The Acton Free Press.

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Always buying wheat. No credit.
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Machine Finished Book Papers
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HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills
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At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a.m. and 6:18 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
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Business College and Shorthand Institute
FALL SESSION will commence Tuesday, September 5th.
Write or call if interested.
Circulars Free.
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TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
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No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

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Good as we know how to buy and that means good as can be found anywhere.
Prices as little as 35c. sqr. yard and all the between prices up to $1.00.
Special department for these goods with excellent light.
ENTRANCES: St. George's Sqr. and Wyndham St.
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Parisian Balm
FOR THE HAIR
A perfect Tonic Hair Dressing for promoting the growth and beauty of the hair and preventing it from falling out. Cleanses and invigorates the scalp thereby preventing dandruff.
Try a Bottle, 25c.
Prepared only by
J. D. McKEE,
ACTON, ONT.
☞ The name "McKee" on every bott guarantees its fine quality.

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HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.
Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00
Ten-year maturity shares are paid in Monthly Instalments of 50c, per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 paid in—maturity value $100.00.
Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to
R. J. McNabb,
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Bring your Custom Logs in and Take the Lumber Home with You.
SAYERS'
Lumber & Planing Mills, Nassagaweya,
P. SAYERS, Proprietor,
Has constantly on hand a full line of **Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Cedar Posts, Wood, Etc.** Custom Logs and Bill Stuff cut to order on short notice. Planing and Matching done to the best of satisfaction. Prices very cheap and made to suit the customer's pocket.
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Latest and Best Designs of
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IN GRANITE AND MARBLE AT
20 to 30 per cent. Reduction
J. H. HAMILTON
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Granite & Marble Works,
GUELPH
Is the only direct importer of Marble and Granite west of Toronto and north of Hamilton. Come and see the largest and best imported stock in the Dominion. Prices for granite imported stock less than others ask for the commonest Canadian or American granite.
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ACTIVE Solicitors wanted everywhere for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credits given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. BARBER, Sec'y., Star Insurance Building, Chicago.

Poetry.

THE HERO OF THE HILL.

Do you ever stop to watch a horse pull a big load up a hill?
There's something fine about the way he sends his rugged will
Down through those quivering shoulders, till it seems as if he clutched
And hurled the hill behind his heels until the top is touched
It gives a man new courage when he comes to his steep grade,
To think of that example which the plucky beast has made.
But if the load prove stronger; if the horse with hoofs upspread,
With reddened nostrils, steaming flanks, and bowing, straining head,
Surrenders to the inert mass, while the driver's only helps
Are strident oaths and the savage sound of the hot whip's snaps and yelps.
Why then the chief result is, that it makes a fellow feel
He'd like to take that driver's head to block the slipping wheel.
But I remember one time when the driver had a heart,
And worked with mind and muscle to release the stubborn cart
From the clay-rut when some soldiers who were loafing in the sun
Let fall their lazy jaws to laugh and let their cheap wit run.
One cried, "Say take that bag of bones and feed him to the crows."
And "Oh, he'd scare the crows away," the mocking answer rose.
"He's good for some things yet, that horse, for instance making glue!"
"There's a strain of Arab in him! Yes, a hard strain through and through.
Twill take a small torpedo, if you ever move that beast.
Better get one of the size of that which wrecked the 'Maine,' at least."
So ran the jeering comments, till at last a bugler said,
"Say, driver, If I blow the charge, d'ye think he'd drop down dead?"
'Twas then the driver answered, "Well, he might, but let me say
That this old horse has heard the charge when it meant Charge! to obey;
Not on the dress-parade grounds, along with chaps like you,
But on the fields of Cuba, where the Spanish bullets flew;
And though he's drifted back to me, and don't look very trim,
I tell you he's a vet, and has some spirit left in him."
"Oh, nonsense!" said a sergeant, and "Nonsense!" cried the rest,
And the bugler raised his bugle, shouting, "This shall be the test."
Then out upon the air there fell a dozen liquid tones,
Like prophecies of glory mingling with the ghosts of groans,
The sound the soldier hears and cheers, although its mellow breath
May send him where the cannon belch their black and bitter death,
The sound which cries, "Destroy, destroy! and let the list be large!"
The ringing of the bugle when it blows the battle charge.
And how the old horse heard it! Up flung his heavy head,
Wide grew his nostrils, straight his ears, and quick the fever spread
Throughout his nerve and muscle, as he forward plunged and pressed
Straight up the steep despite his load, and stood upon the crest!
And were the soldiers laughing now? No so. The scoffing jeers
Give way to shame a moment, then broke forth in cheers,
And the sergeant cried "Attention, boys! Fall in! Dress ranks! Salute!
Salute the gallant veteran—our comrade, though a brute.
God send him oats and apples and the shelter of a stall,
And grant we be as sturdy when we hear the bugle call!"

—Youth's Companion.

Select Family Reading.

A Losing Game.

"Can I match some buttons, please?"

"Yes, ma'am. Will you look at those?"

Althea Wells, in her rich furs and velvet, stood before the counter upon which the cards of buttons were strewn for her inspection, looking very proud and haughty, as was her wont, but very happy with all, as well she might, for just without the store door was Rex Daniels—handsome Rex, whose favor she had both schemed and sinned to secure, and whose interest had of late been becoming a matter that no longer admitted of doubt.

He would have been at her side now, only that he had met a friend and stopped to exchange some words with him; but although her meeting with him that day had been purely accidental, she knew from the look he turned upon her as she passed him to go into the store, that he would wait for her return; and the rich blood mounted to her cheeks, so that her eyes held a joyous sparkle as she passed from one counter to another, selecting various purchases, which brought her at last to the button department.

But now! what was the matter with the day that everything seemed to have grown so suddenly dark? What was that rushing sound in her ears, that quick, convulsive throbbing of her heart that seemed almost to suffocate her, as she literally glared at the sweet-faced girl who stood waiting with quiet deference for her customer to make a selection?

A moment longer she regarded her with that fixed, fascinated stare—all thoughts of everything else forgotten for the moment in the tempest of rage, hate, and guilty fear that surged through her heart. Then, in spite of her effort at self-control, a low cry, vibrant with bitter malice, broke from her lips.

"Marian, you here—in this place?"

The girl had been busy sorting the cards of sample buttons, the better to facilitate her customer's selection, and had not thus far even raised her eyes to her face.

But at that exclamation, she looked quickly up, a faint color fluttering in her cheeks, an expression of mingled fearlessness and indignation stirring in her dark eyes.

"Yes, Miss Althea Wells!" she replied with quiet firmness, "it is Marian—not dead nor degraded, although deprived of your august favor, and turned from the home which her uncle—your father—promised should be hers for life. I am here and earning an honest living. You said on that day that if we ever did meet again it should be as strangers—and please do not be the first to forget it on the next encounter—rest assured I shall not."

Althea's under lip twitched nervously, while her fingers worked convulsively together as though she would gladly have sprung at the intrepid girl and rent her limb from limb; then a sudden recollection seemed to chill the blood in her veins.

Rex was at the door—he might join her at any moment—might come face to face with the girl from whom her cruel treachery had parted him, and all her sinful scheming would be foiled.

At any cost he must be kept from meeting her this day—the future she could arrange for when she had leisure to think and plot.

"I do not wish to select any buttons today," she said, briefly, and with one bitter glance of hatred toward Marian, she turned away.

"To get her discharged first, and then to find out where she lives, and—yes, poison her if there is no other way to remove her from my path," she hissed through her set teeth as she moved in the direction of the proprietor's office.

She knew him well, having been a lifelong customer, and knew that her words would have weight.

The conference was a short one. Miss Wells was sorry to speak against any one, but she had just discovered that a former dishonest and dissipated employee of hers was among his clerks, and she gave him plainly to understand that both she and a number of her friends would feel compelled to withdraw their custom if the person was retained.

"She will be discharged to-night, Miss Wells, the proprietor hastened to assure her. "No, I don't know where she lives. She has been here only a little over a week, and we like her very well, but after your representations, of course, we will not retain her in our employ."

Well satisfied with the success of her plot, so far, Althea left the store, finding Rex just about starting to hunt her up, and he walked on beside her until her home was reached, declining her invitation to come in and spend the evening, but promising to call the next day.

With a strange foreboding of evil, Marian discharged the further duties of the afternoon, her thoughts turned back with a sharp, rebellious pain to the time, two short months ago, just after uncle's death, which had given Althea supreme control when she had been an inmate of her cousin's home, as she supposed, for life, when Rex Daniels had made the world appear like a lower heaven in the love he had laid at her feet, and then how Althea had driven her out into the world under a series of misrepresentations that she had been at the time too much excited to analyze, but in her calmer moments had pretty near been able to fathom. But it was of no use now; the only thing was to forget Rex as he had forgotten her—do her best and earn her living in some honest way.

But here her heart sunk again at the thought of how hard it had been to get the place, and how an evil word might deprive her of it.

As the bell rang for closing, a cash girl informed her that the manager wanted to speak with her: and with a sinking heart Marian went to his office.

"I am obliged to cancel my engagement with you, Miss Hart, he said, abruptly. "Here is your full week's salary, however, and I hope you may succeed somewhere else. Good night."

He held the door suggestively open as he uttered the last words, and realizing the utter hopelessness of either attempting remonstrance or asking explanation of what she understood only too well, Marian left the office.

Returning to her place, she got on her hat and coat somehow—she hardly knew how, for sight and every sense seemed failing her—and making her way to the street, paused for a moment with a feeling of utter bewilderment.

"Outcast! outcast!" she murmured brokenly, "with five dollars between me and destruction and a relentless enemy upon my track. What have I done to be so bitterly persecuted?"

Drawing her veil down over her face she was hurrying along as fast as her tottering feet would carry her, when presently she heard footsteps behind her, and a hand was laid on her arm.

"I'll take you're pocket-book if you've no objection, miss!" said a rough voice. "I heard you say a moment ago there was five dollars in it, and it'll come mighty handy to me. You may as well give it up peaceably, for I'm bound to have it anyhow."

Marian cast a frightened glance around. She had turned down a side street but indifferently lighted, and there was no one in sight at the moment.

Instinctively pressing her hands to her breast, she uttered a wild cry of despair.

"O, God! am I utterly forsaken—utterly helpless! Oh, help, help, help!"

The ruffian's hand was over her mouth but at the same moment a stunning blow sent him reeling forward several yards, while a strong arm encircled Marian's swaying form.

"There, miss, you are safe," exclaimed a voice, as a hand gently removed her veil. Then changing to a glad cry of joy: "Marian, Marian! Have I found my darling at last?"

Battling with the deathly faintness that was overpowering her, Marian looked up into his face—yes, it was indeed Rex—her Rex looking down upon her with a gladness and joy there was no misinterpreting.

"Oh, darling, tell me what this means?" he exclaimed, impulsively.

"Why did you leave your cousin's home, leaving that cruel note that was calculated to give rise to all sorts of suspicions; why did you not keep faith with me? She even hinted that there was another attachment and that had lured you away. How is it that I find you here—friendless, unprotected even—destitute? Tell me what it means?"

"It means a conspiracy, Rex, as I solemnly believe," said Marian, still trembling but with a great joy breaking over her face. "To which to-day's events have but added another link—treachery and wickedness such as I never believed could find lodgment in the heart of woman. But this is no place to have any conversation."

"True, darling," echoed Rex. "Your would-be assailant has made his escape I see. I will get a carriage and take you to your home, and while on the way we can unravel this mystery. Do you know I fancied last evening that I saw some one who reminded me of you pass down this street, and I came here to-night for no other reason than to see if it would occur again. And it did—thank God!—and brought me back my Marian. I don't know but I ought to reward that footpad, for if he had not detained you, you would have got away before I arrived on the spot, and perhaps might have been lost to me forever."

"True. And so the very means Althea used to separate us has been the surest way of bringing us together," said Marian when her story was told, and all doubts and misunderstandings cleared away. "I did not suppose she would come to the city for some months yet—indeed she intimated on that night when she drove me from her home, that she was going abroad for several years, and that you were to be of the party. Poor Althea! let us pity and forgive her. My heart is too full of joy to hold any sentiment of revenge."

"And so is mine—or will be to-morrow, when I can call this little hand really mine, said Rex, pressing it to his lips. Only twenty-four hours to prepare, Marian. But with the aid of ready costumes, and an unlimited purse, you can get what is really required, and we will get the rest afterwards."

Rex did not keep his engagement to call on Althea the following evening, principally because he was keeping an engagement of a much more agreeable character, in which two or three parties only were concerned, and Althea was not enlightened until the following day or two after, when some dainty cards conveyed to her the information that she had been playing a losing game; and the look on her face as her eyes rested upon the names of the happy pair, showed that her punishment was as bitter as any one could have desired.

SHELDON'S NEWSPAPER.

The Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon's books, now so universally read, make it plain that the writer's hopes of the regeneration of the world lie in getting individuals more and more to do their daily tasks on Christian principles no matter what the sacrifice involved. In the best known of his books, "In His Steps," he clearly looks to the newspaper, carried on upon Christian principles, as largely the hope of the "coming kingdom." In looking about him for a newspaper upon his model, he seems to have hit on the Montreal *Witness*, to which he has addressed a letter, part of which we quote:—

"I have read the *Witness* with much interest. I cannot say that I know of any other daily paper in the United States that is conducted on such high Christian principles. I wish I did, for if ever we needed such a paper in our country we need it now.

Let me express to you my appreciation of the Christian heroism and consideration which make a paper like the *Witness* a possibility. I have always believed it possible for a Christian daily to succeed. You have proved that it can. So much of the ideal newspaper in 'In His Steps' is therefore real.

I pray that you may continue to be blessed in your work. I do not know a more glorious opportunity for building up the kingdom on earth than by means of Christian journalism. I take the greatest pleasure in sending copies of the *Witness* to newspaper friends of mine for their inspection."

Very cordially yours,
CHARLES M. SHELDON,
Topeka, Kansas."

PROVINCIAL CROP REPORT.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture has issued the final crop report for 1898. The favorable accounts given in the returns given in August relative to fall wheat have been verified by the reports just to hand. Poor yields were exceptional, and large yields were common. The plumpness of the grain is frequently alluded to, in many cases the weight going over the standard, and as high sometimes as 63 or 64 pounds to the bushel. The yields of the various grains were as follows:—

Fall wheat, 25,158,713 bushels, or 24 bushels per acre.
Spring wheat, 6,873,765 bushels, or 17.7.
Barley, 12,663,668 bushels, or 28.9.
Oats, 86,858,933 bushels, or 36.6.
Rye, 2,673,234 bushels, or 16.2.
Peas, 13,521,363 bushels, or 15.6.
Buckwheat, 2,373,615 bushels or 15.8.
Beans, 759,659 bushels, or 16.8.
Potatoes, 14,358,633 bushels, or 84.
Mangel wurtzels, 21,937,848, or 458.
Carrots, 4,313,861 bushels, or 347.
Turnips, 64,727,882 bushels, or 427.
Corn for husking (in the ear), 23,443,593 bushels, or 70.9.
Corn for silo and fodder (green), 2,128,973 tons, or 11.20 per acre.
Hay and clover, 4,253,063 tons, or 1.79.

An enlarged area is reported for the growing of fall wheat, the increase being placed at from ten per cent. up, a few claiming to have actually doubled their acreage. The fall wheat throughout the province looks very promising.

TRADEGY IN THE CHURCH.

The Baltimore *News* says that not long ago an official bishop was a guest at a dinner party in Baltimore.

"By the way," said one of the guests, a woman, "do you know that there are times when it is dangerous to enter an Episcopal church?"

"What is that, madam?" said the bishop, with great dignity, straightening himself up in his chair.

"I say there are times when it is positively dangerous to enter the church," she replied.

"That cannot be," said the bishop. "Pray explain, madam?"

"Why," said she, "it is when there is a canon in the reading desk, a big gun in the pulpit, when the bishop is charging his clergy, the choir is murdering the anthem and the organist is trying to drown the choir."

A hearty laugh went the round of the table at the bishop's expense, and he acknowledged that at such a time he could well imagine it disagreeable at least if not dangerous to be present.

BEYOND ALL HOPE.

"Just sit down in that chair," said the oculist to the patient, whose reputation was well-known to him. "I will test your eyes." Then he held a printed schedule of his prices with a "No trust" line at the bottom in front of his eyes, and asked: "Can you read that?"

"I am afraid," replied the patient, reaching for his hat, "that my case is beyond the reach of human skill.—Chicago *Post.*

HE CAUGHT IT.

An English paper says that the hat of a certain short-sighted master at Eton blew off one day, and as he started in pursuit a black hen dashed out of the gateway. The schoolmaster saw the hen and dashed after it, thinking it was his hat, and all Eton was electrified to see a hatless and breathless reverend man hunting a black hen from one end of the street to the other.

The words of praise bestowed upon Hood's Sarsaparilla by those who have taken it prove the merit of the medicine.

HARD WORK.

Boys, do not shun hard work. Go at it, rejoice in it. It is a blessing to you. And understand us. By real hard work we do not mean study, or sticking closely to keeping books, keeping store or teaching school, or any of the professional pursuits. These are all honorable and when followed closely exhaust the nervous energy and make men tired too. But by hard work we mean work that requires a great deal of muscular force, such as chopping, rolling logs, quarrying rock, doing carpenter work, laying brick, carrying the hod, and working at the forges, furnaces, rolling mills, mines and car shops. This kind of work develops muscular strength, the power of physical endurance, grit, courage and good health.

Said an old man, now up in the eighties, to me a year ago, "When I was fifteen years ago old I was a weak, spindly kind of a boy, and went into a blacksmith shop, learned the trade, worked at it eighteen years, and forged out a constitution worth a million dollars." He has ever since been a healthy, vigorous man, and old as he is, still walks the streets, port, cheerful and straight as an Indian's arrow.

Hard work is good medicine for boys, and especially for young men.

THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY

A San Francisco hostess, famous for her tact and resourcefulness, tells a good story on herself. It seems that an officer in one of the Tennessee companies, a very shy young man, brought letters with him when his regiment came to the coast, and presented himself one evening at the Van Ness Avenue residence. As he was the son of a well known public man, and a member of an old family, his hostess exerted herself to entertain him. "We should be glad to have the pleasure of your company on Friday at dinner," she said, as he was leaving; "the Hawaiian Commissioners are to be with us."

Friday came, and so did the commission. Shortly before the hour for dinner the butler excitedly entered the room:

"They's a regiment o' soldiers, mum, outside." "No doubt in honor of the commissioners," the lady replied, "I will tell them." Just then the lieutenant was announced. He came up to the lady and said: "When you are ready I will have the men march to their places in formation."

The lady was nonplussed and said: "Why, what men?" "It's my company," was the reply, "all but ten, and they were sorry, but they were under orders and could not come."—*Argonaut.*

LEARN TO FORGIVE.

Learn now to forgive. Do not carry an unforgiving spirit with you through your life; it will hurt you more than anything else. It will destroy the happiness of many around you, yet its chief feeding ground will be found in your own heart. You hate your neighbor. Yonder is his dwelling, one hundred and fifty yards away. Suppose you pass by a wood fire, and as you pass you pluck a half-consumed brand from it, flaming and gleaming, and thrusting it under your garment to hide it, you start for your neighbor's dwelling to burn it. Who gets the worst of it? You will find your garments on fire and yourself burned before you can harm your neighbor. So is he who carries an unforgiving spirit in his bosom. It stings the soul like an adder shut up there. I know of some who call themselves Christians who are miserable because of their own revengefulness. Forgive your enemies and get down on your knees and pray for them, and salvation will come into your soul like a flood. "Father forgive them." Sweet prayer and blessed example.

HIS QUANDARY.

An old Irish laborer walked into the luxurious studio of William Keith, the artist, a few days ago, and asked for money to obtain a meal. He explained that he had just been discharged from the county hospital and was too weak to work. Mr. Keith gave him a quarter, and he departed. One of four young ladies, art students, who were present, said:

"Mr. Keith, can't we hire that old man and sketch him?" Keith ran out and caught him and said, "If you can't work, and want to make a dollar, come back to my rooms. The young ladies want to paint you." The Irishman hesitated, so Keith remarked, "It won't take long, and it's an easy way to make a dollar." "Oi know that," was the reply, "but Oi was a wunderin' how Oi'd git th' paint off afterward."—*Argonaut.*

HOW PEANUTS GROW.

It is a pretty sight to see a pea-nut plantation when the vines are in blossom. The blossoms are a bright yellow, and the vines are a vivid green. As soon as the blossom forms a fine branch appears on the vine and shoots down into the ground. The peas, as the nuts are called on the plantation, form on the shoot beneath the ground, like potatoes. When the crop is gathered in October, the vine is plowed up and the nuts hang to the roots. Vines and all are piled in cocks in the field, and in 20 days the nuts are ready to be pulled off, placed in bags and taken to the factories. There they are cleansed of dirt, assorted, polished in revolving cyclinders and put into bags ready for the market.

NOT THE HASH THAT WAS COLD.

Stanley, aged four—Mamma, please sing that lovely song called "The Hash is Cold."

Mamma—I don't know any song about hash, Stanley. Is it a funny song?

Stanley—No, indeed mamma. It's a sorrow song.

Mamma—Well, I can't think what you mean dear.

A little later she sings from "My dearest Heart": "The grave is cruel, the grave is cold."

Stanley, excitedly—That's it, mamma, that's it. But I made a mistake. It wasn't the hash, it was the gravy!

Regular action of the bowels is necessary to health. Lax-Liver Pills are the best occasional cathartic for family or general use. Price 25c. Any druggist.

There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all.—Shenstone.

Scrofula Cured.

P. Dubuc, Magog, Que., writes: "I have used three bottles of B. B. B. for Scrofula, Impure Blood and Dyspepsia, and was completely restored to health."

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

Blessed gospel! Oh, how sweet
Trusting Jesus—all who meet
Together in the hour of prayer,
Coming in from everywhere
At the closing twilight hour,
To praise and honor God's great power.
Blessed gospel! Sweet and pure.
Saved by Jesus, the only cure
For pain and trial, woe and strife
Of this poor, sinful, earthly life—
Striving to win for the world above
All who will trust in Jesus love.
Blessed gospel! Free to you,
Love and joy and peace to know.
Come one, come all! Do not refuse,
He is waiting—for you to use
His word—'tis for all the youth;
His promises are greatest truth.
Blessed gospel! O wonderful love
Which cometh down from heaven above.
The father leads us by his hand,
Through this weary to a better land.
Though the way at times seems dark and dreary,
Yet thou, O, Lord, art always near.
Oh, the love of Jesus, divinely wrought,
Beautiful, tender, blessed thought,
Ho! every one nearing eternity's brink,
Come ye to the fount of life and drink
Of the living water so freely given,
The way, the truth, the life and Heaven.
Blessed Jesus! In Heaven above,
In the fullness of Thy pitying love,
Look down and in the true heart find
Thoughts of thee, filling the mind;
Teach us to pray "Thy kingdom come."
And trusting say, "Thy will be done."

—Mrs. M. J. Whidden, Omaha, Neb.

REMARKABLE SWIMMING FEAT.

A remarkable feat of swimming was accomplished when James Finney, champion swimmer of the world, swam from the North Pier, Blackpool, to the St. Annie's Pier, a distance of five miles. In pursuance of the terms of a wager of $1,000 Finney dived from the North Pier shortly before a quarter to two in the presence of a large body of spectators.

The sea was by no means smooth, and the tide being at ebb rendered the task a somewhat difficult one. The match was a question rather of endurance than the establishment of a speed record. Finney started at a good pace, but after the first fifty yards settled into a steady stroke. He was headed by a small boat carrying a white flag, and he kept a yard or two behind all the way, passing the Central Pier about three o'clock and the Victoria Pier fifty minutes later. At half-past five he arrived at St. Anne's, but could not reach the pier, the tide being out.

As the conditions of the wager required that he should approach the pier by water, during which Finney swam about, and by frequent changes of position succeeed in keeping afloat until the tide came in, when he swam to the pier, having spent five hours eleven minutes in the water.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Battle of the Strong." A Romance of Two Kingdoms. By Gilbert Parker. The Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.

In choosing the scene of this romance, Mr. Parker has lighted upon a country whose unique position makes it particularly suitable for his purpose. Indeed the people of Jersey are one of the strangest anomalies in history; for, living as they do almost in sight of France, speaking the French language, and possessing all the natural characteristics of Frenchmen, they have yet, ever since the reign of their kinsman the Conqueror, preserved an unbroken allegiance to the British throne. There are two features in this story which are peculiarly characteristic of the author, namely the strength and depth of the character delineation, and its fidelity to life and human nature as it really is, in spite of all tradition as to how a story should be made to turn out, to please its readers. It is only from the book itself that one can form any adequate idea of its value, and can be brought to understand something of the mystery of suffering, and to realize that strength of character can only be developed through adversity.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH TO FAIR WOMEN.

Miss Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N. B., Once the Victim of Nervousness and General Debility, Takes on the Health of Early Years.

Some remedies are nothing more than a temporary stimulant, and the recreation aggravates the disease. Where the system has become run down, and nervous debility in its worst forms have shown themselves, South American Nervine will cure. It strikes at the nerve centres and builds up the system. Miss Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N. B., a lady well known in the Maritime Provinces, suffered terribly from indigestion and nervousness, and her case seemed incurable. She accepted South American Nervine without hope that it was any different to other remedies, but her words are, "I had taken only one bottle when my system began to take on the health of earlier years, and after taking three bottles I was completely cured." Sold by A. T. Brown.

SAVE MONEY BY HOME DYEING.

Easy Way to Make New Autumn Dresses Out of Old and Faded Costumes and Suits.

Diamond Dyes for Long Years Have Been the Standard Home Dyes.

Don't wear a faded gown.

Don't look shabby simply because you cannot afford to buy a new dress.

It is not necessary to wear clothing that is faded and shabby because you have no money to buy more. With one or two packages of Diamond Dyes, that cost only ten cents, the old dress can be dyed a fashionable and beautiful color and made to look like new. Thousands of women will have autumn dresses this year that cannot be told from new, but which have cost them only a trifle, the result of coloring over their old materials with Diamond Dyes.

Diamond Dyes give the newest and most beautiful colors that will not fade, crook or wash out, and are the only package dyes that have stood the test of years of use. Never risk your goods with any of the common adulterated dyes.

Never say you cannot do a thing until you have tried your best and failed.