The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XL.---NO. 27. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 31, 1914. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE

FREE PRESS BUILDING
MILL STREET. ACTON ONT

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance, $1.50 to subscribers in the United States. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES — Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Contract display advertisements, for 50 or inches more, per annum, 10 cents per inch each insertion. Yearly contracts for reading matter 15 cents per inch each insertion.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month, if desired. For changes oftener than above mentioned the extra composition must be paid for at regular rates.

All accounts collected monthly.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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ALL WORK PROMPTLY EXECUTED

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WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monuments and Headstones work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only machine 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 pestcustomers by sending out ignorant agents inexpert dealers—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

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New Raisins
New Currants
New Dates
New Nuts
New Peels
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Fine Line of Confectionery

First class line of Fancy Cakes and Pastry. Fresh every day.

Cooked Meats, Hams, Bacon, with the Home-like flavor.

Bread and other goods delivered promptly daily.

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The old and Reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers

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1478 Queen St. West, Toronto

Telephone 5518 Parkdale. Five minutes walk from Parkdale Station.
You can enter this school at the New Year for a MONTH'S FREE TRIAL.
If you withdraw at the end of the month there is nothing whatever to pay.
All typewriters and equipments are new and are of the latest model.

B. F. TURNER, Principal

Our Sincerest Wishes

TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS FOR A

Happy New Year

WE THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR GENEROUS PATRONAGE DURING THE YEAR AND ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT DURING 1915 WE WILL BE IN A BETTER POSITION THAN EVER TO SATISFACTORILY SUPPLY THE SHOE NEEDS OF ALL.

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The bakery business of T. Statham & Son in Acton, which has been conducted for the past thirty years, has been purchased by George Statham and will be conducted in the same first-class manner as in the past.

All kinds of Bread, Cakes, Pastry, Wedding Cakes and Christmas Cakes will be supplied to the satisfaction of all customers.

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Acton - Ontario

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GUELPH ONTARIO

FALL TERM BEGINS Tuesday, Sept. 1, when city and every visitor permit, desirous of acquiring a thorough business education, will be welcomed to our popular classes.

WE OFFER a wide range of interesting and practical studies, bearing directly on Business Success. Our long and successful experience in teaching covers all grades from the public school to the great university.

OUR STUDENTS, therefore, get the solid advantage of the highest grade of teaching, the best up-to-date methods, and a practical, scholarly presentment of every subject.

COME DIRECT to the College Office, 137 Upper Wyndham Street, or address

Malcolm MacCormack, B. A., Prin.

WE NOW ENTER OUR 47TH YEAR IN BUSINESS

We look forward to retaining and adding to this old Business as has been done throughout days, years and months of nearly half a century.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to All

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Phone 10-12 (Ten-Twelve) GUELPH

Our Headache Curing Record

Hundreds have been freed from persistent headaches by our scientifically fitted glasses.

When we undertake to cure headache we do so or refund the money.

ALL LENSES GROUND ON THE PREMISES

A. D. SAVAGE
OPYOMETRIST & MFG. OPTICIAN
"Right at the Post Office"
Phone 637X GUELPH

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS FARE

SINGLE FARE Dec. 24-25 good for return until Dec 26; also Dec. 31, 1914, and Jan. 1, 1915 valid for return until Jan. 2, 1915

FARE & ONE-THIRD Dec. 22-23-24-25, good for return until Dec. 26; also Dec. 30 and 31, 1914, and Jan. 1, 1915, valid for return until Jan. 4, 1915.

Above reduced fares apply between all stations in Canada east of Port Arthur and to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

Tickets now on sale at G. T. R. ticket offices.

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THE JONES ENGRAVING CO.
16 ADELAIDE ST WEST
TORONTO CANADA

The Bell Piano

A Piano—not only with a reputation, but with all the qualities to back—is

MADE IN GUELPH

By the largest manufacturers under the British flag and by the most skilled workmen known and is

SOLD IN ACTON

Purely on its merits, because it has given hundreds of people perfect satisfaction, because it possesses the sweetest tone and it stays in tune the longest.

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Pringle's Jewellery Stock

Auction Each Day at 2.30 and 7.30

A discount on all Private Sales

33⅓ to 50
Per cent. Discount

The Sale is now on and will continue until the entire stock is sold. Come and get goods at your own prices.

G. D. Pringle
Jeweller
Wyndham St. - Guelph

Poetry.

THE DYING YEAR

Ring solemn chimes, ye midnight bells,
As o'er the land your music swells;
Reminding man that his career
Shall end, just like the dying year.

Ring softly, life is but a dream,
Or, like an ever rolling stream,
That hurries on its mighty way,
Which Time is impotent to stay.

Ring as a muffled bell doth peal,
The dying year shall memories seal;
Memories of sorrows, joys, and peace.—
Both noble deeds and bad must cease.

Ring for the tones prophetic are,
They bring glad tidings from afar;
The year may die midst grief and pain,
Yet from its tomb will rise again.

Time was, time is, and time shall be,
Till blended in Eternity
And years shall die and live again,
For nothing mortal can remain.

Ring on ye softly solemn chimes,
Make men forget their hates and crimes;
And as your music fills the skies,
Let nobler aspirations rise.

Select Family Reading

The First Foot

MARGARET E. HANGSTER

THE LITTLE dressmaker was tired. She had finished and sent home the last stitch of the year's work. Everybody had hurried her, as people do, all wanting their gowns in time for the New Year's reception at the pastor's house, and all making more fuss than usual, because this reception was also to be a wedding occasion. Nan Gilchrist was to be married. From her babyhood Nan had been the darling of the parish and now that on her twenty-second birthday, New Years Day, too, she was to be a bride what was more, the bride of a very rich suitor, whose father had been a boy in Little Windham, the excitement in the parish reached the highest pitch.

Little Windham women did a great deal of their own sewing and Miss Rivers as a rule, took charge only of the cutting and fitting and acted as general adviser about the styles and trimmings. But this had been an exceptional season. The crops had been better than in seven years, and Little Windham's purse had been plethoric. People had money to spend. Miss Rivers had engaged several young girls to help her, and her business had been booming. She was tired, but who minds being tired when everything has gone well, when there are no especial worries and the outlook for the future is radiant?

Miss Rivers had been particularly pleased because Nan Gilchrist had insisted on having her dresses, even to her wedding-gown and the pretty going-away gown and all made in her home town by her home dressmaker.

"When I am married Tom may give me what he likes," she said to her mother, "but my trousseau shall be what my father can afford, and I'm not going to be so fine that the rest of you must be pinched for the next twelve months. I should be ashamed if I were selfish now when I am so happy."

"You never breathed a selfish breath in your whole life, Nan," said her little mother kissing the girl's fair view.

The clock struck eight, and Miss Rivers began to think of going to bed. She heard the young people laughing and chatting as they went up the street. They were going to keep watchnight in the old church. Years ago Miss Rivers had kept watch-night too, but that was when she was a girl, and Jasper Vance had watched the old year out and the new year in, at her side. A foolish quarrel had separated them. Jasper had gone West and never came back, and a report had been settled. Emily Rivers had long since ceased to grieve, but at anniversary times, since her mother's death, she had been very lonely; yet, though she had been asked more than once, she had never felt like saying yes to any lover's plea. The last one to urge her to change her condition had been Deacon Binns, wealthy close-fisted, and the father of six children.

Nothing in her had responded to his rather tepid middle-aged wooing, and she smiled as she reflected on the cheerfulness with which the deacon had accepted his dismissal. There were several spinsters of his acquaintance who were willing to become Mrs. Lemuel Binns, and the deacon was well aware of it and looked about at his leisure.

The door opened and in ran the bride of to-morrow. Nan Gilchrist was tall and slender, blue eyes and golden hair.

"I want you to know that I am perfectly delighted with everything you have made for me, Miss Emily," she said, "and I want to be sure that you'll come round early in the morning to pin on my veil.

"In the morning, dearie? You are not to be married until three o'clock."

"Ah, but I wanted to be sure everything will be exactly right, so I'll try on my whole outfit in the morning. How soon can you come, Miss Emily?"

"I'll come as soon as I have wished a happy New Year to whomever is my first foot over the sill," said Miss Rivers.

"Well, I hope your first foot will bring you good luck, dear friend," answered Nan gaily. "I must fly. I stole away. Tom will be waiting."

Tom was waiting at Miss Rivers' door and he tucked Nan's little hand within his arm and they went to the church together just for an hour of prayer and a hymn. But they sat in the last pew hand in hand, and in the shadow of the organ-loft where nobody saw them. Soon they slipped out and went home, and Tom bade Nan good-night, and turned his steps to the little country inn, where he was stopping. As he crossed the office, he observed a gray-haired stranger talking with the clerk. Tom Vance thought he knew everybody in Little Windham and he wondered who the newcomer might be. He heard the clerk say:

"Yes, sir, she lives in the same old place three streets to the left around the corner. She lives all alone now. Are you a friend of hers?"

"A very old friend," was the answer. "Call me early won't you?"

He went upstairs to his room, and Tom sauntered over to the desk and examined the register.

"Jasper Vance, from Idaho, and daughter!" he read. Then he blew a low whistle and a smile spread over his face. He had spent the summer of his boyhood here in Little Windham, and he knew most of the old stories. As a prospective bridegroom his heart was brimful of sentiment, and he thought happily that maybe there was to be a happy New Year for somebody besides Nan and himself.

"Miss Rivers will have a New Year's call, or I'm out of my reckoning," he said, as he laid his head on the pillow.

Tom wakened early. A man does not need to be called twice on his wedding day. He stepped to the window and looked out on the beautiful and sparkling winter's morning. Snow, hard packed and crisp, lay on the ground. The sun came up in a golden sky, the east shining and resplendent.

Early as it was, his neighbor in the next room was astir too. He had company in his room and Tom heard a child's silvery laughter. Before long the door opened and closed and the two went out and took their way down the silent street.

The man was broad-shouldered and strong. Presently he caught up the little six-year-old girl—a fairy figure wrapped in a coat of snowy fur—and went on with great strides, carrying her.

"In a hurry it seems," said Tom to himself getting into his own heavy overcoat and taking the road in his turn. He followed the two, for he was going their way. He wanted to be the first caller at the parsonage. They evidently meant to be the first callers somewhere.

They stopped sure enough at the little dressmaker's. Tom did not loiter nor spy but as he crossed the street at Miss Rivers' corner, he naturally glanced in the direction of her house. He saw her door opened and the little girl ran over the threshold first, then the man stepped in after and the door was closed.

Nobody can see through a heavy oaken door. But if Tom could have seen he would have been pleased and thrilled with a fellow-feeling of sympathy. For as Emily Rivers stood there Jasper Vance, hat in hand, said:

"Jessie wish the lady what I told you."

And the child's sweet voice had responded: "A Happy New Year, the happiest of all, to the best woman in the whole wide world."

Emily Rivers bent and kissed the child. Then the child's father folded them both in his arms."

"Jasper!" said Emily Rivers. "Jasper!"

"Jasper, my dear, and nobody else, who has come across a continent to be forgiven, and to lay all he had at your feet."

Later Emily heard the story of Jasper's life since he had left Little Windham, of his marriage with an orphan girl, the daughter of his dead partner, and of his wife's death five years before this time, since when his little Jessie had known no care and attention but his and that of other men with rough hands and kind hearts.

There were two weddings in the parsonage that New Year's day. One was that of Nan Gilchrist and Tom Vance, a bride and groom most beautiful in the glory of their youth. An hour after they had plighted their troth and when the friends had spoken their congratulations a hush suddenly fell on the throng, as a stalwart man, bronzed and gray-headed, but still in his prime, stepped from the group near the bridal party and a little woman in a gown of Quaker gray, was seen at his side. The second wedding was that of Jasper Vance and Emily Rivers, and the clergyman's fee for the second ceremony was paid in broad gold pieces, and was larger than that which was given him for the first. Little Windham went home after the double reception, to begin for itself another very happy New Year.

WHAT HE COULDN'T SELL

A gentleman was walking with a little boy at the close of the day, and in passing the cottage of a German laborer, the boy's attention was attracted to the dog. It was not a King Charles, nor a black-and-tan, but a common cur. Still the boy took a fancy to him and wanted his father to buy him.

Just than the owner of the dog came home from his labors, and was met by the dog with every demonstration of joy. The gentleman said to the owner:

"My little boy has taken a fancy to your dog and I will buy him. What do you want for him?"

"I can't sell dat dog," said the German.

"Look here," said the gentleman, "that is a poor dog, but as my boy wants him, I will give you five dollars for him."

"Vaas," said the German, "I knows he is a very poor dog and he ain't vort' almost nottin', but dere is von little thing mit dat dog vat I can't sell—I can't sell de vag of his tail ven I comes home at night."

FAT'S HIT

An English colonel, at kit inspection, said to Private Flanigan:—

"Ha! Yes, shirts, socks, flannels, all very good. Now, can you assure me that all the articles of your kit have buttons on them?"

"No, sir," said Private Flanigan, hesitating.

"How's that, sir?"

"Ain't no buttons on the towels, sir!"

WANTED THE KISS SHE PROMISED HIM

"We will cheer you, thank you, kiss you, when you come back again," the ending of the famous song, "Your King and Country Want You," recently sung in Toronto, by Miss Marie Tempest, was responsible for an exciting adventure that happened to Miss Edna Thornton, the English soprano, lately. Miss Thornton has been singing this recruiting song in England and is accredited with having raised whole battalions by the power of her voice. During her leisure hours she devotes much time to golf, and recently was spending an afternoon with a lady friend on a course near London. On the border of the club grounds is a lovely old English mansion which has been converted into a convalescent home for wounded soldiers. The golf courses of England are now practically deserted, and on this particular afternoon the two ladies were absolutely alone as they approached the 8th green. This is within 100 yards of the convalescent home, and the players were rather surprised to find some dozen wounded "Tommies" waiting to see them put out. All of them seemed cheery and smiling.

The ladies putted badly, and their play was not aided to any extent by occasional bits of good-natured chaff that reached them.

They became more flustered, however, when one big Cockney was heard to say in a semi-whisper: "Blimey, 'Arry, if it ain't 'er!" The ladies walked smartly to the next tee, but finding they were being followed, decided not to play that hole, but to walk to the tenth. The soldiers followed and quickened their pace as Miss Thornton and her friend tried to escape. The "Tommies" were now laughing heartily, and the big fellow's voice was again heard: "What price chasin' Godiva, 'Arry?"

The ladies finally in a moment of panic broke and ran for it, abandoning their clubs. At this the pursuers broke into a cheer, with cries of "Charge, boys," and at the tenth green were right up with the fugitives. The latter, in response to "It's all right, Miss," "Half a mo', Miss," turned to face their tormentors, and the big fellow came forward saying, "Bouse us, Miss, but ain't you the liddy that sang that song asking us to join?"

Miss Thornton caught her breath long enough to nod an affirmative, and the other came back with, "Well, wot elsh? that there promise of yours? Waren't you goin' to kiss us when we come back? Well, we're back, Miss!"

Roars of laughter greeted this and the speaker went on: "All we want is wot yer promised, Miss. Yer wouldn't go back on yer word, would yer, Miss?" Miss Thornton was appalled for a moment at the prospect of kissing the whole British army on its return, but she caught the humor of the situation in a minute and promptly expressed her willingness to fulfil the contract.

That changed the entire position in a moment. The "Tommies" presented a laughable sight as they tried to hide their embarrassment. Some picked at their bandages, others became interested in the surrounding trees; none could look at Miss Thornton or step forward to accept the salute.

Finally the spokesman, twirling his cap, said: "We was only jokin', Miss. We knowed as 'ow the likes o' you couldn't kiss the likes o' us; besides, Miss"—as a sudden thought struck him—"we know as 'ow you meant it, Miss, you meant, when we come back for keeps, didn't yer, Miss. We're all agoin' back, ain't we, boys?" This was received with a chorus of "Rit-a-a-ther," and one by one they edged away toward their temporary home.

QUIZZING THE YOUNG M. D.

During a trial a youthful physician was summoned as a witness. It was natural, of course, that counsel for the other side should, in cross-examination, seize the occasion to make certain sarcastic remarks touching the knowledge and skill of so young a doctor. "Are you," questioned the lawyer, "entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," continued the lawyer, "I should like to ask your opinion of a hypothetical case. Were my learned friend, Mr. Reed and myself to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Mr. Reed might," was the disconcerting reply.

DO ONE THING WELL

Haven't you noticed that those who have succeeded best in life have been earnest, diligent workers, and have confined themselves to certain well defined lines? They have known what they were doing, and fully realizing that they would be rewarded according to the effort put forth.

The dilletante who enters first upon one line and then upon another, and then drops out to enter upon another that is yielding richly to some one who is capable of working it properly, is flirting with failure.

The world is full of these, comments a student of life, and you may be one of them. If so, break away and set yourself to the task of learning to do some thing well.

No man can farm, run a sawmill, operate a coal bank, and play politics and succeed, although either calling when followed industriously will pay well.

Choose a trade or profession to your taste and then bend your best energies toward success and you must succeed for under these conditions success is coming to you and you will get it sure.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Noted from the Free Press of Thursday, January 3rd, 1895

The windows of the new Knox Church are in. They look well. The plasterers have commenced work.

Messrs. J. G. Hill, of Toledo, Ohio, and C. W. Hill, of Monroe, Mich., have formed a company known as the Toledo Engraving Co.

The new officers of Acton Temperance Union are: President—Robt. J. Edmiston; Vice-Pres.—Chas. Jonner; Secretary—Miss Ida McNabb; Treas.—Geo. H. Barnaby; Chaplain, Hannah Bingham; Usher—H. Jaans; Organist—Miss A. Williams; Sentinel—Samuel Stauffer.

Rev. J. E. Howell conducted Watch Night Service in the Methodist Church on New Year's eve, with a large congregation.

Following a consultation of physicians at St. Allan's Parsonage last week, an operation was decided to be undertaken in the case of Rev. G. B. Cooke. Dr. Howitt, of Guelph, had charge, and associated with him were Dr. McKeague, Acton, Dr. Dryden, Rockwood, Dr. Cooke, Chicago, and Dr. Chas. Cooke, Toronto. The operation revealed a malignant growth in the stomach, and the sad conclusion that there is no hope for recovery. The news is very sorrowful indeed.

Knox Church Sunday School New Year's entertainment was very largely attended—the church being crowded. The special feature of the evening's programme was the building of a lighthouse. Many scripture truths were inculated, and the fact was forcefully impressed that "The light of the word is Jesus." The customary holiday presents were omitted, a change being made so as to provide a nucleus for a fund to provide light for the new church.

At the nominations Reeve Pearson was re-elected by acclamation. Councillors Havill, John Williams, Jos. Anderson, and Jeans, were nominated for re-election, as also Messrs. Isaac Francis, A. E. Nicklin, Robt. Holmes, John H. Matthews. For School Trustees, Messrs. Harding, James McLaus and Wallace are re-elected by acclamation—Mr. John L. Charles, who was nominated, having withdrawn.

Mr. Wm. Overton, of Haliburton, is visiting Acton friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Laishman, of Crewsons Corners, were in Toronto last week attending the wedding of Miss Hattie Eagle, daughter of Mr. Thos. Eagle.

MARRIED

BOTTON-COWAN—At the residence of the bride's parents, on January 1st, by Rev. L. Perrin, William Betton, of Acton, to Lizzie, daughter of William Cowan, Esq., Esq.

THOMPSON-ARMOUR—At the residence of the bride's parents, on January 1st, by Rev. J. W. Mac. James Thompson to Maggie, daughter of Joseph Arthur, all of Esquesing.

MURRAY-HEAD—In Guelph, on December 30th, by Rev. W. H. Harvey, M. A., Mr. Archie Murray, of Rockwood, to Miss Jessie Hard, of Guelph, for some time a resident a resident of Acton.

ANDERSON-WILLIAMSON—At the residence of the bride's parents, on December 30th, by Rev. J. E. Howell, M. A., William Dutton Anderson, to Ada, daughter of David Williamson, of Massassaugeya.

DIED

DUFF—At Alma Crain, on New Year's Day, Jessie daughter of Mr. John Duff, Esq., aged 21 years, 10 months.

THE BEST SIDE

It is said that the sweetest side of any fruit or vegetable is the side which grows toward the sun. There is no doubt that the sun has a great deal to do with the beauty and flavor of the fruits which are the delight of man. In this casual observation, as in so many facts from nature, rests a beautiful spiritual lesson for us all. What the sun is to the natural world, that and much more, is Christ to the world of spiritual things. As the sun influences the fruits and vegetables of the earth, giving them beauty and lusciousness, so Christ sheds an influence over the lives of many and gives them beauty of character and purity of heart. And as the sweetest side of a fruit or vegetable is the side toward the sun, so the best side of man is the side toward Christ.—Selected.

READY TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF?

On New Year's—the day of new resolves—suggestions are, of course, in order.

Here is the best one you have heard yet:

Begin turning over your new leaf right now while you have this newspaper in your hands.

To be specific turn over to the pages that contain the advertising. Glance through it. If it does not interest you, don't read it.

But begin the habit now and start yourself on the road to new and better things.

This advertising is the news of the world's progress and your invitation to come and share in it.

Just resolve that you are not going to let any good things escape you in the year 1915.

HOW MANY?

Dr. Henry Coward, the lecturer on music, tells a story of his early days concerning a quartette which he organized among warehouse workers in a northern city. He approached a showman who was visiting the district and suggested to him that a party of singers would be an attraction to his show.

"Kin they sing?" asked the showman.

"Yes, very well."

"Have they dress suits? Them's necessary."

"Yes."

"How much will it cost for such an engagement?"

"Five shillling per night, I think, will do it."

"I know," said the entertainer; "but how much will it cost? How many are there in this 'ere quartette?"

A NEW YEAR'S HOPE

I dare not hope that in this dawning year
I shall accomplish all my dreams hold dear;
That I, when this year closes, shall have wrought
All the high tasks that my ambitions sought,
And that I shall be then the creature free,
Strong and unselfish, that I long to be.

But truly do I hope, resolve, and pray
That as the new year passes, day by day
My footsteps, however short and slow,
Shall still press forward in the path they go,
And that my eyes, uplifted evermore,
Shall look forth dauntless to the things before;
And when this new year with the old have gone,
I still may courage have struggle on.

—Effie Smith.

THE NEW YEAR'S CHOICE

Once, long ago, the Lord appeared in a vision of the night to a young man with the offer, "Ask what I shall give thee." And a decisive moment was that in which the young king weighed against all others the thing which he most desired.

Centuries lie between us and the young king, Solomon, but still—and especially on each recurring New Year's—God appears to each of us with practically the same offer, "Ask what I shall give thee." And, as with Solomon, so with every young heart, there lies the choice of the gift. Were the question an audible one, what would your answer be?

A painting by Raphael while in his early manhood, is "The Knight's Dream." An armor-clad youth sleeps on his shield at the foot of a laurel tree; beside him stand two female figures. One, gentle and serious, offers him a book and sword, inviting to the noble ambition of study or arms; the other, beautiful and brilliant, calls him to the joys of pleasure and luxury in the city seen beyond. We know that, in the picture, Raphael is showing the forces beckoning him; the life of ease and pleasure. And when he died, at the age of thirty-seven, the long list of his marvelous paintings, before which the world still stands in wonder and admiration, tells how he made his choice.

So each recurring New Year's, in effect, says, "Ask what I shall give thee." And the choice for the coming year may be your choice for all the years of life. It is by choice that men seek money and learning and influence. And remember it is not a question of this and that, but of this or that. To choose is to decide between, to leave as well as to take. Therefore, what will you choose for the year before you? God himself asks the question, makes the offer.

Some may say, "I cannot choose. I am so hedged and hampered by circumstance that I have no choice!" Ah, you, you have a choice! Will you be brave and unselfish and unloving, or impatient, and fretful and sourly discontented? The choice of life's success or failure.

You may say, "I have chosen my desire, but it has not come." Very possibly it is not coming in the way you have expected. The story is told of a girl who went to a celebrated music teacher. She felt she was ready for brilliant composition; but, when he had heard her play, he sent her home to practice the scales for a year. At the end of the year she came again, and again he sent her back to practice the scales. And so for three years. At the end of that time he listened to her, and said: "Now you are ready for anything." So it often is with us. We must learn the scales, we must touch and master the keys, the minors as well as the majors, before we are ready for the melodies. The young men who are to be the officers in the army and navy undergo years of the most rigid drill and discipline to fit them to command.

Be sure of this: the question is being put to every young and eager soul, "What shall I give thee?" And the Giver of all good is waiting your choice. The young king, Solomon, chose one of earth's best gifts, but not the best; and, lacking that, he sadly failed to touch his highest possibility; for then, as now, it was he who seeks first the kingdom of heaven to whom "all these things" that make for the purest happiness shall be added.

Are you ready for the offer as it comes to you, "Ask what I shall give thee?"—Adele F. Thompson.

A CAUTIOUS OWNER

A Pennsylvania farmer was the owner of a good Alderney cow. A stranger, having admired the animal, asked the farmer: "What will you take for your cow?"

The farmer scratched his head for a moment, and then said: "Look-a-here, be you the tax assessor or has she been killed by the railroad?"

MADE IT EASIER FOR HIM

The story is told of an Irishman who was one day engaged at stonebreaking on the roadside, and not being used to the work, could not get on very fast. A friend of his who chanced to pass by as Pat was belaboring a large stone with renewed vigor tried to show him the right way, and, taking the hammer from him, broke the stone with ease.

"Bald Pat: "Sure, now, and it be easy for ye to break the stone after I have been softening it for the last half hour."

SALT AS A PRESERVATIVE

In replacing a railroad trestle recently burned along the north shore of Great Salt Lake, engineers found the piles perfectly sound after forty-three years of service, due to the timbers being impregnated with salt from the lake.

No Rest With Asthma.—Asthma usually attacks at night, the one time when rest is needed most. Hence the loss of strength, the nervous debility, the loss of flesh and other evils which must be expected unless relief is secured. Fortunately relief is possible. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has proved its merit through years of service. A trial will convince you.

The Oil of Power.—It is not claimed for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that it will cure every ill, but its uses are so various that it may be looked upon as a general pain killer. It has achieved that greatness for itself and all attempts to surpass it have failed. Its excellence is known to all who have tested its virtues and learnt by experience.