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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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Ladies' hairdressing in any style.

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INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to any address, Box 236, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
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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

SALESMEN WANTED.
Pushing, trustworthy men to represent us in the sale of our Choice Nursery Stock. Special lines controlled by us. Highest Salary or Commission paid weekly. Steady employment the year round. Outfit free, exclusive territory, experience not necessary, big pay assured workers; special inducements to beginners Write at once for particulars to
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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.

GUELPH
Business College
—AND—
SHORTHAND INSTITUTE
GUELPH, ONT
Superior facilities provided for thorough and practical tuition in Commercial and Shorthand Course of instruction. Individual tuition. No classes. Write for Circulars. Graduates assisted to positions.
J. SHARP, Principal

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 Allcordial invited.
Strangers and visitors always welcome. Attend services at the door.
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.
Miss Mason, 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 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', Boy's 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

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 patronise 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.

—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 8.18 p. m
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROP RIGTON

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 Authorised $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.

Are You Thinking
. . of . .
Going West ?
Either to Manitoba or the North West? If so, don't forget we will make you special LOW PRICES for what
HARDWARE
You may require. We know it will pay you to get our figures.
Bear this in mind.
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 $3.00 for $2.00.
Misses School Shoes $1.00 for 80c.
Misses Fine Tipped Butt. $1 35 for 90c
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 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

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.

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 ground of 18 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
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 in hand.
Telephone communication

Poetry.

RECALLED.

I would not call thee back unless
Thou couldst return in just the guise
Thou ever wearest to my eyes—
The very form whose rapt caress
Drew, with the warmth of its embrace,
Heart close to heart and face to face,
Thus only would I call thee back.

I would fain call thee back with all
That radiant lustre on thy brow,
That would but make me conscious how
Immeasurably far above
All human bliss—all mortal thrall,
Thou art—not needing earthly love
That love that aches to call thee back.

Not with the halo round thy hair,
Not with the splendor in thine eyes
That dazzle souls in paradise—
Not in the vestments spirits wear,
Would I behold thee; such a sight
Would blind my vision with a light.
That would not let me call thee back

It would but only make me know
Than farther than the farthest star
The mysteries of thy being are
From mine, so dashed with mortal woe.
And I might feel, with poignant pain,
That we were not one soul, but twain.
And then—I could not call thee back

O, couldst thou only come, beloved,
As when we parted!—heart ...
With all the thousand memories still,
By which thy deathless love was proved,
How would I—were one hour thus given,
Lent for my solace out of heaven—
Dare all, brave all, and call thee back!

Select Family Reading.

Hawaii, the "Pearl of the Pacific."

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

(Copyright, 1895, by FUNK & WAGNALS COMPANY NEW YORK)

Molokai is the curse of the Hawaiian islands. It is their skeleton in the closet. There dwells the dread disease of leprosy, the oldest known and perhaps the most fatal of maladies. There is no well authenticated cure for it. For some reason Hawaii has become known as the land of lepers, yet one might live in the islands a lifetime and never see a leper or even hear of one

On the north side of Molokai there is a strip of land which forms a sort of a tongue, projecting out into the sea some ten miles. This tongue of land is about two miles wide at the south side, where there is a precipice of over two thousand feet extending across the island, and cutting off all communication with the main island. There is but one place at which it is possible for a human being to scale this cliff, and that is a narrow winding path known as the "Pali."

This portion of the island, naturally isolated from the rest of the world, was wisely selected by the Hawaiian government as a proper place for segregating those unfortunate people, the lepers. Here they live, some to a good old age. They have houses, small fields, gardens, horses, cattle, poultry and pigs. Some marry and have children born to them. If the child born of leper parents shows no signs of the disease at a certain age, it is taken from the island and kept in confinement for a certain number of years. Then, if found "clean," is so declared by the board of health, and permitted to go about freely anywhere. It is educated at the expense of the government, and may never be afflicted by the disease. Leprosy, moreover, is not very contagious. One of the best authorities on the subject declares that leprosy can be contracted only by inoculation, and that it is not more contagious than consumption.

It is not an easy matter to visit the leper settlement. One can only go as the guest of the board of health, and these officials make but two trips a year. I was very fortunate in being in Honolulu when the board made one of its semi-annual visits. On the afternoon of November 29th, Mr. T. Waterhouse, the president of the board of health, told me over the wires of the telephone to be at the dock of the Inter Island Steamship Company at 8.30 sharp. I reported on time, and found the steamer, Ke au hou, lying at the dock with steam up and hissing from every valve.

Going on board the little craft we found Bishop Ropert with Father Pamphile and the young priests who were going to work as missionaries among the lepers. There were many prominent visitors in our party, among them Mrs. H. Lewellyn Jenkins, deaconness of the Methodist Church, and a member of the Washington Square M. E. Church, of New York, Miss Kate Field, Senator Waterhouse, Judge Wilcox, Dr. Day, and others.

Shortly after nine o'clock the whistle sounded, and our craft pushed out from the dock and steamed down the bay. It was too dark for us to notice the tropical beauties along the shore. Night in the tropics comes quickly. There is no afterglow, no twilight. The sun sets and it is dark. If the sky is clear, the stars shine wondrously bright, and if there happens to be a moon it is almost as clear as day. No poet ought to sing of moonlight beauties until he has seen the moonlight of the tropics.

Shortly after passing Diamond Head the ship began to roll, and some members of our party complained of headache and began to "turn in" as rapidly as they could.

"We are crowded for room," the president of the board of health said. "You will have to sleep on deck."

There were less than a dozen cabins on the little vessel. And these were given to the ladies and elderly gentlemen, while the remainder of us cheerfully consented to sleep on deck with nothing but the starry heavens and some of the ship's rigging above us. Though it was the last part of November, the night was quite warm.

Not feeling a desire to turn in at once, I went forward of the captain's cabin, and, taking a seat on deck, gazed on the brilliantly lighted heavens, while my thoughts wandered to home and the loved ones far away. Wearied of sitting, gazing, and thinking, I at last went aft, where the deck was covered with cots, and men lay snoring everywhere.

"Are all the beds taken?" I asked the steward, a citizen of the Orient.

"No gettee bed and blanket," he answered.

He darted below, and in a few moments returned with a mattress, a blanket, and a pillow. There was a spare place aft the mainmast and just forward of the hatchway. Notwithstanding my cramped position, however, I fell asleep, and, had all gone well, would have slept until dawn of day. But, about half past three in the morning I became conscious of water falling on my face, and while half sleeping and half waking I was trying to determine what it was, the officer of the watch cried out:

"You'd better go below out of the rain."

I sprang to my feet and found the rain pouring down upon the deck almost in torrents. To snatch my collar, necktie, and cuffs, which lay on the deck at my side, and rush down the companionway in almost total darkness, was but the work of a moment. In the general hurry and confusion I could not find my hat. A sailor brought it to me, half an hour later, thoroughly soaked.

All sleep for the remainder of the night was at an end.

"Come here and sit down," said Senator Waterhouse, who had also been driven below by the rain. "Don't rub your eyes until they are red. You will have to get used to this."

I found myself in a company of jolly fellows who had already abandoned all thought of sleep.

"I have been fishing many times," said Judge Wilcox, "when we had to sit up all night in the rain."

The very mention of a fishing expedition will rouse the Hawaiian, native or naturalized. Senator Waterhouse, who knows something about a big fish, at once started out with a story:

"Speaking of natives and fishing, I will tell you what I witnessed with my own eyes."

"Go on, senator," was the general demand, for when the senator gets started the boys know they can expect something good.

"While going along the coast of Oahu one day, I saw some natives on the rocks, and some in the water. I asked what they were doing and was told they were going to lasso a shark, and that if I wished I might help them pull it out of the water. I climbed down the precipitous cliff a short distance, and discovered there was a hole in the rock in which the shark had gone and was asleep. One of the natives plunged into the water and tied a rope around the shark's tail, without waking him, and we pulled him out. I tell you he was a monster."

There were some incredulous remarks at this story, which caused the senator to declare:

"If any man doubts this story let him pay the expense of the trip and I will take the whole party to the cliff and show them the hole from which the shark was pulled. If I don't I will bear all expenses."

Judge Wilcox smiled, and stroking his moustache with a "that's nothing" expression, answered:

"I don't deny the truth of that story. There is a fish pond down the coast where the sharks come in at high tide. When the tide goes out it leaves the water so shallow that Mr. Shark can't turn over. The native boys used to go to this pond, plunge in, mount the sharks, and ride them all around. The shark is not dangerous unless he can get on his back, and the water is too shallow for that, so the boys can ride them in safety. Now, if any one doubts that story just charter the ship, and I will take him to the fish pond. If I don't I'll pay all expenses."

Shark stories were in order until the steward announced that coffee was ready for the party, this to keep them awake until breakfast. When invited to have a cup of coffee I announced that I did not drink coffee.

"Maybe you prefer beer—and one of the newspaper men.

"I never drank a glass of beer in my life," I answered.

"That is more incredible than any shark story told this morning," the senator declared. Then I offered, if he would pay the expenses of the party to the United States, to show them the country in which I had lived without drinking coffee or beer, and if I did not, I would pay the expenses of the voyage myself.

When day dawned we were at anchor off Kalaupapa. The lepers were aware of our intended visit, and, soon after daylight the shore was lined by those unfortunate people straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of their visitors. The band composed of leper boys, played several airs of welcome. Bishop Ropert, Father Pamphile, and the other missionaries, went ashore in the first boat and were greeted with cheers. To get ashore we had to climb down a swing ladder over the ship's side into the boat, both bobbing about and in opposite directions, which added the spice of danger to the expedition.

On landing we found on the shore two or three hundred lepers. Some of them were but slightly affected by the disease, and some were so disfigured as to hardly resemble human beings. The disease seems to attack the extremities first. Usually it first appears in the lobes of the ears, and they begin to hang as if there was a heavy weight in each. Then it appears in the face in great lumps, and the cheeks swell. The fingers lose all feeling and wither away or drop off, until the hand is fingerless and the foot toeless. Often the head is carless and noseless. The unfortunate often loses his eyesight, the ball entirely disappearing. It may take years for the disease to accomplish its deadly work, but there is no hope for the victim when once it seizes him.

And yet it is not uncommon to see a leper on horseback galloping over the settlement so maimed that one cannot understand how he holds the reins. Their ears often become so enlongated that they interfere with their riding. A doctor who was for three years in the settlement, said:

"I have often had them come to me and say 'Doctor, won't you cut my ears off, they are getting in my way.'"

There is a house set apart for visitors which no leper is permitted to enter. We went to this house to wait for the horses which were to convey us across the island to the Boy's Home. The lepers, to the number of several hundred, came to the fence and gazed at us so longingly, so fondly, as to almost melt one to tears. To them we were superior beings, loved friends from whom they were forever separated.

Senator Waterhouse, who possesses a world of moral courage and a heart as tender as a woman's, was everywhere among them, not hesitating to grasp the fingerless hand, and speak words of encouragement.

"How are you, old boy? How are you to-day, my friend? Come, cheer up and be happy. You are happier here than you could be anywhere else," said he a hundred times that day.

To which the natives (for most of the lepers are natives) usually answered:

"*Pilai! pilai!*" with a sad shake of the head.

"*Pilai!*" means grief, sorrow, and all that tends to weigh down the heart. I heard that awful word a thousand times that day, heard it so much that it still rings in my ears, while the sadly disfigured faces I met will, I fear, never fade from my memory. They have haunted me in my dreams ever since I left Molokai. Some of their faces were so horribly disfigured as to have no resemblance to humanity. No hideous mask has ever been made to equal what leprosy has done for the human face. I observed a boy about ten years of age whose eyelashes and eyebrows had quite fallen out. His eyelids were so paralyzed that he could raise them only the fractional part of an inch, and he had to hold his head back in order to see. Mr. Hutchings, the assistant and sheriff of the settlement, is one on whom the disease seems to have exhausted itself by the destruction of his fingers. These are gone and his hands healed, but his under lip is paralyzed so that, when he speaks, it falls down, and when he has finished a sentence he pushes it back with his fingerless hand, and holds it in place with his upper lip.

At last horses were brought for our party to cross over to the Baldwin Home. Then came a momentary hitch in the arrangement caused by Miss Kate Field, who was unaccustomed to the Hawaiian style of of riding. But she had to yield to the inevitable. She was determined to see the Baldwin Home; it was too far to walk, and their was not a side-saddle on the entire island; so, by the kindness of Miss Reynolds, she was soon attired in divided skirts, and by the combined efforts of Senator Waterhouse and myself safely mounted on a sad-eyed, dapple-gray horse, into whose good graces she soon began to ingratiate herself by patting his neck and appealing to his honor not to go faster than a walk.

The Baldwin Home for boys, which is under Catholic management, contains a score of houses, play rooms, school rooms, hospitals, and living houses, all neatly and cleanly furnished. Here we met Brother Joseph Dutton, as he is known, a man who for fifteen years has devoted his life to the care of the lepers. He is a plain, unassuming Christian man, who, in his brave humble way, is more nearly following in the footsteps of his Master than any other person it has been my lot to meet. To one visiting his plain little room, devoid of even the smallest luxury, unexpected and unpainted, and realizing that he is constantly in greater danger than if facing cannon, it seems as though he were in the presence of a superior being.

He took us to the different apartments of the lepers, all clean, neat, white-washed plain, and comfortable. All the while he was explaining to us that such a ward was where the cases were not so bad, the next was were they were lower and weaker, here the unfortunate beings were able to crawl out on the porch, and sit and gaze on the sea, sky and earth once more.

"Here is where they are brought when in the last stages," he explained as we entered a house which, despite its cleanliness and bare white washed walls, gave forth a sickening odor. "These poor people won't last long."

Four or five toeless and fingerless wretches whose horribly disfigured features made them frightful to behold, were on the front porch.

"These, said Brother Joseph, "are still able to come out." Then as we entered the hospital he added: "These can't live long. Those three are dying, this one is almost gone." Pointing to a vacant cot he added: "One died last night; we just took him out and will bury him to-morrow. That poor fellow is nearly dead."

I went over to the dying leper. He still breathed, though unconscious. He lay on his side with his head over the side of his cot. His hands and feet were gone, his eyes were out, his ears and nose gone, and in fact he was only a horribly mutilated trunk with little resemblance to a human being. Sickened at the sight and deathly odor of leprosy, I staggered to the door and was soon again in fresh air.

We called at the house where Sisters Cassentia and Vinsentia lived, those holy, angelic women who are devoting their lives to caring for the lepers. They wash and dress their sores, make their beds, wash their clothing, and keep them neat and clean. Though they have lived among them for years, they have been wonderfully preserved.

Too much praise cannot be given the Hawaiian government for its care of those unfortunate people. The eleven hundred and twenty lepers on Molokai cost the government nearly ten thousand dollars per month. By this lavish expenditure of money and with the aid of the Catholic missionaries, the lives of these poor people are as pleasant and easy as it is possible to make them.

JOHN R. MUSICK

WALKING UPSTAIRS.

"There are but very few persons who know how to walk up stairs properly," says a well known physician. "Usually a person will tread on the ball of his foot in taking each step, springing himself up to the next step. This is very tiresome and wearing on the muscles, as it throws the entire suspended weight of the body on the muscles of the legs and feet. You should, in walking or climbing stairs, seek for the most equal distribution of the body's weight possible. In walking up stairs your feet should be placed squarely down on the step, heel and all, and then the work should be performed slowly and deliberately. In this way there is no strain on any particular muscle, but each one is doing its duty in a natural manner. The man who goes up stairs with a springing step you may be sure is no philosopher; or, at least, his reasoning has not been directed to that subject."

THE OLD SUBSCRIBER.

The editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling, in a measure, received a postal card from an old subscriber in the country, which read as follows: "I hev tek your payer for leven yeres, but if you kant spel sindy better than you have been doin for the las 10 months you may jes stoppit." *Pit this.*

Impoverished blood causes that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood and gives vigor and vitality.

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE PRINTING OFFICE.

A few years ago, at a convention of teachers, I undertook to briefly discuss a paper on the educational value of the printing office. Whether it was the topic, or my manner of treating it that was responsible for the subsequent action of the meeting, I have never learned. However, the fact remains that the session was promptly and almost unanimously adjourned. Therefore, it is with a feeling of doubt that I now make another attempt to enlist the interest of this gathering on the same topic, but being requested to contribute something, and "the printing office" being suggested as a basis, it seems to me only a duty to present my impressions to this intelligent assemblage.

For the technicalities of the trade, this is no time or place. It will be my sole effort to show that the printing office exerts a powerful impetus to the progress of the pupil, and is a source of general knowledge and enlightenment which is sufficient to place it on the same plane as the work of the school room. The instructor of printing is required to train the mind as well as the hand. The mere matter of mechanical skill is the least of the difficulties to be contended against.

An apprentice in the printing office is every day engaged in constructing grammatical sentences, is constantly receiving explanations not only of words but of the sentences which these words compose. Just as the little child that hears, absorbs language by repetition, so the apprentice, in the course of his daily exercise in composing type, acquires a knowledge of grammatical expression. And this is one reason why the setting up of straight matter is imperative, the other reason being that it develops mental quickness and manual dexterity.

Another very important quality that is cultivated in the printing office is concentration of the mind. There is no operation in the work of a compositor that can be performed without attentiveness. The moment the mind wanders the work comes to a halt. Every teacher knows how desirable and necessary it is to get the attention of his pupils, and must therefore appreciate and regard as a valuable auxiliary a department of education which requires to make attention a habit.

Carefulness is another important requirement in the duties of the compositor. "Near enough" is not "good enough," in the work of type-setting. Unless a thing is exactly right, it is entirely wrong. The diminutive little pieces of metal that combine to make up a page of printed matter, teach to the worker the value of little things. Nothing is too small to be unimportant, and no matter how slight the difference between two types, the fact that there is a difference either in the size of body or face of letter, makes it necessary that they be placed in different boxes of the case or in separate cases. Thus carefulness becomes a qualification that can not be dispensed with, and incidentally it creates and developes a fine sense of touch and a keen perception of form and size.

The varied assortment of knowledge that comes under the eye of the compositor embraces religion, politics, history, science and art. In the composition of tabular work, he gets an exercise in the science of numbers, for not only the calculation and planning of the work demand an absolutely correct apportionment of space for each column, but the ranging of the figures that form the table require a complete understanding of their significance. The variety of business and social forms incubated in the setting up of bill heads, statements, business cards, cards of invitation, programmes, professional cards, legal blanks, etc., enlarges their knowledge of the ways of the world, while the news none give them ideas on men and things that under other circumstances would probably never be known to them.

To go into detail on the innumerable advantages of a training in the composing room, would occupy more time than this convention could consistently grant to a particular topic. It is sufficient to call your attention to the evidences of the beneficial influences of the printing office to be found on every hand.

The practical value of the first class printers' industrial education is also apparent. In spite of the machine scare, all are doing well, and earning good wages. If valuable results are any indication of wisdom in educational policy, then the printing office should be placed in the very forefront in the scheme of effective education. A. E. HODGSON.

CREDITED MISS ROCKEFELLER.

A pretty story is told of Mrs. Harold McCormick while she was Miss Edith Rockefeller, showing the simple manner in which she regarded her father's great wealth.

The incident occurred when she was a pupil at one of the fashionable New York schools. She, with a party of girls from her class, presented herself at a certain furniture dealer's to choose a gift for a favorite teacher. The price of the pretty writing writing desk, however, was more than the sum in their possession. The girls suggested that if the desk was sent they would forward the balance as soon as possible.

The proprietor very politely, but also very decidedly, informed the girls that he could not do as they asked. "But," he said, if you can think of any New York business man with whom any of your fathers are acquainted and who will vouch for you the matter may possibly be arranged."

"Why," said the daughter of the great petroleum magnate, "I think my papa has an office down on Broadway. Possibly we can get the money there."

"Who is your father?" quired the dealer.

"His name is Rockefeller," replied the girl simply, "John D. Rockefeller. He is in the oil business."

The merchant gasped and looked at the girl in amazement. "John D. Rockefeller, your father? Is John D. Rockefeller good for $25?" he repeated in excitement.

Then he recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to order the desk packed up and sent immediately, while Miss Edith, very much astonished at his unwonted excitement, thanked him with pretty and simple grace. Philadelphia *Press*.

A man that loses his own friends, and can govern his house without fighting by the cage with his neighbors, or engaging in suits of law, is as free as a Duke of Venice. Montaigne.

THE NEW COUPLE.

It was new and constructed on the latest modern plan.
But she lost her heart, like others, and of course, 'twas lost to man.
So at last the two were married, and they started married life.
As they thought, equipped and ready, well prepared for any strife.
She was posted on his business quite as thoroughly as he.
She had studied all the details and as any one could see,
She could run his shop or office, and it also seemed quite easy
She could act as his bookkeeper or could serve as his cashier.
She could sell goods on a commission, or could buy on thirty days.
She was sharper than most merchants in all proper business ways.
She could "take" from his dictation, and dictate to others, too.
There was nothing round the office that she really couldn't do.
So they thought they were well armored for a life of great success.
But the outcome of their trial was a failure more or less.
They are doomed to boarding houses, and regretfully they learn
For while they both can run the office neither one can make a home.

JUSTICE AND BILLIARDS.

"I once had a case in the justice's court in a little village on the coast," remarked an attorney to the San Francisco *Post*. "The Justice of the Peace kept a saloon, and at the hour for holding court I dropped into his place of business with opposing counsel and found, him playing billiards with the constable.

"Where do you hold court, Judge?" I asked.

"Right here. I can't afford to hire no court room.'

"Well, when will you hear this case?'

"Right now."

"I looked at the other attorney in a surprised way, but he had evidently appeared in that court before.

"Well, your honor, to expedite matters we will waive a jury," I said.

"All right. Go ahead with your case. Is it my shot?"

"We proceeded with the trial and the Justice went on with his billiards. I objected to the introduction of some evidence, and, without stopping his play, the Judge ruled:

"Objection sustained. Them balls are froze. Spot 'em up."

"Half a dozen teamsters dropped in and disturbed the trial. They were clamorous for liquor. The Justice laid his cue on the table and remarked:

"Court will take a recess for ten minutes. What'll you have, gents?"

"The Judge slashed the empty glasses around in a bucket of water awhile, wiped his hands, picked up his cue and ordered:

"Proceed with the case, gents. Whose shot is it?"

"I was in the middle of my argument when the constable attempted a masse shot. He ripped a hole in the cloth.

"You are adjusted guilty of contempt of court," declared the Judge, "and the judgment of the court is that you pay a fine of $5, or in default thereof serve five days in the county jail. You want to get some stickin' plaster an' fix that hole, too."

We concluded our argument and submitted the case.

"Hold on, you made only six. Judgment for the defendant. And you took seven," was the decision."

A MAN'S REAL STRENGTH.

The real strength of a man is in his character. Popular estimate makes it consist in his circumstances. A man's strength is measured by the number of his friends, by his wealth, by his social position, and his influence is in proportion to his reputation in the world's esteem. But, in truth, a man is strong only in his manhood. How much there is in a man you must ascertain by measuring his character. A man is not strong by what he has, but by what he is, and in measuring what a man is, we are to measure his character. Now, character is not a massive unit, it is a fabric rather. It is an artificial whole made up by the partnership of ten thousand threads. Every faculty is a spinner, spinning each day its threads, and almost every day threads of a different color. Myriads and myriads of weblike products proceed from the many active faculties of the human soul, and character is made up by the weaving together of all these innumerable threads of daily life. Its strength is not merely in the strength of some simple unit, but in the strength of numerous elements. *Great Thoughts*.

CLEARLY DEFINED

A contemporary writes: Lord Waterford's story related in Canon M'Coll's descriptive sketch in the Westminster *Gazette* of the man who accused another of doing him grievous bodily harm, by "calling him names, which gave him a pain in the inside, reminds me of an incident in a trial in which I listened many years ago, when a law student in the Four Courts, Dublin, but who was noted as a disciple of Mrs Malaprop, sued the late Mr Angelo Hayes, a London artist of considerable eminence, for libeling him by a caricature. The caricature was produced in court. In cross examination Sir William swore that it gave him great pain. "Pain?" said the counsel. "Pain of what kind? Was it mental pain or bodily pain?" "My Lord," said the witness, turning to the late Chief Justice Whiteside, who was trying the case, "my lord, all I can say is that, that drawing gave me great bodily pain of mind

It is hard for a haughty man ever to forgive one who has caught him in a fault. Bruyere

VITAL TO PERFECT HEALTH.

If in Doubt, Use South American Kidney Cure

The average man or woman cannot trifle with that slight pain in the back, that may be thought only a result of cold. More than likely it is the warning note that kidney trouble has taken hold of the system. It is simply amazing the extent to which kidney disease is common in Canada. The wise man will take time by the forelock, and by using South American Kidney Cure drive the disease from the system in its incipient stages. Fortunately, if it is too late to do this, this remedy is strong enough to battle with the worst case of kidney disease. If is another instance of doing only one thing, and doing it well. South American Kidney Cure is a kidney cure. It does not make any other claims, but no other remedy can meet it on its own ground. Sold by J. V. Kannawin.