The Acton Free Press.

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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. D. M. B., Acton.
GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE,
McLean's Block, Douglas St., near P. O., GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5 p.m
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

ALFRED P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Honorary member of the Veterinary Medical Society.
OFFICE—Wm. Husband's, lot 24, con. 4, Nassagaweya.
Calls day or night promptly attended to.

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

DR. F. S. MERCER,
DENTIST,
Graduate of Toronto University and R.C.D.S
Office over Drug Store, Acton.
VISITING DAYS—THURSDAY AND FRIDAY.

J. M BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST,
BROOKVILLE.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
VISITING DAYS.—Tuesday and Friday of each week.

LEGAL.

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

A. J. McKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

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—Ferryman's Block,
ACTON - - - ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HENRY GRIST.
OTTAWA, CANADA.
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

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

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON.

MONEY.
FARMERS, if you wish to reduce your interest or secure a first-class loan of money at low interest and on easy terms of repayment call on me. I make a specialty of lending money and have plenty of funds. I also lend on village property.
W. C. JACKSON,
CONVEYANCER AND MONEY LENDER,
OFFICE: Wyndham St., near City Hall, GUELPH

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 528, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Fees reduced to
$5.00 FOR FARM SALES.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

MAN WANTED.
FOR every unoccupied district in Canada to sell our high grade Canadian Grown Nursery Stock. Every tree and bush guaranteed true from San Jose scale.
Liberal terms to part time men, and good wages to those giving their entire time to the work.
The demand for good home grown and acclimated nursery stock is on the increase.
Apply now and secure good ground.
All our stock guaranteed true to name or purchase price refunded.
E. P. BLACKFORD & CO.,
Toronto, Canada

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

OUR
Wall Paper Sales
FOR 1897
Were the largest in 36 years.

In making room for our
Big Stock of Paper for this Season
We find several small lots which we will clear for a mere trifle.
Ends from 8 to 12 Rolls almost given away at
Day's Bookstore, Guelph.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

CHEAP FEED.
American . . Corn
CROP 1896.
SOUND AND DRY.
Compare it with the soft new grain.
Chopping promptly and carefully done at the
Rockwood Chopping Mills.
HARRIS & CO.

CLEARING SALE
....OF ALL....
Fall and Winter Goods.
In order to make room for our fine new stock of Spring Suits, Trouserings and Overcoatings, we will hold a clearing sale of all fall and winter stock during the month of February.
We are prepared to take your orders for
SUITS
TROUSERS
OVERCOATS
At very low prices for first-class garments. Our reputation for style and fit is already established, and we are prepared to ensure satisfaction to every customer.
Call early and have a good selection.
Cooper & Akins,
MAIN STREET, ACTON. - **Tailors**

J. H. Hamilton,
- - DEALER IN - -
Marble and Granite,
Hamilton's Block
GUELPH.
Having on hand a large quantity of
Scotch, Norway, Swedish and Russian
GRANITE
And in order to dispose of it to make room for spring stock now purchased I will sell at a reduction of
20 PER CENT.
And will allow all expenses to customers to and from our works.
JOHN H. HAMILTON

The Campaign
. . Prepare for Winds
We would call your attention to the fact that we are prepared to supply you with lumber of suitable length for your Barn Doors, viz: 10, 12, 13 or 14 feet also
SASH.....
..... DOORS .....
..... FRAMES .....
..... MOULDINGS.
etc. for building. Storm Doors put up at as low a rate as possible.
PUMPS.
Repair your pumps or put in new ones before it is too cold. WE CAN DO IT.
Shop at foot of River Street, ACTON
THOS. EBBACE
Manager

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings 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. 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

GUELPH Business College & Shorthand Institute
Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting and Actual Office Work a specialty.
Write for Circulars.
Guelph. *J. SHARP, Principal*

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Guelph Branch
Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and highest current rate of 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

....BIG....
BARGAIN SALE
....OF....
SILVER-PLATED WARE.
To make it easy for those who want "Quadruple" Silver-Plated Ware at less than cost price we have made another big cut and you'll find reduced prices on the goods in our north window. Bear in mind that all our Silver-Plate is "QUADRUPLE," made by people who know how to do best of best work. Make it a point to see these goods and you needn't ask a silversmith to tell you how very, very little the prices are.
J. M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE,
GUELPH.

Dyspepsia Positively Cured
By McKee's Dyspepsia Powders.
Many Dyspepsia Remedies have been discovered and offered to the public as cures, that have failed. But if you are a dyspeptic and have tried many of these so-called cures with repeated failure, don't give it up and settle down to a life of misery just when this great boon is within your reach. There is no other disease which brings so many other derangements of the system. To Dyspepsia are due very often all such conditions as Sick Headache, Sleeplessness, Heartburn, Biliousness, Nausea, Constipation, Jaundice, and Liver Complaint. These powders give decided relief from the first and eventually restore the digestive organs to their original healthy condition.
Now don't be a skeptic. Try them and be convinced.
ONLY 50c. A BOX. 24 powders.
Manufactured and sold only by
J. D. McKEE,
CHEMIST, - ACTON.

WANTED—AGENTS.
IN every district on the continent to take orders for high-grade Canadian-grown Nursery Stock and Seeds. Largest and most complete assortment in the trade. Fast selling specialties; superb samples furnished free; correspondence in any language. These positions are money makers and territory should be secured at once for the season by all hustlers looking for a good thing. Our salary or commission offers will interest anyone not earning $1000.00 per year. Get in communication with our nearest office.
An opportunity to represent a well-established house. Ability more important than experience.
LUKE BROTHERS COMPANY,
International Nurseries,
Chicago, Ill. Montreal, Que. Rochester, N. Y

The Little Trifles
That help brighten up a room, such as Fancy China, Bric-a-brac, &c., are found in great variety in our store.
Wall Papers,
Pictures, Picture Frames, Mouldings,
And such requisites are leaders with us.
THE PRICE?
We think the closest buyer will be pleased with our values.
WATERS BROS.,
St. George's Square,
GUELPH.

THE
Cash Store
For Best Values in
Ready-made Clothing,
Underwear and
General Dry Goods.
Finest Brands in
Teas,
Coffees,
Oatmeal,
Cornmeal,
Flour, &c.
J. C. McBeath
ACTON, ONTARIO.

Poetry.

THE ATTRACTION OF GRAVITATION.

"Oh dear!" said little Johnny Frost,
"Sleds are such different things!
When down the hill you swiftly coast
You'd think that they had wings;

"But when uphill you slowly climb,
And have to drag your sled,
It feels so heavy that you'd think
'Twas really made of lead.

"And all because an Englishman,
Sir Isaac Newton named,
Invented gravitation, and
Became unduly famed.

"While if he had reversed his law,
So folks uphill could coast,
It seems to me he would have had
A better claim to boast,

"Then coasting would all pleasure be;
To slide up would be slick!
And dragging sleds downhill would be
An awful easy trick!"

Select Family Reading.

The False Summons.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The red curtains were drawn, the fire blazed cheerily on the hearth, and the click of the sleety rain against the window panes only seemed to heighten the enjoyment within, where a shaded lamp gave out in serene glow, and the pictured folds of an ancient Chinese screen shut all possible and impossible draughts away from the ruddy fireside.

Doctor Fengrove sat on one side, with newspaper in his lap; Mrs. Fengrove sat on the other, tranquilly occupied in darning stockings, while a chubby year-old lay asleep in its crib, just where the firelight touched its curls with fleeting glimpses of gold.

"Well," said the doctor, letting the newspaper slip down to the floor, "this is comfortable. I don't often get an evening at home since— Hello! What's that? Some one knocking at the kitchen door."

Mrs. Fengrove rose and answered the summons. Presently she came back.

"It's Milo York, doctor," said she.

"Milo York, eh?" Doctor Fengrove's countenance darkened as he spoke. "Did not I tell Milo York never to darken my door again?"

"But he's hungry, my dear," pleaded the gentle-hearted woman, "and homeless. Mr. Evarton has turned him away, and—"

"I don't blame Mr. Evarton!" tartly interrupted her husband. "A miserable, drunken loafer, who—"

"I don't think he has been drinking to-night, doctor," said Mrs. Fengrove. "He looks pale and tired. He says he has had nothing to eat since noon and has no place to sleep."

"That no affair of mine!" retorted Doctor Fengrove, -who, though free hearted and hospitably inclined in general, had hardened his heart against this particular instance of humanity.

Mrs. Fengrove still hesitated.

"What shall I tell him?" asked she.

"Tell him to go about his business," returned the doctor, energetically stirring the fire until a red stream of sparks flew up the chimney.

Mrs. Fengrove closed the door, and went back to the kitchen porch.

"Milo," said she, my husband will have nothing to do with you."

"I don't blame him much," dejectedly responded Milo York, who was, indeed, an unpromising looking subject enough with his unkempt hair hanging over his brow, his garments in rags and the end of his nose chilled and purpled with the bitter night air.

"But it's a dreadful night," softly added Mrs. Fengrove. "Wait out here—the porch will shelter you from the rain. The coffee-pot is on the stove yet, and I'll bring you a plate of bread and cold meat and a cup of coffee."

"Thankee, ma'am," said the tramp, gathering himself like a heap of rags into the corner, to wait.

He drank his coffee and ate his supper like a famished hound, and then Mrs. Fengrove gave him a tattered old shawl, long since cast aside by her husband.

"Take this," she said, "and lie down in the barn loft; there's plenty of good, sweet hay there. But be sure you're off before the doctor comes out in the morning."

"Thankee, ma'am," again uttered the man; and he disappeared like a shadow in the howling tempest.

"Where have you been all this time?" suspiciously queried the doctor, as his wife came into the softly illuminated arch of Chinese screen again. Mrs. Fengrove turned scarlet under his penetrating glance.

"I—I only gave Milo a little—something to eat and drink," she faltered. "You know the good book says: 'Turn not thy face away from any poor man!'"

"Yes," dryly coughed the doctor, "but I guess the good book didn't make any allowance for tramps. And I tell you what Dolly, it isn't safe to harbor these miserable wretches, with Aunt Dorothy's silver tea-set in the house, let alone your own spoons and forks, especially as I am obliged to be so much from home."

Mrs. Fengrove sewed on in silence; she was almost sorry she had told poor Milo York about that snug corner in the hay-loft, but she lacked courage to confess the whole truth to her husband.

"It will be all right, I dare say," she told herself. "But Milo York mustn't come hanging around here any more."

In the dead of the tempestuous night, there came a ring at the doctor's night-bell. Old Mr. Castleton was very ill—dying, perhaps. The doctor was wanted at once.

With a yawn, our good Esculapius rose out of his warm bed, dressed himself and, saddling old Roan, set out for his midnight ride of six long miles. But when he reached Castleton Court, all was still and dark. He rang two or three times before a night-capped head popped out of the window—that of the old squire himself.

"Dear, dear!" said Squire Castleton. "What's the matter? Nobody ill, I hope!"

"Why, you are, aren't you?" testily demanded Doctor Fengrove.

"I? Not a bit of it!" said the squire, in surprise.

"Didn't you send for me?"

"No, I didn't!" said the squire. "And if you've got anything more to say, you'd better come in out of this sleet storm and say it."

"No," said Doctor Fengrove, setting his teeth together, "I'll not come in, thank you."

"It ain't a joke, is it?" questioned Squire Castleton.

"I'm afraid it's something more serious than a joke," said Doctor Fengrove. "Good-night."

And, turning old Roan's head, he set spurs to him and trotted rapidly away. Evidently the night call was a concerted plan—a plan devised to leave his home unprotected—and his mind turned, with keen distrust, to Milo York and his tale of distress.

"God keep Dolly and the little one safe until I get home again!" he muttered between his closed lips. "Faster, Roan, faster!" with a touch of the whip which was scarcely needed, so thoroughly did the good horse enter into the spirit of his rider. "You know not how much may depend upon your speed to night!"

Meanwhile, Mrs. Fengrove, who had just fallen into a restless slumber, after looking the door behind her husband, was unwontedly startled once again by a low steadily continuous sound like the rasping of some hard instrument. She sat up in bed and listened a minute. Under her window the sound of muffled and subdued voices were audible, even above the rattle and roar of the wintry storm.

"Burglars!" she gasped to herself. "And my husband is gone—and— Oh, Milo York is at the bottom of this! How wrong it was of me to give him shelter in the barn!"

Springing to her feet, she threw on a blue-flannel dressing gown, and hurried to the cupboard, where her few simple treasures were kept, besides the square, morocco case containing Aunt Dorothy's service of solid, old-fashioned china. She turned the key and was just dropping it into pocket, when a rude grasp fell on her arm.

"No you don't!" muttered a gruff voice. "Give that here!"

Mrs. Fengrove's heart turned chill as death as she found herself face to face with a tall, raffianly man, whose face was half hidden by a sort of visor, or mask, of black leather, while another was busily engaged in ransacking the bureau-drawers opposite.

"Give it here!" he uttered savagely. "Or," grasping the throat of the sleeping baby who had awakened with a cry of infant terror, "I'll wring the brat's neck as if it were a chicken's."

Mrs. Fengrove gave a shriek of affright, but, at the same second a stunning blow from a spade handle felled the man opposite like a log, to the floor, and a strong hand twisting itself vise-like in the neckerchief of the nearest villain, compelled him to loose his hold of the child.

"You will, will you?" thundered Milo York. "Not if I know it, I guess!"

And suddenly closing with the burglar there ensued a desperate struggle for a minute or two, during which Mrs. Fengrove's blood seemed turning to ice within her veins. It was brief however. Milo flung his opponent heavily to the ground, and, tearing one of the sheets from the bed, he twisted it around and above him, knotting it here and there, until the cowardly burglar lay helpless and pinioned at his feet.

"I'd oughter cut yer throat," said Milo, "a-fightin' babies and women, you mean skunk, you! But I won't; I'll leave you to the law, and if that don't grip you tight enough, I ain't no good guesser!"

And, with equal rapidity, he tied the hands and feet of the other man, who still lay insensible on the floor.

"Is—is he dead?" gasped poor Mrs. Fengrove, scarcely daring to look in that direction.

"No—he ain't got his desserts," Milo answered, wiping the sweat from his brow. "He'll live to be hanged yet, ma'am, never fear."

And at this moment the sound of old Roan's gallop on the half-frozen road struck like welcome music on Mrs. Fengrove's ears.

"My husband!" she cried out, hysterically. "My husband!"

Milo York went down and unfastened the door—the burglars had effected their nefarious entrance through the parlor-window—and Doctor Fingrove found himself face to face with the tramp.

"York!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, 'York,'" nodded Milo. "And if it hadn't been 'York,' your wife and the little un would have been in a bad fix."

"Oh, husband!" shrieked Mrs. Fengrove, flinging herself into his arms, "Milo York has saved our lives!"

"I ain't altogether sartin about that," added Milo, "but I guess I've saved your money and valuables."

"But how came you here?" questioned Doctor Fengrove.

"I was 'a-sleepin' out in the barn," said Milo. "She told me I could. She give me a blanket and food and drink when I was 'most ready to drop. God bless her! And I heard their footsteps just after you had gone out, and I suspicioned as all was not right. So I just got up and crept after them, and here they is," with a nod toward the two captives on the floor. "And if you'll just lend a hand, doctor, we'll h'ist 'em out into the hall, where they won't interfere with folks, and then I'll go over to the village for the constable and the handcuffs."

"How can I ever reward you for this, Milo?" said Doctor Fengrove, in tones stifled by grateful emotion.

"I don't want no reward," said Milo, stoutly. "I'd 'a' done more nor that for her," with a twitch of his head toward Mrs. Fengrove. "Ah, sir, you don't know the sort o' feelin' a man has for the only person in all the world as holds out a helping hand when he's ready to drop with hunger and faintness! And now," more briskly, "I'll go."

"Dolly," said the doctor, as the honest fellow vanished, "what would have become of us all this night if you had not been more merciful and tender-hearted than I! God be praised that your sweet woman nature gained the victory!"

That was the last midnight alarm that our doctor's family ever sustained. The two burglars, discovered to be old and experienced hands at the business, were safely lodged in prison for the longest practical term; the gang was effectually broken up, and the neighborhood was at peace again.

And Milo York! an outcast, despised tramp no longer. He is Doctor Fengrove's "hired man" now, as much a friend as a servant, and you may see him any sunny day, at work in the garden, with the baby playing around him.

"All I wanted was a chance," Milo York says.

It is better to purchase two cents' worth of music daily from the organ-grinder than to owe for a grand-piano.

Men and medicines are judged by what they do. The great cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla give it a good name everywhere.

HOME BIBLE STUDY.

The following article on Home Bible study has been sent by the editor of the *Sunday School Banner* as a communication to the FREE PRESS and several other leading papers in Canada for the purpose of promoting in all the churches the study of the Bible, that best foundation for personal piety and public weal:—

The result of Sunday School work in enlisting some twenty million persons in the systematic study of the Bible is a noteworthy feature of modern times. It has created a vast literature and engaged the generous and unpaid services of two millions of teachers. This system of Bible instruction is receiving a striking expansion. It is being carried to the homes of the people and is embracing, not merely the young people in the schools, but the adults of the family, who cannot, or do not, attend the schools. Most of the denominations have their vigorous Home Department of Bible study. Its members are enrolled as part of the Sunday school, study the same lessons as the school, and receive the same lesson helps.

There are many persons who are unable to attend the Sunday school—mothers engrossed in household cares, invalids, the poor who will not go for lack of suitable clothing, unlettered persons, who shrink from comparison with the bright boys and girls in the classes, and those in country places remote from the school.

The vital link between the home class and the Sunday school is the quarterly visitor. The visitor is generally a young lady of leisure and culture and winsome ways, who first secures the promise of the Home Department scholar to spend, at least, half an hour in the study of the Scriptures every week, and then makes periodical visits to receive reports, help with difficulties, and distribute the lesson literature. The genial influence of such visits to the homes of the poor and neglected, or those who are shut out from social intercourse by sickness or isolation, is in itself an unspeakable benefit. It is an exhibition of Christian altruism that overcomes prejudice and wins confidence. It is a proof that the churches are not mere social clubs of the well-to-do, but that they seek to remember the forgotten, to visit the neglected, and to benefit the needy.

The intellectual stimulus of such study upon even sluggish minds is very great. They feel the inspiration of keeping step with the great army of twenty millions, who are every week studying the same chapter of the Bible. They share the advantage of the cheap but valuable literature which is prepared for the explanation of the selected lessons. They are encouraged to give written answers to questions on the text. They acquire a new interest in the greatest classic of all the ages, and many are led to reformed lives.

The domestic effect is scarcely less striking. Parents take a new interest in the Bible studies of their children, and feel a new sympathy for the Sunday school. Fresh themes of thought take the place of mental vacuity. New topics of conversation are suggested instead of trivial gossip. A love of books is fostered. The Sunday-school libraries and books of Bible comment and illustration are drawn upon. These libraries possess great possibilities of popular education. They already far outnumber all the other libraries in the country, and they may be greatly developed in size and scope, and elevated in tone. In the church with which I am most familiar they number 375,000 volumes, and about $25,000 are expended yearly for Sunday school literature. Other churches have similar libraries and expenditure. By the Home Department a new opportunity of circulating good reading in the homes of the people is made easy.

It will be seen what large possibilities for the mental development, moral training, and social betterment of the people, for the brightening of dark lives, and the cheering of solitary souls, the Home Department offers. The number reached by this means in our country might be readily doubled by general and systematic co-operation.

These sentences are written to awaken more general sympathy and effort on behalf of this movement. All the church publishing houses, I think, will gladly furnish leaflets for organizing and conducting this system. Those who are most familiar with it are loudest in its praise. It has been tried in many parts of Canada, from Newfoundland to the Pacific Coast, and needs only to be better known to win heartiest commendation and support.

CEMENT NOT NECESSARY.

It will be possible hereafter to repair bicycle tires without cement. Small rubber bands are forced one at a time through the puncture into the tire, being held in by the lower end of a tool shaped like a hook, until a sufficient number of bands have been pushed inside. They are then drawn outward until about half of their length is outside. They are then stretched of course and when the tension is released they swell the puncture full and by expanding sideways and contracting in the other direction are claimed to effect a positively tight repair. The ends of the bands, being expanded, form a head inside and outside, and the outside ends may be trimmed off nearly to the surface of the tire.

DEVIOUS DEFINITIONS.

Trust—An association of capitalists that refuses to trust.

Bar—A place in a river or on shore where water is scarce.

Lawyer—The only man who ever gets satisfaction by going to law.

Hope—The untiring effort of a woman to find a burglar under the bed.

Auctioneer—A man who cries because he has to make an honest living.

Spinster—A woman who wouldn't marry if she could and couldn't if she would.

Purity—The acme of perfection found in the soap and baking-powder advertisements.

Intuition—What some people claim to have when they succeed in making a good guess.

FIRST YEAR OF THE CENTURY.

The nineteenth century will end and the twentieth century will begin at midnight between Dec 31, 1900, and Jan. 1, 1901. The year 1900 will be the last year of the twentieth century. This is because there was no year 0. The first century began in the year 1, and consequently included the year 100 A. D. The nineteenth century accordingly includes the year 1900 A. D.

EVERY FARMER INTERESTED.

The Annual Report of the Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm at Guelph, Supplied Free.

Ogilvie's Klondike book is the best selling one of the year, but a book, free to all who ask, that excels it in real merit, because treating effectively of a subject of more lasting importance to the people of this province, is the annual report of the Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm at Guelph. Where one man will wax rich in the new famous gold mines of the Yukon district of Canada, a hundred may acquire a competence, if not a great deal more, by sticking to the farm in Ontario. The wealth of matter in the report is of incalculable value to the country.

Agriculture is our greatest industry and the information given thereabouts by this publication of the Ontario department of Agriculture, Toronto, is up-to-date and reliable. The report is, moreover, well illustrated, and for a government blue-book, written in a most interesting style. The Ontario Agricultural College is beginning to feel the full cumulative force of nearly a quarter of a century's existence, the past year having been the most successful in its 24 years' history. Proof of this is found in the fact that of the students now in attendance over 95 per cent. came on the express recommendation of ex-students. President Mills in accounting for this pleasing feature of the College's prosperity says:

"The great majority of those who have been with us long enough to get a fairly thorough knowledge of our course of study and apprenticeship, are giving a good account of themselves at home and abroad. They have gone back to work with an increased liking for farm life; they are pushing to the front as practical, progressive men: and, wherever you find them, they are warm friends of the College at Guelph.

At the present time every bed in the residence is occupied and 27 students are lodging outside, most of them in the immediate neighborhood of the college. The total number on the roll in 1897 was 275—212 in the regular course, and 63 in the special dairy course, the great majority being Ontario farmers' sons of the very best class."

As an outcome of the tuberculosis agitation, the Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, decided about a year ago to provide for the manufacture of tuberculin in the college. The necessary apparatus was ordered at once, and the bacteriologist, Mr. F. C. Harrison, soon got things in shape to commence work. The first 14 doses were sent out about the end of last May; and since that time the demand has increased so rapidly that it was found necessary to order an additional incubator and add a room to the laboratory. With these additions, it is hoped to be able to supply what is required in the province.

The work in the department of field experiments is growing in importance from year to year. The experiments with varieties of wheat, oats, barley, peas, corn, turnips, mangels, potatoes, carrots, green fodders, grasses, clovers, mixtures of grain, etc., have been carried on systematically and persistently on well defined lines for seven or eight years, on plots in different parts of a fifty acre field, and under climatic conditions which have varied with the years. Hence the results now begin to indicate very clearly which varieties are best adapted to the soil and climate of the college farm; and the co-operative experiments throughout the province, carried on simultaneously by the College Experimental Union (largely under the direction of the Experimentalist, Mr. C. A. Zavitz,) go to show that the varieties which have done best at the college, give the best results all over the province.

In this way some excellent foreign varieties have been introduced, tested and distributed throughout the Province—varieties which yield from six to eight bushels per acre more than any varieties previously grown. In oats and barley alone, the varieties introduced and distributed by the experiment station have, within the past four or five years, paid to the Province a good deal more than the entire cost of the College for the last ten years.

COMMON SENSE IN DOING GOOD.

We want more common sense in doing good. Oh how many people there are who want to do good and they are dead failures. Why is it? They do not exercise the same tact, the same stratagem, the common sense in the work of Christ that they do in worldly things; otherwise they would succeed in the other. There are many men who have an arrogant way with them, although they may not feel arrogant in their soul, or they have a patronizing way. They talk to a man of the world in a manner which seems to say:

"Don't you wish you were as good as I am? Why, I have to look clear down before I can see you; you are so far beneath me." That manner always disgusts, always drives men away from the kingdom of Jesus Christ instead of bringing them in.—Dr. Talmage.

DOWNED THE PRESIDENT.

It was at a meeting of the Darktown Debating society and Mr. Henry Clay Lincoln Jackson, who had been called to order three times for disregarding "pahlimentry rules," got up and said:

"Beg pahdon, Mistah Pres'dent. I don't wish to be obnoxious to the club but"—

"Souse me for o'rrectin yo', Mistah Jackson," said the president, "but I guess yo' means obnoxious stid of obnoxionoblo."

"Souse me, sah," said Mr. Jackson with asperity. "I infer from your remahk that you are not aware ob de fac' dat obnoxionable and obnoxious are one and the same word. Will some membah be so kind as to info'm me if I am not correct?"

No one corrected him and the president was squelched accordingly.

INDUCEMENTS TO WHISKY DRINKERS.

A grocer inserted this unique advertisement in a St. Louis paper: "Notice is hereby given that if you will come to my store three times a day during the next year and buy a drink of whisky each time, paying 10 cents a drink, at the end of each year I will donate to you 5 barrels of my best flour, 100 pounds of fine granulated sugar, 100 pounds of rice, 10 pounds of coffee, 10 gallons of syrup, 30 yards of calico, 8 pounds of tea, one $10.50 cloak for your wife and $20 to pay for the liquor you drank."

THE ONE TO ASK.

"Oh, it's time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I.
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry;
"For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent;
She says girls in a hurry to marry,
At leisure repent."

"Then it's time I should talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I.
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry;
"For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go.
If you talk to my father," says Mary,
"He'll surely say 'No.'"

"Then how will I get you, my jewel,
Sweet Mary," says I.
"With your father and mother so cruel,
Most surely I'll die."
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;
"A way now to save you I see
Since my parents are both so contrary,
You'd better ask me."

—SAMUEL LOVER.

TWO MOTHERS.

I noticed her when she entered the car. There was something strangely attractive about her, though she must have been at least sixty, and her face was so care worn, and the saddest I ever saw. In spite of my great trouble, I found myself wondering about her, and sometimes—for a moment—would almost forget my grief. Only for a moment though. Then the recollection that my baby—my little tender baby, used only to the loving clasp of a mother's arms, was in that dreadful box in the jolting baggage car, would come to me in all its terrible reality, and I would forget everything and everybody and remember only my great sorrow. I wanted baby; O, how I wanted him! My heart was aching so for the sound of his little lisping voice, and the touch of his baby fingers. How could I live without him? Why did God give him to me, only to take him back after that one year? For weeks I had been so happy planning a visit to my old home with baby. I had told him so much of the dear old grandmother he had never seen; I had looked forward so hungrily to the day when she would take him in her loving arms and cuddle him as only she knew how. And now I was taking him to her; not the warm, laughing dimpled baby she had longed so to see. The little still, white-clad figure in the casket seemed another child. And the cruel cars jolted noisily on and seemed to say over and over till I could scarcely keep from screaming:—"Where's baby?" "Where's baby?" Suddenly the train stopped, and my husband went out to ascertain the cause. It was a broken rail, and we would be detained about half an hour, I was glad, for baby could have a rest from that cruel jolting.

It was then that she came and sat down by me—the woman with the sweet, sad face, and almost without knowing it I found myself pouring out my grief to her. It was such a comfort to me (mine was selfish grief, I only thought of myself), and she seemed to understand. She didn't talk much, but her very presence soothed me. I remember one thing she said. I can hear her low sweet voice now. "My dear, it is no slight honor to be the mother of an angel." I did not take in the fullness of her meaning then, but I have since. My heart was so full of rebellion that day that I did not want to find comfort anywhere. I was sorry when the train started again. "I change cars at the next station," she said, "and it may help you a little in bearing your burden if I tell you something about myself. I am on my way to B— to see my only son. To-morrow he goes to the State prison to serve a life sentence. I would be the happiest mother on God's earth to-day if I were in your place." The train stopped and she pressed my hand and was gone. I watched her as I could through my blinding tears till she was lost in the crowd. But those tears were not for baby.—Blanche Bailey King.

THE JOY OF SERVICE.

To be at work, to do things for the world to turn the current of things about us at our will, to make our existence a positive element, even though it be no bigger than a grain of sand in this great system where we live—that is a new joy of which the idle man knows no more than the mole does of sunshine or the serpent of the eagle's triumphant flight into the upper air. The man who knows indeed what it is to act, to work, cries out, "This alone is to live!"—Phillips Brooks.

HOME DYEING MADE EASY.

Even a Child Can Dye With Diamond Dyes.

Diamond Dyes Color Anything Any Color---Makes Old Cloaks, Gowns, Scarfs and Suits Look Like New---How to Dress Well at Small Cost.

Diamond Dyes are a wonderful help to economical dressing. These simple home dyes will color anything any color, and they make cloaks, stockings, dresses, feathers, lace, curtains, etc., look like new.

Many of the Diamond Dyes are made from specially prepared dyestuffs, and in no other way can home dyeing be done so simply and so satisfactorily.

They come in all colors, and the plain and explicit directions on each package make it easy for the inexperienced to use them with success. Even a child can dye a rich, perfect color if Diamond Dyes are used.

Do not risk your materials with dyes that claim to color both cotton and wool with the same dye, for it is impossible to get satisfactory results with dyes of that character. In Diamond Dyes there are special dyes for cotton and special dyes for wool, and they are all guaranteed to give satisfaction if used according to directions.

A little west-end girl said to me the other day, "Uncle Jack and I have been teaching mamma to ride the bicycle."

"Indeed, you have? And what did you do?"

"Oh, Uncle Jack held her on and I stood around and sympathized."

People who suffer from loss of appetite, indigestion, sour stomach, and flatulence, find prompt relief in the use of Ayer's Pills. As an after dinner pill, they are unequalled, causing the digestive and excretory organs to perform their functions as nature requires.