The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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Changes for contract advertisements must be at 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 treets, Acton.
Office Hours:—8 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,
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets,
GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 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, BRACONVILLE.
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. McKINNON, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Harber 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 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 neatly 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 $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 by mail 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 at all Hours be Secured
Prices Low. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8 p.m. Careful attention given to every number The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS,
Proprietor.

FOR···
Attractive
Christmas
Goods
You can make a most desirable choice at
Day's Bookstore,
Guelph.
Day sells cheap.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

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

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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

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

—Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

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

ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

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

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor

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

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

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

TAKE
A look through Williams' stock of footwear this week
YOUR
Time will be well spent and you will be surprised at the extent of the stock. Your
FEET
Will be fitted perfectly and your taste suited. Bring the wife and little ones
WITH
You. Their foot needs will be filled equally well and at wonderfully little cost to
YOU
Our whole attention is given to buying and selling Boots and Shoes and there is benefit in this
TO
You. We are sure we can convince you that the place to get your footwear is
WILLIAMS' SHOE STORE
MILL ST. ACTON.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY—NEAT AND PROMPTLY DONE.

—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 or compounded half yearly.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. V. H. JONES, Manager.

FROM NOW TILL CHRISTMAS
Our advertisement will tell of our arrangements for your benefit in the way of goods suitable for useful and pleasing presents.
Lamps, Silverware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Carvers and Razors, 8 O'Clock Tea Kettles, Sweepers
and so on down the list. Don't forget us. We will save you money and trouble. Simply write us for prices and you will get all the information possible for us to give.
"Our Prices are Always Right."
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH

ROYAL CITY
Business College
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

Traders Bank Building, J. W. YOUNG, Principal.
GUELPH, ONT.

ACTON
Flour Mills
HUMPHRIES & HAWKE, Proprietors.
Highest Market Prices Paid
—FOR—
WHEAT
AND OTHER GRAINS.
Our Make of
FLOUR
Has won wide-spread favor. Best grades always on hand.
FLOUR CHOP MILL FEED
CRACKED WHEAT ETC.
At lowest prices for Cash.
Humphreys & Hawke,
ACTON.

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.

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 get 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.

Poetry.

THE UNRETURNING BRAVE.

As our soldier boys marched through our streets, and sailed away from Quebec or Halifax, the triumphant note was one of hope and trust and confidence. There was, however, a note of deep pathos amid the rejoicings of the home-coming of our soldier boys. It was impossible not to think of the "unreturning brave,"—of the lonely graves in the Transvaal, and not to sigh "for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." There were sad, sad hearts amid the rejoicing multitudes, whose feelings are tenderly expressed in Miss Forster's beautiful poem, which we print herewith. There were eyes that could not see the illuminations for their dimming tears, there were ears on which the joy-bells grated, jangling out of tune for they seemed to ring the knell of departed hopes:

THE HOME-COMING.

Mother, shall I close the shutters? for the soldier-lads draw nigh;
Think of how I love you, mother, while the marching feet go by.
Are they trampling o'er your heart, dear? Mother, mother, do not cry!

Hide your face here on my shoulder till the music dies away;
(Just a year ago he left us, and it seems but yesterday).
With what cheers the people greet them Mother, try, oh, try to cry!

Do not sob so wildly, dearest, or your heart will surely break.
He has stayed to keep the country that his valour helped to take,
With him is a mighty army that remains for England's sake.

Ah! the angels hear your weeping, e'en above the ringing cheers,
And I think a wondrous rainbow up in heaven to-day appears—
'Tis God's look of pity shining on bereaved women's tears.

You and I are glad, dear mother, for the soldiers' safe return,
Glad for all the happy hearthstones where the fires of welcome burn,
Let us join the great rejoicing, and God's benediction earn.

Will that music play for ever, with his comrades marching by?
Oh, our darling! how we loved him, how we loved him, you and I!
Put your arms around me, mother, I must weep or I will die.

—*Kate L. Forster, in the Onward.*

Select Family Reading.

The Last Break.

THE crash of shattered china had become an altogether too frequent sound within the Thurston domestic precincts. Mrs. Alice Thurston saw her treasured table adornments melt away with a sinking heart. She had cautioned, warned and scolded, but it availed nothing. Plates would slip from flaccid fingers to the unyielding surface of the slate drain board. Cups would bump against the brass faucets above the enameled sink. If ever inanimate things were possessed with a rage for self-destruction the chinaware of the Thurstons certainly took the suicidal palm.

Unfortunately for this theory all these breakages were traced directly to Delia Mann.

Delia was a good and fairly capable girl, and she meant to please, but when it came to dish washing and wiping she seemed marked with a smashing mania. Alice Thurston was patient and longsuffering. She liked Delia and bore with her weakness and a most exemplary one. Once she told her she would have to pay for the ware she had broken, but Delia, who was weak on mathematics, eagerly consented. But when the end of the month came the sum total for breakage was so large that Alice was ashamed to take it out of the poor girl's wages, so she said no more about it.

Delia was an admirable cook and of neat and steady habits. She was as honest as the day, and as careful of the Thurston family supplies as if they were her own.

But one day poor Delia let slip a handsome platter against the cruel slate and a shower of fragments scattered over the floor. Then the wrath of Alice Thurston blazed forth.

"Delia," she hotly said, "this is past all endurance. If you break another thing this week I will certainly be obliged to let you go."

Poor Delia said nothing. She bent low over her broom and dustpan as she gathered up the debris. She knew her mistress was entirely justified in her outburst.

Well, for a wonder, she didn't break a thing for three whole days. It required great self possession and a most painful watchfulness, but she broke her record handsomely.

Then came Friday, and after the usual simple luncheon which George Thurston ate with Alice whenever he could spare the time to make a hurried dash home and back, but which Alice ate alone on this particular Friday, she said to Delia:

"I'm going down town to do some Christmas shopping and will probably wait and come home with Mr. Thurston. Be sure to answer the bell and have dinner ready to serve at 6."

"Yes'm," said Delia, and soon she heard the front door slam and knew her pretty young mistress had started forth.

Delia was "doing up" the dishes, but she stopped short and stepped into the dining room. From the dining room she passed into a storeroom that adjoined the former apartment. It was a dark room, with one window opening on a prospect of brick wall. Its only piece of furniture was the new telephone that stood on its little table against the west wall.

Delia didn't like the telephone. She could use it, but it bothered her. Delia was a slow thinker, and the rapid pace of a telephone conversation was too confusing to be agreeable. She took from the hook the ancient black shawl which she was wont to toss about her shoulders when she made hurried excursions to the little grocery in the next street, and threw it over the phone and its table. Then she went out with a smile of satisfaction and locked the door behind her. She fancied she had effectually locked the instrument. She certainly didn't mean to hear the warning bell if she could help it.

To still further enhance the impossibility of telephonic interruption, Delia, as she resumed her dish drying labor, lifted her by no means unmusical voice in a song of her childhood days. She warbled on with her back to the door, quite unconscious of the fact that it was being slowly pushed open.

A moment or two later a heavy hand caught her firmly by the shoulder, and a harsh voice growled a fierce threat in her ear.

The plate in her hands fell to the floor with a heavy crash.

"That settles it," said Delia Mann.

Then she was dragged into the dining room and the door closed behind. She looked up. There were two men and one of them held a revolver close under her nose. She looked at them stupidly. Delia reasoned slowly.

"What'll we do with her?" growled the fellow with the revolver.

"Gag her and tie her in a chair and hide her away somewhere," was the response, and they did it with incredible swiftness. Her ankles were lashed to the chair with a stout cord that one of the men quickly produced. Her hands were securely fastened behind the back of the chair, and then an extra large handkerchief was tied around her head and over her mouth. One of the men stepped to the storeroom door, turned the key and opened it. He gave the interior a hasty glance.

"Empty!" he said. "Just the place for her." They carried her in and left her with a parting injunction to keep still or have her head clubbed off. But Delia scarcely minded the threat nor the click of the lock when they turned the key. She was still regretting that she had dropped the plate.

Then it suddenly dawned upon her that the house was being ransacked by two daring scoundrels, that the beloved treasures of her dear mistress were in immediate danger and that she, Delia Mann, was in some sense to blame for their presence in the house. She gave a violent wriggle, but the cords held fast. She tried to cry out, but the gag clung too closely. Then Delia sat quite still for a moment. Her anger began to rise and her wits sharpened. She must do something to circumvent those scoundrels.

Presently she opened her mouth to its widest limit—and Delia's was a generous mouth—and when the gag sank in she seized what she could of it in her sharp, white teeth. She gnawed and tore at it and presently had the satisfaction of feeling the severed ends drop from her face. Should she cry out? She knew an outcry would have probably but one result—the robbers would hear and come back and silence her more effectually. The window was a double one, and her voice, shrill and powerful though it was, couldn't penetrate that brick wall. Delia Mann looked about her in the gloom. The telephone!

It was evident that the robbers hadn't noticed it beneath the shrouding shawl. Could she get to it? With a violent muscular effort—and Delia was a strong girl—she managed to hitch the chair a little to one side; again and yet again. Slowly but surely she was approaching the phone. The cords cut her ankles, but she forced one foot down so the toe of her shoe touched the floor. Inch by inch she came nearer and nearer. She heard shift footsteps in the room above her. She redoubled her efforts, and presently, leaning forward, caught the black shawl between her teeth and dragged it down. Then she paused to get her breath.

A moment later she was hard at work trying to crowd the receiver from its hook with her thick, round head. Finally it fell with a convulsive jerk, and then a push of the chair brought her lips to the mouth piece.

Her heart beat thick and fast. Her lips were parched. She fainted a little. Then she spoke, and her voice was soft and distinct.

"Listen, for the love of heaven," she began. "No, I don't want no number. Only listen. This is Delia Mann talkin'—yes, Delia Mann. Never mind how I spell it. It's Delia Mann at 2021 Oxford avenue. Get it right—2021 Oxford avenue. Yes, Thurston's. There's robbers in the house—yes, robbers. I can't spell it, an' I'm tied hand an' fut. Do you get it? They're up stairs runnnagin'—yes, up stairs. I'm in the tellyphone closet tied hand an' fut. Bind the police—bind the police—bind the police. Do you get that? An' be quick too—2021 Oxford Avenue—an' for the love of heaven don't you dare to say 'line's busy."

She paused and caught her breath, then she added:

"That's all, an' I can't ring off."

So, having cast her extraordinary message upon an unknown sea, as it were, Delia Mann put her aching head back and waited. The steps overhead softly came and went. The clock in the kitchen struck 3. Time was passing slowly in the little storeroom. Then Delia fancied she heard somebody walking cautiously around to the rear of the house. A moment later she heard a quick clang, clang from the street and the sound of rumbling wheels. There were hurried footsteps, too, and in the hall and through the dining room. Then came a quick command, the sound of a struggle, a smothered oath or two and silence.

Delia knew that the police must have neatly trapped the robbers, and her heart rejoiced. Then she dimly wondered when she would be released. She was cold and numb. Her head was heavy, and it ached. She dropped her chin upon her breast and dozed.

Thus it happened that she did not hear the policeman when they brought the captured rascals into the dining room and relieved them of their booty. It made quite a handsome pile as the officers stacked it on the table. And then suddenly in rushed George Thurston and Alice, panting with haste and excitement.

"Got 'em, eh?" cried George. "Good. Somebody telephoned me—just as Mrs. Thurston and I were leaving the office—that my house was being robbed, and we caught the first electric car and came out. How did you know about it?"

"Message from the telephone central," replied an officer.

"By the way," said the younger of the rascals, with a bow to Alice Thurston, "you will find your girl of all work in there," and he indicated the storeroom with his manacled hands.

George Thurston sprang to the door, turned the key and flung it open.

"Here!" he cried, and a policeman followed him into the apartment. A moment later they reappeared carrying the limp Delia on her chair. As soon as she could be untied Alice Thurston fell to chafing her benumbed wrists, while George brought her a tiny glass of brandy, which she swallowed with a grimace.

"And what were you doing in the storeroom, Delia?" cried Alice, who was close to the verge of hysterics.

"Tellyphonin," replied Delia slowly.

"Well, I'll be jammed," said the younger prisoner.

"Good girl," growled the big policeman.

But Alice and George only looked at one another.

"I s'pose it's all up with me," said Delia mournfully.

"What do you mean?" cried Alice.

"On account of me breakin' that last plate, ma'am," said Delia.

Then Alice, still gently stroking the scarred wrists, laughed until she cried.—Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

OUR POULTRY AND BRITISH MARKETS.

Our system of cold storage, both as regards the cold storage firms themselves and the cold storage cars for transportation, are making rapid strides toward perfection, and it will not be long before we have in Canada a cold storage system equal to anything in the world. At present there is nothing so much talked of or written about in the Canadian press as the necessity for perfection of the means of placing our perishable goods on the foreign or English market. Canada is becoming a great country, this is recognized by all. That the greatest revenue of this country must come through its agricultural sources is a point undisputed. The live question before the farmers then is which departments of their farms will yield them a quick and paying return? Undoubtedly, of all the comparatively undeveloped sources of agricultural wealth none will more surely fill the bill than poultry. The demand for the superior quality on the English market is unlimited. The home market is rapidly increasing. A help to this development is the cold storage system of the Department of Agriculture and the furnishing of reliable instructions as to poultry culture from the Experimental Farm system and the Commissioner of Agriculture. But the most direct aid is in the shape of such large firms as the Canadian Produce Co., Toronto, who buy the chickens from the farmers and do the fattening, packing, and shipping of the birds.

By means of private enterprise the expense of initiation and the risk of loss which inevitably attends the opening up of new enterprise will not come out of the pockets of the farmers.—It may be that when the superior quality of our product is known and appreciated on the British market, and the prices established so that we will know what it is possible to get, that the time will be opportune for the individual farmer or association of farmers to fatten and ship for themselves. By that time farmers should be well acquainted with methods of shipment to an already established market with guaranteed prices.

This year the poultry trade with Great Britain has developed as it never has before. As early as the middle of last month one firm has sent to England a shipment of Canadian chickens which is five times larger than all shipments sent before from this country in any previous entire year. Next year there will be a demand for chickens unheard of before. The farmers for the present year, and probably for the next, should not try any direct shipment, but find out and send his chickens to the most reliable firms in this country. It may not pay the farmers to do the fattening, but it will certainly pay them to raise chickens to sell to the large firms who will do the fattening and shipping.

My services are at all times at the use of the farmers. It is my duty and pleasure to give full information as to the best breeds for the farmers to handle, how to rear and fatten the chickens, where and who best to sell them to, together with all such practical information as years of experimental work is calculated to make of value to farmers.

It is hoped by a series of letters, of which this is the first, to interest the farmers in a poultry department of their farm which will give them, surely and quickly in the near future, a revenue equal to any other branch of farming industry. All the information as to breeds, care, feeding and fattening, etc., will be furnished free on application to my department, Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

A. G. GILBERT, Manager Poultry Dept.
Ottawa, Nov., 1900.

A QUEER COMPLIMENT.

The Duke of Wellington was asked whether he considered personal beauty in a man of much use to him. He then related the following story:

After the army had passed from Spain into France and occupied the lower plains of the Northern Pyrenees, the Duke directed Lord Hill to take up a position at a short distance from the main body, across one of the many streams in that locality.

The water was low, and easily fordable at the time, but during the night a very heavy rain came on. Nothing was heard of Lord Hill during the whole day; his position had not evidently been discovered by the French. On the following morning the Duke became anxious; he determined to pass over himself to ascertain the state of affairs. A small boat was procured, the Duke got in and remained standing.

The stream was very narrow, but deep. The boat touched the opposite bank, close to where an Irish sentry was posted; the man challenged the party, who could not give the countersign, on which Pat levelled his musket to fire at them; looking along the barrel, he recognized the Commander-in-chief just as His Grace stepped on shore. He immediately brought his musket to the salute, and with the greatest good humor called out:

"God bless your orasgid (crooked) nose! I'd sooner see it than ten thousand min."

The Duke used to finish his story by adding:

"I protest that that is the greatest personal compliment ever paid me in the whole course of my life."—*Alliance News.*

READING ALOUD.

Be wholesome is the practice of reading aloud that medical authorities agree in pronouncing it a healthful and invigorating exercise for the mind and the body. The late Sir Henry Holland says in his Medical Notes that persons who have a tendency to pulmonary diseases should methodically practice those actions of the body through which the chest is in part filled or emptied of air. He advises that those whose chests are weak should read aloud at stated intervals, and even recite or sing, using due caution as to posture, articulation and the avoidance of excess. These regular exercises of the voice, he adds, may be rendered as salutary to the organs of respiration as they are agreeable in their influence on the ordinary voice

LORD RUSSELL AND THE PICKPOCKET.

Once, when he first came to London, and was laying the foundations of his great career, the future Lord Chief Justice went to the pit of a theatre. The price was popular, the pit was crowded, and the young advocate had only standing room. All of a sudden a man at his side cried out that his watch was stolen. Mr. Russell and two other men were hemmed in.

"It is one of you three," cried the man minus the watch. "Well, we had better go out and be searched," said Mr. Russell, with the alertness of mind that did not fail him at a trying moment amidst an excited crowd. A detective was at hand, and the suggestion was accepted. As Mr. Russell walked out the idea flashed up through his mind that if the man behind him had the stolen property he would probably try to secrete it in the pocket of the front-rank man.

Quick as thought he drew his coat-tails about him—only to feel, to his horror, something large and smooth and round already in his pocket. While he was still wondering what this might mean for him, the detective energetically seized the hindmost man, exclaiming: "What, you rascal! at it again!" To Mr. Russell and the other man he apologized and bade them go free. But Mr. Russell before he had taken many steps reflected that he could not keep the watch. He went back to the box office and explained, with a courage on which he afterwards said he rarely experienced greater demands, that though he did not take the watch he had it. So saying, he put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out—a forgotten snuff-box.

BUSINESS TRAINING NEEDED.

Doubtless many of our young readers are contemplating entering upon a business career, and are even now looking around them for an opening. To such we would say be thoroughly prepared by a careful training, before starting yourself in any capacity to a business man.

The day of the "apprentice" is gone by. To-day the young aspirant to a commercial success must be able to do something, and do that something well. To be able to say that you are a graduate of a university, or that you hold a second-class teacher's certificate, is surely evidence that you have had good educational advantages and have certain ability, but what the business man of to-day want is young men and young women who have a practical knowledge of shorthand typewriting, bookkeeping and business forms and customs. You must be able to write a good business hand; compose a good business letter; keep the books of the concern; write shorthand from dictation and operate a typewriter; in short, have a practical rather than a theoretical knowledge.

The business colleges are doing good work along this line, and we know of no school better fitted to help you than the Royal City Business College, of Guelph, Ont., whose advertisement appears in another column. We would advise all interested to write the principal, Mr. Young, for a catalogue. The course is just what you need.

WHERE AM I?

The following grotesque narrative is found in a collection of Chinese temperance tales: "A stupid Yaman underling was once taking a rascally Buddhist monk to prison. As he started with his prisoner he was afraid of forgetting his things and his errand, so he began mumbling: 'Bundle, umbrella, cangue (yoke,) warrant, monk, and myself.' At every two or three steps he repeated the list. The monk, seeing the sort of man he had to deal with, treated him at an inn until he was so drunk that he wanted to sit down by the wayside and sleep. When he was fast asleep the monk took off his cangue, shaved the man's head, put the wooden collar on him, and took to his heels. On recovering his senses, the man exclaimed: 'Let me see, bundle and umbrella are here.' Then feeling his neck, he cried, 'And the cangue too; and here beside me is the warrant!' Then, half scared, 'Hai, ya! I don't see the monk, but!' rubbing his itching pate, he gleefully added, 'the monk is still here, but where am I? Bundle, umbrella, cangue, warrant monk. But where am I?'"

A STEP AT A TIME.

In accomplishing your day's work you have simply to take one step at a time. To take that step wisely is all that you need to think about. If I am climbing a mountain, to look down makes me dizzy; to look far up, may make me tired and discouraged.

Take no anxious thought for the morrow. Sufficient for the day—yes, and for each hour of the day—is toil or trial thereof. There is not a child of God in this world who is strong enough to stand the strain of to-day's duties and all the load of to-morrow's anxieties piled upon the top of them. Paul himself would have broken down if he had attempted the experiment. We have a perfect right to ask our Heavenly Father for strength equal to the days, but we have no right to ask Him for one extra ounce of strength for anything beyond it. When the morrow comes grace will come sufficient for its tasks or for its troubles.

"Let me be strong in word and deed.
Just for to-day
Lord, for to-morrow and its need
I must not pray."

AS OTHERS SEE US.

He was a man of middle age who had been elected Representative for three successive terms from his Congressional district—not because of his superior ability as a representative of the people, but because he had a pull—and the people couldn't help it. He was now engaged in repairing his "fences," with a view to at least one more feed at the public trough.

"What a fine little fellow," he said, patronizingly. His remark was addressed to the charming wife of an influential constituent, who held in her arms a boy of two, who blinked gravely at the visitor.

"Yes," replied the mother. "His father and I are very proud of him."

"And well you may be," answered the wily politican. "He's a bright looking little fellow, and maybe he'll be a Congressman some day."

"Maybe he will," said the mother, with an audible sigh. "Maybe he will, poor boy, but I'm doing my best to raise him right."—*Chicago News.*

Perfectly healthy people have rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and enriches the blood and makes the people healthy.

WAKEN UP.

A SEQUEL TO "CLOSE DOOR."

Will I have to speak again
To those weans o' mine?
Eight o'clock, an' wool I ken
The schule gangs in at nine.
Little hands me but to gang
An' fetch the tawtie whup—
O, ye sleepy-headed rogues,
Will you waukun up!

Never mither had sic fought—
Nae a moment's ease:
Cleed Tam ae'e like, at nicht
He breaks are through the breest.
Threat is no for him wee—
It never hauts the grup;
Maun I speak again, ye rogues,
Will you waukun up?

Tam, the vera last to bed,
He winna rise aye.
Last to get his looks and skate,
Last to win awa'.
Blae lumb for tribie an' fun—
Heeds na' what I say.
Rab an' Jamie—but the plagues,
Will they sleep a' day?

Here they come, the three at ance,
Lookin' gleg an' fell.
Hoo they ken their bits o' claes
Beats me fair to tell.
Wash your wee bit faces clean,
An' here's your bite an' sup—
Never was sair wrastlin before
Noo they're waukun'd up.

There, the three are aff at last,
I watch them frae the door.
Trust Tam, he'll at his tricks again,
I count them by the score.
He's put his fit afore wee Rab,
An' coupit Jamie doon,
Could I lay my han's on him
I'd mak him clear his room.

Noo to get my work on han'
I'll hae a busy day,
But look! the house in unco quate
Since they're a' away.
A dizzen times I'll look the clock
When it comes roun' to three,
For cuddlin doon, or waukenin' up.
They're dear, dear bairns to me.

—*By Alexander Anderson, in Surfaceman.*

AN AGONY AD.

This delicious advertisement was printed in an Indian paper by an Indian rajah:

"I beg to inform the general public through your paper of the death, which took place on Jan. 6, 1900, of my faithful fox-terrier dog, Tommy, whom I had purchased from Mr. Gardner, of the police department, in 1899. Very few such dogs are to be had now. It was my true companion everywhere and, to speak the truth, it had done marvelous service to me on several occasions. In Shikar it was a great help to me in pointing out places where good shooting could be enjoyed. Once on a time I had lost my gold watch and chain in a jungle, but the dog finding a clew somehow or other, at once got hold of the precious article and left it before me when I reached home. I have myself a very severe shock at the death of Tommy, and I hope that every one who will notice these faithful services of the little dog will surely feel for it. Could any of the readers of this tell me from where I can have such a good breed now? I should like to have a terrier like the one I had for any price."—Rajah Kishen Kumar, Sahaspur-Hilari, O. & R. Railway.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT NEW ALL THE YEAR AROUND.

In choosing a Christmas gift what can afford more pleasure or lasting pleasure than a subscription to *The Youth's Companion*? The delight with which it is welcomed on Christmas morning is renewed every week in the year.

Those who wish to present a year's subscription to a friend may also have *The Companion's* beautiful new "Puritan Girl" Calendar for 1901 sent with it. The Calendar reproduces in 12-color printings an ideal portrait of a Puritan maiden of Plymouth. In addition to this, all the issues of *The Companion* for the remaining weeks of 1900 are sent free from the time subscription is received for the new volume.

Those wishing to make a present of *The Companion* and mentioning it when subscribing will receive, in addition to the gifts offered above, a beautiful printed certificate of subscription to place among the presents on Christmas morning.

Illustrated announcement of the volume for 1901 sent with sample copies of the paper free to any address.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
BOSTON, MASS.

DRINK IN MEXICO.

The government officials of Mexico are taking interest in the newly inaugurated temperance movement, and the Board of Health is giving encouragement to the temperance workers, for the vice of alcoholism is reported to be growing there. The mortality statistics in Mexico every year show more and more deaths from cerebral congestion, due to the abuse of alcohol, and the government is alarmed at the results of the increased consumption of ardent spirits, declared by Mexican journalists to be the cause of four-fifths of the crimes and the most appalling poverty in the city. Mrs. Field, an American woman temperance worker, has issued a book in Spanish dealing with the drink evil, which will be used as a text-book in Mexico and in other Latin-American cities. President Diaz is known to be in cordial sympathy with the temperance movement, and is himself most abstemous. Various members of the cabinet have expressed themselves as pleased with the work in behalf of practical temperance.

THE LEOPARD CANNOT CHANGE HIS SPOTS.
Nor Can the Blacks Be Washed Out that Diamond Dyes Produce.
Diamond Dye Blacks far surpass the blacks produced by other manufacturers of package dyes in richness, depth of color and fastness.
Soap or strong sunshine will never fade Diamond Dye Blacks.
There are three noted Diamond Dye Blacks—Fast Diamond Black for Wool, Fast Diamond Black for Cotton and Mixed Goods, and Fast Diamond Black for Silk and Feathers.
Don't risk your goods with the imitations that some dealers try to sell simply because the poor dyes pay larger profits than the Diamond Dyes. Ask for the Fast Diamond Dye Blacks and take no others. Money and time saved when the best are used.