The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton.

A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B.
Acton.
OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

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WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A McLEAN

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
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Victoria Chambers, 51 Victoria St.
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ACTON ONT

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Ladies' hairdressing in any style.

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ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 626, or telephone 36, will be promptly attended to.
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Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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Machine and Repair Shops
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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. Pos tion 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.
Select teachers! its just the thing for you during the summer. Write for particulars.
STONE & WELLINGTON,
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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. At entering ushers at the door.
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.
MISS MAGGIE H. MATTHEWS, President
Meet every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited

Day's Bookstore
This week we Opened and put in shape
A Large Shipment of
AMERICAN WALL PAPERS
WITH
COMBINATIONS
All the Latest Styles at
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

TO THE
1st MARCH
20 Per Cent. Discount
Off all Pictures, framed or unframed.
This is a
RARE CHANCE ! !
FOR YOU ! !

WATERS BROS.
THE PICTURE GALLERY
GUELPH

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 the 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'. Boy' and Children'
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

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 nine 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. Kanawin's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

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 6 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

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	700,000
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

Price Counts
When you buy
HARDWARE
For a house or barn it pays to be careful—to know you are getting the Best Builders' Hardware there is. It pays to figure with Us.
Try it once.

J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

McLAREN'S
Annual Stock Taking
SHOE SALE
Now going on.
Women's, Misses', and Children's Low Shoes 20 % off.
Women's Butt. Tip, $3.50 for $2.50
Women's Am. Butt. turns $5.00 for $3.00
Misses School Shoes $1.00 for 80.
Misses Fine Tipped Butt $1.15 for 95c.
All flannel lined Shoes 20c. off every $.
Come before Feb. 10th while we have all sizes. See our Bargain Tables
W. McLaren & Co.
The Leading Shoe Store.
GUELPH.

GUELPH
CLOTH HALL
We are doing the most 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

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

EVERTON MILLS.
EVERTON, ONT.
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 3 cents per bag.
Cash for Wheat
HENRY HORTOP.

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.

THE EAGLE AND THE LION.

Said the Eagle to the Lion, "If at once you don't desist
From grabbing South America, I'll give your tail a twist,
I'm afraid I'll hurt your feelings if you are not more adroit."
And the Lion answered slowly, "As you did Sam, at Detroit?"

Said the Eagle, "I can wallop all the nations of the earth,
There never was a bird like me since Cosmos had its birth.
The Yankee nation's great in peace, and glorious when it fights."
"Ah, yes," replied the Lion, "Have you heard of Queenston Heights?"

Said the Eagle, growing angry, "From the Pole to the Equator
I have been, am, and still shall be the great and sole dictator."
One Yank can lick ten Englishmen and count it only play."
Said the Lion, "Is that quite correct? remember Chateauguay."

The Eagle talked of blood and gore, and all that kind of thing,
And I thought God help the Lion when they get into the ring,
But an old observer said to me, with a slight satiric touch,
"Old Uncle Sam don't want to fight, he talks too blooming much."

K. L. J.

Select Family Reading.

Hawaii, the "Pearl of the Pacific."

THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF LETTERS BY JOHN R. MUSICK.

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One of the noted spots on the island of Oahu is the Pali. Every tourist to the island visits this historic and picturesque place. The Pali, or pass, which is the only road by which travellers can cross the island, passes over the brink of a precipice one thousand feet above the level of the sea. From this narrow Pali, not wide enough for two waggons to pass, one can see the ocean on both sides of the island. The view is perhaps unexcelled from any other point in the world. From Honolulu there is a well beaten road leading up to the Pali. Tourists go up in carriages or on horseback. I decided to make the journey on horseback, and so, mounted on a tough little mountain pony and accompanied by a young school teacher as guide, on November 25, 1895, I left Queen Street, and cantered through the town, Monks on toward the mountains.

It was a delightful morning. A gentle breeze was blowing, though my guide assured me it would be hot enough before we returned.

"Leave your vest at home," he advised. "A coat and trousers will be all you will want."

"Is it hot on the mountains?" I asked.

"No, but we will get it coming down. The wind in the pass however, sometimes blows so hard that you can hardly keep your hat on your head, or hair either, for that matter."

Our Coats were light summer ulsters such as are worn in July and August. While cantering down the street we some times glanced into the open doors. The houses usually have a deserted appearance as the inmates prefer the cool lanai to the parlor. But, as we passed one house, we saw a lady at the telephone gossiping with some lady friend in a distant part of the island.

"She has gone visiting," my guide explained. "Perhaps there is no place in the world where the telephone is used so much as it is here. Why the women will ask 'Central' the time of day rather than go in the next room and look at the clock. They often ask 'Central' if it is raining instead of looking out to see. 'Central' is the most overworked person on the island."

The telephone system on Oahu is perhaps the most complete in the world. Every part of the island is reached by telephone, and up every rugged mountain path the wires are stretched.

It is a long ride through the suburbs of the city, dotted with pretty little homes, adorned as only tropical homes are. Bright eyes and cheery faces met us on every side. Some people were busy in their gardens or lawns, but most of the places seemed to have been temporarily deserted. Honolulu, like all cities of the tropics has a general air of listless repose. The most industrious people seem to be the Chinese. At all hours of the day and even late into night these little people may be seen carrying loads large enough to make a mule stagger. Really, the Chinaman is the most cosmopolitan person one meets with except Americans. He wears all sorts of Costumes from his native Oriental garb to the white ducking of a tropical dude. He sells shoes, makes shoes and clothes, works in every sort of factory, stands in every sort of store, is on every plantation, is every kind of servant, does every kind of business, walks, runs boats, rides in carriages, carts, on mules, and bicycles, in fact he is met everywhere, and under all conditions and circumstances.

Passing fine apple ranches, taro patches, and banana fields, we at last struck the main road. "From here we go up hill every foot," my guide explained, as he drew in his horse, panting from the recent gallop.

On our right just on a rising elevation was a veritable palace. An avenue of palms led from the main road back up to one of the neat little cottages some distance in the background, then winding and turning until it was lost to view in the dense tropical foliage. After extending a long distance mountainward it again came into view and extended down to the road. This avenue of palms was wide enough for a broad carriage drive.

The houses soon became fewer and of a meaner sort.

"These are mostly inhabited by Kanakas," said my guide. "Over on our right, if it were not for that grove of algerobas, you could see the grass houses of the natives."

"So many of them still live in grass houses?"

"Not many. Some, however, prefer grass houses yet to houses of wood."

"Why?"

"Because they say mosquitoes won't bother one in a grass house."

"I would be willing to live in any sort of a house to be free of the Hawaiian mosquitoes," I answered. "Of all the pests I ever met they are the worst."

"There are no native Hawaiian mosquitoes," he answered.

"Do you mean to say the mosquito is not indigenous to this soil?"

"They are!"

"Then how did they get here?"

"They were imported."

"Imported? Why the government ought to have had a protective tariff as high as the skies against such importations."

"Well, you may think this a fish story, but it's true. Mosquitoes were imported. Whaling vessels in coming to the islands brought water from mosquito countries for drinking purposes, and a family of the most active mosquitoes made their escape to the islands."

This story of the importation of mosquitoes I subsequently had verified. There have been many obnoxious insects and animals imported to the islands, among them the mongoose, imported to catch the rats, which not only attacked rats but has made a war of extermination on the chickens, ducks, and all fowls. Toads are being imported to destroy obnoxious bugs, and the national entomologist is studying all injurious insects and the methods by which they may be destroyed.

When we had ascended the road about two miles, we drew reins up on a level spot, and looked back to catch a view of the city and bay. Honolulu by among the trees like a pearl in an oyster shell, and the streets seemed mere threads in the distance, while the bay looked like a crystal mirror with the ships lying quietly at anchor. The beauty of the situation from this elevation is worth going twice the distance to see.

We were now on a higher plain covered with grass save where there were clusters of algerobas or small fields. Growing along the fence I recognized some old enemies that I used to encounter on the farm when a boy, the cockle burrs. Notwithstanding the American annexation of the Hawaiians, the cockle burr and taking up a collection in church were the only really familiar features in the country.

As we walked our horses up a steep incline, or gallopped over a level plain, we met some odd and interesting people. A long caravan of pack mules was seen coming down the road from the mountains. They were loaded with bags of rice. It is astonishing the amount of rice these hardy little creatures will carry up steep mountain sides, or along a shelving rock, where a single false step would precipitate them to the sharp rocks hundreds of feet below. These caravans of pack mules were under the control of two Chinamen, one before and one behind. The caravans usually contained eight or twelve pack mules, all tied together, the Chinaman in front leading the first mule, and a Chinaman in the rear lashing the laggards.

Flowers in wild profusion bloomed along the way, nature has done for this mountain road what the most skilful gardener might envy. Just below the reservoir we came upon a nine native women washing. Their method was peculiar, the water was in a sort of stone basin, and they were kneeling with their bare knees on the stony earth, dipping the clothing into the water and rubbing it on a stone.

The reservoir which supplies Honolulu with water is fed from the mountain streams, of which there are many. A large board is placed up near the reservoir on which is the order of the Minister of the Interior, in both English and Hawaiian, warning people to neither fish, wash, nor bathe in the waters above that point.

Crossing the bridge over the reservoir from a short distance, we found the ascent less steep. Wild guava trees grew in abundance along the road, some having ripe fruit on them which we ate and found delicious. The famous guava jellies are made of this fruit.

One of the most picturesque and novel sights on the road was a Chinaman moving. He had his shoulder pole on his shoulder, on one end of which was his valise, together with his household and kitchen furniture. On the other end was his live stock, consisting of chickens in a large gunny sack, holes being cut in the bag for the chickens to put their heads through. This little fellow had come over the Pali and was going to Honolulu carrying all his earthly possessions on that pole.

"It is nothing for them to carry two hundred pounds twelve or fifteen miles," said my guide. "They are tougher than mules."

We crossed some of the paths made famous by the great battles fought by Kamehameha the Great, and, reaching a plateau, halted at the half way house to get a drink of water and allow our horses drink and rest.

Half a mile or more beyond we met a Japanese family of wanderers. The father of the family was carrying a pole on his shoulder with the household goods on each end, and the mother who had taken off those silly, short wooden sandals and was going barefoot, had a baby lashed to her back, and two or three were walking. At the sight of us, the mother's womanly pride asserted itself and she stopped and put on her ridiculously small sandals, and came on limping like a cripple.

During the entire journey we did not meet a single white person. Wandering Chinese and Japanese without any home, or going to the markets were the only persons, save the natives living along the road side.

At last the Pali was reached. The path winds along the pass between two mountains through which the wind sweeps down with such terrific force as to sometimes almost take one from his feet. The view from the Pali is sublime. On one side may be seen the sea with Honolulu looking like a speck in the distance, on the other side are the plains and houses looking also like mere specks in the dim distance, with a dark blue sea as a background. Gigantic, grim and silent as the sphinx, stand the towering cliffs to the right, and on the left a sharp mountain ridge extends so far away that it is lost in the distance, while the only possible place of crossing the island is at the Pali.

One cannot but admire the military genius of Kamehameha in securing this pass. It was the Thermopylæ of Kalanikupule the last Oahuan chief. Here was fought the great battle which made Kamehameha, the Hawaiian Napoleon, master of all the island.

Before the battle, Kamehameha, with a fleet of war canoes and one schooner, and some artillery, appeared off Oahu and landed at Waialu Bay, and, after a few days spent in arranging his men, he marched at Nunana Valley, where Kalanikupule had posted his forces.

Kamehameha had a good general in an American named John Young, whose descendants may still be found on the islands. There were several Americans in his army, and their skill with artillery gained Kamehameha his victories. He encountered the enemy at Laimi and Puiwa, where the Oahu troops made a brave resistance until Kiana, their leader, was killed by a cannon ball, when they gave way. They were closely pursued up the valley, some escaping up the ridges on either side, while others were hemmed in and driven over the Nunana Pali, or precipice north of the road, and dashed to death on the rocks. Their bones may still be found among the bare jungles or algeroba forests one thousand feet below. Kalanikupule wandered for several months in the Koolau Mountains until he was finally captured in a cave above Waipio, brought down and offered in sacrifice to the conquerors' war god at Moanahua.

The Pali looks like the gate between two fairy lands. It is a pass that could be made impregnable. A few hundred men could hold an army of thousands at bay. On the east side opposite Honolulu the descent is very steep and rocky. Two or three hundred feet below the top a spring gushes out from the rocks, falls into a pocket very inviting to the thirsty traveller. The road is traversed almost continually by the energetic Chinaman, the wandering Japs, and the tourists who are loud in their praise of its beauty and grandeur.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

YES AND NO.

Some people never say them. "They aren't built that way." "I believe so," "I shouldn't wonder," and "perhaps" are their yes. While, "I don't know," "may be not," or "not much," are their no. We conclude they mean an affirmative or a negative, after some intuitive gymnastics of our own, but their idioms don't say so. Some people are naturally timid and nothing scares them worse than those two little words. They are so brave, so irrevocable, so easy and yet so hard to utter. I can't bear to say no to the trembling beggar at my door, who asks: "Have you anything to day?" I falter: "I am sorry, but" while he rings the next door bell.

Miss Golden-spoon longs to breathe one sibilant "yes" to the question beaming from the handsome eyes of young Epicure, but it is a word so stupendous, so fraught with awful possibilities in the way of parental wrath that she dare not, though she would! Mr. Halfellow, who doesn't want to drink more than is good for him, would fain strengthen his tongue to the utterance of that pregnant No—but it is every time too much for him. One so seldom meets a square outspoken "yes" or "no" that they come like a surprise when they do come. They are the realities of language, as pitiless as judgment day, as grand as eternity. Long ago the Lord of Truth condemned all our verbal squirming and pleaded for the simple yes or no. Looking into the hearts of us, he saw what trouble we would miss and what shame escape through clinging to these grand little words. But we were wiser, we thought of the slippery charm of "perhaps" and the squirming beauty of "probably" and the clear cut cameos of speech were thrown aside for those bedizened and many colored prevarications. I love yes and no. When I go for aid to the man who can aid me, if he will, I want him not to hesitate until his favor is an insult, or to buoy me with false hopes when he intends to refuse. Square "yes," until my heart is full of gratitude, or grave "no" that is quickly destructive and not cruelly lingering—these are the words that don't suffice for a liar; they bear in their brevity the swift, sharp touch of truth.

PREVENTING LIGHTNING

The loss of a barn and all the season's crop and frequently, portions if not all of the live stock therein, has become so common of late years, that it forms one of the most serious drawbacks to farming in some sections. We notice records of fifteen barns burnt in three Pennsylvania counties during a late storm. We suggest that an investigation be made as to the proportion of barns actually destroyed in this way, which were supplied with a properly constructed lightning conductor, passed sufficiently deep in a moist subsoil, and kept moist by watering, especially before a storm in times of drouth. It is seldom one hears of the dwelling house being struck, it is the barn and this is more frequently supplied with a conductor than the house.

In narrow valleys in the mountainous regions of the country, farm buildings are seldom struck, the proximity of timber affording superior attraction, especially with respect to certain groups of trees. It has been suggested that trees about the homestead, if supplied with conductors, would be a much better safeguard. The U. S. weather bureau has done some useful work in studying lightning, but there is room for further observation and experiment. *American Agriculturalist.*

ADVERTISING AXIOMS.

Virtue increases under a weight of burden, and results increase with a commensurate expenditure of money in good advertising mediums.

"Better late than never." The golden opportunity is still open to him who would enrich himself by judicious advertising. None other will pay.

"Mind moves matter." Therefore exercise your mind to advertise so as to stir the gray matter of the brains of the people and affect their pocket books.

Good goods will sell to good people constantly. Poor goods only once. Don't let people say, "After having praised, their wine they sell us vinegar."

There is no lock but a golden key will open it," except that of the people's pocket book. First-class ads. will do this with golden results. When people think they want a thing, they do want it and they get it.

To be prominent anywhere one must have marked characteristics. So it is with an advertisement in the crowded columns of newspapers and magazines, in order to produce the best result it must be clear, definite, conspicuous and fresh. In years of this character.—*Merchants' Review.*

If you would always be healthy, keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the one true blood purifier.

RECLAIMED.

FRANK H. SWEET.

Mother, our boy has gone wrong." The open letter was allowed to fall upon the kitchen table and then the gray head sunk down beside it. Mrs. Crandall laid aside her knitting and crossed over to his side.

"Is it very bad, John?" she asked, tremulously.

"Yes, he is in prison."

She took up the letter and read it through slowly. When she finished she began to stroke the bowed head. "What shall we do, John?"

"We must raise the money. It's the only thing that will save the boy now. If he's sentenced he will never get over it."

"Can we?" an eager light coming into her eyes.

"We must. Your mother will let us have what she has. You know she always called Charlie her boy."

He rose and folded the letter carefully and placed it in the top bureau drawer with the three or four others he had received during the last half dozen years. Then he walked to a window and looked out. It was a picture of bare hillside, and rocky fields that he saw; of rambling stone walls and mossy, isolated farm buildings. On one side an apple orchard crept round behind a gable of the house, and in the distance was the glint of quiet water. But he did not see the beauty now, and he was not thinking of the long life he had spent upon the farm, nor of the father and grandfather who had lived on it before him. He only saw a prison wall and the bowed, hopeless figure of a man, waiting grimly for his sentence.

Charles Crandell had been a wilful boy and had left home at an early age to seek fortune in the city. Occasionally rumors came back of lawlessness and extravagance and the old folks had heard them appreciatively, and had tried to quiet each other's fears by saying the boy was young and would improve as he grew older. And as the years went by their hopes seemed about to be realized. The boy quieted down and applied himself vigorously to learning the business. He was naturally quick and energetic, and rose gradually from one position to another until he became head book-keeper for his firm. The old folks waited and hoped, and tried to hide their misgivings. Charles was in receipt of a large salary now, but he never seemed to be out of debt, and his letters were usually applications for assistance. Then had come rumors of dishonesty and disclosure, and now this letter.

He had not asked for assistance this time. The amount was too large—more than the value of the farm and his father's entire possessions. He had merely stated the fact, doggedly, and had added that he would necessarily be sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

He had gone to his cell with apparent indifference and with a smile on his face. His nature had always been a queer combination of recklessness and strength, and except for a certain added hardness to his lips and eyes he showed little outward concern for his disgrace. He was as scrupulously neat and fastidious in his dress as ever, and confinement seemed to have only the effect of making him more quiet and reserved.

One day his cell door opened and an eager, gray haired man entered.

"Charlie!"

"Father!"

There was a moment's silence then.

"Why did you come here? Talking will do no good, and, besides, I don't care to rake the thing over. If I have played the fool it is my own lookout. I don't wish to be told of it." He waited a moment, but as his father did not speak, asked, with a slight change in his voice:

"Is mother well?"

"Yes, she and your grandmother are waitin' at the hotel. They wanted to come here, but I told 'em they'd better not. Here's your paper."

The young man took it carelessly.

"What! A receipt from the house!" he cried, wonderingly.

"Yes, they've agreed not to proceed against you. I talked with the lawyers, an' the rest of 'em, but they say there's some forms to go through with. They can't set you free till to-morrow. I done the best I could, Charlie." He spoke anxiously, as though fearing he might have omitted something.

"But I don't understand, father. How did you get this? You had no money."

"I sold the farm and stock for a pretty good price, and then your mother had a hundred dollars or so put aside. Of course that wouldn't have been enough, but your grandmother put in all she had. We managed to make it up between us."

The young man threw out his arms with a quick, stifled cry.

"Sold the farm! and granny given up her little fortune! Oh, father, father!" All the hardness and bitterness and cynicism was gone from his face now, and with a sudden self loathing he turned to the wall and began to sob passionately. His father looked at him anxiously, then with alarm. He could not remember when he had seen his boy lose control of himself before.

"Charlie! Charlie boy!" he urged, "do not cry so. It's all right. You will be free to-morrow. Please don't cry." He threw his arms across the trembling shoulders and drew the young man toward him. "It's all right now," he whispered, tenderly, "we'll go off by ourselves and commence all over again, won't we, Charlie boy?"

"Anything you like father," came in stifled accents from the wall. "I will do whatever you say."

"Mind moves matter." Therefore exercise your mind to advertise so as to stir the gray matter of the brains of the people and affect their pocket books.

Good goods will sell to good people constantly. Poor goods only once. Don't let people say, "After having praised, their wine they sell us vinegar."

There is no lock but a golden key will open it," except that of the people's pocket book. First-class ads. will do this with golden results. When people think they want a thing, they do want it and they get it.

To be prominent anywhere one must have marked characteristics. So it is with an advertisement in the crowded columns of newspapers and magazines, in order to produce the best result it must be clear, definite, conspicuous and fresh. In years of this character.—*Merchants' Review.*

If you would always be healthy, keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the one true blood purifier.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

Och! me hatie's a thayur, it is thayur,
But her eyes, like the skies, are so blue,
An' her dimples so swate,
An' her ankles so nate,
Shure she dazed an' she bothered me, too.

Till one mornin' we went for a ride,
While, dapper as a bride, by me side
Like a starlin she sat,
With the wickedest hat
'Neath a purty girl's chin ever tied.

An' me heart, arrah, thin, how it bate
For silk hats looked so tempting an' swate
With ribbons like the roses
An' all the red posies
Yo ud see in her gardin' so gate.

But I sat jist as mute as the dead,
Till she said, wid a toss of her head,
"If I'd known that to-day
Yo'd have nothing to say,
I'd have gone wid me cousin Ismaid."

Thin I felt mesilf grow very bowld,
For I knew she'd not scould if I towld
Uv the love at me heart,
That sit niver depart
Though I lived to be wrinkled and owld.

An' I said: "If I dared to do so,
I'd let go of the lasts an' I'd throw
Both me arms round yer waist,
An, be stalin a taste
Uv thim lips that are coaxin' me so."

This she blushed a more illigant red,
As she said, widout raisin' her head,
An' her eyes lookin' down
'Neath their lashes so brown,
"I'd rayther me brother, Mishter Ted."

Miss C. H. Thayer, in Judge.

A BOY WHO COULD AND WOULD

I know a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him, "Shall I help you?"

"No, sir, I can and will do it if you give me time."

I said: "I will give you all the time you wish."

The next day he came into my room to recite another lesson in the same study.

"Well, Simon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir," he answered, "but I will do it if you will give me a little more time."

"Certainly, you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like those boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars and men, too. The third morning you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success.

WHICH WAY ARE YOU LEADING THEM?

When I look back over my own immaterial experience, I see now that a large part of the soul converting work was done by personal conversation. For example, I met lately with a veteran Christian who has been for nearly forty years a zealous member of the church, and I recalled to him the evening on which I had made him a pastoral visit. On that evening, a long talk with him had not produced much impression, but before I left he took me up into the nursery to see his rosy children in their cribs. As we stood looking at the sleeping little cherubs, I said to him, "My friend, want sort of a father are you going to be to these children? Are you going to lead them towards heaven or the other way?" That arrow lodged, it was blessed by the Holy Spirit to his conversion. At the next communion season he was at the Master's table. Preaching to him in his pew had not brought him to a decision, the preaching he needed was face to face effort. If pastors will go among their people, they will discover that there is an unbolted door in almost every body's heart if we ask the Holy Spirit to show us where to find it.—Dr. CUYLER.

A SETTLER.

On the occasion of a visit of an English junior football team to Glasgow to play an eleven of Scotch juniors, two of the members were taken down in rather an unexpected manner.

They did not arrive in the city until nearly 11 p. m. but, despite the lateness of the hour, two of them expressed their intention of having a look round.

The landlady of the hotel where they were staying, a motherly old Scottish lady, suggested that he'd would be preferable, especially as they were in a strange city, closing her remarks by saying:

"And, besides, ye might get lost an' be taken to the police station, an' I'd only have to pay sixpence each to get ye back."

"Is that all they charge to bail a man out?" inquired one of the pair.

"It is, an' what they charge to bail a man out," answered the good lady as she gazed on the youthful countenances of the football players, "but it is what we have to pay for the recovery of our children."

The youths went to bed.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

PUZZLING TO WHEELMEN.

Take a bicycle, balance it with one foot having one pedal at its highest point, the other at its lowest. To the lower one tie a string and pull it toward the rear of the machine.

Which way will the bicycle go?

It will go backward.

Most people think it will go forward because the string tends to move the pedal in the direction they move when the machine is going forward.

At The Dinner Table.

Patiently await the coming of your turn; do not follow with the eyes the food served to others.

Never unnecessarily handle the dishes or to any other manner exhibit nervousness or impatience.

Do not feel obliged to clean up the plate, especially do not make a laborious display of doing so.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.—G. Macdonald.

A Minister of the Gospel is Pleased to Tell of the Wonderful Curative Powers of South-American Kidney Cure.

"Rev. James Murdoch, of St. John, N. B. "I have used South American Kidney Cure with marked success. It will do all the manufacturers claim for it. I felt much benefited after taking the remedy but a couple of days. I have taken in all four bottles, and consider that I have received $100 worth of good from each bottle." Sold by J. V. Kanawin.

Mrs. Shopleigh—Is it any trouble to you to show your goods? Mrs. Cashcall—No, Ma'am, but it's a good deal of trouble to you to sell them sometimes.