The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick treets, Acton. Office Hours:—6 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.

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

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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 done and promptly done

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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 $400 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 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

—ACTON—

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The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured

Stylish Stock. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

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For Winter Evenings.

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PARLOR
KITCHEN
DINING ROOM

Fine New Stock.
Extra low prices.

—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.

THE PUBLIC

Will not spend time and money going to see you, when they can get your more enterprising competitor either by

LONG DISTANCE
OR
LOCAL EXCHANGE
Telephone Service.

W. BARBER & BROS.

Paper Makers

Georgetown, Ontario.

BOOK,
NEWS,
COLORED
PAPERS

JOHN R. BARBER.

It's Your Nerves.

It's the Condition of Your Nerves that Either Makes Your Life a Round of Pleasure or a Useless Burden.

To many women life is one round of sickness, weakness and ill health. To attempt even the lightest household duties fatigues them. Many of the symptoms accompanying this state of decline are: a feeling of tiredness on waking, faintness, dizziness, sinking feeling, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, cold hands and feet, headache, dark circles under the eyes, pain in the back and side and all the other accompaniments of a run-down and weakened constitution.

All these symptoms and conditions are simply the result of a poor quality and defective circulation of the blood, with a wasting away of the nerve forces.

By feeding the system with

DR. WARD'S BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS

You strike at the root of the disease and lay a solid foundation on which to build. Soon the weight increases, the sunken cheeks and flattened busts fill out, the eyes got bright and the thrill of renewed health and strength vibrates through the system.

50 cents per box at all druggists, or

DR. WARD CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

—THE—

TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

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

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(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)

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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.

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JOHN M. BOND & CO.

AGAIN back up their lamp reputation by showing a complete line of Stand and Hanging Lamps of all styles. Lamps—all best American make. If you are in Guelph and pass this store look into the window (corner Cork t.,) and you will see a great many placed for your easy-seeing convenience. No old stock, all less than one month old.

"Our Prices are Always Right."

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
✻ GUELPH ✻

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PREPARE TO MEET

The responsibilities which will devolve upon you as the future business men and women of our progressive country, by taking a course at Guelph's up-to-date school.

ROYAL CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE

We have every facility for doing good work, and are doing it.

We Train for Business.

When in Guelph, call at the College Office, Traders' Bank Building, or write to

A. W. YOUNG, Principal.
Traders Bank Building
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Speight & Brady

Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS, ELECTRIC MOTORS, WATER MOTORS, GASOLINE AND GAS ENGINES, BRASS & IRON CASTINGS TO ORDER.

Repairing Promptly Done.

Georgetown, Ont.

ACTON BAKERY

J. C. MATTHEWS, Proprietor

We handle a nice assortment of Bread and Cakes.

Fresh Cakes received every day.

Now that the weather is cool we will be getting

CREAM PUFFS
and
CREAM ROLLS

Two or three times a week or oftener if ordered.

Leave your order.

J. C. MATTHEWS.

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

Main Street

PLANING MILLS,

ACTON ONT.

John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.

Manufacturer of Rush 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.

DUNLOP

SOLID RUBBER

Carriage Tire

A new carriage tire that makes riding on all roads a pleasure—economical too, for it does away with the vibration that shakes and breaks the carriage.

A V-shaped space between the rubber tire and the steel flange prevents the creeping and cutting which other tires are subject to. See the bolt at the big falls.

Sold at once for Free Tire Catalogue giving prices of all sizes.

The Dunlop Tire Company, Limited,
TORONTO.
ST. JOHN WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Poetry.

OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE.

There are no days like the good old days—
The days when we were youthful,
When humankind were pure of mind,
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for solid gold
Became man's ruling passion,
And before sash dangs and maid became
Slaves to the tyrant Fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
A plenty all suppettin';
They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too
And they made the likeliest courtin!

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together!
When the grass was sweet to the brown, bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the perves sang to the summer dawn
Of the bee in the billowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whippoorwill
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, yet we pline again
For that precious grace—God save us!
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of heaven away off yonder!

—*Eugene Field.*

Select Family Reading.

A Feud Ended.

"EMMY, say it to you in big letters, Fred Peterson, so's you can't fail to see the whole meanin' at one peep: If you steal my Betty and run off and marry her, I'll fill your hide as full of holes as a most sieve!"

Thus spoke old Ben Pitchford to young Fred Peterson as the two stood on the road on Kloniconnick creek, Kentucky, one May morning three years ago.

"Oh, shucks, Major Pitchford, I know you are a bad man with a gun! I know you've got a quick temper, a cool nerve, a quick eye and a perfect marksmanship. I know you've got a skillful hand and a long bowie. You've got an joy heart in front of a foe, but a mighty warm one to those that have claims on your affection, and in short—ha, ha—you would split the brain box of an enemy with great suddenness, but you would never, never shoot your son—your son-in law—er, ha, ha!"

While Fred was delivering this long, mocking, good natured reply the old man's thin lips kept working. He could not restrain a smile at the conclusion, but he collected his stern forces again and said:

"You can't laugh me down, sub. I've swore it, and nobody ever heard of old Ben Pitchford ever tellin' a lie, much less wearin' one. I'll kill you if you steal my gal!"

"I'd like to know," returned the young man seriously now, but with no resentment in look or tone, "I'd like to know, Major Pitchford, what you've got against me."

"You know without me tellin' you," said the old fellow in low tones, emphasizing with his eyes.

"Indeed I do not," protested the young man.

"You don't know, eh, that there has been a Pitchford-Peterson feud for 50 years or more?" returned the old fellow, with a grin of mockery.

"Yes," said Fred, "I knew of the feud, but that is not an intelligent reason for your opposition."

"It hain't, eh?"

"No, sir," it might be good enough for savages or beasts; but—beg your pardon—not for civilized people."

"Then I am a savage—a beast?"

"Not altogether, by any means, sir, but you show the traits of one if you are eternally disposed to keep alive savage, beastly practices."

"Your father, what of him?"

"He's in the same boat with you if he wants to continue this abominable feud."

"Do you mean to tell me, Fred Peterson, that you haven't a secret fang, eager to get into my flesh, and that your likin' for my gal alone keeps it out? Answer that!"

"The answer is easy, sir. I am a graduate of the Transylvania university."

"Education only wraps the fang with silk."

"It plucks out the fang."

"Your great-grandfather killed mine."

"Your grandfather killed mine."

"An uncle of yours killed my brother."

"A brother of yours killed my uncle."

"Forty corpses lay along the track of that feud."

"Yes, forty."

"Now what do you think of that?"

"I think it's high time to stop it. Yes, I think it's high time to cut down the old tree that's born so much fruit of blood and death and make a wedding bonfire of its branches. That's just what Betty and I propose to do."

"You and Betty made it up to get ashamed of your rough old parents among that smooth crowd down to the Bluegrass?" spoke the old man, his upper lip curling.

"We decided that your feud laws were a little obsolete—that they had been all repealed by the legislature of civilization. We love our parents—we pity as well as reverence our forefathers, who were loyal subjects of a beastly code, but we don't love their mistakes. We refuse to shut our eyes to obtain their blindness."

"You can't get my consent, sub."

"I shan't ask it."

"An' if you can't get my consent, by heaven if you steal her—remember my oath—I will kill you!"

"The two men instantly separated, each going his opposite way.

Fred Peterson was moving along the road with a long, graceful stride.

"I will have her—I will have her before another month," he ejaculated.

"Of course you will," cried a sweet merry voice from the side of the road. "Of course you will, or I'll sue you for breach of promise!"

The young man started from his reverie as if aroused from sleep by a pistol shot.

"Why, Betty, what are you doing there?" laughed the handsome man, moving toward her.

"Listening to your vows. But why do you want to be telling the winds? Don't you know they run everywhere?"

"Well, I want you to call all nature to witness, you bad. But your papa begs leave to differ from me. He says I shall never marry you—that he will never give his consent."

"But I've given mine."

"We can't marry at home."

"Gretna Green is close."

"He says he will kill me if I steal you."

"And would keep his word if he said it."

"Then what are we to do?"

"Marry of course. But I'm in a hurry now, and have no time to talk and plan with you. Go on, now."

"One kiss, please."

"Not one, sir."

"Oh, please."

"Well, there," and she kissed her finger tips, threw them toward him and fled.

That night, as Fred Peterson lay in his bedroom tossing to and fro, feverish, unable to sleep, striving with all his glowing faculties to formulate a plan by which he could obtain his heart's treasure and at the same time live to enjoy it, he was startled by a light tap on the window.

"Who's out there? What is wanted?" he called.

"You are wanted," came back in mysterious tones.

"Who are you?"

"Raise the window and see."

"It's too dark to see."

"Then hear and feel."

"I fear it is a burglar."

"The burglar doesn't want much."

"What does the burglar want?"

"Only you."

He raised the window and cautiously thrust out his head.

He couldn't see a face, but two soft, warm lips accidentally ran against his own. And two arms that he though he recognized went round his neck—all by accident.

"Get on your things, darling," said a voice in tones affectedly masculine. "Come quick, dear, before your stern old father hears us. The coast is clear, darling, but—ha, ha—there is no time to lose. Two gallant steeds impatiently await our coming."

"Oh, er—I fear"—hesitated Fred.

"True love fears nothing," spoke the one outside in half-upbraiding, half commanding, half serious, half laughing tones.

Fred hesitated no longer, but hastily dressed and had soon crawled through the window, landing in the embrace of his nocturnal visitant.

A soft warm pelor embraced his fingers, and an eager sweet voice said, "Come this way."

A few seconds later Major Tom Peterson, suddenly waking, heard a muffled volley of hoofs on the road, wondered what it could mean, then went back to sleep again.

At about ten o'clock of the morning of the above strange episode Major Tom Peterson was sitting out on his verandah, cleaning up his trusty old rifle. He hadn't found out yet that his son Fred was not in his room. The latter of late had kept no regular hours, and the father didn't even know whether the son had slept at home. While quietly engaged wiping the last vestige of dirt from barrel and hammer he casually cast his eye down the road and beheld his enemy by inheritance coming toward his house at a furious stride. He now rose up and assumed a questioning attitude, as he had never had a visit from Major Pitchford. He saw the latter was white from some awful passion.

Up to the yard gate came Major Pitchford and commanded his enemy "to step out."

"Must I bring this?" queried Peterson, tapping his gun.

"No, sub; not now, sub. Come hash this minute, sub."

Peterson went out, and while he was approaching the gate Pitchford, with a nervous hand, drew a piece of paper from his pocket and reached it toward the former, commanding:

"Read this, sub, and tell me what we'll do about it, sub!"

Major Peterson read the following:

DEAREST PAPA—I learned to-day that you had taken an oath to kill my Fred if he stole me and ran off with me. I know you well enough to know you would not break that oath. What was I to do? Could I give him up? Of course not. Would I allow my husband shot before my eyes by my own father? Certainly not! What must I do? What could I do? Well, good same came to my rescue, and I decided to steal Fred! Before you read this I will have stolen him, but will be given a legal right to keep stolen goods. Your loving daughter,

BETTY.

Major Peterson stood a moment, stunned with awe. Then he burst into a loud laugh.

"Well, major, we're in a neat trap! But I shan't kill your daughter, sub, for stealing my son, sub! My voice is this: I'll break my gun and bless your daughter. What do you propose to do, sub?"

The old man's face was dark for a moment, then mirth struck it and shattered it into smiles.

"By George, major, I'll snap my bowie and bless my son, sub!"

"Give me your hand! This marriage of our children, sub"—

"Divorces the feud forever, sub!"—J. Noel Johnson, in *Criterion.*

ONE WAY OF SETTLING IT.

The other evening, as a muscular person was passing a house, a lady who stood at the gate called out to him: "Sir, I appeal to you for protection."

"What's the matter?" he asked, as he stopped short.

"There's a man in the house, and he won't go out of doors, although I have ordered him to."

"He won't, eh? We'll see about that." Thereupon the man gave the woman his coat to hold and sailed into the house. He found a man at the supper table and took him by the neck and, remarked: "Nice style of brute you are, eh? Come out of this, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

The man fought, and it was not till a chair had been broken and the table upset that he was hauled out of doors by the legs and given a fling through the gate.

"Now, then, you brass-faced old tramp, you move on or I'll finish you!"

"Tramp! Tramp!" shouted the victim as he got up. "I'm no tramp! I own this property and live in this house!"

"You do?"

"Yes, that's my wife holding your coat."

"Thunder!" whispered the muscular man as he gazed from one to the other and realized that it was the wife's method of finishing a row she had been having with her husband. And then he made a grab for his coat and disappeared in the darkness.—*Tit-Bits.*

"He that is more civil than usual, either wants to deceive you or has need of you.

Dyspepsia is difficult digestion, due to the absence of natural digestive fluids. Hood's Sarsaparilla restores the digestive powers.

HOME COURTESY.

Arriving one afternoon at a small town, a speaker was met by the president of the local Women's—Christian Temperance Union, a soft-voiced woman, with a young face under silvered hair.

As the two ladies were riding along the shady street, pupils from the public school began to throng the sidewalks. At a crossing, a bright-faced boy, about ten years old, stood waiting for the ladies to pass, and lifted his cap with a courteous gesture and sunny smile.

The hostess leaned from the carriage with a pleasant greeting, and the gray cap covered the brown curls again as they drove on.

"One of your Sunday School class?" ventured the speaker.

"No," replied the hostess, "my only son, Harry."

As they approached the home, they nearly overtook a young girl of about fourteen, and a middle-aged man, walking briskly. The man was listening in a deferential way to the girl's merry chatter. At the gate they paused, the man lifted his hat in a parting salutation, as he held the gate for the girl to precede him; then bowing he passed on, as if hurried, not observing the approaching carriage.

"This is our home; that is my husband going to his office," said the hostess.

"And you have another guest—or is the young lady a caller?" asked the speaker.

"That is Margaret, our eldest child. She and her father are great chums," replied the hostess.

At the daintily-appointed tea-table the youngest child, a bashful girl seven or eight years old, had the misfortune to drop and break a fragile piece of china. Her face crimsoned with distress, and the violet eyes lifted to her mother's face were large with gathering tears. The speaker winced, dreading discordant notes, where all had been harmonious. "I hope they will only send her away in disgrace—poor little thing!" her thought ran. But even as she thought, with perfect courtesy the mother spoke the same conventional words of reassurance which she would have used had the honored guest broken the cup. Being the quivering lip of her cherished child—her guest from God—she added, softly: "Mother knows you are sorry, dearest. Just let it pass, and overcome it!" while the father, with ready tact, engaged the speaker in conversation. The speaker was charmed.—*Exchange.*

A PRACTICAL JOKER.

"I suppose it was wrong," said a well-known member of the Detroit bar, with a grin, but I couldn't afford to let the opportunity pass. My wife has become a convert to the mind cure fad, and for the last month I have heard nothing but the power of mind over matter. I said little, hoping that she would tire of it and drop it. But I was doomed to disappointment, for the longer she harped at it the worse she became.

"This morning she discovered that a water pipe was leaking, and she went at it with that universal woman's tool, a hairpin, with the result that she only made the hole larger and caused a small jet of water to be shot into the room. Clapping a finger over the hole to stop the flow of water, she called loudly for me, and when I appeared on the scene I took the situation in at a glance.

"What is the matter, my dear?" I asked.

"There is a hole in the pipe," she gasped. "Get a plug while I hold the water back."

"There is no leak there, if you will only think so," said I, soothingly. "Put your mind on it and remove your finger."

"John Henry"—she began, but at that moment her finger slipped and a jet of water hit her in the eye, and the valuable remarks that she was about to make were lost for all time.

"John, can't you see that the wallpaper will be ruined if I let go?"

"Well, my dear," said I, ignoring her question, "it is time I was going down stairs, besides I am afraid that if I remain here I may interfere with the calm, reposeful working of your mind. Convince yourself, my dear, that there is no leak and remove your finger."—With that I left her. I took the precaution, however, to send up a plumber, but from what I heard when I left I am afraid that her mind was far from being in a reposeful mood.—Detroit *Free Press.*

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

Education of a certain type is very general, but still there are vast numbers of countrymen in China who can neither read nor write. There is a special literary class who alone know the literature of their country, to the study of which they devote their lives. There are boarding schools, day schools, and colleges. Examinations mainly confined to moral philosophy and literature are held in the prefectoral cities of each province twice in three years for the lower degree necessary as a passport to the public service, and of the six or seven thousand candidates who have come forward, not more than sixty can be admitted to the degree of Literary Chancellor. For the higher degrees, other examinations are necessary. There is a "College of Foreign Knowledge" at Pekin, where European languages, mathematics, science, etc., are taught by European, Japanese, and American professors. There are besides many Christian mission schools, where the English language and lower branches of the western sciences are taught. The government also maintains naval and military colleges and torpedo schools at the various arsenals to teach the young Chinese modern methods of warfare.

TIMELY HINTS.

Hang up a pincushion in the kitchen.

If in cleaning windows a little coal oil is put in the water, it is much easier to polish them and they will have a much brighter appearance.

The mica windows of coal stoves can easily be cleaned with a soft cloth dipped in vinegar and water. This should be done when putting the stove up.

Indoor palms need great care if they are to last and look well all winter. Every two or three days in autumn, and once a week in winter, the pot should be allowed to stand in tepid water for an hour, the water being high enough to come higher than the pot, so that the roots get a thorough soaking. Plants need plenty of light, and the leaves must be sponged with milk-and-water often to remove the dust if they are to thrive.

CONDEMN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

PETERBOROUGH, Oct. 31.—Much excitement has been occasioned here by an inquest into the death of Frances Emaline Dunlop, who was treated during her illness on Christian Science lines. A great deal of evidence was taken, and the coroner, Dr. Grey, strongly denounced the doctrines of the sect.

The jury brought in the following verdict:—

"Frances Emaline Dunlop came to her death from typhoid fever, and the jury are further of the opinion that if the deceased had had proper medical treatment by a physician she would have recovered, and the jury consider that the parents of the deceased were guilty of the most inhuman conduct in allowing their daughter to die without making any intelligent effort to save her life, and they strongly condemn the Christian Scientists who professed to treat the deceased, as they had no knowledge whatever of the nature of the disease, and took no steps to ascertain its nature and showed utter ignorance of this or any other disease or any proper method of curing the same on their own admission under oath.

The jury also wish to express their strongest detestation of the practices of those who ignorantly dare to treat thus lightly with human life, and we consider the practices of so called Christian Scientists a danger to to the community.

And the jurors further wish to express their opinion that for the safety of society some further legislation is necessary, dealing with these people, and we would humbly submit that it is full time that the Provincial Legislature should give this matter their careful consideration."

HOW TO SAVE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

In the October *Ladies' Home Journal*, Edward Bok takes up the cudgel again against the cramming methods inflicted on school-children, and urges as a step toward a reform of the abuse "that every parent who has a child at school will send a note to the teacher that, under no circumstances whatever, will the father or mother permit any home study by the child."

"This may seem to be a very simple thing to do," he contends, "but often the simplest things are the most effective. If the teachers of this country should, within the next month, receive thousands of notes from parents to the effect pointed out, which they could—and I can speak for hundreds of teachers when I say that they would gladly do so—hand to the heads of their schools, it would practically mean a readjustment of the entire system of study. This may be better understood when it is realized that the entire system of study during school hours in many of the schools is so arranged as to allow for some of the work to be done by the pupils at home. Let this taken-for-granted home study be stopped, and a change would at once have to be made. The studies at school cannot be increased in number, for already there are too many. The school hours cannot be lengthened because the tide has set in to shorten them. Hence, some studies would have to be thrown out, if home study were eliminated. And this is the result desired."

THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL ON THE SECOND GENERATION.

A man ninety-one years of age, living out of doors, and working moderately, is reported as an example of the harmlessness of the continuous use of pure whisky. He has drunk a pint of spirits daily for sixty years, and is especially hale and hearty, never having had any illness. His example has been quoted freely in several of the liquor journals, and by the defenders of moderate drinking. A letter of inquiry to a physician living in the vicinity brought out the following facts: The man is of inferior intelligence, with a large physical frame, and inclined to follow very methodical habits of living. While the effects of his drinking are not prominent in his appearance, they are very evident in his children. Of three children by his first wife, two died in infancy; one became an epileptic and died at fifteen. Of four children by his second wife, one is feeble-minded, the second is chorelo, the third dissolute and drinks, the fourth is erratic, passionate and a wanderer. All are decidedly inferior, both physically and mentally.—*Journal of Inebriety.*

THE NURSERY DOCTOR.

To relieve the pain of a badly pinched or bruised finger, plunge it immediately into very hot water.

Fresh air and exercise are the best tonics for young folks, but too much of the latter will do harm to a child.

Less fat and less sugar are required for the child's summer diet than for his winter diet. Both fat and sugar are heat producing.

Let children's meals be as frequent as is necessary, but do not allow eating between meals. Sweets should never be eaten on an empty stomach, but they are comparatively harmless at the end of a meal.

Eggs are excellent food for children, especially those who are nervous. They are easily digested when lightly or undercooked, but only one child in ten can digest the white of a hard-boiled egg.

Shoes without heels are much more healthful for the young, because they strengthen the ankles. If a child's ankles seem weak, rub them with a little alcohol.

LITERARY NOTES.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, whose story, "In His Steps" has had a sale of more than four million copies, has been making a special study of the servant-girl question. A new story from his pen, entitled "Born to Serve," is the result. Critics who have read the manuscript predict that it will be as popular as any of his former stories. He will read the story in Berkeley Temple, Boston, on four successive evenings, during the first week in December, and in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, where Dr. Hillis is pastor, the second week. The proceeds of the readings will be used to establish a training school for servants in Topeka, Kan. The story will be published as a serial, beginning December 6th, in *The Christian Endeavor World.*

ITS LITERAL MEANING.

Fitz—What does "R. S. V. P." stand for?

Mac—Well, to judge by the amount of some society people, I should say it meant, "Rush in, Shake hands, Victual up, and proceed home."

BE CONTENT.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

We have stood in that dark hour
We have known,
When the tears fell with the shower,
All alone—
Were not skies and shower blest
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his will.

For we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all thy sorrow
—We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

SWEET MINDED WOMEN.

A few days ago we noticed a little boy amusing himself by watching the frolicsome flight of birds that were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched on a bough of an apple tree near where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of his dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself for a good aim. The little arm was drawn backward without throwing the bird, whose throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea: "A-link, a-link, a-link, bob-o-link, bob-o-link, a-now-sweet, a-no-sweet, I know it, I know it, a link, a-link, don't throw it, throw it, throw it," etc. And he didn't. Slowly the little arm fell to its natural position and the stone dropped.

Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we enquired: "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home." The little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning; and with an expression half shame, half sorrow, he replied: "Couldn't, cos he sung so."—*Kindergarten Magazine.*

WOMAN IS INHUMAN TO MAN

The promient leader of the socialist settlement movement, Mrs. Adrain McCoy of Meadville, addressed the Women's Club at Chautauqua recently on the unique subject, "Woman's Inhumanity to Man."

"Is not our modern woman sometimes inhuman to man, being willing to demand and receive from him more than she is willing to return?" she said. "We club women must consider the case on its merits. Do the wives and daughters live in idleness while the man toils hard? Do they dress well while he is clothed poorly? Do they stay at the seashore while he overworks to maintain them? Does woman's inhumanity drive them to forgery or embezzlement? This is woman's inhumanity to man. We believe in a single standard of responsibility.

Another form of inhumanity is when women fill the minds of girls with the meanness of men, giving them false impressions. They should be taught that the truest earthly happiness is found in the home and the noblest mission is that of a good wife and mother. We cannot advance woman by reviling man. The elevating of manhood will be accomplished by mutual recognition of rights and duties."

TELESCOPES.

A number of persons were talking about telescopes, and each professed to have looked through the largest in the world. One after another told of the powerful effect of the respective telescopes. At last a quiet man said mildly:

"I once looked through a telescope. I don't know that it was the largest in the world—I hope it wasn't. But it brought the moon so near that we could see the man in it gesticulating wildly and crying out: 'Don't shoot! Don't shoot!' The old duffer thought it was a big cannon we were pointing at him."

The quiet man subsided, and so did all the rest.

AN INSECURE FOUNDATION.

Nothing can be built on falsehood. No institution, no official reputation, no work can fall eventually to suffer, when the dawn of truth reveals that it rose by misstating facts, exaggerating claims, and overdrawing descriptions. And yet so many work on the plan of booming by extravagant statements, which mislead for a time, and then react with destruction of confidence in all concerned.—*Florida Christian Advocate.*

SCHOOLBOY CRITICISM

The *Literary World* publishes a schoolboy's criticism of Sir Walter Scott in an examination paper as follows: "Walter Scott was a great poet, he was a lawyer but people loved him. When he was dying he felt it coming on so he wrote some touching lines which he meant for himself.

"The way was long the wind was cold
The minstrel was infirm old."

O may we all feel the same when death catches hold of us.

THE PRIZE WINNERS

At Fairs and Exhibitions Used the Diamond Dyes.

The fall fairs and exhibitions held this year in Canada were a source of pleasure and satisfaction to hundreds of energetic and artistic ladies. Magnificent displays of Mats, Rugs and Carpets made from rags dyed with the Diamond Dyes drew the special attention of thousands of visitors.

In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the exhibitors who used the Diamond Dyes to color the materials of which their Mats, Rugs and Carpets were made, took the best prizes.

No stronger proof of the superiority of Diamond Dyes could be demanded. Women all over Canada will find it paying to use Diamond Dyes to re-color their faded and dingy looking dresses, skirts, blouses, capes, jackets, ties, ribbons, etc. One package of Diamond Dyes will do as much work as three packages of the common dyes, and give colors far more beautiful, more brilliant and more lasting.