will pay for your work on my counter."

Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, requesting his lumber bill, while Mr. Hadley gave it back to Mr. Brown, saying:

"That pays $10 on my board."

Mr. Brown passed it to his wife, with the remark that that paid her the $20 he had promised her. She, in turn, paid it to Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account, who handed it to Mr. Hadley, wishing credit for that amount on his flour bill, he again returning it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board. Whereupon Mr. Brown put it back in his pocket-book, exclaiming, "that he never thought a $10 bill would go so far."

Thus a $10 bill was made to pay $60 indebtedness inside of five minutes.

A LATIN ROMANCE

Boylius kissibus sweetum girlorum,
Girlibus likibus, wantum summorum,
Pater pusilibus enter parlorum,
Kickibus boylibus exibus dorum.
Nightibus darkibus homum limporum,
Ollaibus fancibus breechibus torum.

THE OLDEST LIVING THINGS

Full information regarding the Sequoia and General Grant National Parks, which contain the oldest and largest trees in the world, is contained in a circular just issued by the Department of the Interior. Within these parks are thirteen groves of sequoia trees, there being more than twelve thousand trees exceeding ten feet in diameter.

In the giant forest in the Sequoia National Park the principal trees are the General Sherman, 296 feet high and 36 feet 16 diameter; the Abraham Lincoln, 270 feet high and 31 feet in diameter, and the William McKinley, 291 feet high and 28 feet in diameter. In the General Grant Park the principal trees are the General Grant, 264 feet high and 35 feet in diameter, and the George Washington, 235 feet high and 29 feet in diameter.

These big trees are the oldest living things in the world, 4,000 annual wood rings having been counted on one of the tallest giants in the Sequoia Park. The giant pines of the Pacific coast are old, in their fourth or fifth century, when the big trees growing beside them are still in the bloom of youth, as they do not attain size and beauty before their fifteen hundredth year, or become old in less tean 3,000 years.

MEN WANTED

God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking.

—Anon.

SCHOOL LESSONS.

Don't you remember the winding path
That led to the schoolhouse door?
Round the orchard and through the lane
It wound forevermore!
Didn't you learn in paths of life
This lesson day by day—
That, though the pathway wind and wind,
Where there's a will there's a way?

Don't you remember the dog eared books,
The high flown words and stubborn sums,
The history, with its battle scenes,
And picturesque flags and fifes and drums?
What was the lesson of it all?
Why, just to be stanch and true,
To look to yourself for all your aid
And paddle your own canoe!

Don't you remember the red cheeked lass
With glad gold curls and dancing eyes
That burst on your soul in all her charms,
Fresh as a breath of paradise?
That all the sweet things of all
When all of the song is said—
Say, was the lesson learned by you
That faint heart never won fair maid?

—Edward Wilbur Mason in National Magazine

SPARKLES

"I speeks dat gentman has his automobile figured wrong," said Erastus Pinkley as he watched the man and the motor.

"What do you mean?"

"He said it were fifty horse-power injine. De way it balks, I speck he must a' meant mule power."

The Scotchman sang that old-time song
And sang it with a sigh,
"For Bonnie Annie Laurie I
Would lay me down and die."

"Be Gorra," said an Irishman,
"Catch me at no such trick,
For pretty Rosie Hogan I
Am hustling wid a pick."

An old German farmer entered the office of a wholesale druggist one fine morning and addressed the proprietor:

"Mister Becker, I haf der schmallpox."

"Merciful heavens, Mr. Jacob!" exclaimed Becker as the office force scrambled over each other in their hurry to get out, don't come any nearer!"

"Vot's der madder mit you fellers, anyhow," quietly replied Jacobs. "I haves der schmall pox of butter out in mine wagon vot der Mrs. Becker ordered last week already!"

It was Pat's first day in the sawmill, and his duties consisted of working the circular saw. The foreman directed him as to its use, then left him in order to attend to some pressing matter. Having occasion, however, to pass Pat's way again, he was somewhat annoyed to see him idly surveying his hand.

"Well, what's wrong?" he said sharply.

"Sure and begorra, I've lost a finger," replied Pat.

"How did it happen?" inquired the foreman.

"Shure, I was just doin' like this when—bejabers! There's anither one off!"

To learn obeying is the fundamental act of governing.

The fairest flowers of joy spring from the soil of sacrifices.

It's never hard to find a good argument to back up an inclination.

He never climbs to heaven who is unwilling to come down to earth.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.