The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence Corner Mill & Frederick roots, Acton.

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S., DENTIST.
OFFICE Over the Drug Store, ACTON

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

McLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors Notaries Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A McLEAN

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC
OFFICES.—1226 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 51 Victoria St
Telephone 297. TORONTO.
JOHN DOUGLAS A. MURRAY

E. W. BOYD,
Barrister, Solicitor Notary Conveyancer
MONEY TO LOAN
Office: Booth's Block, Main St Milton
Office at Streetsville each Wednesday afternoon —Palace Bakery Block, Queen Street.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC
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OFFICE,—Douglas St. Guelph

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Matthews' Block,
ACTON ONT

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
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Money to loan at lowest rates

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OFFICE:—Wyndham Street

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OTTAWA, CANADA
Solicitor of Patents, for Inventions, &c.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

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

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph Ontario
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

THE METHODIST CHURCH
ACTON.
REV. J. E. HOWELL, M. A Pastor
Parsonage, Bower Avenue
Public Services 10.30 a.m., and 6.30 p.m. Sunday school 2.30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited
Strangers and visitors always welcome. Assistive ushers at the door
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, J. B. COLEMAN, President. Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited

Main Street
PLANING MILLS.
ACTON, ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Moulding in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
to order on short notice
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS

JOB PRINTING.

INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE
FREE PRESS Office, Acton.

There are Others

To be sure, but for the best in our line, without bother, just try us.

Stocktaking finds us with lots of goods, but little money. We've cut the prices to see if we can't make it lots of money and a lighter stock.

3 Leaders 3
Baby Carriages,
Bicycles,
Sporting Goods.
Our Prices on these will astonish you. Just see.

DAY'S BOOK STORE.
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

Trilby's Father

When quite a young man went to Paris and clerked in a shoe store. After being away from his native town for a number of years, he returned home, and as his outward appearance had changed somewhat during the years of his absence, he determined to go to his mother's house, unannounced, and see if the filial affection in the child for the parent would be reciprocated by the parent, and thus lead the parent to recognize her boy. He went to her house as a stranger, and asked his mother for food and lodging, she, not recognizing her son, gave him bread, but refused him lodging, thinking that perhaps he might be a robber, but she allowed him to warm himself by the fire and gave him permission to sleep in the barn

You Must be Known to be Appreciated.

WILLIAMS'
.. Shoe Store ..
Is well and favorably known and our goods are appreciated. We have all classes of
Boots, and Shoes,
Slippers, Rubbers,
Trunks, Valises, etc
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE
WILLIAM WILLIAMS
Mill St. ACTON

Dress and Mantle Making

Miss Armstrong
LATE OF TORONTO,
Has opened Dress and Mantle Making rooms in Mrs. Secord's Block, next door to Miss White's millinery rooms, Acton, and invites the patronage of the ladies of Acton and vicinity
Having had experience with the best classes of work I feel that I can confidently assure all who favor me with their orders the best of satisfaction
MISS ARMSTRONG

SEASON 1895
WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1 50 per M
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

EVERTON MILLS.
Best grists of 10 bushels or over ground in Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel
FLOUR
BRAN
SHORTS
Chop Feed
Cracked Wheat
A little Flour for sale at Acton, at G. A. FEED Store, Acton
HENRY HORTOP

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
We have our roller mill now in complete and satisfactory running order, and are in a position to supply the wants of the public with
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
and all kinds of Feed,
AT RIGHT PRICES.
Every order will receive prompt attention and will be delivered to any part of the town.
Our terms are cash and one price for all.
Don't forget to patronize home industry Give us a fair trial and we will leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture.
Orders taken at the Mill or at J. V. Kappelmann's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
AND
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 607,400
Rest 85,000
GUELPH BRANCH
3½ PER CENT INTEREST paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, or compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November
Deposit Receipts issued
Farmers notes discounted
The collection of sales notes a specialty
A general Banking business transacted.
A. E. H. JONES,
Manager.

IT'S HIGH TIME
YOU ORDERED YOUR
Binder Twine.
We have already sold TWENTY TONS.
BOND & CO'S.
GUELPH.

X L Cior
...Bakery
ACTON, ONT
Bread,
Cakes,
Biscuits
Confectionery
Also FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, ICE CREAM, &c.
Thanking the people of Acton and surrounding country for past favors we trust in them for the continuance of the same. All orders promptly attended to and delivered by the old reliable bakers
T. STATHAM & SON
P. S. Wedding Cakes a specialty

BARGAINS.
N. J. BONNAR
Has a few lines of Spring Goods still left in stock which he has determined to sacrifice at very low prices.
He considers it no trouble to show goods and answer any questions relative to prices, styles, etc.
Call To-day
And you will no doubt find something in his stock of Cloths to suit.
SATISFACTORY WORKMANSHIP ALWAYS ASSURED
N. J. BONNAR
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Mill St ACTON

SEED CORN
Blue South White 90c Bushel
Yellow Horse Tooth 75c Bushel
All the new early varieties for Sale
CALL AND EXAMINE
Turnip Seed.
The finest in the land. All imported seed. Fifteen varieties to choose from. Twenty cents a pound or six pounds for $1.00
Rape Seed.
GENUINE DWARF ESSEX
Tested at the O. A. College again this year. Five lbs. for 25c or 15 lbs. for $1.00
Also in stock the New Sensation Forage Plant Hungarian, Millet, Sugar Cane, Tares, Flax Seed, Buckwheat, Oilcake, &c. &c.
GEO. J. THORPE,
The only practical seedsman and direct importer in Guelph.
I WANT 10,000 LBS. OF WOOL THIS YEAR

It Will Pay You
TO VISIT
THE
WALL PAPER
Department
OF
WATERS BROS.
Guelph, Ont.
Prices from 5c to 75c per Roll.
About 3,000 Rolls Last Years Gilts at Half Price.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE.
DO NOT MISS IT.

Poetry.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

The great big church was crowded full uvbroadcloth and uv silk,
An' satin rich as cream that grows on our old brindle's milk,
Shined boots; blued shirts, stiff dickeys, and suspenjie lasts were there,
An' doors 'ith trimmitions so tight they couldn't kneel down in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high said, as he slowly rise,
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith rheumatis,
An as we have no substitoot, as Brother Moore ain't here,
Will some un in the congregation be so kind's to volunteer?"

An' then a red nosed drunken tramp of low estate
Staggered up the aisle,
Then thro' that holy atmosphere there crept a sense of sin,
An thro that air of sanctity the odor uv old gin.

Then Deacon Durington he yelled, his teeth all set on edge,
"This man perfanes the house of God! Why, this is sacrilege!"
The tramp didn't hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith stumblin' feet,
An' sprawled an' staggered up the steps, an' gained the organ seat.

He then went pawin' through the keys, an' soon there rose a strain
That seemed to jest bulge out the heart, an' electrify the brain,
And then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands as broad as knees,
He slam dashed his hull body down kerflop upon the keys

The organ roared, the music flood went sweeping high and dry,
It swelled into the rafters and bulged out into the sky,
And the old church shook an' staggered, an seemed to reel an' sway
An the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out "Hooray,"

An then he tried a softer strain that stirred I'm in our ears,
The brought up blessed memories an drenched 'em down 'ith tears,
An we dreamed of old time kitchens, 'ith Fabby on the hunt,
Uv home an luv an baby days, an mother an all that'

An' then he struck a streak of hope a song from souls forgiven
That burst from prison bars to sing, an stormed the gates uv heaven,
The morning stars they sang together the soul was left alone
We felt the universe was safe an God was on his throne'

An then a wail uv despair deep as an earthquake came again,
An long like a reaps hung on the shoes us all the human uv men,
No sun no light, no joy no hope no songs no glad delight,
An then the tramp he staggered down an reeled into the night

You an I have heard told his story the he never spoke a word,
An it was the saddest story that our ears had ever heard,
He had told his own life history in a style we understood
When the elder rose and simply said "My brethren, let us pray."

S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

Select Family Reading.

Across the Hall

It was a double house, with a door in it very exactly in the centre and rooms upon either side. Mrs. Samson, when she rented it, enthusiastically declared it must have been built for a boarding house, so admirably did it suit that purpose, although the millionaire who did build it would have groaned in horror at such a suggestion.

But a boarding house it was, and a well conducted, comfortable one, when I, Harry Bell, engaged a room on the third floor, and brought my belongings there. Now I was fully aware that the *creme de la creme* of Mrs Samson's boarders did not reside above the second floor, and only what she called "clerks, you know, and people who cannot pay a large board," dwelt upon the third and fourth floors. So I let her think what she pleased about my income, acceded to her demand for a "week always in advance," and said I was a medical student although I had graduated three years before.

"Did you get in old fellow? Steve Harlan asked me, the next time we met.

"I did.

"Neat room?

"Engaged." Mine is at the back.

"Well? Who is she?

"Companion to an ancient party on the first floor below. Maid has a room next the mistress. Companion mounts another flight of stairs. And we sit opposite each other at the table. The ancient party glares at me as if I owed her something. Perhaps she thinks I want to feel her pulse. She is a corpulent individual, red in the face, and eats like a rhinoceros. The companion looks prettier than ever beside her!

"Got any names?

"Yes. Ancient party is Mrs. Carter; companion is Elsie Lennox.

Then Steve whistled with so much significance that I cried, with conviction

"You know her?

"I should rather think I did! Her father failed for goodness knows how much two years ago, and like Lewis Carroll's baker, he suddenly and softly vanished away from his creditors, leaving Elsie with her aunt. Mrs. Carter is a distant relative, cousin or something. Why three years ago Elsie Lennox was the belle of the season.

I did not know whether I was glad or sorry to hear all this. I had seen Elsie Lennox in the street, had seen her enter Mrs Samson's several times, and her exquisite face and graceful figure had won so much warm admiration that I longed to know her, to speak to her, hoping, perhaps, to win from her some answering interest and liking.

And so I applied for board at Mrs. Samson's, and having see Elsie's face at a third story window, obtained possession of the corresponding window on the other side of the hall.

It was not difficult to strike up an acquaintance, but very difficult, I found it, to gain more than a scant courtesy from Miss Lennox. The ancient party, Mrs Carter, evidently allowed no "followers" for she most decidedly snubbed me whenever I tried to make myself agreeable. And how I did try! I offered her the use of my numerous magazines, only to be informed that she subscribed herself for everything that was worth reading. I brought flowers to her, and saw them fade in the hall, because she thought the scent unhealthy in a room. I offered to attend to any business she might have down town and was informed that her agent and her maid attended to her affairs. And at about this stage of the proceedings I became uncomfortably sure that Miss Lennox was laughing at me.

I dropped Mrs. Carter then, and directed my attentions to Miss Lennox; but it was certainly the most up hill courting ever attempted. Miss Lennox was cold as ice, and Mrs. Carter gave her but little leisure time, so that meeting in the public parlor was simply a vexation. I tried other tactics. I waited in my own room until my neighbor across the hall went down to dinner, and then stepping over, left just inside her door, such offerings as flowers, fruits or books. I wrote tender verses and slipped them under her door; and once—only once I took my violin when she was singing to her room to her own piano accompaniment, and followed the air in my tenderest strains. The emphatic bang with which the piano was closed effectually prevented any repetition of that effort.

I had begun to depair, when fortune favored me. I had been reading until a late hour, and had fallen asleep in a softly-cushioned chair, when a quick rap on my door awakened me, and Mrs Samson's voice asked:

"Are you awake?"

I opened the door at once.

"I saw your light was burning," Mrs. Samson said. "You told me you were studying medicine. Do come to Mrs. Carter and see if you can do anything for her before her own physician comes. I have sent for him, but it is a long distance to go.

Just one glance at the sufferer told me she could not wait for aid from a long distance. She lay in an apoplectic fit that threatened instant death. I went to work at once, opened a vein in the throat, applied the usual remedies and had the satisfaction of bringing her back from the very confines of the grave before her own doctor arrived. All through the quick, active treatment, I had accepted almost mechanically the help of Elsie Lennox's ready hands, giving my orders rather sharply in the stress of danger, and thinking nothing of the girl I had learned to love, until, the danger over, the case taken in hand by Mrs. Carter's physician, I became conscious of a deadly white face and shaking hands beside me.

"Drink this." I said mixing a stimulant and putting it to her lips.

"I am not familiar with sickness, Elsie said, presently, in a tone of apology. "I thought she was dying.

"She was dangerously near it, I said, and you had the right to be alarmed even if you were familiar with sickness. But the danger is over now.

"It was well you were so near. Dr. Hall said, joining us. "Bless me, it is Harry Bell!"

I had already recognized one of the professors of the university where I had taken my diploma, and we shook hands cordially. A little professional chat followed as I escorted him to the door, and on returning to Mrs. Carter's room I undertook to be ready to respond to any further call upon my services during the night.

Dr. Hall must have spoken in my favor to Mrs. Carter, for the barriers between us were suddenly thrown down, and I found myself admitted to a friendship I had quite despaired of gaining. Everything favored me, and in the intimacy that followed, my whole heart passed into Elsie's keeping. She filled my ideal of womanly sweetness, bearing the caprices and bad temper of her cousin with a gentle patience that had not one atom of servility in it, showing in her quiet conversation a cultivated intellect and refined taste, using her accomplishments to amuse Mrs Carter, never for display of her own power. Toward me she was always courteous, pleasant, even friendly no more. Never seeing her alone, I could not plead my love, and I feared to startle her by writing, having no thread of encouragement to build a hope upon.

Three happy months, happy in spite of my doubts and fears, passed away, and then I was hastily summoned away to the death bed of a near relative. After a week's absence I returned to Mrs Samson's to find Mrs. Carter alone and mysteriously reticent about her cousin's absence.

It is not a pleasant recollection to me, the months that followed. In answer to a plain question, Mrs Carter flatly refused to tell me where Elsie had gone, and I fully, miserably realized that my whole life's happiness had been bound up in the hope of winning her. I travelled about, always returning to Mrs Samson's in the vain hope that Elsie might have come there also. I was not fond of my profession, which I had studied to please my uncle. I had tried to like it while he lived, but when he died and there was no one to please I found my disgust for sores and sickness, my shrinking at the sight of pain, were stronger than my desire to cure. I know this is a humiliating confession, but it is true.

So I moped about, read a great deal, hovered on the brink of many a pitfall, and drew back, and a year had passed, when one morning Mrs. Carter sent for me.

"Why did you deceive me? she asked abruptly.

I stared at her in honest amazement.

"I thought you were a poor man, she said, "poking up in that little, miserable third story room. I had no idea that you were Harvey Bell's son, and worth hundreds of thousands. It was only yesterday I heard who you are. I am a worldly old woman, you will tell me. Well, I am and being worldly and mercenary, and all that, I sent Elsie Lennox out of your way, when was I a blind old idiot as well, or were you in love with her?

"I love her with all my heart," I answered.

"Humph! why didn't you tell me you had sufficient money to support a wife? I sent her off to be a governess in a friends' family. How could I know her miserable scamp of a father was I send for her? Gracious me! There's a pretty mess now! John, that is Mr. Lennox, Elsie's father—is down in Texas, dying and writes to me for money. Whatever he did with all he muddled away, he didn't take any with him; and there's that child alone with him! I can't go. You can see I'm not fit for such a journey in midwinter. John may be dead now. Bless me! I'm half distracted. Do you want to go to them? She is the child of a bankrupt who made a disgraceful failure. I don't choose to tell any lies about them. She has not a cent, and she will not have my money, because it goes to my husband's nephew, whether I will it so or not. You shan't say I deceived you about her. I suppose she should want to choke me if I tell you she was fond of you. I know it reserved as she was. You need not imagine she put on love sick airs about you, and gushed to me; but eyes and cheeks are tell tales sometimes. Well, are you going, or are you disgusted with the whole business?"

"I am going as soon as you are kind enough to give me the address."

"Here is John's letter. Likely enough he is more scared than hurt, and not so ill as he thinks. There! Good-bye. Give my love to Elsie, and if I am mistaken, and she doesn't care for you, will you bring her back to me?"

"I will. I'll start to-day."

John Lennox was not mistaken. I found my darling in a wretched hut near Galveston, with a negro servant trying to benefit her as she sobbed over her father's corpse. I had stopped at St. Louis on my journey, and persuaded a cousin of my own—a gentle widow, past middle age—to accompany me to Texas, and to her tenderness and care I left the desolate girl until after the funeral. It was then decided she should accept my cousin's hospitality, and we went to St. Louis, a mourning party, but one heart full of eager hope.

I did not win my darling easily, for she was crushed by the knowledge that her father's failure was one of exposed fraud. But she loved me, and to that love I trusted, and not in vain.

We came again to Mrs. Samson's after two years spent in Europe, where my wife left all her sorrows and troubles, coming home a happy, loving wife, and proud, fond mother.

Mrs. Carter had engaged a suit of rooms for us opposite to her own, and seems to have renewed her youth and found a new stock of amiability. It is difficult to believe the smiling, loving woman who greets us now when we cross the hall, is the same fat old tyrant who made Elsie's life miserable when she lived in the third story, and I cast loving, despairing looks upon her across the hall.

SAVED BY A DUMMY.

"Audacity, audacity again, audacity always"—the maxim of the French revolutionist—characterizes the tiger. If made angry by a wound, or by being disturbed while feeding, it becomes ferocious, fearless and persistent. The story of an adventure in an Indian jungle, told by Colonel Pollock in his "Incidents of Foreign Sport," shows how indifferent to danger a tiger is when intent upon gratifying its ferocity. The colonel, having shot a gaur, sent two coolies to bring in the head.

They returned with the news that a family of tigers had taken possession of the gaur. Whereupon the colonel, accompanied by his native hunter and the two coolies, set out to bag a tiger.

The big oats were found hard at work in a patch of heavy grass, into which they had dragged the gaur. Sending the two coolies up a small tree, a little way off, the colonel and the shikaree climbed a large tree by the aid of a bamboo ladder. From his perch the colonel got a view of a large and a medium sized tiger. He fired at the shoulder of the large one, and took a snap shot at the other as it bolted and broke its back.

There were responding roars, then a tiger rushed at the colonel's tree, knocked down the ladder, and retired, wounded from a hurried shot, to a heavy patch of grass ten yards off. There it announced itself on guard by roars and snarls. Five shots failed to drive it away.

Finding that he had but two cartridges left, the colonel held out his hand to the shikaree for more. That worthy had given the bag containing the ammunition to one of the coolies. Only a monkey or a native could descend the tree without a ladder. The red ants led the men a lively time, the young tiger whose back had been broken roared through the night and its mother who was on guard responded. The two cartridges were kept for an emergency.

An hour before daybreak the tigers became silent. A dead branch flung into the grass provoked a roar which told that she was still on guard. The colonel took off his trousers and coat and stuffed them full of leaves, thus making a dummy man. The shikaree tore his turban into strips, and tied one end to the stuffed figure. Going out on a branch he let it down. As it touched the ground the tigress sprang upon it and tore it to bits. The colonel rolled her over with a ball through the neck and another through the shoulder. She died without a groan.

Then the coolies were called upon to descend and re erect the ladder. Down it the colonel came, loaded the rifles from the bag and killed the broken backed cub. But his trousers and coat were torn to shreds and he had to walk to his tent more undressed than a Highland Scot in full parade costume.

BE A HUSTLER.

The *Farmer* says "Dead people ought to be buried. It is not the thing to have them lying around on the top of the earth for live people to stumble over, they ought to be put away where they cannot be seen nor heard from, unless they can be brought to life. This is possible sometimes in cases where all the blood is not congealed, and a spark of brain force is left to work upon.

There are some people who do not think it necessary to be alive, and they shut their eyes and stop up their ears and deliberately refuse to see and to listen. The law of activity is written upon nature, but they will not look at it, every passing breeze of the stirring demand of the present, but they will not heed, and so they sleep and yawn and move with snake like motion until the judgment overtakes them and then they will have a whole eternity in which to complain of hot weather.

You say you love your order. We don't believe a word of it until you do something to advance it. You don't attend its meeting regularly, you don't talk it up among your associates, you never write anything for its organ, some of you are too mean to pay a year's subscription for it, and yet you say, "I love our grand old order."

You say you love your fellowmen. Bosh! you show it, don't you? You have friends who ought to be enrolled as members, and they have families who ought to be provided for. It wouldn't take much time nor much trouble to go around to see them some evening, and in the quiet of their home tell them of the merits of the order and of their duty to their dependent households.

HOW TO BECOME VALUABLE.

Why does that young man never receive for his services above $15 a week? asks "Eli," in the Commercial Bulletin and Northwest Trade. Because he does not study and drink in knowledge that will make him worth more than that. This young man says he isn't treated fairly; that others succeed while he struggles along without much advancement. Let us see about that. Where does the complaining young man spend his spare time? Perhaps on the street, perhaps in hunting in the summer and skating in the winter, perhaps in lounging about the corners indulging in idle gossip. All these things have a place, even to the gossip on the corner, but when they make up the sum total of a man's spare time they prove to be his executioner.

How about the other young man who went from $15 to $20 and then on to $30, and $40 and even on to a higher salary a week. He improved his spare time in study and developing his mind to the point that he was able to command attention because he had something to give out. His policy was to read along a certain line every winter, read daily papers regularly and if possible a foreign paper that would keep him in touch with the world; if he didn't have a foreign paper handy he subscribed for one; he bought a few books every year, not novels, but philosophy and history; he looked into the inner history of the Bible, and he studied it closely, only to find that great minds had done that before him; there was Bauer and others of the negative side of the German Tubingen school on the one side, honestly searching for the truth about the authenticity of the Scriptures, not to Bob Ingersoll fashion, but in honest doubt, there was Drummond, and Mathieson, and Farrar, and many others on the other side, fully convinced of the great power of spiritual truth in the development of the world.

Can we measure what the effect of years of study along those lines would be on the mind of any person? There must be development, of course, and yet we hear young young business men who work in the stores say they never had an opportunity to attend college. What should they do? Make a college at home. Turn their bedroom into a college and dig out the great truths of history and science. That is what we are here for. It is unfortunate that so many fail to grasp the great fact that knowledge can be had for the seeking. The trouble is it is not sought after, instead the days are passing in the merest drivel of words, and the mind dies for want of nourishment.

If you envy great men be a great man yourself. Start out to be something and you will succeed in being somebody the world will respect. Light will come in as you proceed, and you will be able to develop year by year, until in a few years you have become an able man. The idea that a term in college makes a man smart is fiction. The man must make himself after he has been through college. That is only a disciplinary school. It lays the foundation, but the building is yet to be erected. Put in the foundation yourself and begin to build. That is the way to growth.

If I were a clerk in a store I would subscribe for the *London Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh Review*, or both, costing about $11 a year, and for the *Popular Science Monthly*, costing $5 a year and read them carefully. This done you will be an educated man in ten years. I would add as many standard books to these each year as I could afford. I was talking with a gentleman this week, a writer on a Minneapolis newspaper, who is an encyclopedia in himself. He is a great student and has a library of 4,000 volumes.

"How many of them have you read?" I asked.

"Every one of them," was the reply.

Is it any wonder that man is a genius and draws a salary of more than $15 a week? *Canadian Grocer.*

GET TOGETHER

The merchants of every town find it advantageous to "get together" occasionally and discuss the local business situation, for very often they will discover how some things that are working against them can be remedied.

If all the business men of the town can be interested so much the better. We often drift into a rut, and become prejudiced and opinionated. Circulation among our neighbors will often show us our mistaken notions and we will become more charitable in our estimate of others.

The business men of every community have the power to do much for their localities if they will drop rivalries long enough to do it. Men are like nations when they come together they soon discover that the "other fellow" is not as bad as they had pictured him, that is, generally speaking, this is the case. The business men of the city work together along these lines, why shouldn't the business men of the country? We know of some towns where co operation of this character is bringing good results. Isn't there sufficient in the argument to attract business men in towns where the co operation has never been tried? It is a good thing to look the ground over occasionally. *Commercial Bulletin.*

HOW TO KEEP EGGS

Slake a piece of lime the size of an egg in a gallon of water, and when cold pour it over the eggs laid in a stone jar or large butter pot. The eggs should all be turned point downward. Cover them and keep them in the cellar or any cool place. Be very careful to choose perfectly fresh eggs, as one bad one will necessitate removing all others, washing the jar and pouring out freshly prepared limed water. Eggs can be kept in this way from one springtime until the next. They can be used in any manner except for meringues, for which the white does not attain the required stiffness. If laid down when eggs are cheap and marketed as limited eggs when other eggs are very dear, they can be sold at a good profit to the salesman. —*Housewife.*

Here is a receipe which several of our neighbors have tried, and with satisfactory results. In a barrel or box that can be headed up place first a layer of salt and then a layer of eggs on their ends, and so on, a layer of salt and eggs alternately. In the course of a few months the box should be turned from one end to the other several times.

To bear is to conquer our faith.

Now see that your blood is pure. Good health follows the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla which is the one great blood purifier.

THE LITTLE WHITE HEARSE AT THE DOOR.

The windows are closed and the blinds close drawn,
Long and neglected the grass on the lawn,
The house is in mourning, a sweet mother weeps,
In a wee, white coffin her boy baby sleeps,
His playing is over, he'll laugh nevermore,
For a little white hearse has stopped at the door.

What a vision of watching, waiting and tears:
What a story of nursing and hopes and fears,
What a sad refrain, what memories of pain,
Echoes of a voice to be heard not again,
Comes to every heart that has once felt the sore
Of seeing a little white hearse at the door.

His toys are all hidden, his clothes put away,
There are tears every night and whispers all day,
The house is dead silent, the hours are twice long,
The piano is closed, no laughter nor song,
Nor shouting nor romping is heard any more,
Since the day the little white hearse left the door.

Don, in Saturday Night.

THE COMING CENTURY.

Only five years more and we enter the 20th century. What will it bring to our nation? Peace, prosperity, happiness, or civil war, chaos, ruin? See the enormous concentrations of capital in few hands. See the millions poured into our Universities and Colleges to educate the intellect, and how little is done there to educate the heart. See how even our Sunday Schools are being armed with swords, guns and bayonets, and taught military tactics. See the want of reverence in our institutions of learning and elsewhere. See the wonderful discoveries in methods of destroying life. See the growth of vivisection and dissection of animals in our Colleges, High, Normal and Grammar schools. See the dishonesty which enters so largely into politics, speculation and trade. See the growth of prisons and penitentiaries, and the increase of crime. See the almost constant succession of conflicts between capital and labor. And then on the other hand, consider our great Charitable Institutions, our Peace Societies, Temperance Societies, Young People's Christian Associations and Unions, both Protestant and Catholic, Christian Endeavorers, Epworth Leagues, King's Daughters, Sisters of Mercy and Charity, Red Cross Associations, Societies to protect Dumb Animals, and our "American Humane Education Society," first of its kind in the world, with its over twenty-two thousand "Bands of Mercy," whose mottoes are, Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature.

Consider All these, and how in the coming century this country of ours is sure to be the great battle ground between the powers of good and evil, and then let every good man and woman throughout our land, who reads these words, determine to say and do all that can be said and done for the preservation of our native land and the triumph of God and humanity. *One Dumb Animals.*

A NOBLE HEART.

A few years ago a gentleman, going through a crowded part of the city of Glasgow, noticed a pale faced little bootblack waiting for hire. Touched by the delicate look of the child, he thought he would give him the blacking of his boots to do. Accordingly, he gave him the signal. The boy at once crept lamely toward the gentleman, and as he pulled himself along, was nimbly supplanted by another little bootblack, who was immediately at the gentleman's feet and ready to begin.

"What's this for?" said the gentleman to the intruder, somewhat angrily.

"It's a' richt," said the new comer, brightly. "Jamie's jist a wee while oot o' the hospital, and the rest o' us take turns aboot o' brushin' for him." Jamie smiled pleasantly by way of assuring the gentleman that his comrade's story was true.

The gentleman was so gratified by this act of brotherly kindness that he gave Jamie's friend a whole shilling for his work, telling him to give sixpence to Jamie and keep the other sixpence himself.

"Na, na, sir," quickly replied the little hero, giving the shilling to Jamie and hurrying from the spot. "na, na, sir; nane o' us ever take ony o' Jamie's siller." —*Children's Record.*

DUTIES OF CHURCH CHOIRS

Speaking at Ottawa recently Lord Aberdeen gave expression to this very sensible view of the duties of a church choir. "The true function of a church choir is to assist the singing and worship of the congregation, but that is sometimes lost sight of. After ten years' experience as a choir master in a small chapel in Scotland at my home, I may quote the opinion I then held, that the chief purpose of a church choir is to encourage the congregation to sing with the choir and do away with that 'contemplative attitude' that is the case with some people of the congregation. I think it is becoming more common that people like to be able to join in the singing, therefore the highest function of the choir is the assisting and stimulating the people to join in the praise." The Governor-General is of opinion that in some churches choirs are too prominently placed. He is in favor of congregational singing of the heartiest kind, and instead of making the choir loft a kind of variety stage and concert platform for the siring of the graces and vocal abilities of soloists and choruses he would make the trained singers subserve the purpose of promoting general and soulful participation of the congregation in the musical part of the worship.

CHILDREN SHOULD RISE EARLY.

NELLIE F. JOHNSON

One of the evils of the day seems to be to be the tendency to let children stay up late at night and then lie abed far into the day. Children need eight or nine hours sound sleep. I think any child over 12 years of age can rise at five or six o'clock. To do this they should be in bed at nine o'clock. Through the summer I contend it would do them more good to retire at 8 and rise at four than retire at 11 and rise at 7 or 8. How few young people know the beauties of early morn; its freshness, its stillness, its sweetness. To the early risers the world, in its quiet freshness, as the birds are singing their morning praises and the sun is coming in sight to smile on dew-wet leaves and blades of grass, is not the same as it is hours afterward amid the heat, dust and noise of the active day. If the young once learned to begin the day with these lovely sights and sounds they would make them their morning invocation ever after.