The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
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5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

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

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. F. 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 7 to 9 p.m.

DR. C. I. KELLY, HON. GRADUATE McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL. LICENTIATE SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES, LONDON, ENGLAND. Office and Residence—Frederick St., Acton. Office Hours—8 to 10; 1 to 2, and 7 to 8.

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.

DENTAL.

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

J. COGHLAN, D. D. S., L. D. S., DENTIST. WORK GUARANTEED 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, Late Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc. OFFICE—Perryman's Block, ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S. Graduate Ontario Veterinary College. Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society. Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Food Store, Mill Street, 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. Periodicals of every description carefully bound, ruling neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. P. MOORE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. Private Office. No witnesses required. 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 $500 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $183,100. 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 562, or telephone 54, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured. At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and half p.m. Careful attention given to everyone. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

Nice Assortment ....OF.... LAWN TENNIS RACKETS ....AND.... BALLS. ALL FRESH NEW GOODS.

Big stock of HAMMOCKS. —Prices very low.

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. D. WALLACE, Manager.

FRAME YOUR PICTURES

WATERS BROS. Can do it for you at the lowest Prices, and in the latest Styles.

Wyndham Street, GUELPH.

WHEN YOU WANT FLOUR —and— OATMEAL GET OUR EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS BRAND. The best in the market. All wide-awake dealers use it. Extra quality—prices right. HENRY HORTOP.

ACTON Saw & Planing Mills MAIN ST.

Manufacturers and Dealers in All Kinds of DRESSED AND UNDRESSED LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES. SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS. WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES. ALL KINDS OF INDOOR AND OUTDOOR FINISH.

Having a well assorted stock of lumber on hand orders will in all cases be promptly filled.

Lumber dressed and matched while you wait.

Prices are as low as any other mill turning out work equal in quality.

Custom logs cut at any time.

JNO. EVANS, Manager. JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

All kinds of wood on hand and promptly delivered to any part of the town.

As Seasons Change-- So Do Fashions COOPER & AKINS FASHIONABLE TAILORS.

Beg to announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have been providing for the most tasteful dressers by purchasing freely of the most up-to-date goods in the woollen markets and will show for the spring trade the latest and best goods produced by the best mills at prices within the reach of all.

FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

Call early, no trouble to show our goods.

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

Cooper & Akins, Mill St., Acton.

—THE— TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.

Guelph Branch (NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)

Savings Bank Department

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 for compounded half yearly.

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

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

A general banking business transacted.

A. V. H. JONES, Manager.

COCOA MATTING —for all— PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The most satisfactory flooring for churches and public buildings is Cocoa Matting—needed for floors, stairs, aisles and vestibules. It is long wearing, clean and economical and much more satisfactory than carpeting in many places. Prices furnished promptly. Common widths always in stock, specials supplied at shortest possible notice.

"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 paid 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

ACTON Machine and Repair Shops HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor

All well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

JOHN McQUEEN AGENT FOR... Implements

FROST & WOOD'S Binders, Mowers, Etc. AND *GOULD, SHAPLEY & MUIR'S* Windmills and Grain Grinders

And a complete line of Farm Implements and all kinds of Repairs.

In my absence Mr. John T. Elliott, who resides on the property, will attend to the wants of customers.

Warerooms -- John St. *JOHN McQUEEN, Acton.*

Wanted... Agents to fill permanent positions with us AT GOOD PAY. All supplies free. Chance of promotion to good men.

We also desire some good Agents, either on whole or part time, to sell our preparation for the destruction of the Tussock Moth Caterpillar, known as "CATARPILLARINE"

Many of our salesmen carry this as a side line, and make considerably more than their expenses thereby.

We have the largest assortment of stock of any Nursery in Canada. People prefer our goods because of our guarantee. All our stock is sent out under Government Certificate, proving cleanliness and freedom from disease. Apply now for territory.

STONE & WELLINGTON TORONTO.

Spring and Summer Weakness

As spring advances a weakness and debility seems to seize on the strong and delicate alike. The circulation is sluggish on account of the exhausted nerve forces, and the blood is poor in quality and deficient in tissue-building elements. As a result there is a general running down of the system. The stomach is disordered and the appetite poor, the liver, kidneys and bowels become inactive, and there is a lack of energy and ambition which renders work of any kind a burden. It is not strong drugs or purgatives with their depressing action that is required, but a food to nourish the nerve centres and enrich the blood.

DR. WARD'S BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS

Contain the principles that go to the building up of the body through the medium of the blood and nerves.

BECAUSE They supply the properties that are needed to tone up the system.

50 CENTS PER BOX. ALL DRUGGISTS, OR DR. WILLIAMS & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Poetry.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

The hills were burned with autumn's tan
Between them slow the river ran,—
The woods were purpled here;
Now black the line of hills and wire
And locked the stream—but you are here,
Now, after many days.

The fields where once the furrows lay
Have learned the touch of yesterday—
Along their crumbling ways,
And you shall find them white with snow,
Brown, though they were in long ago—
Now, after many days.

The thickets where the catbird called,
The meadows by green hedges walled,
And stretch of briery maze
Have passed and vanished, fled and gone,
Melted like starlight into dawn,
Now, after many days.

Still many a sign and sense of change
That seasons bring of new and strange
Will come to meet your gaze.
Break paths where once the violets sprang,
Dead branches where the robin sang,
Now, after many days.

But steadfast as the northern star,
Whatever changes be or are,
However the season sways,
You know the love that ruled my heart
Is yours, though long our hands apart,
Now after many days.

—*Ernest McGaffey in Woman's Home Companion.*

Select Family Reading.

An Interrupted Elopement.

A YOUNG woman came very quietly from the side door of the handsome house and stepped softly down the stone walk and through the gateway. It was a cloudy evening, and her movements were hidden by the shadows. She walked to the nearest street corner and was immediately joined by a young man whose arm she took as they passed along.

"Did I keep you waiting long, Fred?" she asked. "It seemed quite impossible to get away without being observed."

"No," said the young man, "the waiting was nothing. But why is it necessary that you should resort to all this"—he was going to say "nonsense," but wisely checked himself—"this mystery."

"It is necessary, I tell you, Fred. I can't receive you at home, and there is no other way. I have told you many times that my father would never consent to give you my hand. It might be different if mother were alive, but now it is more than likely that father would forbid you the house."

"That isn't possible," said the young man. "I am the son of his oldest friend. He has ever possessed a regard for me. Surely there is nothing in my conduct that could prejudice him. I am poor, but my prospects are excellent, and"—

"I tell you, Fred, he intends me for higher game. No struggling architect is good enough for his daughter. But he shall not tear us apart."

"Of course not," said Fred hastily. "But, really, Elsie, I don't like this sort of thing. It seems"—

She draw her hand from his arm.

"Don't like it?" she echoed.

"Of course I like it," he quickly asserted. "At least I like you, which is a great deal more to the point."

The girl took his arm again.

"Let me tell you, Fred, dear," she softly said, "that if it wasn't for this very sort of thing, this secrecy, the opposition of my father, the romance of it all, very likely I shouldn't love you half as much. The more papa slights you the more determined I am to be yours. Funny, isn't it?"

"Delightfully funny," said the young man, and then they switched away from the subject and pursued their secret half-hour stroll.

When they returned to the handsome home, the young woman, after a tender though brief parting with the young man, re-entered the side door with a most elaborate effort to be both cautious and noiseless.

The young man walked away softly chuckling.

"This does seem like such a sentimental farce," he murmured, "and yet I must play my part through to the drop of the curtain. I can't imperil my happiness now after waiting for it since boyhood. I think she loved me all the time, but it has taken a very ingenious scheme to bring her to a realizing sense of my attractions and general worthiness. Dear little bundle of romance! Well, I mustn't forget to take precious good care that some romance is introduced and retained in our married life."

The secret meetings were continued, and Elsie assured her lover that the opposition of her father to him was becoming more and more marked.

"Why, Fred," she cried one evening, "papa said he believed you were a mercenary youth and that you had a deceitful face. Why, I felt like rising right up and defending you before all the world and then telling papa that though he threw me into prison I would never, never, never, wed any one but you! But I didn't."

"That was wise," said Fred. "It isn't quite time for that."

There was a moment's silence.

"I tell you what it is, Fred," said the young girl, with a little catching in her throat, "the only thing for us to do is to elope."

Fred was not startled.

"It's the very thing I was about to suggest," he quickly said. "What night do you prefer?"

"You dear boy!" cried Elsie, affectionately patting his arm. "There is some romance in you after all."

"Thank you," said Fred stolidly. "What night?"

"I want to wear my lovely new travelling suit," said Elsie, "and it will not be finished until Thursday. Then I must go down to the Friday bargain sales and get a few things that I need."

"Not a rope ladder?" laughed Fred.

"No," said Elsie, with an schoolgirl gurgle. "Fancy a bargain sale with an advertisement something like this: 'A full and choice line of rope ladders for elopement used. Come early, before the stock is picked over. Only one rope ladder will be sold to each customer.' How's that?"

"Very amusing," said the young man. "But you haven't decided on the eventful day."

"Well, suppose we say a week from next Thursday."

"That suits me," replied the young man. "What are your plans?"

"I have them laid out," replied the young girl eagerly. "My new street suit will be finished Wednesday. It's the loveliest thing you ever laid eyes on. Mme. Summerson never gave me such a fit before."

"I'm afraid we'll soon have to give up Mme. Summerson," said the young man gravely.

"Do you really think so, dear?"

"Yes, love. Marrying a poor but honest young architect is a pretty sure cure for the fits you mention. Of course we can't count for certain on your father's forgiveness."

"Oh, yes, we can! He'll welcome us back with open arms."

"I'm pretty sure we won't deserve it. But go on."

"Well, I'll put on my new dress and go over to Maine Hall day's in the afternoon. I'll manage to smuggle over a lot of things in a paper parcel, and you must come up with a new travelling bag, and we'll pack them all in that. Then you can order the carriage to call for us at seven o'clock, and we'll take the train over to Craigsville and be married there."

"And you prefer this way to being married comfortably at home?"

"Don't talk nonsense, dear. You know I couldn't be married comfortably at home, at least not to you—unless you disguised yourself and married me under an assumed name. Wouldn't that be romantic?"

"One romance at a time, dear."

The days passed rapidly, especially the ever to be remembered Thursday.

It was not a pleasant day. The sky was o'ercast and late in the afternoon a dreary drizzle set in. It was anything but an auspicious bride's day.

Fred came over early with the new travelling bag, which was speedily packed under the friendly direction of Miss Holliday, who was an expert in the package line, as well as a very discreet and close mouthed person who was generally understood to have been in love and disappointed.

Promptly at seven o'clock the carriage arrived, and after a fervent exchange of kisses the would be bride broke away from Miss Holliday, and was tenderly handed into the carriage by Fred, and they were soon on their way to the railway station. When they reached the platform, Fred got out to see if the coast was clear. He came back almost immediately.

"We can't stop here, dear," he whispered. "There is a detective on the platform. I wonder if your father suspicioned your purpose?"

"Well, what are we to do?"

"Drive over to the up town station. The train isn't due for fifteen minutes yet, and it stops here ten minutes longer."

So they drove over to the up town station and again Fred alighted. He came back in a half hysterical way.

"There's another detective writing on the platform."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing, save that we can't leave town by rail for Craigsville until to-morrow morning."

"Then what will we do? I left them a note, you know, and of course I can't go back."

Elsie's robe of romance was fraying a little at the edges. She looked out of the carriage window at the damp and chilly night and shuddered.

"I know of an eminently respectable home where you can remain to-night," said Fred, "and I will go to a hotel."

"Take me to the house, Fred."

The young man gave the driver the name of the street and the number in a low tone and then rejoined Elsie on the rear seat of the closed carriage.

It seemed like a long and confused drive. The night was very dark and the rain fell steadily. Elsie leaned back in the carriage and answered Fred's remarks in monosyllables. The flower of romance was drooping sadly amid these discouraging surroundings.

"Fred," she suddenly said, "I'm afraid it wasn't right to treat papa in this way."

"It's a little late to look at it in that light now," said Fred.

Then the carriage stopped.

"Wrap your veil closely around your face and take my arm," said Fred, as she followed him from the carriage.

They hurried up the steps, the door was opened for them, they stepped into the brilliantly lighted hall, and there, holding out both hands, was Elsie's father!

"My dear children," he cried, "you are just in time!" And he clasped Fred's hand and kissed Elsie.

Before she could ask what it all meant her wraps were whisked away by a maid and she was led into the parlor. She noticed in a bewildered way that there were many flowers about the handsome room, and it looked unusually attractive. Then she found herself standing, still by the side of Fred, before a kindly faced man, who, almost before she realized what was happening had pronounced them man and wife.

Fred kissed her and her father kissed her, but she said never a word.

And when the kindly faced man, pleading another engagement, had hurried away, her father came and sat by her side and said.

"Well, my dear child, this was romantic enough, wasn't it?"

The tears welled up in Elsie's eyes, and she cried:

"Father, I have been very undutiful."

"Here, here!" he cried. "This will never do. Tears on your wedding day! Fie, fie! Everything's all right now, my dear. Here you are with a doting father and the best young husband in all the land."

"But I thought you were so opposed to him?"

"Never. He's the young man of all others whom I should have picked for you. This isn't news for Fred."

Elsie looked at her smiling husband.

"I think you two plotters," she slowly said, "have made a ridiculous goose of me."

"We only plotted to let you have your own way," said Fred. "You surely can't object to that."

"There, there!" cried the old man. "Bygones are bygones. This is certainly better than being married in the stuffy old front room of some country parson's home, with your deserted daddy worrying about 50 miles away. Now you'll stay here to-night and in the morning start on the little wedding journey that Fred and I have planned for you. It is to last four weeks and to take in all the eastern cities, and I don't believe you will lose anything my love, in choosing my tour in preference to the one over the romance route. In this envelope, Fred, are all the necessary documents, and here, dear, is a gift from your happy old dad which may add a little spice to the parental blessing." And he handed her a slip of paper.

Her eyes grew large at sight of the figures on the check, but before she could express her gratitude he hastily interrupted her.

"Yes, yes," he said: "it's all right, my dear. I fully understand what you want to say. But come, there's an appetizing little supper awaiting us in the dining room, and I am getting anxious to offer a toast to the blushing bride and another to—to romance! Come, my children."

And he led the way—Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

LOOKING OUT FOR THE CHILLUNS.

"There were four of us boys," Major Dalhain said, "and we left home together to save the Confederacy. Our mother had the proper things, as she thought, packed for us, and also sent along a frithful old negro, who had been prominent in our bringing up, to take care of us in the Army and "wait on us." The last words she said to him at the lawn gate were:

"Now, take good care of my boys, 'Tom,' and Tom was as certain that he would be successful in carrying out her repeated injunction's as he ever had been in former years that he would bring us home safe from a 'possum hunt.

"Don' you nevah be oneasy 'bout dat, Mis Sue. I gwinter bring dese heah youngsters back safe an' sound, an dey gwinter have de best day is in de lan.'

Much sooner than we expected we got into battle, and it was a decidedly sharp affair.

After the brush was over, up came old Tom, ashy, but determined. His clothing was torn and he was loaded down with our belongings. Nearly breathless with fright, fatigue and indignation, he cried:

'Looker heah, Marse Peter, I want you to come right away from heah wid me! I done promise your ma dat I gwinter tek good keer er you-all boys. But how is I gwinter do it 'mongst all dis yar' foolishness? Dem Yanks—evs one er em—been shootin' arouf heah an right straight as you-all, till hit's jes plutedly monst'ous! En how I gwinter tek yar keer er you-all? I gwinter tek you straight home! Dat what I is."

I told the old man he was foolish; that we couldn't go home. We had come out to fight and must stay. But all my explanations and remonstrances was lost on him. He paralated that he would bundle us out of that, anyhow.

"You stay right whar you is till I get de yuders. I know whar Marse Charles is, an I gwine to fin Marse Bob an Joe, and you gwine right back to yo' ma, kase I done promise her, an dis ain' no place to tek keer er a passel er chillun. Stan' whar you is now."

I finally gave the old fellow to understand that I wouldn't go with him, and he declared he was going home to tell mother.

"I'se gwinter tell your man," he said, "dat you is turned right ergin me, an wosn' mine a word I says, an I boun' you she gwinter sen' arter you an' fetch you back outen dis foolishin' an' kerimmegin'."

At that moment a sharp fire came rattling from the left front, and old Tom struck toward the right rear, screaming as he went:

"I'se gwinter tell you chilluns' ma 'bout how you actin'."

And I never saw him again until the war was over.

WHY HE CARRIES A CANE.

"You wonder why I always carry a cane except when I am carrying an umbrella," remarked a well-known Philadelphian the other afternoon. "Well, I don't mind telling you. It's all on account of umbrellas."

"Can't see the connection," rejoined the friend to whom he was talking.

"Didn't suppose you could; but you will when I have explained. You lose an umbrella every once in a while, don't you? Put it down somewhere and walk off and leave it?"

"Yes, I have had that happen to me frequently."

"Well, I used to, but not since I took to carrying a cane. An acquaintance out in Chicago put me on to the scheme. 'Get a cane of some kind,' he said to me one day, 'and carry it every day and every night that it doesn't rain. By that means you become so accustomed to having something in your hand that you are lost without it. Then, when a rainy day or evening comes and you are compelled to carry an umbrella about with you, the benefit comes in. Say you have gone into a restaurant and when you come out the rain had stopped. You walk out into the street without your umbrella. Presto! After you have taken a dozen steps you miss something. Your cane-carrying hand is minus the burden it usually bears. Back go your thoughts to your umbrella and back go your steps to get it. Simple? Of course it is; but the simple things of this prove the most valuable.'"

With which sage remark the well-known Philadelphian walked off down the street, swinging his bamboo stick with a well-satisfied air.—Philadelphia *Inquirer.*

HIS ONLY CONUNDRUM.

The old pilot of the little steamer *Maid of the Mist*, which used to carry passengers quite up to the foot of the falls of Niagara until the mist from the falling waters drenched the clothing of everyone on board, used to perpetrate one solitary conundrum each trip. It always commenced and ended the same.

Moving his hand along the sides of the pilot-house and examining the woodwork minutely, he would look up mysteriously and remark:

"I say, stranger, do you know what this boat is made of?"

"Made of? Why, pine and oak, isn't she?"

"No, sir."

"Hemlock?"

"No."

"Tisn't cedar, is it?"

"Oh, no!"

And then the old pilot's eyes twinkled and his mouth whistled a crazy tune.

"Well, iron perhaps?"

"No."

"What in thunder is she made of, then?"

"Hit's *Maid of the Mist*, stranger; *Maid of the Mist.*"

Then the pilot accepted his morning cigar.

ABOUT THE BIBLE.

The Bible is God's book. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, who lately attained his seventieth birthday, says: "I look upon the Bible as the book for the world, and I see its divine authorship as plainly as I see the authorship of God in the stars, which I know no human mechanic could have built in his workshop and flung out into space; and when the critics pick away at the Bible I say, well, it is no great matter; if it gratifies them, it does not hurt me; and as long as all the universities in the world combined are not able to make another Bible that shall be so critical in its power over men and women, over mind and heart and life, and over the growing civilization itself to which it ministers, I rest assured that this is God's Book and not man's—as certain as I am that this is His globe under my feet, and not something which human carpenters have builded."

It is quite well for us to remember that we can see but a little of divine truth at a time. Those of us who have read the Bible from our youth to middle life and have read it over and over many times, so that we may say that we are quite familiar with it, have seen only little bits at a time. We may fancy that we have taken broad and comprehensive views of the Bible, and, comparatively speaking, perhaps we have, yet it is still true that we have seen only mere fragments at any one time. It is a vast area and wonderfully deep, and we must not think that we have perceived anywhere near all that abounds in it.

The Bible is a literature by itself. It does not concern itself with mere history or biography, nor does it seek to preserve to us the great efforts of the scholar, the thinker, the statesman, or poet. It is filled with revealings of things which are unseen and eternal. It makes known to us the realities of the spiritual life. Its poetry gives us visions of holiness, of goodness, of truth, of divine love, and is filled with yearnings after whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure. Its teachings all have their root in the great facts of God's Fatherhood and our relation to God as His children. Not to read the Bible is, therefore, to remain ignorant of the most wonderful truths in all the world's vast stores of knowledge.

It should be studied. It is the man who studies the Bible most who finds most in the Bible which is worthy of study. In this realm pre-eminently is it true that "Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he thinketh he hath." A good illustration of this truth is given in a recent testimony of Rev. Dr. Henry G. Weston, president of Crozier Theological Seminary. In a public address he said: "For fifty years I have read the New Testament through every month, yet I never go to a meeting and hear a man read a chapter without feeling that I have learned something new from hearing that chapter read.

Reasons why we should make the Bible our daily text book: We can never be strong and growing Christians unless we do. If we leave this book closed we must remain ignorant of the great world of divine beauty which it alone reveals. We must walk through the world's intricate and dangerous paths without the light which God has provided for us in his Word, and which shines nowhere else. We must meet life's experiences of trial and trouble without knowing of the divine help, ever ready and adequate, which the Bible alone discloses. To enter into sorrow without knowing the comfort which the Holy Scriptures bring to God's children, is to cut one's soul off from the divine source of strength and joy. To go into life's battles without knowing of the provision promised in the Word of God for faith's struggles, is as if a soldier went to war without armor or weapons or without a captain to lead him. We must read the Bible or we can never find the way home through this world of danger and darkness. —Compiled by D. K.

CLIMB STAIRS FOR HEALTH.

Persons who live in top flats and who have to climb what seem to them endless staircases to reach their homes should not take the matter to heart, for a well-known physician declares that stair-climbing is the very best thing for health, when performed in the proper manner, says the Boston *Journal.*

Usually a person treads on the ball of the foot in taking each step. This is very tiresome and wearing, as it throws the entire suspended weight of the body on the muscles of the legs and the feet. In walking or climbing stairs the right method is to seek for the most equal distribution possible of the body's weight.

In walking upstairs the foot should be placed squarely down on each step, heel and all, and then the work should be performed slowly and deliberately. In this way there is no strain upon any particular muscle, but each is doing its duty in a natural manner. Climbing stairs in this manner is an excellent form of exercise for the lower limbs, and, provided the chest is thrown well back and the climber does not get into the habit of bending half double, it is excellent for the lungs and heart. The latter is excited to a more rapid action and the lungs get full play.

Doctors who are in the habit of prescribing systematic stair-climbing for their patients who are suffering from dyspepsia or lung trouble, say that many a case of incipient consumption has been cured by the patient having to climb stairs.

"WHAT YOU ARE."

A little boy was on the scales, and being very anxious to outweigh his playmate, he puffed out his cheeks and swelled up like a little frog. But the playmate was the wiser boy. "Oho!" he cried in scorn, "that doesn't do any good. You can only weigh what you are!" How true that is of us bigger children, who try to impress ourselves upon our neighbors and friends, and even upon ourselves, and yes—sometimes upon God Almighty, by the virtues we would like to have! It doesn't do any good. You may impose upon your neighbor's judgement, and get him to say you are a fine fellow—noble, generous, brave, loving; but if it is not deeply true, if you are not generous, brave and loving, those fancied qualities are not moving him to be generous, brave and loving. "You can only weigh what you are."

You never read of such cures elsewhere as those accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla, did you? It is America's Greatest Medicine.

SOMETIME.

Sometime we shall know why
Our sunniest mornings change to noons of rain
And why our steps are shadowed so by pain;
And why we often lie
On couches sown with thorns of care and doubt;
And why our lives are thickly hedged about
With bars that put our loftiest plans to rout.

Sometime we shall know why
Our dearest hopes are swept so swift away;
And why our brightest flowers first decay,
Why song is lost in sigh,
Why clasping fingers slip so soon apart—
Estrangement, space, and death rend heart from heart,
Until from deepest depths the teardrops start.

Sometime we all shall know
Each other, as we ourselves are known,
And we shall see our warmest light has grown;
And He who loves us so,
Despite our willfulness and blind complaint,
Will show us how His kind and calm restraint
Can mould a human soul into a saint.

Sometime our eyes shall see
The silver lining to the darkest cloud;
While silvery echoes follow thunder loud;
Sometime our hearts shall be
Content, forgetting all our restless moan,
And, knowing everything has worked for good,
The how, and when, and why, be understood.

—*Waif.*

CHILDREN'S QUAINT SAYINGS.

A small boy of six was found stepping on the nursery window railing for the entertainment of small boys in the street. His mother, very much terror-stricken, exclaimed:

"Francis, don't you know that if you fall you will be killed?"

"No," replied Francis, "I would go first to the funeral, then to the burial ground and then to heaven."

A little girl of seven and a brother of five on the South Shore, whose mother had wished she owned a large tenement, was overheard in the following conversation:

"Rudolph, you must not dig up that plant."

"Why not, Jennie?"

"Because mamma don't want you to, and if you do wrong a great man up in heaven will write you down a naughty boy and then something terrible will happen."

"Where is heaven, Jennie?"

"Oh, all above the sky."

"Wouldn't that be a good large place for mamma to keep boarders?" said Rudolph.

We were spending the winter in old Fortress Monroe and the small boy of the family had been cautioned repeatedly not to drink any water that had not been boiled, as it was not safe. One day, when something had gone wrong and he was crying bitterly, his mother called cheerily to him:

"Kenneth, do you know that your tears are salt? Catch the next one and taste it."

Stopping his sobs for a moment he wailed forth in the most dismal tones:

"Oh, no; I'm afraid to—it hasn't been boiled."

A STORY OF THE WAR.

Mr. Davitt, who has developed a remarkable mastery of the intricacies of the Cockney dialect, tells the following story as it was told to him in Pretoria, and of which all that needs to be said is that 'no non o vero e ben trovato': The Dutch commandant who had charge of all the British prisoners taken after the battles of Glencoe, Dundee and Nicholson's Nek, on going his rounds at midnight on one occasion was astounded to see an English soldier acting as Boer sentinel over the prisoners. He paced up and down the space of his limited vigilance with his Mauser carried in true English sentinel style, and on meeting the astonished commandant, calmly saluted and reported "All right, sir." In reply to the commandant, Tommy gave the following extraordinary explanation:—

"Well, sir, this 'ere poor little chap,' pointing to the sleeping form of a Boer lad, fifteen years old, "was dead broke for sleep after two nights of duty. I takes pity on the little chap, and I says: 'Lock 'ere, you're regular done up, you are, thatartin. You give me your rifle and take a bit o' sleep, and I'll do sentry-go for you, I will. Honor bright! I won't do nothing wrong blow me if I do!' So the little chap went off. It's all right, sir; don't you blame him, please, he's only a kid!"

I cannot report, says Mr. Davitt, what the commandant did on listening to his account of Tommy Atkins' humanity but I was assured that neither "the kid" nor the kind-hearted English prisoner suffered.

FIT FOR SOUL-WINNING.

The winning worker must be careful of his conduct. He must have a good reputation as a Christian. Doubtful things indulged in after one has become a Christian will rob him of his influence.

It is related of a society lady who had been given to the usual round of society follies that at her conversion she gave up the dance, the theatre and the card party. One evening not long after, she was doing some work in a mission when she was asked to speak to a wreck of a man who had been a gambler. The man looked at her suspiciously, and said:

"Do you play cards?"

"No."

"Do you dance?"

"No."

"Do you go to the theatre?"

"No, not now."

"Very well," he said, "then you may talk to me; but I won't listen to one word from you fine folks who are doing on a small scale the very things that have brought us poor wretches where we are."

"Can you not believe," added the lady who told the story, "that the joy of being able to teach the way of life to the lost soul was more to me than all the poor little pleasures I had given up for Jesus' sake?"

A CLEAR UNDERSTANDING.

One of the best repartees on record is that of Foote, the actor. Dining with some friends, a heated dispute arose between himself and a young nobleman. The latter sought to disparage Foote by asking him what his father was.

"A tradesman," said Foote.

"Then sir its a pity he did not make you one."

"And, pray, let me ask what was your father, my lord?"

"My father, Mr. Foote, was a gentleman."

"Then, my lord, it's a pity he didn't make you one."

Spain has more sunshine than any other country in Europe. The yearly average is 3,000 hours in England it is 1,400.