The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

DR. JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C.M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick sts., Acton.
Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 6 to 9 p.m.

DR. F. J. R. FORSTER,
SUCCESSOR TO
DR. A. H. ELLIOTT,
Late resident Physician and Surgeon to Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.
OFFICE—Mill Street—lately occupied by Dr. Elliott.

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 2 to 6 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

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

J. COGHLAN, D. D. S., L. D. S., DENTIST
WORK CAREFULLY DONE. PRICES MODERATE.
OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE.
HOURS—EVERY DAY FROM 9 TO 5.

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST,
BROOKVILLE.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
VISITING DAYS—Monday afternoon, Campbellville; Tuesday, Acton, Office—Clark's Hotel; Friday, Rockwood.

LEGAL.

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

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

J. McLEOD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS.
Main Street, Georgetown.
Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first mortgage on farm property at 4½.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—H. Noble's Flour and Feed Store, Mill St. Acton.

INSURANCE AGENT,
W. H. DENNY,
General Agent Confederation Life Association.
Agent Union and Northern Fire Insurance Companies.
Office Young St., Acton.

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. Bindings of every description carefully bound, ruled neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. F. MOORE,
AGENT FOR MINNIE'S LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

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. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL, $125,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 422, or telephone 54, will be promptly handed to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor
Are well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to manufactory and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine, or implement of any make, how ever long ago it was made.

WANTED—Several bright and honest persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary $18 a year and expenses. Straight, bona-fide, no other "go" salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is our duty office work conducted at home. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. 2, Chicago.

SALE OF SHORT ENDS
—OF—
WALL PAPER
—AT—
DAY'S

To make room for our New Papers we will sell the remainder of last year's papers for a mere trifle.

We have 200 packages of ten roll lots (not to rolls of one kind) but two or three kinds in the bundle. Will clear at,

10c A BUNDLE.

A very fine and large stock of New Papers for 1900.

A little money goes a long way at

Day's Bookstore,
Guelph.
Day sells cheap.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,600,000

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts and Deposit Receipts.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

MONEY ORDERS.
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50.
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.

ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

FRAME YOUR PICTURES
WATERS BROS.
Can do it for you at the lowest Prices, and in the latest Styles.
Wyndham Street,
GUELPH.

Acton Saw Mills, and Wood Yards.
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc.
All kinds of wood in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Wood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone Communication

THE
Up-to-Date
Tailoring - Store.
Suits Cut to Fit You and your pocket.
COOPER & AKINS,
Acton's Fashionable & Up-to-date Tailors
Beg to announce to the public that we will, till the 1st of April, sell the balance of our stock of Suitings and Pantings at a big reduction in order to make room for our large purchase of spring goods.
Now is the time to save money.
—Suitings—
—antings—
—Overcoatings—
Call and see our goods. It is a pleasure to show them.
Fit and workmanship guaranteed.
Cooper & Akins,
Mill St. Acton.

We are sole agents in Acton for the celebrated Hallwarp and Blenheim Serge, which does not fade or change its color in two years wear or money refunded.

GREAT RUSH
FOR
FOOTWEAR
AT W. WILLIAMS'
MILL ST., ACTON.
GOOD Values are the secret of it all. Our method of doing business is to buy the best, sell the best, and recommend only reliable goods. It is this method that has brought to our store a permanent and desirable patronage.
Quality and Price are two of the most important points to consider when buying
Boots and Shoes
Rubbers Overshoes
We make them our specialty. It will pay you to give us a call and see the bargains we are offering in all kinds of seasonable footwear. We are in touch with the best Wholesale Houses.
Remember, we are after your patronage, and the inducement we offer is GOOD RELIABLE GOODS at close prices for CASH.
CASH AND ONE PRICE.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
W. WILLIAMS.
MILL ST.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized.... $1,000,000
Capital paid up..... 700,000

Guelph Branch

We are now issuing Money Orders payable at par at any branch of Chartered Bank in Canada, excepting the Yukon District, at the following rates:—

Under $10	4 cents.
$10 to $30	10 cents.
$30 to $50	12 cents.
$50 to $60	14 cents.

HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal and paid or compounded half yearly.

Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates.

No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.

A general banking business transacted.

A. T. H. JONES,
Manager.

LINOLEUM
and
MATTING DEPARTMENT.

A MOST important department of our establishment. Special space—special attention. Our stock for 1900 is entirely new. We never were prepared with so clean, new stock as for 1900. We are paying more attention than ever to Linoleums and Oil-Cloths. See our stock first and you will need go no other. Prices to suit all sized purses.

Our Prices are Always Right.

John M. Bond & Co.
GUELPH
Motto: "Satisfaction." HARDWARE

Sun Savings and Loan Co.
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.
Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00
Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 and in—maturity value $100.00.
Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to
R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton.

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown, Ontario.
BOOK. NEWS. COLORED
PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER.

SEED GRAIN
Wheat
Peas
Barley
Oats
Rye
Etc.
We have the largest and best varieties of Seed Grain in the city. Call and see our Grain Warehouse.
Also Clover, Timothy, etc.
James Hewer.
Seedsman
45 MacDonell St. Guelph.

Go To
Thorp's
Seedstore Guelph.
For your Clover and Timothy Seed.
Seed Grain of all kinds bought and sold.
Turnip,
Carrot,
Mangel,
Sugar Beet seeds.
Garden Seed 3c. a pkt., 10 for 25c.
Sulphur, Saltpetre, Ginger.
Rolled Oatmeal $1.75 per sack, 10 lbs. for 25c.
Feed Corn at lowest spot cash prices.
Potatoes and Grain taken in exchange for anything.
GEO. J. THORP,
Guelph, Rockwood, Elmira.

Poetry.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE WINGS.

Swiftly sped the banner'd steamer,
With the flower-laden crowd;
But, apart from all his fellows,
One, in thought or sorrow bowed,
Watching, absently, the waters
Grisly foam and gaudy roll,
Softly singing—as for heart ease—
"Jesus, lover of my soul."

As he sang, a stranger near him
Bought, with courtesy, his side;
"Pardon, sir, but for that anthem
Dy my hand a man had died;
And to-day it seems to lead me
Once again 'neath southern sky.
Were you in the army stranger?"
"Yes." "And for the Union?" "Ay."

"Then the incident may please you—
For I was a soldier, too;
Not your comrade, friend, but fighting
For the cause I thought was true.
So one night at Chattanooga,
I crept near the Union camp—
Near enough to see the picket,"
And to hear its measured tramp.

I could see his boyish features
Lifted to the star-lit sky,
But the hate of war burned in me,
And I longed to see him die;
Panted, with a savage triumph,
As my rifle leaped in place,
And my eye glanced along its barrel,
Straight to his fair, Northern face.

Flug! Death's messenger went singing;
But the lad was singing, too;
And my marksmanship, so boasted,
For that once had proved untrue;
And his beardless lips were saying,
As he turned and passed me by,
'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.'

Then I mentioned, some old rhyme,
Join his song and change its note;
Stop the young musketeer's warble,
In his cursed Yankee throat!
Now he comes—ping—go and meet him;
But he sang (from danger free),
'Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.'

Then a chill of fear or anger,
Fell upon me in that place,
And I aimed in reckless fury
For the tender, brave, young face,
And that moment seemed eternal,
Till I heard him softly sing,
'Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.'

Then I knew an host unnumbered,
Was encamped upon the way,
And that boy was under orders
From the Captain of the day!
And the unseen legions gathered,
As I knelt upon the sod,
And vowed there in my cell of gray
Allegiance to his God.

Years have passed, but in my memory
Is engraved that soldier's face,
Nor can lines of careworn manhood
Quite efface its youthful grace,
Turn and look at me, my brother,
Take the faith my message brings,
For you were the lad in refuge,
'Neath the shadow of the wings!"

—Grace Dickie Roe.

Select Family Reading.

Misunderstandings.

"IF you think there's any money in the legal profession with nothing to back you up but a fresh, crisp license in a new gilt frame over your desk, and the smiling encouragement, minus cash, of poor relatives, try it."

Thus moodily Mr. Frederick H. Moresdale addressed himself as he sat alone in his musty, cramped office, staring grimly out of the window at the ceaseless stream of noisy vehicles on the dingy street below.

Moresdale inwardly cursed the necessity that chained him to his colorless, profitless life and longed with the feverish longing of youth for something different, come in what form it would.

The thought of the months he had slaved and skimped without sufficient compensation to even pay his dues at the golf club! And, worse still, men were there, scores of them, who, without an effort, could give her the position in life that would never be his. And most of them were willing, too—as willing as he was. That was what made Moresdale scowl.

"You will say, "Any man is a fool to fall in love in his position." Undoubtedly so. Moresdale acknowledged it to himself. But that did not help the matter. There always have been fools and there always will be.

But there was something more gratifying in store for this particular one than "having to live it down."

One day the postman paid an unusual visit and delivered an unusual letter. It was posthumous and read:

"To the son of my benefactor: It is only a few thousands, but it is my all, and like enough to help a fellow over a stump now and then. To your father's boy, in remembrance of that day of horror at Gettysburg, when a spoonful of water stood between one man and death and the other poured the contents of his canteen into the dying man's parched throat. The last man was myself and the other your father, who, ever afterward proved a tried and faithful friend."

Enclosed was a draft for the full amount payable to Frederick H. Moresdale, attorney and accountant at law. Everything seemed to dance before his eyes. Holding this slip up to the light, Moresdale stared at it, puzzled and bewildered, his system undergoing something very like an electric shock. Good news has often just such an effect.

Could it be a joke or a hallucination? Moresdale read it over with increasing ecstasy after each perusal. No, it was not a dream. There it was in black and white, just as sure and solid as the rock of Gibraltar.

Hereafter it should be Dr. Haroldson Moresdale, and the sign would swing from one of the big office buildings on Broadway. Steadying his senses after awhile and with a full realization of all that a hundred thousand meant to him, Moresdale dived into his pocket and brought out a blue tinted envelope faintly redolent of violets. His eyes rested on the envelope in dreamy contemplation for a moment, and the familiar signature caused his heart to throb faster and with hope such as he had not known before.

Singularly enough, it was an invitation to call that very afternoon. "My red letter day," said Moresdale to himself as he locked the office door and ran, whistling down three flights of narrow stairs.

As he walked on through the gathering shadows, the light of the dying day touching everything with a soft radiance, he fell to dreaming of past vicissitudes and then of the new vista of possibilities about to open up before him. He knew that his talent was no mean one and felt with a thrill of pride, that, the desire of his heart fulfilled, there would be nothing lacking to make his career a successful one.

And then there came a lurking doubt as there always will, perhaps she did not care for him in that way at all, or, worse still, cared for somebody else. The thought caused him a momentary pang; but, thrusting it aside with the sanguineness of youth, he hurried on his way with quickened pulse. As he drew near she swept the verandah with half anxious, half expectant eyes for signs of her. The next instant he was standing on the stone steps and she was coming forward with outstretched hand to receive him.

"So glad to see you," she said with her pretty charming accent, which hardly missed a drawl, while the peach blush on her face deeped just a trifle.

"I hardly hoped to find you alone," began Moresdale in his frank, genial way, making no effort to conceal his delight.

She was smiling up at him with a dash of light in her fine gray eyes, and the twilight, playing in soft grey shadows on her cloudy gown, brought out the pure translucency of her face. Moresdale flung one knee over the other and then back again, regarding her the while with admiring eyes. He fully intended to say it, but with absolutely no experience in that line the question arose as to "preliminaries."

After debating for a moment he leaned closer to her, a sudden resolve in his face.

"Miss Dolores"—

He looked at her a little dubiously, as her eyes met his in a questioning way, and the faintest of smiles glinted about her curved lips. "Yes," she said, drawing a jasqueminot rose from among the fluffy laces that framed her throat and with nervous fingers picking out the crimson, velvety petals.

She gave him a side glance and smoothed out the folds of her gown.

It was a little way she had indicative of undivided attention.

"I have had good news, such good news," he reiterated with a glow of pride, as he watched her narrowly for some answering light.

"You don't say, really," said Dolores, with a frivolous smile. "So have I—just splendid." She leaned forward, clasping both hands about her knee in an unconventional way that Moresdale liked. He pondered a moment, his eyes resting upon her in pleased contemplation. At her last words his clear, thoughtful face in the gray light looked a shade more thoughtful than usual.

"Mine is good news, in every respect," he went on suggestively, his eyes seeking hers with a great tenderness.

But Dolores was looking away and did not see.

"Yes," he continued radiantly, "it takes in everything, and I—"

"Well, I"—broke in the young woman laughingly.

"Please don't, pleaded Moresdale. "It's very serious."

"Oh, I beg pardon, but do you—"

"Let me finish then. You—"

"Oh, dear! Well— But do hurry, for—"

"Well?"

"Well?"

"I have some— Oh go on."

"There's another thing—I want to say—first."

Dolores sighed and folded her hands over each other.

"Whenever will you—"

"Well, then—I think I'm in love," blurted out Moresdale, flushing to the roots of his hair.

"Oh you—that is—of course. I understand, she said confusedly, pulling at the lace edge of her handkerchief without looking up.

Moresdale colored painfully. "Do you think she—er—"

"How can I tell?" You ought to be—"

"But I don't. She—she won't— He broke off and looked at her with wistful, questioning eyes.

"She won't!" Dolores, looking into the eager face close to her own, thought she must be a very funny person. It had suddenly dawned upon her that—well, it couldn't matter, and she resolved to change the subject.

"Now for mine," she said a little mechanically, "my news."

Moresdale looked at her curiously, half defined fear revealing itself in her wide eyes. She seemed to him suddenly cold and alien.

"I have studied so hard," she went on, her eyes resting absently on the color-flecked garden, "and it's been such an expense, but now"—She broke off and stared at him for a second, then continued absently: "It's all over now. I was engaged yesterday."

Something seemed to suddenly catch at Moresdale's throat. He stared at her in a dazed sort of way his heart beating to suffocation.

"It's all over. I should say it was—with me."

He started to his feet and was standing in front of her, bewilderment in his face.

Dolores glanced at him with a mingling of wonder and perplexity in his voice, then suddenly dropped her eyes and waited for him to explain. There was a pause.

Moresdale took up his hat and tossed his extinguished cigar out on the lawn. "I must be going," he said coldly, moving toward the steps.

A shade of disappointment crossed the girl's face.

"Is that—all you have—to say?" she said, with a wistful note in her voice. "I thought—I was sure you would be—glad."

"I congratulate you," said Moresdale icily as he took her proffered hand and turned to go.

"Men are such queer creatures," said Dolores under her breath as she watched his retreating figure with puzzled eyes. Moresdale had reached the gate, when her voice arrested him.

"You are coming to hear me sing, aren't you? I commence Wednesday."

"What in the name of sense does she mean now?" was his mental ejaculation.

Aloud he said, "How—what do you mean?" at the same time retracing his steps under the subtle influence of her voice.

"Why, I told you I was—an"—

The light suddenly broke in on Moresdale. "By Jove, what an ass I've made of myself! Then it wasn't to—to—mar?"—

"Oh, no! not that. To sing, you know." Dolores quickly interposed, the look of hurt surprise vanishing from her face.

"You goose, how could you?"

He was leaning closer to her, his fingers touching her shining hair caressingly.

"Then, Dolores"—

The warm color suddenly swept her face at the name he called her.

The next was rather precipitate; but, considering that "preliminaries" had almost worked his undoing, Moresdale concluded to dispense with further trial.

Two hours later he passed with swinging step down the wide, white veranda, a smile on his classical contour.

Some one else was smiling, too, as she watched him out of sight and said softly, with beating heart, "Men are such dear creatures."—Detroit *News*.

"STONEWALL'S" FIRST RECORDED VICTORY.

The following incident in the life of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, which, I believe, has never been given to the public, but which I had heard several times from the lips of my venerable uncle, Mr. Conrad Kester, who lived at Weston, in Lewis County, Va., (now West Virginia), some three miles above the "Old Cummins Jackson Mills," where young Jackson lived with his uncle, will serve to show, that those sterling qualities of head and heart which so characterized his life in after years were innate in the boy, and even at the early age of ten years his high sense of honor and keen perception of the right fixed in his mind so high a standard of morality that he could not easily be induced to lower it. At the time mentioned the West Fork River, on whose banks stood the old mill, was well stocked with fish, among which none was sought after so eagerly as that noble game fish called the "pike." "Tom," as he was familiarly called, partly supplied the demands of the limited fish market at the little village of Weston. One day Tom proposed to Mr. Kester that he would let him have all the pike he caught a foot in length or over at the price of fifty cents each. Mr. Kester accepted the proposition, so the solemn compact was concluded.

Tom continued to perform his contract faithfully, and sold Kester every pike he caught of the "regulation length" until one day he was seen by Col. Talbott going through town, making straight for Kester's bending under the weight of a pike thirty-eight inches in length, when the following colloquy took place:

"Hello, Tom. That's a fine fish you have. I want to buy it."

Tom, without apparent interest in what the Colonel was saying, and without halting, laconically replied: "Sold to Mr. Kester."

"That can't be. You have not yet seen Mr. Kester. I will give you a dollar for it."

"I tell you it is sold, and is not mine to sell."

"What is Mr. Kester to give you for it?"

"Fifty cents."

"I'll give you a dollar and a quarter for it."

Tom cast upon him an indignant look, and remarked: "If you get any of this pike, you will get it from Mr. Kester."

On presenting the fish to Mr. Kester, that gentleman said: "Tom, this is a splendid pike. I think I shall have to give you a dollar for it; fifty cents is not enough."

Tom replied: "No, sir; that is your pike at fifty cents, and I will not take more for it. Besides, you have bought a good many from me that were pretty short."

Thus the transaction closed, and Tom was doubtless thereby made stronger for the fierce struggles which awaited him in his future eventful career.

In a letter from the author to Maj. Thomas L. Brown, both of whom are members of the West Virginia Historical and Antiquarian Society, he states that he intended this for the most prominent of all youth's publications in this country, but, upon the suggestion of Maj. Brown, wrote it for the *Veteran*.—Judge C. H. McWhorter, in the *Confederate Veteran*.

THE BOY WAS SUBDUED.

A very subdued-looking boy of about eleven years, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher and handed her a note before taking his seat, and becoming deeply absorbed in his book. The note read as follows: "Miss B.—, please excuse James for not being there yesterday. He played truant, but you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played truant with and him fell out and the boy licked him, and a man they passed caught and licked him, and the driver of a cart they hung on to licked him also. Then his pa licked him, and I had to give him another one for passing me for telling his pa, so you need not lick him till next time." Under the circumstances the teacher thought that James had been punished enough.

MAPLE SUGAR.

In pioneer days maple sugar was manufactured as a household necessity and not a luxury as at present. "Houghton" sugar could not be indulged in to any great extent, and the maple-tree was made to furnish the household "sweetening" from year to year. In localities where sugar-maple trees are scarce, the little that was made was supplanted by a thick syrup made by boiling down the juice of sweet apples, when they were to be had. "Maple drip" was greatly appreciated, and was made by picking the sugar in kegs or wooden buckets with holes in the bottom to allow the unevaporated or uncongealed sap to drip away. These drippings were seldom used, but the sugar became more condensed and lighter in color, and was called "maple drip." It was considered first-class sweetening for most purposes, tea and coffee excepted, on account of the flavor imparted by the sugar. It has been estimated that the average product of sugar per tree is about three pounds, though a yield of forty pounds has been claimed for a single maple. When it is remembered that from fifteen to twenty quarts of sap are required to produce one pound of sugar, the flow of sap to supply such a yield must be enormous. The Indians tapped the trees by cutting a V-shaped notch with their hatchets in each tree and inserting a hollowed-out chip to conduct the sap into some vessel below. In time this notching process killed the trees. The early settlers bored holes in the trees with augers, and inserted elder spiles, instead of notching the trees as the Indians had done. They also made troughs by cutting logs two or three feet long, splitting them in halves, and chopping out the middle portion, thus furnishing a receptacle that would hold three or four gallons.—*Self Culture.*

Better late than never.

It is best, however, to be never late about taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify your blood. Take it now.

A GRAND MOVEMENT.

Robert Choate, of Boston, an American, wrote the Montreal *Star*, enclosing twenty sma l subscriptions of his friends, and suggesting a popular patriotic fund to be started in Canada and the United States to gather in ten cent pieces, quarter dollars, etc., for the fifty thousand orphans and widows of British soldiers dead in Africa. The *Star*, in publishing this letter from Boston, suggested the starting of a Children's Testimonial to Queen Victoria, promoted by the boys and girls of Canada, accompanied by a special patriotic fund. It was proposed to engross on parchment the name of every giver to this fund of ten cents or upwards. The name of every boy or girl who collects ten subscriptions will appear in the testimonial as a leader in the movement and the photograph, beautifully mounted, of every boy and every girl who collects five dollars or upwards, to accompany the gift and the testimonial. The latter of which will be in form suitable for placing amongst the tributes from her loyal subjects, placed in the room in Windsor Castle, where the public can obtain a view of them. The presentation of this great testimonial from the children of Canada, through Lord Minto, accompanied by the photos of the children who are raising it, will be a touching incident in her life, and it is an opportunity that will probably come only once in a life-time to the children of Canada. Boys and girls wanting special blank subscription lists and particulars of the movement can obtain them by mailing a postal card to the Montreal *Star*. Photographers all over Canada are offering to photograph free to plate in the Queen's testimonial the boys and girls of Canada who identify themselves successfully with the movement. Subscriptions by the thousands are pouring into the *Star* office.

THE PIOUS BOER.

We have small patience with those who contrast the piety of the Boer with that of the God-fearing British soldiers. There are those on both sides, we doubt not, who neither fear God nor regard man, but it is like a gleam of light in a dark cloud to know that while Ladysmith was besieged every day a meeting was held for prayer, where General White was almost invariably in attendance. General Warren, we are told, is another Havelock, a man of prayer. The Wesleyan and other chaplains had their communion service on the sands.

There may be a form of religion where there is little of its power, and we think a good deal of the Boer piety is of that sort. We have heard Kruger described, we know not with what truth, as "a sanctimonious bandit, whose mouth is filled with Scripture and his pockets with bribes." Only the just Judge of all can decide, but we see neither justice nor patriotism in traducing the virtue of our kinsmen and countrymen, and magnifying the merits of the enemies.

It is one thing the with self-righteous unctuous to say with the Boers, "The people of the Lord, the people of the Lord are we," and to invoke the imprecations of the Psalms upon the British. It is another and better thing to do justice and walk uprightly before God. The record of Great Britain in dealing with subject races in India, in Ceylon, in China, in Canada, in the Soudan, in South Africa, and in administering justice, in showing mercy, bestowing a higher civilization, in giving the Gospel, is a record of which we may feel proud. The history of the Boers is one long, dark catalogue of oppression, cruelty and wrong toward the hapless native races, of flagrant injustice and treachery to the Outlanders and the stranger within the gates.—Chicago *Canadian American*.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

The General Presbyterian Assembly of the Colony of Victoria urges its Churches to have Bands of Hope as a part of Sunday School work; the Church to appoint a superintendent and the Band of Hope meeting to immediately follow the Sunday School work—as an adjunct to it, say, once a month.

Alcohol cannot by any ingenuity of excuse for it be classed among the foods of man. It neither supplies matter for construction nor heat. It is not therefore fit for drink, nor is it food. Sitting upon a nest of live hornets will increase muscular activity for the time being, but adds very little sustenance to the body or permanent power to the experimenter.

The Supreme Court of Kansas has given a severe blow to bootlegging. It has sustained the sentence of the lower court which sends several rum-sellers of Iola and Humboldt to jail for a long period, during which time they can meditate as to whether prohibition prohibits. Two of them will spend six hundred days in jail and pay a fine of $1,000 each. They must also give bonds of $500 guaranteeing good behavior for two years after they get out. The cases have been in the courts for over two years. This decision will have a tendency of encouraging officials to enforce the law.

HIS TROUSERS' MATERIAL.

He was a proud little fellow as he strutted around in a new pair of trousers that his mother had made for him, and very important he looked as he squared himself in front of his best friend, the corner grocaryman, and said;

"I bet you can't guess what my trousers are made of."

"Of broadcloth?" asked the grocaryman.

"Nope," replied the little fellow.

"Of corduroy, then?" ventured the grocaryman.

"Nope."

"Of jeans?"

"Nope."

"Well, what are they made of then?"

"Of papa's old ones," triumphantly replied the happy little fellow.

THE LEVEL-HEADED NEVER LOSE THEIR NERVE.

Worry is the twin sister of nervousness. Neither should ever enter into the daily life of any one. God, in His all-wise providence, put the head of a human being on top, that all beneath it might be subservient to it. There is something wrong above the eyes, in the region of the will power, when one becomes nervous in the sense of excitability. "Know thyself" is good; control thyself is better. Worry and excitement never aided any one. Any fool can get along when everything is all right, but it takes a wise man, a level-headed man, to get along and not worry nor become nervous when everything is all wrong.—April *Ladies Home Journal*.

THE LITTLE ROOM UNDER THE RAFTERS.

The little room under the rafters—
O me! how the swift years have fled
Since my brother and I, in the days long gone by,
Slept there in the low trundle bed!
I remember its furniture homely,
Its rocker, tall backed, and the stand,
Painted blue as the sky, and the bureau so high
And the looking glass small as your hand.

I remember the old fashioned rosebush
That bloomed in its pot on the sill
Of the window so low where the vines used to grow—
The hop vines, with leaves like a frill.
I remember the chest in the corner,
And the odorous herbs near
In the breeze that blew the low window through,
Bearing scents of the flowers and hay.

I remember how often we rose
The robins my slumbers would break,
As they piped lost outside the old roof, brown and wide,
In the elms which the wind loved to shake;
And how often at morn have I listened,
And while sunset was stalking the west,
To the twittering sweet of the swallow so fleet,
As she built in the eaves her clay nest.

O, the years have been many and varied
Since I knew the sweet peace of that home;
Since I knew the rare bliss of a mother's fond kiss!
And at times when alone there will come
A yearning, an indistinct longing
For that dear childhood home far away;
For the old friends and best, and a night's peaceful rest
In that room beneath the rafters so gray.

—*Edwin Booth Lowe, in Good Housekeeping.*

GIVING UP "PARRITCH."

We are told, remarks the London *Globe*, that oatmeal porridge is going out of fashion in the Highlands. To the humble and admiring Southron, parritch is as indissolubly associated with cloud-capped bens as the skirl of a bagpipe, and it seems quite as difficult to imagine a Highlander's dinner table without its bowl of steaming porridge as to think of a German without his polony, or a Hindu without his ges. Medical men, we believe, are agreed that more work can be done on a few pennyworths of oats than on animal food worth as many shillings, and we have Lord Elibank's neat and well-known retort to Dr. Johnson, that there are no horses in the world like oat-fed English horses, and no men in the world like porridge-fed Scots, to remind us what oatmeal has done for the hardy race of Highlanders. That the present race of Scotsmen should turn away from the dish of their fathers at the very moment when it is becoming generally popular with Englishmen, seems, too, inexplicable, unless it is that they wish to return the flattery of our imitation by dining daily on roast beef and beer. It should be noted, however, that the porridge popular with Londoners is not quite the real article, for the Scotsman's "parritch" requires a hardy stomach, and only the free and open life he lives in his happy Highlands enables him to digest it.

VOT YOU LIVES ON ANYWAYS.

A citizen of Toledo, in the ordinary current of business, became possessor of the note of a German saloon keeper. The man was not prepared to liquidate his obligation, and asked for an extension of time. This being granted and the conditions settled properly, he was turning to leave when the German said: "Shoost vait von leedle while, unt I gifes you sin glass goot peers."

"No, I thank you, I don't drink beer," was the reply.

"Vell den, I gifs you veskkee that is better as so mooch."

"No thank you, I don't drink whiskey."

"Sho! den, I know how to fix you, I have goot vines," jerking down a bottle with a flourish.

Again the quiet "No thank you, I don't drink wine."

"Vat you don't drinks noddings; vell I gifs oin good sneger."

Once more, "No, thank you, I don't smoke."

"Mein gracious," exclaimed the German, throwing up both hands, "no peers, no veskees, no vines, no dobacco, no noddings—vot you lives on, anyways—boteses, eh?"

A COZY HOME.

A Vicksburg wife informed her husband the other morning that she was working herself into the grave for the want of a hired girl, and as she went out she leaned back and fell to weeping. The children were making a noise in the hall as he passed out, and he called out:

"You want to stop this racket! Your mother won't live a week, and when you get a stepmother her next spring, she won't put up with any such racket!"

When he came home to dinner, his wife met him with a smile, and said:

"Isn't mine a cozy home, Richard, with only our own little family to look after?"

IT WAS SO SUDDEN.

"Miss Gwendolen," said he, as they sat on the beach in the moonlight, "will you marry me?"

"This is so sudden," she cried.

"My love?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "Your nerve."—Baltimore *American*.

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