The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton.

A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B. Acton. Graduate Toronto University. OFFICE: Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

J. F. HALSTED, M. D., P. L. U. C., M. C. P. and S. Ont. Office: Medical Hall, Main Street, Acton. Patronage Solicited. Rheumatism and Catarrh Specialties.

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DENTAL.

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

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. Dentist. Brooksville. Honor Graduate of Toronto University. Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate. Visiting Days: Tuesday and Friday of each week.

DR. J. E. WILKINSON, Dentist. Graduate and Special Prizeman Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Honor Graduate University of Toronto. Office open every day. Special office days Monday, Tuesday and Friday. Over the Drug Store, Acton. Gas and all other anaesthetics used for painless extraction.

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McLEAN & McLEAN, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan. Office: Town Hall, Acton. Wm. A. McLean. Jno. A. McLean.

DOUGLAS & MURRAY, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries &c. Offices: 1286 Queen St., Parkdale; Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St., Toronto. Telephone 227. John Douglas. A. G. Murray.

A. J. MacKINNON, Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer. Office: Corner Mill and Main Streets, above Kopman's store, Acton.

T. G. MATHESON, & J. B. McLEOD, Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers. Georgetown and Milton. Money to loan at lowest rates.

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

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

THE PALACE BARBER SHOP, Mill Street, Acton. WORDEN BROS, Proprietors. An easy shave, a stylish hair cut, a good foam, an exhilarating shampoo always given. Razors honed and put in first class condition. Ladies and children's hair tastily cut.

FRANCIS NUNAN, BOOKBINDER, Wyndham St., Guelph, Ont. (Over Williams Store.) Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. P. MOORE, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Private Office. No witnesses required. At residence in the evening. Free Press Office, ACTON.

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.

Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company. ESTABLISHED 1840. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address Box 628, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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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.

STRONG HAMMOCKS, TENNIS RACQUETS, BASE BALL BATS, MITTS AND BALLS. Cheap to Clear Them Out. OFFICE DIARIES 1897. DAY'S BOOKSTORE, GUELPH. Day Sells Cheap.

DON'T YOU WANT..... Wall Paper, Room Moulding, Pictures, Frames, Cornice Poles, Artist's Materials etc., at LOWEST PRICES? Go direct to WATERS BROS. NEAR POST OFFICE, GUELPH.

PHONE 1694. W. D. HUTSON & SONS. SLATE, TILE, FELT AND GRAVEL, GALVANIZED IRON ROOFERS. Estimates cheerfully furnished. Country work promptly attended to. The trade supplied with the following: building and roofing paper and pitch, galvanized iron eave troughs, down pipes and ridgings, and any work got out to detail. Office 21 Queen St. E. Residence, 50 Cecil St. TORONTO. Messrs. Hutson & Son will do the slating and galvanized iron work on H. P. Moore's new residence in Acton.

Again to the front with SCREEN DOORS. We can give you better value in this line this season than ever before. We invite inspection. SASH, DOORS, FRAMES, MOULDINGS. And other building material, such as Base Casing, Flooring, Siding &c., at close prices. PUMPS of all kinds at right prices. ... foot of River Street, ACTON. THOS. EBBAGE, Manager.

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.

Georgetown Electric Works. T. J. SPEIGHT, Proprietor. Manufacturers of DYNAMOS, ELECTRIC MOTORS, WATER MOTORS, AND HYDRAULIC RAMS. ... Fitting and General Repairs. Being equipped with a gas brazing machine ... prepared to do brazing on Bicycle Frames. Wheels converted from Direct to Tangent Spokes. Handle Bars bent to any desired angle. Full line of spokes kept in stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bicycles enamelled in any color. T. J. SPEIGHT, Georgetown.

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 Maggie H. Matthews, President. Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

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.

GUELPH Business College AND Shorthand Institute, GUELPH, ONT. SUPERIOR FACILITIES for thorough and practical courses of Study ... Shorthand and Typewriting course a specialty. Graduates assisted to positions. FALL SESSIONS commences Sept 1st. Write for circulars. J. SHARP, Principal.

THE TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA. Authorized Capital $1,000,000. Paid up Capital and Surplus $785,000. Assets over $6,300,000. Guelph Branch. 3½ Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and 3½ per cent interest paid or compounded half yearly. Deposit Receipts issued for large sums deposited. Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names. No charge made for collecting Sales Notes if payable in Guelph. A General Banking Business transacted. A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

Clever Thinkers Read Between the Lines. There's only one best Ready Mixed Paint. Perhaps you know who makes it. ... Be sure you get a J. M. BOND & Co., HARDWARE, GUELPH.

If your shoes hurt, you did not buy them at W. McLaren & Co's, GUELPH. Our aim is to sell shoes that FIT, WEAR AND PLEASE AT A FAIR PRICE. We like to suit our customers better than any other firm can suit them. Try once and you will be convinced that the BEST VALUE in Footwear is at The Leading Shoe Store. W. McLAREN & CO., Guelph.

OUR NEW SPRING GOODS ARE NOW IN STOCK ... than usual ... See them. Shaw & Turner, Merchant Tailors, Guelph.

WILLIAMS' Boot & Shoe Store. OUR POLICY ... square dealing backed by ... This means that we give the ... the benefit of the lowest prices possible ... time. We do not slaughter our goods nor sacrifice any special line to bolster up another, ... purchase carefully, buy closely and are ... 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.

AT J. Moffat's Music Store, ACTON, ONT. You can purchase the world renowned DOMINION Pianos AND Organs. ALSO Guitars, Banjos, Accordions, Concertinas, Violins, Mouth Organs, Violin Strings, Violin Bows, Autoharps, Mandolins, Sheet Music. In fact everything kept in a first class music store. Anything not in stock will be ordered at once. TERMS: For small instruments ... cash. For Pianos and Organs, ... to responsible parties. MOFFAT'S MUSIC STORE. Next Door to Symon Bros.

Poetry.

"ONLY A WORKING GIRL."

I know I am only a working girl,
And I'm not ashamed to say
I belong to the ranks of those who toil
For a living day by day.
With willing feet I press along
In the paths that I tread,
Proud that I have the strength and skill
To earn my daily bread.

Only a working girl! Thank God!
With willing hands and heart,
Able to earn my daily bread
And in life's battle take my part.
You could offer me no title
I would be more proud to own,
And stand as high in the sight of God
As the Queen upon her throne.

Ye gentle-folks, who pride yourselves
Upon your wealth and birth,
And look with scorn on those who have
Naught else but honest worth,
Your gentle birth we laugh to scorn,
For we hold this as our creed—
That none are gentle save the one
Who does a gentle deed.

We are only the "lower classes,"
But the holy scriptures tell
How, when the King of glory
Came down to earth to dwell,
Not with the rich and mighty,
'Neath costly palace dome,
But with the poor and lowly
He chose to make his home.

He was one of the "lower classes,"
And had to toil for bread,
So poor and often times he had
No place to lay his head,
He knows what it is to labor
And toil the long day through,
He knows how we get tired,
For He's been tired too.

Oh, working girls! remember!
It is neither crime nor shame
To work for honest wages,
Since Christ has done the same.
And wealth and high position
Must seem of little worth
To those whose fellow laborer
Is King of heaven and earth.

So when you meet the scornful ones
Just lift your head in pride;
The shield of honest womanhood
Can turn each sneer aside.
And some day, they will understand
That the purest, brightest pearl
And the gems of noble womanhood
Is "only a working girl."

Select Family Reading

Beside a Grave.

The time was six o'clock, a May evening, the place was the stone wall, somewhat crumbled and lichen mottled, just at the spot where barberry bushes of fifty years' growth hid the country graveyard from the highway. An old man sat on the wall, his blue jean overalls tucked into the tops of boots bent, roughened and trodden sidewise in many a long tramp over the furrowed field, but now dangling against the gray stones in one of the numerous rests which their owner found it necessary to take. The hand resting on his left knee held a short black pipe, which had gone out; his felt hat, torn in crown and brim, was pushed back from a face seamed and reddened by hard work and coarse fare; his eyebrows were bushy and white, and cheeks and chin were covered with a beard of a week's growth. This was Saturday night and it was a part of Luke Ford's religion to shave himself at eight o'clock on Sunday morning and at no other time.

Leaning his elbow on the wall, watching the splendors growing in the west, was a tall straight, square shouldered young fellow with close curled yellow hair and a broad brow. He was descended from ancient Norsemen who had scoured the seas piratically several hundred years gone by, but whose blood had been subdued in the nineteenth century to the peaceful ways of a young theologue, teaching a summer district school.

As Luke Ford took his pipe from his mouth, looked curiously into the bowl as if surprised that it had gone out, and then rested it against his knee, two women entered, unobserved, the place of graves, by a gate opposite the clump of barberry bushes. The gate was open as their carriage had left it in passing out that morning. Like in height and appearance, their new bombazine gowns trailed soundlessly over the grass as they moved slowly to a flat gray stone under the barberries, and sat down to contemplate a new made grave, the newest there, only eight hours since the sexton had rounded up the clay loam and pebbles, and thrust a time worn bit of board at the foot and head.

Silence between the two women, silence between the two men, the bushes hid each from each.

Finally the old man hopeless of his pipe spoke: "Wall, schoolmaster, I reckon that the dominie sent James Thrale straight to glory, didn't he?"

"How could he?"

"Twould only have been politeness to such a fine coffin and the best hearse in the county, eh?"

"He spoke for the benefit of the living, and did not remark upon the dead. Those funeral sermons put a minister in a hard place, many times, between sympathy for the mourners, regard for the morals of the community, and knowledge of the character of the dead. You did not go, Mr. Ford?"

"No, I'm terrible late plowin' for corn, an' then I hadn't no use for old Jim Thrale, he's ruined this community. He's got more sins to answer for than ary a man I know. He had blood on his hands, plenty of it, and I tell you what, though it is three days since he died, the Judge of all must be a master hand at getting through with His docket, if He's gone over all the indictments against Jim Thrale yet. I reckon his trial is still movin' on, but I ain't got no manner of doubt about the sentence." Luke Ford looked up at the blue sky, and spoke without thought of irreverence.

"No long time will be needed for a trial in that court," said the schoolmaster. "I make no doubt that one flash of omniscient light from the mind of God upon the soul, will bring forth every item in the record of the past, and aroused conscience will pronounce the verdict. Who can tell what may be the possibilities of memory and conscience?"

Luke Ford waited until the master had returned from his little excursus into philosophic regions to him unknown, then he said: "But I always did feel main sorry for the ladies, Miss Faith and Miss Hope. I've knowed 'em since they was dragged round in their baby carriage. They was always good, like their mother before 'em. I was a youngster when she came here, just married she was, and I went to her Bible class mostly because she was pretty as a pink and wore a mighty nice bonnet. She was a master hand at Scripture teachin'. In them days we learned a string of verses for a lesson. I ain't forgot the verses I learned for her, and she explained 'em wonderful. I mind one lesson had in it, 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoso is deceived thereby is not wise.' Why, the way she went for that verse, and follered it up was prodigious! It's made me a sober man all my life, so I wasn't one of those led astray by Jim Thrale's distillery."

"I don't see how such a woman as that could marry a distiller," observed the master.

"Why, bless your honor, master, he warn't no distiller when she married him, but as thrivin' a young farmer as there was. Old Peter Thrale had three sons, 'Siah and Jim, and young Peter. 'Siah wanted to go to the city, and old Peter set him up handsome in business, then young Peter died, and finally old Peter left his six hundred acres clear of debt, and a lot of cash besides, to Jim, seeing as 'Siah had been portioned, and Jim held to the farm, and had married a wife that old Peter set great store by. Then them twins Faith and Hope was born, and after a while another girl named Peace. Faith and Hope is the only ones at the fun'al this mornin', but many years ago Jim fell out with Peace, an' I drove her off on account of her marryin' a young feller like you, a theologue as taught in our district for a couple o' year."

"So Peace left the home," said the schoolmaster with intention.

But the old man without afterthought responded, "And a bad thing it was for them all, too, Peace had considerable grit in her. You see, schoolmaster, when Peace was about three years old a boy was born, and Jim Thrale was just daft over that boy. He set up to make him the richest man in the State. Farmin and stock raisin' was powerful slow for Jim in them days; more he got, the madder he was to get more. He was wild on makin' and savin'. 'Bout that date 'Siah died unmarried, leavin Jim his fortune, and Jim up and put the hull twenty thousand into erectin' a distilly. Pretty nigh broke his wife's heart. He got to be a leadin' distiller. His boy died when he was 'bout twelve, then the Missus died, of clear discouragement, I make it, and then Peace after a while got druv out, 'cause she held to the theologue. By then Jim Thrale had such a craze for rollin up money that he just lived for it and died for it. He kept things awful close up to the home. Talk of fun'als, I account all their lives has been a fun'al to Miss Faith and Miss Hope, they've just lived lonely, never gone nowhere, nor handled any money, more'n if Jim had been poor. And what good would they have got out of his money? It was money with a curse on it. Jim owned a thousand acres when he died, four hundred of 'em got by foreclosin' mortgages on small farmers he had ruinated with drink. He got a tavern set up at the big forks, and a saloon in every village in the county. Of course he had to have places to sell his goods. In the city he had a drinking place for rich fellers, so set up with stained glass picters, statoos, marble, gilt and looking glasses as would surprise you, and velvet carpets to kill! Yes, I seed it, I went to the city ten years ago, to sell Martin's hogs, when Martin had typhoid, and I met a feller from this way, and he showed me the place. Then he says, 'He owns two of a different kind, pr'aps you'd better look at them,' an' he took me down to a place called Kimball street, and Plum tree Row an' he showed me a hell on earth, you bet your life he did! Why, master the dirt and beggary, and rags, and crying babies, and lean, miserable, red eyed women, the broken winders, the rowing, the men like brutes—called it a slum, and slum it was, an' there were two drinking places owned by Jim Thrale, gatherin' in every cent from that poor popylation, and makin' men into devils day in and day out. I see it."

"It is fearful," admitted the master.

"I don't know as it is any more fearful than what was done here. See that tumbled down house beyond the pascher? Nobody wouldn't hire it after a man shot himself and his wife there, one of Jim's distillery hands. That big stun house near the church has had a man hanging in the garret, gone wild with Jim's drink. I couldn't count ye the young fellows that's gone to the dogs here, along of Jim's business. Twenty five years he has been a curse to the community. I should think he'd go deaf with the accusings of folks in the next world, I don't account he's having a very pleasant time. You know old Mis Robb, don't she do your washin'? She had a boy Charley, as pleasant a boy as ever you see, jolly and hearty and honest. Jim Thrale set his eyes on him for them qualities and inveigled him off to the city, to keep bar in one of his places. Big pay and persuasion did it, in spite of his old mother. What you might expect come from it, Charley got spoiled by the company he kep'. He tippled and he played, and by degrees he helped himself to the old man's cash. Then Jim Thrale was mighty mad, and Charley was 'rested and five years in the Penn. Far as I can see, Jim just reaped the crop he sowed for, what better could he expect than just what come of it? Ah, sir, sure as I'm sittin' on this wall you could tell dozens of such stories of Jim's victims, an' it's going on and on, to the end of time, an' I don't reckon I'm stretching my subject when I say at the judgment day, Jim's likely to have as many victims to answer for as there's blades of grass in yon pascher. Well, he's gone, but his stillery is going it same as ever. They do say he left to them two ladies a awful sight of money. If they is any fun in having money, I hope they'll find it, for up to now they haven't had much good of their lives, not since their mother died 'bout twenty three years ago. They ain't to blame, and I don't know as they understand the full evils the old man did, they've kep mighty close. Far as me an' my old woman is consarned, we ruther be poor as we are than have that kind of cash. If I had Jim Thrale's dollars clinkin' in my pocket, I'd think they was waitin' an' cussin' an' cryin' out for vengeance, the whole endurin' time. The ladies is very good ladies, and they will improve on their father's doin's. But what kin they do? says I.

"For Christian people they are in a hard position," said the schoolmaster. "To state the matter broadly, they have come into possession of a large amount of dishonestly obtained property. They had nothing to do with the obtaining, and they have no means of finding out the original owners, from whom it was taken without fair equivalent. If the money were mine I should not know what to do with it; one thing is sure, I should hate to keep it. Yes, it is a difficult, a nice case of conscience."

Two brindle cows which had been moving in a stately way across the opposite pasture, now reached the fence and laying their head on the top rail regarded Luke Ford with a low moo. Luke slid from the wall, dislodging a stone, which rolled down among the tangle of wild rose and blackberry vines beside the road. Then he opened the pasture gate, and turning the cows westward followed them along the turnpike. The schoolmaster entered the pasture, taking a short cut to his boarding place.

As the conversation by the wall had gone on, the two women in black, seated on the gravestone had been now red, now pale, and tears had silently rolled from their eyes. So exactly alike were they in appearance and in their indications of emotion, that they seemed two bodies animated by one soul. They rose, and in silence recrossed the grassy places of sunken graves, and went out through the gate.

"We have heard bitter truths," said Miss Faith.

"All the more bitter for being true," said Miss Hope.

"I think we never understood it before."

"I cannot tell, but we must find it out. The hard case of conscience which the schoolmaster stated, now lies on my conscience."

"And on mine."

MISSED HER OPPORTUNITY.

A young woman in a neighboring city, like tens of thousands of American girls, spends each year the warm summer months with her family in the country.

On her return last autumn she was describing her summer home to her pastor, with whom she was a favorite. He had always found her a cheerful, ready helper in church work.

"We went this year to a little sea-coast village. The people imitated us in everything. They took advice as if we were the sons of prophets. They have started a circulating library, and some of them have subscribed for the magazines."

"Are they a religious people?"

"No. There are two churches, but few attend the services in them. The poor ministers preach almost to empty benches. The people are not skeptical or vicious, they are just indifferent."

"And you? Did you influence them in this?"

Mary's face flushed. "I know all you can say," she exclaimed, "but I felt that I was on my vacation, and might rest on Sundays! The church was hot and drowsy. And I am shy of talking about religion to strangers."

"Yet," said the minister gently, "you could set an example as easily in devout Christian conduct as in new gowns. 'He that does not confess Me!'"

"I know! And confessing Him there would have counted for so much! If I live until next summer, I will use the opportunity God has given me."

To how many of our readers has this same opportunity come?—*Youths' Companion.*

THE BEAUTIFUL.

It was in one of the many noble ... manner that the third Presence, so long exquisitely felt, at length revealed herself. The skies were of azure so deep, so sweet, so soft, so tender! The foliage of the trees was in its young prime, thick and rich and of manifold green. The sun was obscured by a solitary luminous cloud. In such a setting came to the Child a picture ever common and ever rare: league upon league of golden hearted Marguerites—illimitable! Afar off, they were as drifted snow; nearer, each flower head swayed upon its slender stalk, a type of perfect grace and purity. The burnished yellow chalices of the buttercup glowed and gleamed in many a meadow, long lines of pale yellow mustard stretched far away into the beyond, the sapphire of the vetch glistened amidst the woven waving grasses, the fragile iridescent bells of the bladder campion swung lightly to and fro, the fragrant white and yellow melilot was tangled by the wayside. The cloud passed away, the brightness of the early morning sun glorified every living thing, and as Aphrodite arose from the foam of the sea, so the presence came to the Child out of the foam like flowers, and he knew her for the Beautiful.

Then a deep content was in the soul of the Child, and with rapture he murmured, "My country, my beloved Canada, how lovely art thou!"

The genius of the flowers looked fondly upon the child, and she said to him: "Thou hast obtained a gift of rare price, for, to whom she revealeth herself, beauty groweth alway, even as a lily in the garden of the soul, her loveliness ever increaseth, and she dieth only with death."—From "The Flower Child," by W. E. Hunt, in August *Canadian Magazine.*

TO REFRESH THE EYE.

If the the eyes become tired and painful because of the bright sunshine on the sand and water try this method suggested by a physician, of assisting and refreshing them: Take a cup full of water and add sufficient salt to be faintly perceptible to the taste. Hold your eyes to the water so that your lashes touch it, then wink once, and the eyes will be suffused, do not wipe them. This so refreshes the eyes that they feel like a new pair, and they will be so strengthened that there will be little danger of those troublesome wrinkles forming about the eyes (while at the shore), because they are tired or overstrained.

The New Hook Spoon Free to All.

I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, station A, St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2 cent stamps. I sent for one and found its so useful that I showed it to my friends, and made $13.00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It cannot slip into a dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something that housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending 10 2 cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home.

Very truly, JEANNETTE S.

SUNDAY BICYCLES.

"DEAR DR. CLARK: Will you kindly give in your talks with young men your opinion as to bicycle riding on Sunday? If it is not wrong, I would very much like to take a ride on my wheel Sunday afternoon or early Sunday morning before church. I feel that it would not hurt my spiritual life at all, but rather would make me feel in better condition to listen to a sermon, or do anything else in that line the rest of the day. I know some people think it is wrong; still, those same people go for long walks, and think that all right, and I see no more harm in one than the other."

Your question is one of genuine moment, my dear friend, and one that cannot be dismissed with a single word of authority. Many a young person has wished, I know, that there was some prophet or pope to decide these questions for him. But, thank God, Protestantism has no pope, and our manhood or womanhood is developed as it could be in no other way by facing just such questions for ourselves, recognizing our accountability and responsibility and deciding what is right for us as individuals before God.

There are two things to be considered in deciding this question. One is the effect of Sunday bicycling on yourself. You say that it will do you no harm, but rather good. Perhaps you are right. But of that I am not quite sure. Are you certain that it will not lower your reverence for the Sabbath and your general moral standard more than a quiet walk for fresh air and exercise?

But, after all, this question, and many others like it, resolves itself into Cain's old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, and no man rideth his bicycle to himself. We are involved in so complex a network of relationships one with another that others must be considered in deciding any such question.

You are not a Robinson Crusoe, with your man Friday and your goat and parrot on a desert island.

Will your bicycle lead somebody else to break the Sabbath? Will your spin before church keep somebody away from church who otherwise would go? Shall you be counted among Sabbath breakers, and your profession of religion be discounted, if you take a ride just for exercise Sunday morning? Will your example do something to break down the sanctity of the American Sabbath? All these questions must be settled before you join the ranks of Sunday bicyclers.

Does this seem a narrow, cramped sort of life, always looking out for somebody else, always living in fear of public opinion? Ah, there is one motive that raises any such self denial above the fear of public opinion, above mere expediency. It is the same motive that has sent martyrs to the stake and missionaries to the cannibals, and is to-day nerving our fellow Christians in Armenia by the thousand to give up their lives. "The love of Christ constraineth us." Therefore, we will not ride if it will bring dishonor upon His name, or will cause others to desecrate His day.—*Golden Rule.*

THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE.

Every reader of the Bible is struck with the wonderful style of this book. There are in its pages a grandeur and beauty, a fervor and pathos, a brevity and comprehensiveness which no other literary production has ever equalled. The greatest authors, poets and artists have noticed and acknowledged this. Johannes von Muller speaks of Moses as the grand model for historians. Goethe confesses that there never was an idyll written like the book of Ruth, and that the narratives of Genesis possess a charm exquisite and unique. The opinions of Schiller and Lord Byron and many other great poets are often quoted and well known. There is another peculiarity of the Bible style: it is homely and confidential. Its tone is fatherly, friendly, winning our trust and breathing our love. Scripture is wonderfully comprehensive, and yet very minute and personal; uncompromising and stern, majestic and awful, and yet most considerate and tender. Oh, that we were wise, and would not confine ourselves to our favorite chapters, and launch out into the free, majestic, infinite ocean of Scripture.—DR. SYRAN.

CHARACTER WILL COME OUT.

No one can hide his true self. He will show at some time, and in some way, whom he serves. His Master's image will be visible in his words, spirit, and activities. His life is an open letter. Men will read and form their opinion of its origin and characteristics. "No man can serve two masters, for either he will love one, or hate the other." Moments will arise when we will cleave to the one and forsake the other. Forces are at work which will make manifest his resemblance to the one and lead to his repudiation of the other. Sooner or later he will attest himself either a Christian or a worldling, either a servant of Christ or a child of the devil. There is no use in trying to be neutral. Such a thing is an impossibility. The only right and manly thing for us to do is to be open, decided, and consistent Christians.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and gives refreshing sleep.

A poor Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children gathered around him and inquired why he parted with it. "Ah, me honeys," he answered, "I would not be after parting with it but after a little money to buy something to put to it."

MONEY: MAKE IT YOUSELF.

I have never seen anything in the papers about the People's Wind Mill, we call it the "People's" because the inventor never patented it, but let everybody use it free. Any farmer can make a mill himself and all the material complete will not cost over over $10. It is a splendid mill, will pump the deepest wells, and will last longer than any mill I ever had. Any person can get diagrams and complete directions free, as I did, by sending 18 two cent stamps to pay postage, etc., to E. D. Wilson & Co., Allegheny, Pa. Wilson & Co. sell pumps, and when you get your wind mill going would be glad to sell you a pump if you need it. It is certainly useless to pay $50 or $60 for a wind mill, when you can make one just as good for $10. I think there could be big money made putting these mills up through the country as everybody would like them.—A READER.

A TEETOTAL LECTURE.

There's danger in the glass. Beware, lest it enslave. They who have drained it find, alas! Too often early graves. It sparkles to allure, with its rich, ruby light! There is no antidote of cure. Only its course to fight. It changes men to brutes, makes women bow their heads, fills homes with anguish, want, distress, and takes from children bread. Then dash the glass away and from the serpent flee. Drink pure cold water day by day And walk GOD'S FOOTSTOOL FREE!

WHY SHE GAVE UP THE BONNET PARADE.

The other day the clergyman of quite a humble little church in the suburbs was electrified to see among his small and devout assembly a well-known "butterfly" who had been one of the constant attendants at the most fashionable church in the neighborhood. After seeing her there several Sundays in succession, he felt bound to call upon her, when she at once remarked on the service, and told how glad she was to find the general congregation such a humble one; "for," said she, "my poor dear husband has had severe losses lately, and I have had to leave St. Peter's; I found in our altered circumstances that it was impossible to dress up to it as usual and I really could not go there any more to show my old clothes in the midst of the new ones of my friends."

THIN BREAD AND BUTTER.

Many physicians, according to a lecturer on dietetics, are ordering thin bread and butter for delicate patients, especially those suffering from dyspepsia, constipation and anemia, or any who need to take flesh. This thin bread and butter insensibly induces persons to eat much more butter than they have any idea of. It is extraordinary says the lecturer, how short a way a pat of fresh butter will go if spread on a number of thin slices of bread. This is one advantage, and a great one, in the feeding of invalids, for they are thereby provided with an excellent form of the fat which is so essential for their nutrition in a way that lures them to take it without rebellion. But the thin bread and butter has another advantage equally as great—it is very much more digestable when spread upon thin slices of bread than the same amount of cream eaten as cream, per se, would be.

SLEEPS IN TWO COUNTIES AT ONCE.

There is probably but one person in the State of Pennsylvania who can boast that he sleeps with his head in one county and feet in another. Joseph Wilson, of near Allentown, who is at the present time studying at the Philadelphia School of Design, claims that when he is at home he rests with his head in Lehigh County and his feet in Northampton. He says the house he lives in stands on the dividing line of the two counties, and his bed lies directly across the line. There is also a bed in the same house which is bisected from head to foot by the county line, so that two persons may lie side by side in it and yet be in two different counties.—Philadelphia *Record.*

USE FOR TURPENTINE.

Turpentine is the best friend housekeepers have, and a supply should always be kept on hand. It is good for burns, excellent for corns, good for rheumatism and sore throat, and a quick remedy for fits or convulsions. It is a sure preventative against moths, a few drops rendering garments safe from such invasion during the summer. It drives away ants and bugs from cupboards and corners by putting a few drops on the shelves. It effectually destroys bugs and injures neither furniture nor clothing. For cleaning paint add a spoonful to a pail of warm water. A little in the suds on washday makes washing easier.

MARK THE DIFFERENCE.

BETWEEN DIAMOND DYES AND IMITATIONS.

To the thrifty and economical ... wife Diamond Dyes offer advantages and results that no other dyes can guarantee.

The Diamond Dyes that all chemical experts pronounce to be purest and best possess more than double the dyeing strength of all other dyes. The colors are made to endure in spite of soap, rain or sun.

Diamond Dye colors are brilliant and bright; imitation dyes give dull and blotched colors. Diamond Dyes are prepared scientifically; imitation dyes are prepared and mixed without regard to the user's interests; the fact is, they are made to deceive and swindle the unsuspecting.

If you would dye well, easily and successfully, you must use the "Diamond." Tell your dealer plainly that you have no use for miserable imitation dyes.

Another Smart Woman.

My husband is poor but proud and he does not want me to work. As I have nothing to do I get restless, and after reading in your paper Mrs Russell's experience selling self heating flatirons I concluded I would try it. I wrote to J. F. Casey & Co., St. Louis, Mo., and they treated me so nicely that I felt very much encouraged. As soon as I got my sample iron I started out and sold 8 irons the first day, clearing $12. I have not sold less than 8 any day since, and one day sold 17. I now have $226 clear money, and my husband does not know I have been working at all, but I am afraid he will be mad when I tell him. Have I done right or should I quit work and leave him to struggle alone.—AN ANXIOUS WIFE.

You are doing just right, your husband should be proud of you, go ahead and show the world what an energetic woman can do. That self heating iron must be a wonderful seller, as we hear of so many that are succeeding selling it.

Money is not nearly so valuable as character, for money cannot buy the respect of thoughtful men and women.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.