The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Editor and Proprietor.

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Acton.
OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

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DENTIST.
OFFICE: Over the Drug Store, ACTON.
Special office days Monday, Tuesday and Friday.

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
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WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
OFFICES:—1296 Queen St., Parkdale.
Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St. TORONTO.
Telephone 297.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. MURRAY.

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MONEY TO LOAN.
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Office at Streetsville each Wednesday afternoon
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ACTON - - ONT.

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Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding neatly and promptly done

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.

TOM. MORTON'S BARBER SHOP,
Opposite Drug Store,
MILL STREET, ACTON
Open from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday evenings later.
Ladies' hairdressing in any style.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 728, or telephone 65, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

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. Fees reduced to
$5.00 FOR FARM SALES.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor.
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery, and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

WANTED.
A GOOD MAN in your district to represent the "Fonthill Nurseries of Canada,"—over 700 acres—the largest in the Dominion. Position permanent. Salary or Commission to right man.
With the increasing demand for fruit, a position with us as salesman will pay you better than engaging in farm work. Send us your application and we will show you how to earn good money.
School teachers! its just the thing for you during the summer. Write for particulars.
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Toronto, Ont

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. Attentive ushers at the door.
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.
Miss Maude H. Matthews, President
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

69 CTS.
"In the Days of Auld Lang Syne."
PRICE REDUCED
—TO—
69 Cents.
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
Day Sells Cheap.

WILLIAMS'
Boot & Shoe Store
OUR POLICY.
We operate our store on a determined policy of fair, square dealing backed by resources and ability. This means that we give the customers the benefit of the lowest prices possible every time. We do not slaughter our goods, nor sacrifice any special line to bolster up another, but purchase carefully, buy closely, and are thus enabled to sell on narrow margins of profit. We have won a reputation for reasonable prices that we intend shall stay with us and this principle is in operation in every department and on every article in our stock. It pays to trade here, because you get what you like and what you need. It saves you to deal here, because there is a fixed honest system of value.
Our Stock is complete in every line of the latest and most fashionable styles in
Men's Ladies', Girls', Boys' and Children's
Boots & Shoes
WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Mill St. - ACTON.
Custom work and repairing promptly attended to.

J. H. Hamilton,
DEALER IN
Marble and Granite,
Hamilton's Block, GUELPH.
Large New Consignment.
Just Received a Large Consignment of
Granite | Norway, Swede, Russian, English, Irish, Scotch.
OF BEST QUALITY.
The whole to be sold at prices never before known in Ontario.
Call and Inspect.
J. H. HAMILTON

- - 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.
Wheat grists of 10 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel.
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS, CHOP FEED Etc.
Chopping every day at 5 cents per bag
Cash for Wheat
Everton Mills Flour for Sale at ARTHURS FLOUR & 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. Kannawin'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. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

The . . . . .
Holiday Season
Will soon be here. Don't leave off buying your presents until the last moment—Come in and see us—We've lots of pretty and useful things for Christmas. It will be a pleasure for us to see you whether you buy or not Please remember this.
BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

GUELPH
CLOTH HALL.
We are doing the same creditable class of business that we have always been noted for, and will be glad to see our Acton friends who are in need of good Fall and Winter Clothing.
Yours respectfully,
Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors
Railway Fare Cheerfully Refunded

Warm and Warm Lined
Boots & Shoes
Comfortable
WINTER SHOES
—FOR—
Men, Women, and Children
—FROM—
35C. UP.
The Leading Shoe Store
W. McLaren & Co
GUELPH.

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 at ways be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a. m. and 6:30 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

W. H. WALKER,
Painter,
Paper Hanger,
Decorator, Etc,
Has returned to Acton, his former home, and will give the benefit of his large experience to those who desire first class and artistic work in House Painting, Paper Hanging, or Decorating in all its branches
Satisfactory work always guaranteed and at most reasonable prices.
Orders left at Pearson's Hardware Store or at my residence will receive prompt attention
W. H. WALKER,
Bower Avenue

Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood;
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication

Poetry.

TROUBLE IN THE CHOIR.

There was something so unusual in the singing of the choir
That the elder looked up mildly from the tenth of Jeremiah,
And with readjusted eyeglass looked along the foremost row,
While a hundred necks were twisted in a stare from all below.
As before the rolling thunder comes a distant, wailing moan,
There was presage of disturbance in the very organ's tone.
Just the dropping of the pickets, ere the battle's awful din,
Or the tuning of the fiddles ere the orchestra begin.
An unprejudiced observer might have seen with half an eye
There was waiting an explosion that would blow them all sky-high,
Or spontaneous combustion, to accept a modern name,
That was waiting just a motion to burst forth into flame.
The soprano sat in grandeur, with her book before her face,
With her back comb turned in anger on the alto or the bass;
While the tenor stood beside her with an elevated nose,
And the organist pawed madly at the pedals with her toes.
How could any one but angels sing when they were feeling so?
Though the hymn was "Song of Gladness" they would make it "Sounds of Woe."
When we sing about devotion some devotion we must feel,
Or our plaintive tones of worship will partake somewhat of squeal.
But the alto sang her solo, and then left it to the bass,
Who was gnawing at his moustache, and was looking for the place,
While the organist, in anger, sang the leading part alone,
And the tenor tried to follow, but it ended in a groan.
As the horror stricken people heard the discord rising higher,
It was patent to the simplest there was trouble in the choir,
And the organist, in fury, closed the organ with a crash,
And the alto sobbed in anguish, and the choir had gone to smash.
When the elder went among them with a view to reconcile,
The soprano told him her story with a sanguinary smile.
It appeared the wretched chorister had introduced a girl
With a brand new style of singing, and a most distracting curl.
But, to cap the bitter climax, this usurper wore a hat,
Just a dunk, a gem, a beauty, and it made the rest look flat;
And the straw that broke the camel's back and made the wreck complete
She came early Sunday morning, and usurped the leading seat
When the elder asked the tenor why he left, he said, "Because
The soprano said his chest tones sounded just like the filing of saws,
And he overheard the alto, one night, whisper to the bass,
That a man with such a moustache was a palpable disgrace."
And the bass informed the elder that he secreticed his views
When he came and joined the elder's choir, to help fill up the pews.
He was an Episcopalian, and if people thought he'd take
Any nonsense from a Baptist, they had made a great mistake.
Then the organist and alto put on an injured look,
Saying something in an undertone about a change of book,
And the elder overheard them as he gently closed the door,
Use the words, "a poor old fogy," and "A senile mental bore."
And he scratched his poor old noddle, as he ambled down the street,
With his spectacles on his forehead and his slippers on his feet,
And I really think the elder has a hope of touring oil
On the troubled sea of music to allay the sad turmoil.
In the meantime service opens with old "China" or "Bethune,"
And the deacon with his tune fork gives the people all a tune,
And the organ gathers cobwebs, and the people gather grace,
While they roar out "Coronation" to the deacon's hoarsest bass.

—*A. T. Worden, in Good Housekeeping.*

Select Family Reading.

A Proxy Proposal.

"If in all our lives you need me if there should ever be anything that I can do for you, I swear to do it You can ask me nothing which, at any personal sacrifice, I will not endeavor to accomplish. You are rich, I am poor. You are somebody, I am nobody But the time may come when the promise will be worth something, and I will keep it."

An hour before this speech was made Frank Millard had saved Paul Holbrook's sister from a watery grave and brought her safe in his strong arms to the very spot upon the beach at Newport where the two men now stood together.

There never were two men so utterly unlike as Paul Holbrook and Frank Millard. The first a hard working professional man, who had struggled for such little success as as fate had meted out to him, unaided save by his own hand and brain; the other a man who had fortune for his friend from his birth, who had neither toiled nor spun, who was a man of society a member of clubs, and one with whom women always fell in love. From that day they were friends. And so it came to pass, walking down Fifth Avenue one day arm in arm, they met Rose Lewis, that Frank introduced her to Paul, that they turned, and walked a block with her, and that, a few evenings afterward, Frank took Paul to call upon her.

She was beautiful But that tells you nothing about the woman—the frank, sweet, womanly woman, with whom Paul fell in love before he had known her a month. Wrapped up in his profession, engrossed by struggles for bread and butter which, while they seldom prevent a man from doing great things, always unfit him for society, Paul had known few women He had no experience by which to guide himself, or by which to measure his own feelings. For a while he did not guess that he was in love, and so was drawn nearer to the whirlpool, until, when truth at last dawned upon him there was no retreat It was out of the question that she should like him. It was impossible for him to cease to love her—to be happy without her That she should care for him never entered his mind; that she did would have been an absurdity too preposterous to dream of.

But it was true, nevertheless. Rose said, "If he cares so little for me, I will make very sure that he does not guess I care one whit for him." Paul said, "She shall never laugh at me, though she does not love me. She shall respect me, and never guess her power, whatever pain I feel." And so they met and parted, day after day; and no one guessed that anything troubled the heiress but Frank Millard; and only two, the same Frank Millard and Paul's sister Ruth saw how pale Paul grew. Poor Ruth who in her terror asked Frank Millard one day, if he thought that Paul were ill.

"He is so unlike himself," she said, "I am frightened, Mr. Millard."

And Frank had said, "I think that your brother cannot be very ill. If anything troubles him that will pass away"

"But do you know of anything that can trouble Paul?" asked Ruth. And Frank had answered, "Perhaps I guess at something, but I am not certain."

They were together a good deal, Frank Millard and Ruth. It had entered Paul's head at times, that this fellow liked his sister very well; of late, that it was possible that he loved her But Ruth, at seventeen scarcely a child to him.

As she had said, he worked very hard, but toil could not banish the "haunted thought" of his life It grew stronger instead of fading. At last he resolved to try what charm there might be in absence; to leave the city, forbidding himself to meet the woman he hopelessly adored: and availing himself of an offer which promised to be a stepping stone to his professional success, put a barrier of miles of land and water between himself and Rose Lewis.

At the same time Rose, scorning herself for the infatuation which she could not control, had also resolved to leave a place where every day bore to its arms a possibility of meeting the man who, with indifference in his mien and coldness in his speech, still haunted her presence so persistently, and following an example already set by most of her fashionable friends, go to Europe. The A's were going, and the B's She should have pleasant company on the voyage, so she said to Frank Millard. On the same evening Holbrook spoke of his departure to South America.

"It's a good offer," he said, "I shall make money and get on. Of course, it's hard to leave Ruth alone; but she will board with an old friend, and be well protected."

"You are doing well here," said Frank doubtfully.

"In one sense, yes; in another, no. A man must not peril his health."

Frank asked no explanation.

The days flew by Rose was ready for her tour. Paul for his departure. Frank had seen a good deal of both of them. One morning he sat in Paul's room, and talked as people do when their minds are on some subject which they hate to mention. At last he asked "Have you bidden good bye to Rose Lewis?

Paul flushed and shook his head.

"It does not matter, he said "We shall not probably meet again, nor will she care"

"I think she would, said Frank, "you will hurt her by going so."

Paul shook his head again

"She will not care Why should she?" and he turned his head away to say the words.

In a moment more Frank spoke again

"Paul, you know I am neither a bashful man nor a coward in most cases; but I have a favor to ask of you You remember your promise to refuse me nothing I could ask of you. The time has come when I have need of your aid Will you give it to me?"

"Tell me what you want me to do.

"I want you to see Miss Lewis. I want you to tell her something which I have not the courage to tell her myself to tell her a love story, in fact, and see what she says to it. Will you do it?"

Paul stood dismayed He—he, of all men, to undertake such a task as this, he who loved Rose so madly He stood bewildered. So Frank, splendid fellow, her mate in wealth, position and appearance, loved the girl also If so, she could not fail to love him in return They were made for each other That fancy that Frank admired Ruth was a mere dream, too The little woman's heart, sweet little Ruth's, was thus unharmed Yet it was all right. It was natural, but why choose me for a go-between? "I do not refuse, Frank," he faltered, "but you need not fear. She will love you You are not going to sue in vain"

"I am a coward, said Frank "You are a good fellow, Paul, and you will do it"

"But how? said Paul "I know nothing of such things. I have never told any woman of my own love I shall harm yours in the telling"

He was deathly white But Frank went on unheedingly

"Tell her a story this You know a man who has loved her long, but who has never dared to say so He feels that his own deserts are too small to entitle him to hope; but on the eve of parting he can restrain himself no longer, he must tell her, that her love is the only thing worth striving for, he must ask her in this strange way because he has not courage enough to do otherwise, to bid him hope or despair. Then she will ask who this lover is, and you may tell her, not till then—not until at the end of the story And you bring me an answer

Paul turned a ghastly face toward him

"You will tell the tale just as I have told you?"

"Yes

Then he sought Miss Lewis

"You have come to wish me *bon voyage*, she said, as she held out her hand, but he only bowed and seated himself beside her In a moment he said

"I have come upon an errand that will surprise you, Miss Lewis I am commissioned to tell you a story.

"That of some poor person—she asked "You have only to say that you know him to be in need and worthy"

"It is a story of one who asks a gift, he said, "but not a gift of alms, his voice trembled "a gift that only you can give you of all the world"

She looked at him shyly now, her eye lids dropped.

"I know a man who has loved you for a long time, he went on, taking now a fierce and bitter pleasure in the cruel usage of himself. "For months he has thought of you by day and by night, until there is but one woman in the world for him you. Of all the objects that there are upon the horizon of his future he sees only your face. He would do anything for your sake, without you he will be nothing. He has seen no token of any liking for him in your face, nor heard it in your voice; yet he would have you hear his story, and know his fate, ere you are parted from him. His name—"

But then a sharp spasm of pain caught his breath. He paused for an instant. In that instant Rose turned toward him and put her hand in his.

"My love is not not worth much," she said, tearfully. "But since you value it so highly it is yours. It always—has been—since I first knew you."

And tears came faster, and woman's hysterical sobs. And what could he do but take in his arms this woman whom he adored and who had just admitted her love for him under the impression that he had proposed to her?

He was almost mad; he was quite distraught indeed. The suddenness of his happiness was itself enough. And then there was the awful consciousness of a terrible breach of trust.

His utter joy and his woeful shame mingled themselves in his soul. Having bidden Rose adieu he found Frank waiting for him.

Frank looked at him. He turned away his head.

"What have you been doing?" asked Frank. "Why do you look so?"

"How can I ever make you believe that I have not played you false?" faltered Paul, and Frank burst into a laugh.

"You have proposed to her," he said, "and she has accepted you."

Paul did not answer.

"You have the right to take my life," he said, "but—"

"Do you think I wanted to marry Rose," said Frank, "or that I dreamed she would accept me? I read your hearts too well. I knew your love and pride. I saw two who were made for each other tearing themselves asunder, and I took advantage of your foolish promise to place you in a position from which it was impossible for you to conceal your true feelings. Somehow I felt sure you would understand each other; and at the worst I should only have a refusal. My happiness, as I think you must guess, is dependent on what Ruth will answer me some day, and I think I shall have courage enough to do without your aid in this case."

When Rose Lewis returned from her European tour—a very brief one—there was a double wedding; and since Rose and Ruth were the names of the two brides, it is easy to guess who were their bridegrooms

JERRY.

"He is the worst boy that I ever saw. He seems to be taught in mischief and helped in it by Satan himself. Neither kindness nor threat has the least effect on his incarnation of evil.

Four persons were sitting at a loaded table in the dining room of a costly residence in one of our island cities. The man at its head was past his threescore. Successful business had brought him fortune, and Christian work, growth in mind and heart. Opposite him him was his wife. Younger in years, she was the helper of her husband, and of as many others as her sweet words and alms deeds could reach. Between the two sat a daughter. Heaven had claimed of the parents three children; she alone was left. A woman of rare beauty, education had done much for her, and years of Christian service had greatly enlarged a warm, sympathizing, consecrated heart.

The guest was superintendent of one of the largest Sunday Schools in our whole country—a man whose success with children was widely known. Once in two weeks for years he had sat with this husband and wife and daughter at this table to plan in the interests of religion; mainly the interests of the school, with its some times thousands of scholars, of which he was the head.

At this interview the perplexing question was: "What can be done for Jerry?" and it was finally decided that he must be debarred the privilege of coming where all were invited, something never before thought of, much less done.

After the dinner the daughter said to the superintendent: "Mr. ——, will you form a new class, put into it two or three other boys of the age of Jerry, and install me as teacher? His expulsion may be the loss of a soul that Christ died to save."

On the next Sunday morning the new class was formed, and the new teacher introduced to the scholars, Jerry among them. Instantly, as it seemed, he began to estimate his chances of victory in the trial he resolved to precipitate.

No words can tell the story. It was coarse insolence on the part of the boy, and the most loving, tender expostulations on the part of the teacher. Feeling at length that he was being vanquished, in his desperation he spat in his teacher's face. Quietly the defilement was removed. The vile act was repeated a second time, but there was no change in the teacher's manner or words Desperate in his now conscious defeat, Jerry said: "I'll never see you again. They can't get me in here no more; I'll leave the city."

And the teacher replied: "Well, Jerry, wherever you are, remember that there are two who love you, Christ and your teacher, and that I shall pray for you as long as I live. But as you are going away, please call at No. —— Street Tuesday morning. The servant will give you a package, and God bless you, Jerry."

On the day named, Jerry called and the servant handed him a large pasteboard box. Retiring to a near alley, he opened it and found undergarments and an outer suit with a note, pressing upon him the gift of love, and reminding him that daily prayer would be offered in his behalf to the Saviour of men.

The boy was overwhelmed Prayer was already being answered in the spirit's softening, subduing work upon a most obdurate heart He went trembingly back to the door to leave his thanks. Instead of the servant his teacher met him. He went in. It was a long time before he came out, but when he did a beautiful woman kissed on the door's threshold the tear-streaked cheeks of a transformed boy.

Several weeks after Jerry, the nowaboy, while trying to hand a paper to a passenger on a moving train, tripped, and both legs were horribly crushed. Carried to the hospital only one person would he see. That was his teacher; and while holding his hands in here the earth life of Jerry slowly ended, and the heaven life began.

Pilgrim Teacher.

SHE BLAMED THE FOUNTAIN PEN

"Annabel," called a rich shoneman's wife, over the banister, as she heard the front door close.

"Yes, mamma," replied a sweet, girlish voice, and Annabel Garts slowly framed herself in the darkness of the staircase.

"Was that Mr. Tophf, Annabel?"

"It was, mamma."

"Do you know it is twenty minutes after eleven?" came in cold tones from the wrapped figure in the upper hall

"Mamma, we hadn't the slightest idea it was so late," said the young lady earnestly.

"You see," she continued, Mr. Tophf has been telling me about China and Japan. He said everybody ought to know about the war, and it was so interesting we never thought how late it was getting. Do you know mamma," added the sweet girl, as she reached the landing, "that in China they "

"Did Mr Tophf draw a map of China, on your face, Annabel?" asked Mrs. Garts sternly.

"Why, mamma?" said the daughter in startled tones.

The young girl rushed to a mirror and saw with horror stricken glance that the left side of her face was stocked and stained with ink.

"Heaven and earth," she screamed, "his fountain pen must have leaked into his waist coat pocket!" and with a shriek of horror the beautiful girl fell fainting to the floor.

CARD-PLAYING AT HOME

Can any father or mother pray the Lord's Prayer as Jesus taught it, and teach their children to play cards in the home? writes Elijah P. Brown. What would be thought of the mental state of the mother who would put a razor in her baby's hand, and pray that it might not cut itself? Isn't knowing how to play cards dangerous knowledge, and is it any safer to eat fruit from that tree than it was for Eve to eat from the forbidden tree in Eden? Is it not true that thousands of professional gamblers learned their first lessons in their mother's parlors? But if only one had started from the pit by that route, would not that be sufficient to prove it a way of danger into which no parent had a God given right to lead a child? A father at Niagara quotentionally throw his little daughter into the abyss, but it killed her just the same as though he had done it purposely

"I am cured since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla," is what many thousands are saying. It gives renewed vitality and vigor.

STORIES OF MR. GLADSTONE.

A writer in the *Christian Advocate* who has visited Hawarden Castle, Mr. Gladstone's residence, says the following anecdotes of the grand old man and his wife were related to him by the neighbors.

A maiden lady, left alone by the death of her relatives, but having money enough to support her comfortably, opened a little store. The store did not pay very well, but kept her employed, and so she lived on happily in the enjoyment of her small income. News came to Mr. Gladstone that the enterprise in which all her money was invested had failed. He at once ordered that she should never be told, the interest was paid regularly until her death, the secret was kept, and she went to her grave supposing that her small fortune was intact.

A lady who had been ill some time showed me two roses which Mrs. Gladstone had brought when she came to see her the day before, and insisted upon giving me one, saying: "She will come again and bring more. You know he's all for books; she don't care so much about books, but she is all the time doing something for somebody. Besides looking after her or phanage (which is inside the castle grounds just across the carriage road from the castle) she visits the sick and the poor, and everybody loves her."

All old servants who have been honorably discharged from the castle are invited back every year for a week's holiday, and Mr. Gladstone gives each a bouquet which he has gathered the morning they go away. One can hardly imagine a more ideal old age than the great statesman is enjoying in his well-earned retirement from political duties and strife.

NOT REPEATED

Andy Smith is a bright boy, and is in no way inclined to hide his light under a bushel. Some time ago he ran away with a circus, and when he returned was more than ever disposed to teach the neighborhood, especially the boys with whom he associated.

One day another circus came to the town, and Andy was promptly on hand, assuming all the airs of a proprietor as he showed his friends around An elephant was among the attractions, and Andy actually made him kneel and raise his trunk, and go through other simple performances. But at last the elephant seemed to grow tired of this, for he suddenly threw his trunk around Andy's waist and tossed him high up into the air. Andy came down with a tremendous thud on all fours.

"Good! good!" cried the boys, thinking it part of the performance. "Do it again, Andy That was splendid!"

Andy rose deliberately and wiped the dirt off his face.

"No, no, boys," he said, "that act is never repeated It would spoil the elephant

A BOY'S CHANCES.

There are many who will agree that boys who have to work for a living should be encouraged, rather than commiserated. Their chances of achieving real success are at least equal to if not greater than those of boys who start life with riches. R. J. Burdette says truthfully that the working lad, being full of grit, reaches out and takes all the chances without waiting to have one given him. But for the poor man the world would have cast anchor six thousand years ago, and be covered with moss and lichens to-day, like a United States man of-war. George Peabody was a boy in a small grocery, Benjamin Franklin, the printer, the son of a tallow chandler; John Adams, the son of a poor farmer; Gifford, the first editor of the "Quarterly Review," a common sailor, John Milton, the son of a scrivener; Andrew Jackson, the son of a poor Irishman; Andrew Johnson, a tailor, Garfield, a boy of all work, too poor to even have a trade; Grant, a tanner, and Lincoln, a keelboatman and a common farmhand. If there's a patch on your knee, and your elbows are glossy, there is some hope for you, but never say that the poor boy has no chance. He monopolizes all the chances there are.

MY AIN WIFE JEAN.

There is nae wife in a' the land
That can wi' mine compare
How guide soever she may be
How winsome or how fair
For I have won the sweetest lassie
That ever I have seen
She is the apple o' mine eye
My ain wife Jean.

When first I met her oh, how swet
I now recall it at day
My heart it seemed to quit his breast
An' fly to her away
An' so she has kept it ever since
Yet happy have I been
Thinking that she wad soon be mine,
My ain wife Jean.

An' now I lae her safe at hame,
Here at my ingle side,
What happiness she brings wi' her,
My bonnie, bonnie bride
An' I am the proudest man
In a' the land, I ween,
For I have won the prize I sought
My ain wife Jean

Now that we twa are man an' wife,
We'll mind nae cark or care,
But cheerfully the ills o' life
Together we will bear.
An' when auld age at last creeps on,
He'll find our hearts still green,
For Death himself wad smile upon
My ain wife Jean.

J. M. H.

A DAUGHTER'S PART AT HOME.

One of the sweetest things a girl can do is to receive friends graciously, particularly at home. In one's own house a cordial manner is peculiarly fitting Do not stand off in the middle of the room and bow coldly and formally to the friend who has called. Walk over to meet her: give her your hand, and say pleasantly that you are very glad to see her again. Stiff, cold, and formal ways of greeting acquaintances are not proper in a girl welcoming guests to her father's house. A daughter's part is to assist her mother on every social occasion. The girl pours the tea in her mother's drawing room when friends drop in at five o'clock Quite often, when no maid is present, she helps the guests to the sandwiches, and the cakes which are served at five-o'clock tea, and herself hands the cups, and takes them from the guest who would like to be relieved.

Apart from and more importan even than her manner to a guest who happens in for an hour or a day, is the manner of a daughter to her father and mother. The father returns to his home after a wearying day at business. He is tired in body and mind. Coming back, as his latch-key turns in the home door he throws off care; he is joyous at the thought of the dear ones he will meet after hours of absence. His young daughter, in a pretty gown, with the bloom and freshness only girlhood wears, should be ready to give him the attentions he loves—the kiss, the cheery word—to help her mother and the rest in letting her father see how much he is loved at home. Men give up a great deal for their families—their time, their strength, the knowledge they have gained in life's experiences they spend everything freely for their home's sake, and the home should pay its debt in much outspoken love *Harper's*

POWER, LIGHT, HEAT.

Great Falls, Mont., is run by electricity Not only are its street cars propelled and lighted by electricity, but they are heated by electric radiators placed in each car. Elevators, printing presses, cranes, and all kinds of machinery, are operated by electrical force. There are automatic electric excavators, electric pumps and electric rock crushers. It is not unusual to see on the streets a mortar mixer attached to an electric wire leading down from a pole. The restaurants cook by electricity, the butcher employs it to chop his sausages, the grocer to grind his coffee Electricity is looked upon as a welcome blessing in every home; the housewives run their sewing machines and heat their flat irons by electricity, they bake their cakes in wooden electric cake ovens that can be set away on the shelf like pasteboard boxes They have electric boilers, broilers, and tea-kettles. The hydraulic works and power houses are erected about three miles from the city on the banks of the Missouri Montreal *Star*

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE POPULAR.

Don't find fault

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in your life

Don't believe all the evil you hear

Don't repeat gossip even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go unduly on the plea that everybody knows you

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position

Don't over or under dress

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

NEEDING A REST.

A Scottish congregation presented their minister with a sum of money and sent him off to the continent for a holiday. A gentleman just back from the continent met a prominent member of the church and said to him, "Oh, by the bye, I met your minister in Germany He was looking very well, he didn't look as though he needed a rest" "No," said the church members very calmly, "it was us him, it was the congregation that was needing a rest."

Joy is an exhange, joy does monopolize, it calls for two.

For Eighteen Months Unable to Lie Down in Bed A Toronto Junction Citizen's Awful Experience With Heart Disease

L. J. Law, Toronto Junction, Ont. "I consider it my duty to give to the public my experience with Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I have been sorely troubled with heart disease and unable to lie down in bed for eighteen months owing to smothering spells and palpitation Each night I would have to be propped up by pillows in order to keep from smothering. After trying with several medical men without benefit, I procured a bottle of the Heart Cure After taking the first dose I retired and slept soundly until morning. I used one bottle and have not taken any of the remedy for seven weeks, but the heart trouble has not reappeared. I consider it the greatest remedy in existence for heart disease."