The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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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 streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 to 10:30 a.m.; 1 to 3 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 CAREFULLY DONE. PRICES MODERATE.
OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE.
HOURS—EVERY DAY FROM 9 TO 6.

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%.

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OFFICE—Merryman's Block.
ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Harness Shop, next door to Feed 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 ORIST,
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 tastefully 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.

HOME 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 341, or telephone 56, 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 6 p.m.
Careful attention given to everyone and the wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
—Proprietor.

Suggestions for Sizzling Summer
Here's three articles which will tend to lessen the effect of Old Sol's rays.
HAMMOCKS,
All colors, large and well-made, 75c to $1.
BOOKS
Special line of Dickens' and Scott's Works, paper edition 7c. each. See window display.
BABY JUMPERS
Just the thing for baby. Strong swing, large and well made. Special 50c.
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.

Speight & Brady
Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS, ELECTRIC MOTORS, WATER MOTORS, GASOLINE AND GAS ENGINES, BRASS & IRON CASTINGS TO ORDER.
Repairing Promptly Done.
Georgetown, Ont.

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 OUT-DOOR 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.

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 SAM. WILLIAMS & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

—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 off 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. E. 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

Horse Tail Rein Protector
Prevents Horse Celebrating Lines with his Tail.
Price $1—delivered at nearest Express Office.
Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Send for one.
JAMES MATTHEWS, Patentee
Acton, Ont.

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

Men are Creatures of Habit . . .
Thousands of business men still spend Time and Money travelling,
When they might do their business quicker, cheaper and just as satisfactorily by—
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Hash Doors Frames Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
to order on short notice.
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON
Proprietor.

W. WILLIAMS.
Williams' SHOES FOR Summer Wear.
A GRAND range of Summer Footwear. The nicest stock we have ever had and we are proud of every line in the store and only ask a chance to show them and quote you the prices.
Special For Tanners.
We have a special Rubber Boot for Tanners and other Wet work, which we guarantee to be waterproof and to wear longer than any other make of boot. See them.
REPAIRING AS USUAL.
W. WILLIAMS.
MILL ST.

Poetry.

THE "COMING MAN."

A pair of very chubby legs
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Out as a mother can,
And lo! before us strides in state
The Future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light,—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some big fellow's kite.

That brow where lightly thought will dwell
In solemn, secret state;
Where fierce ambition's restless strength
Shall war with future fate;
Where science from now hidden caves
New treasures shall outpour,—
'Tis knit now with a troubled doubt,
Are two, or three cents, more?

Those lips that, in the coming years,
Will plead, or pray, or teach;
Whose whispered words, on lightning flash
From world to world may reach;
That sternly grave, may speak command,
Or smiling, wild control,—
Are coaxing now for gingerbread
With all a baby's soul!

Those hands—those little busy hands
So stickey, small and brown,
Those hands, whose only mission seems
To pull all order down,—
Who knows what hidden strength may lie
Within their future grasp;
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they clasp!

Ah, blessing on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessing on those little feet,
Whose race is yet un-run!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the Future hold in store,
God bless the "coming man!"

Select Family Reading.

The Satsuma Bowl.

BY M. E. WILLING.

"WHERE on earth did you get that bowl?" Nellie Marshall said to old Mrs. Graves. She and her friend, Ellice Davidson, had stopped at the old woman's cottage on their return from a long hot walk to get a drink of her cool well water.

As Mrs. Graves opened her cupboard to take out her one tumbler Nelly's curious eyes noticed on the top shelf a bowl covered with dust, on which she pounced eagerly.

"That shiny bowl, is it, honey? Why, it was my mother's afore ever I was born and she set great store by it. My father was a sailor, and he used to bring all kinds of queer things from his voyages. They're all gone but one bowl, and somehow I've got it fixed in my mind that I won't have good luck if anything happens to that bowl."

The two girls glanced at each other, good luck and poor old Mrs. Graves seemed far apart. She was very old, and had survived all her family and friends. She picked up a wretched living by knitting and quilting. She owned the little cottage in which she lived, and with sturdy independence refused the charity of her neighbors, save during her attacks of rheumatism, which of late were frequent and severe. Everyone pitied and respected the desolate old woman.

"Well, what do you think of this?" Nelly breathlessly exclaimed, holding out the bowl, when Mrs. Graves had gone to the well.

"I see an old china bowl," said Ellice, "very queer-looking, very dirty, and a little chipped at the edges."

"You are a genuine Satsuma!" Nellie said impressively. "I question whether another such can be found in this country. Look at that diapering of dull gold at the base and edge, and those birds with outstretched wings in the centre. Why it's a treasure."

"Is it?" Ellice answered indifferently. "It just looks to me like a queer bowl. Very like for a milk bowl."

"A milk bowl! You know I spent the year before last with my aunt, Mrs. Davenport, in the city, and she and her friends were all deep in the study of ceramics. Aunt is a great collector of old china, and as she is very wealthy and a great traveller she has some superb specimens. Why, she gave $40 for a Satsuma cup and saucer that isn't to be compared to this! One of her friends gave $300 for a pair of vases and they were cracked. Oh, I'm an expert in china. I'd give anything in the world to own this bowl, and I'm going to have it, too. Hush, here comes the old woman. Not a word to her of its value."

"Here's your bowl, Mother Graves," she said, handing it to her with an indifferent air. "It's very queer, and I would like to have it in my cabinet of curiosities. I don't suppose you would care to sell it?"

"I and takes, no, honey," laughed the old woman. "Who'd buy an old thing like that? I call it my luck bowl. It wouldn't be a mite of use to anybody but me, but its all that's left of my old life, and I think it would most break my heart to look in the cupboard and find it gone."

"Very well, Mrs. Graves, but if you ever change your mind and wish to sell it, let me have the refusal. I'll give you more for it than anyone around here."

As the girls walked home Nellie was silent and pre-occupied.

"I'll have that bowl!" she cried out suddenly. "Yes, it will be mine before many weeks. The old woman can hardly hobble about now, and it won't be long before she is laid up. That will be my time, and won't it be a triumph to show my aunt as fine a piece of china as she has in her whole collection—and at a bargain, too!"

Ellice looked at her friend in mute surprise. Nellie was a good girl, kind-hearted and humane, and yet she was exulting now that a poor wretched creature should be tortured with pain, and laid up, helpless and hopeless, in order that it might give her an opportunity to possess an old piece of china. A mania for ceramics, she thought, was not likely to enlarge the sympathies or to soften the heart.

"What will you give Mrs. Graves for the bowl?" she asked.

"Oh, a fair price. She'll think it more than fair. But of course I'm not such a fool as to offer even a quarter of its actual value. I couldn't afford it. Don't look so grave as if I were going to swindle the old woman. A pearl is only a pearl to one who knows its value and to Mrs. Graves it is only an old useless china bowl."

"But some one might give its value to the poor old creature."

"Now, look here, Ellice Davidson," Nelly cried, red with anger. "You talk as if I were going to take a dishonest advantage of that woman! Who would give 25 cents for it here? In this little out-of-the-way village the people have never even heard of Satsuma ware. Why, it will stay on that shelf till old Mrs. Graves is dead and buried, and then be thrown aside or some old woman will keep her milk in it. No, I expect to get that bowl at a bargain, and my conscience won't trouble me if I take it."

"That's a matter between you and your conscience," Ellice said quietly, and changed the conversation.

Nelly was correct in thinking the bowl would soon be in her possession. In less than a week Mrs. Graves sent for her. She found the old woman in bed in a cold room, and suffering terribly from rheumatic fever. On a little table by the bed was a tumbler of water and a plate of food, sent in by some pitying neighbor.

"Seems as if that turns my stomach," she said, pointing to the food, "but it was mighty good of Mrs Ives to send it. Jenny," to a little girl who had just come in, "won' you pick up some chips and make a blaze, so you can make a cup of tarragon tea? I'm just parching with thirst. Miss Nelly, I sent for you to tell you if you want that bowl I'll sell it. I'm too sick to work and I haven't got a cent to buy medicine or firewood."

"Nelly's heart beat high with delight.

"Certainly, Mrs. Graves," she said. "I meant what I said, and I'll give you what you ask for it."

"Do you think a dollar is too much?"

Nelly glanced at the abject poverty of the room, the poor old woman's pain-drawn face, and for very shame at herself blushed deeply. But the bowl must be hers.

"Mrs. Graves," she said hurriedly, "I'll give you five dollars for the bowl, and here's the money." She took it out of her pocket.

"Five dollars!" exclaimed the old woman in astonishment. "Miss Nelly honey, I reckon it's because you want to give me the money. It ain't certainly because the bowl is worth that."

"To me it is," Nellie said hastily, with a sudden twinge of conscience, "and if I had more money I'd give it, but this is my last cent."

"Oh, I'm afraid you're paying high for just a whim! Please bring me the bowl, Miss Nelly, so I can tell it good-bye before you take it away."

Nelly brought it to the bedside, and the tears were in the old creature's eyes as she took it in her trembling hands.

"It is all that is left me of the blessed old time. When I look at it I see them all—father, mother, husband and children, all lying in the churchyard. It was my wedding present from father, Miss Nelly. I remember the night I was married. Everyone wished me health and prosperity, but father, he says: 'Health and prosperity are mighty good things, but I wish for my children honesty and fair dealing with all the world.' Yes, those were his exact words. It is hard to part with the last thing I have of his." She pressed it to her quivering lips with a sob, and handed it to Nelly.

"Don't think I'm not thankful to you, Miss Nellie, she said, "because I'm sorry at parting with it. You have given me six times its value. God bless you. May God deal with you as you've dealt with a poor desolate woman!"

As Nellie hurried home with her treasure these words kept ringing in her ears and beating at her heart. Somehow she did not feel as triumphant over the bargain as she had expected. But the next day she packed her bowl and took the first train for the city of New Orleans.

"Why, it's unique—it's worth it's weight in gold, Nell!" her aunt cried ecstatically. "Where did you pick it up? What did you give for it?"

"Oh, I got it at a bargain," was all Nelly would say.

There was a meeting of Mrs. Davenport's friends at her house that night to inspect the bowl. One of them, Mr. Wentworth, a gentleman of large fortune, whose collection of old china was one of the most costly in the United States, was enthusiastic in his admiration. "I never saw but one like this before, and it was in a private collection in Japan. It would be priceless if it were'nt for that chip on the edge and that brown stain; but even as it is it's worth $200 to any collector, and I'd be glad to give that or more to own it, if you ever care to part with it, Miss Nelly."

That night, when Nelly lay sleepless on her bed, the words of Mrs. Graves kept ringing in her ears. "And he says: 'I wish for them honesty and fair dealing.'" and then the words so fervently spoken: "May God deal with you as you have dealt with a poor desolate woman."

When she rose in the morning her mind was made up. She told her aunt the story concealing nothing of her own cupidity.

"And now, aunt," she said, "I look upon myself as only the custodian of the bowl. I am going to get all I can for it, and make so far as I can, the poor old woman comfortable for the rest of her life."

When it was found that the bowl was for sale the bidding was fast and furious among the collectors but none went higher than Mr. Wentworth and it became his property for $300.

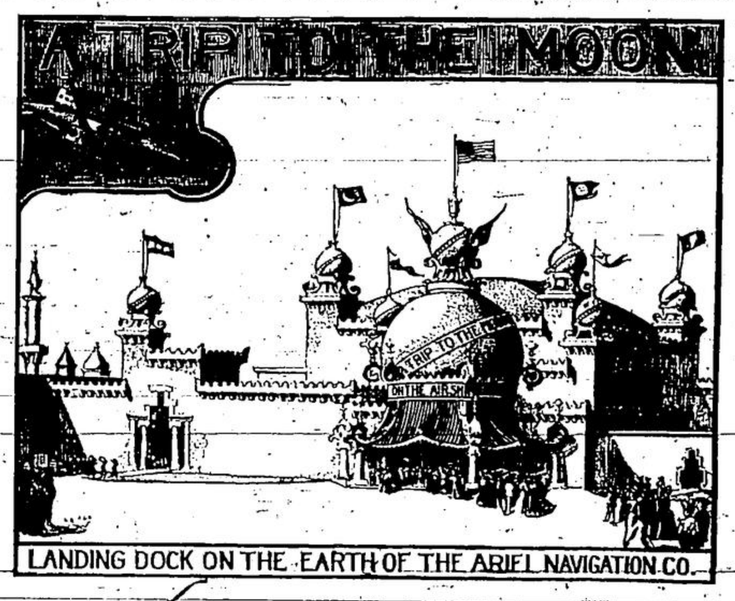
The story of the destitute woman who had owned it became known in the circle, and another hundred was added to the fund for her support. When Nelly told Mrs. Graves what had been done, the old woman exclaimed in devout wonder:

"O, my blessed Lord, thou hast worked a miracle for me in my greatness. I can't help crying, you dear, blessed girl. The tears are tears of relief, for you have lifted me out of the depths!"—*Youth's Companion.*

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in the spring time.

"Ah, yes," said the wee lassie, "I understand; they keep their summer clothes in their trunks."



GIVING AWAY IT SECRETS.

In his plea for a reduction of the beer tax of one dollar a barrel, the editor of the Washington *Sentinel*, the brewers' organ, thus gives away the secrets of the trade:

Whatever may be said of the awful sin of drinking, or the noble virtue of abstaining from it, when the tax on beer is oppressively high, the Lord only knows what some of it may be made of. Here and there, as in Washington, a few brewers may be found who keep maintaining the standard of their grades, even closely down to the point of loss, and hope for better times to recoup themselves. But the majority will make things even if the tax continues by reducing their consumption of costly raw materials like barley and hops, and largely substitute drugs and chemicals or go out of the business. This practice directly and hurtfully affects the farmer, the hop gardener, and tends to slaughter the market for their productions."

The Washington *Sentinel* ought to know what it is talking about.

THE CHURCH AT TRINITYVILLE.

The Trinityville Church had eaten many oysters for twenty-five cents and the glory of God. The annual bazar was an event successful according to the number of women it prostrated. The financial policy was the same as that which denudes many a church; Buy your food, let your wife cook it, then give it to the church, then go and buy it back again, eat it—and the church is just so much ahead, the Amalakites of the community have been duped into contributing the shekels, and as a genuine philanthropist you can charge the whole matter up to benevolence.

But last year it reformed, adopting the following financial policy:

To raise no money by entertainments—To secure from each man, woman, and child of the church a pledge for current expenses, benevolences, and the debt—No undue pressure and no appeals but to the ability of each giver—Prayer for more conscience and more liberal giving than in 1899, and greater consequent spiritual blessing—To render a monthly statement of finances—To have another Thank Offering—To pay $2,000 or more on the debt this year—Not to incur any more floating indebtedness.

Every article of the policy adopted was actualized in fact. The free will thank offering amounted to $2,250. The church was $30 ahead at the beginning of the year, instead of facing a deficit of $700 to $900. The trustees said they had had a "pic-nic." The socials, instead of being dragged affairs to extort a few dimes from bored participants, became a part of the spiritual life of the church. The free organ recitals and entertainments projected and prayed over by the standing committee were discovered to be a part of the religious ministry of the church, the mercenary motive gone. The attendance was seldom under the full seating capacity of the church and often exceeded it.

The policy had the advantage of being a definite mark at which to aim. Its provisions were simple and comprehensive. It was fully discussed in open meeting and unanimously adopted.

The financial responsibility was distributed. It rested not on a few overworked trustees, but on all members. Each child was expected to give. The Congregational policy is the best only when it issues in an actual New Testament democracy.

The members were kept informed. If the funds did not equal the expenditures, the monthly statement indicated it.

The chief effect of the policy, however, was in its educative value, in the direction of the grace and joy of simple-hearted, systematic, scriptural giving and away from the teasing, coaxing, sanctified hold ups and the appeal to the unworthy or lower motive. Liberated from the debasement of competing with restaurants and theaters for revenue, the church fell back on the simple dignity of appeals by reason of its spiritual ministry. "Pity the sorrows of the poor old church," on a card suspended from the neck of a beggar supplicant is an unseemly and degrading spectacle for the church of the living God. A beggar? This church to which Christ left the legacies of the ages!—Rev. C. L. Kloss.

"Will some one please chase the cow down this way?" said the funny boarder, who wanted some milk for his oatmeal. "Here, Jane," said the landlady in a tone that was meant to be crushing, "take the cow down there where the calf is bawling."

Pimples on the face are not only annoying, but they indicate bad blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures them by purifying the blood.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

But still it stands hard by the stream,
The school of years ago.
And often I in fancy seem
To pass its portals low.

And once again I hear the shut
Of comrades 'round the door.
Behold the desk at which I sat,
Ere many years before.

And then the teacher's voice I hear,
In firm, yet pleasing note,
Which fills the indolent with fear,
Aspiring ones with hope.

But now my schoolmates scattered are,
In other lands to be.
Some dwell in distant Zanzibar,
Some sail on rolling sea.

The old thatched roof is falling in,
The desks are broken in.
The pictures on the wall begin,
By force of age, to brown.

The western sun flits through the panes
Upon the moulded floor,
While over all dead silence reigns,
Supreme, for evermore.

No more the boys of former years
Shall tread beneath its dome.
The master's gong from earthly spheres
To his eternal home.

But still it stands hard by the stream,
The school of years ago,
And often I in fancy seem
To pass its portals low.

—*Arthur Dunlop.*

BY ASSOCIATION.

A Boston paper tells a story of two ladies who move much in society, but who are troubled by an inability to remember names. One day they received a call from a Mrs. Wheeler, whom they liked very much. On her departure the mother said:

"Now do let us try to remember her name, because we shall meet her at Mrs. Blank's Tea, and we shall want to speak to her."

"Oh, I have an idea!" said the daughter. "Her name is Wheeler, and there are the Wheeler and Wilson sewing-machines, and the name will come by association."

"So it will," said the mother. "What a head you have, my dear!"

The two ladies went to Mrs Blank's tea. Mrs. Wheeler was there, too. The mother was the first to meet her. She stepped up to her with a bland smile, and said cordially:

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Willcox?"

Soon after the daughter met her, and with equal affability saluted her:

"Oh my dear Mrs. Gibbs! So pleased to meet you again!"

As a companion story to this, the incident may be related of another Boston lady who was introduced one day to a gentleman whose name was Haddock. Meeting him a few days afterward, she saluted him thus:

"How do you do, Mr. Fish?"

QUEER QUESTIONS BY CHILDREN

A subscriber of the *Family Herald* and *Weekly Star*, who is principal of a school in Victoria, B. C., writes us:

To find out what pupils are thinking about, if possible, I last month confronted a class of boys and girls of the average age of thirteen, with this proposition:

"Suppose that there came into our classroom this morning a man who could and would answer truthfully any question put to him, what would you ask?"

I append to this twenty-two of the questions selected hap-hazard from those submitted.

1. How many tons of water go over Niagara Falls in twenty-four hours?
2. Why can't kangaroos live at the north pole?
3. Who first made letters?
4. Is there any more land in this world undiscovered?....
5. Will Great Britain ever own all of the world?
6. Will a steamer ever be able to cross the Atlantic in one day?
7. What is the moon made of?
8. Where did the Queen of Sheba get her gold?
9. How could I make a fortune without working for it?
10. Why can't some people take a hint?
11. Where do our souls go after we die?
12. Where is Kruger?
13. Is Andree living?
14. Will any one ever get to the north pole?
15. When is our world coming to an end?
16. How can I always have perfect health?
17. How can I make everybody do as I wish?
18. Will the Pacific Ocean ever be traversed more than the Atlantic?
19. How can I invent a flying machine that will work properly and not break down?
20. When the earth ceases to exist will the sun and other planets cease also?
21. Do any people live in Antarctica? If they do what are their habits?
22. What are the questions for our next High School Entrance examinations?

THE GIRL AND HER VOCATION.

"Every girl, no matter what her station or prospects, should acquire some useful art or profession, should learn to do some one thing so well that it shall have a value in the great world-market, and in her hour of need suffice to make her a breadwinner," writes Margaret E. Sangster in the August *Ladies' Home Journal*. "The world has an abundance of mediocre workers, but it can never can have a superfluity of those who have added to native endowment discipline and conscientious training. Probably the best gift which could be bestowed on most girls in any station in life would be what on the turf is known as staying power. Many of us begin with enthusiasm but we give out before the end of the day. To adopt a line of conduct, to choose a special study, or to decide on a course of study, and stick to it, is in each case to deserve success, if not always to insure it. The path of life is strewn with the wrecks of those who began but did not hold up their way. The who would make mark in this workaday world, and gain her prize, must be steady and persevering in the face of every discouragement, with belief in herself and God."

WASN'T COMPULSORY.

Three different waiters at a Dublin hotel asked a prim, precise, little clergyman at dinner, in quick succession, if he would have soup. A little annoyed he said to the last waiter, who asked:

"Is it compulsory?"

"No, sir," answered the waiter; "I think its mock turtle."