The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVI.---NO. 31. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1901. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

DR. J. 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 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

DR. C. I. KELLY,
HON. GRADUATE McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL.
LICENTIATE FACULTY OF APOTHECARIES, LONDON, ENGLAND.
Office and Residence—Frederick St., Acton.
Office Hours—6 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 3 to 6 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

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

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

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

J. 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—Perryman's Block, ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Harber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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

HENRY GRIST.
OTTAWA, CANADA.
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press—Office, ACTON

WM HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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

—ACTON—

LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE

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

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured

At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 6 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Careful attention given to everything. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $900 per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 331 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

HOCKEY STICKS

A Fine Assortment.

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.

ANY PICTURES TO FRAME?

Any Pictures to Frame?

GO ON SEND TO

WATERS BROS.
Wyndham Street
GUELPH

ACTON

Machine and Repair Shops

HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor

A BIM well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodworn repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. New 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 reach—$60.00 paid in—maturity value $100.00.

Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to

R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton

ACTON

Flour Mills

HUMPHREYS & 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.

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.

Send at once for Free Trial Offer giving prices of all sizes.

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

—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. P. H. JONES, Manager.

Grand Rush
On Carvers.

Large shipment just to hand (December 26th,) too late for Christmas trade—should have been here on December 1st. Now is your chance to have a

"Luxury-Necessary"
—AT AN—
"Ordinary-Necessary" Price.

Our loss is your gain. But the stock is too large for ordinary needs and must be reduced. Carvers with and without cases. Prices will run from 50 cents up.

"Our Prices are Always Right."

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
✱ GUELPH ✱

A SNAP IN
CUTTERS ROBES AND BLANKETS

3 Cutters left, will sell
1 at $22.00.
1 at $30.00.
1 at $33.00.
to clear them out.

Blankets from 50c up.
Rugs from $1.25 up.
Robes from $4.75 up.

GEO. J. THORP,
SEEDS, GRAIN, IMPLEMENTS, ETC.
GUELPH and ROCKWOOD

....BRAINS WIN....
....BATTLES....
ROYAL CITY
Business College
OF GUELPH, ONT.,
Can develop yours, for the battles of life. When in town call and see our bright and cheerful rooms. Office open Saturdays.
J. W. WIGGINS, Principal.
Traders Bank Building, GUELPH, ONT.

LEE SHUN
CHINESE LAUNDRY.

In Mrs. Second's, Block, Acton.
Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.
LEE SHUN, Proprietor.

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown, Ontario.

BOOK, NEWS, COLORED
PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER

NOTICE
Larger Premises

Messrs. COOPER & AKINS beg to announce to their patrons that owing to the increased confidence placed in them during the present season they have been compelled to take larger premises where they hope to continue to increase their business by giving the utmost satisfaction both in material and workmanship.

Our object will always be to lead in style of materials and of Garments and to do this we are continually adding to our already large stock consisting of Fancy Suitings in Scotch and West of England Worsteds, Pantings, Fancy Vestings and a full range of Fall and Winter Overcoatings.

COOPER AND AKINS
Fashionable Tailors
Mill St., Acton.
Sole agents for the celebrated Berges, Blenheim, Tyke and Holmark, which will not change color in two years' wear or money refunded.

Poetry.

OLD JANE'S SINGING.

A lank and rather faithfu' form dressed up in calico,
A good ol' maid that boasted that she never caught a beau,
A face that wasn't what you'd call attractive, but it packed
A look that more than atoned up the beauty that it lacked.
She never seemed to spend her time a-worryin', but sing
The Songs of Zion and the Lamb until you'd think her tongue
Would sure wear out from overwork; from mornin' plum till night
She'd warble them ol' fashioned tunes that give her such delight,
No matter if the sun would shine
Or storm clouds was a-singin',
Or if the day was dark or fine,
Ol' Jane'd keep on a-singin'.

When she could read her title clear to mansions in the skies,
She'd bid farewell to every fear and wipe her weepin' eyes.
The people being only figurative, it appears,
For them ol' honest eyes o' her'n never leak no tears.
She'd sing in singin' voice about a fountain filled with blood,
An' sinners lookin' guilty stains that plunged beneath the flood,
An' asked if she'd be carried up on flowery beds of ease
While others fit to win the prize an' sailed through bloody seas.
About the new Jerusalem
Her voice was sickys singin'—
It made no difference how things come,
She'd just keep on a-singin'.

In church that sweet, clear voice o' her'n 'd git right up and rise
Until the brethern' all know'd 'twas heard up in the skies,
An' when revival meetin' come ol' Jane was right on hand
To help the mourners with her songs toward the Promised Land,
An' many a sinner felt the pain o' deep conviction sting,
An' made a start to seek the Lord from hearin' of her sing:
"Alas! an' did my Saviour bleed an' did my Sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?"
There never was a great divine
That had the power o' swingin'
The keenest sinners into line
Like Jane could with her singin'.

When she was co her dyin' bed, an' folks with tearful eyes,
Was standin' 'round to see her start toward the waitin' skies,
She said in song she stood upon ol' Jordan's stormy shore,
An' that she was a-goin' home where she would die no more.
An' when we saw her sinkin' right into the arms of death,
A smile crep' on her poor ol' face an' with her dyin' breath
We saw her raise her eyes to God and heared her faintly sing:
"Oh! grave, where is thy victory? Oh! death, where is thy sting?"
An' I jest know that when its flight
Her happy soul was winging
Toward the realms o' pure delight
It kep' right on a-singin'.

Select Family Reading.

A Story of a Marvellous Cure.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

AFTER ten years spent abroad Eustace Carnivert found it pleasant to be back in Chicago. Here centered all memories of his ambitious boyhood, his laborious youth, his disappointed, disheartened, suddenly illumined manhood. As he stood awaiting his friend in the reception room of the latter he looked down on the congested sidewalks of the great street that ran far below. By narrowing his eyelids he could fancy it a strip of narrow, black and turbulent river. Much was as he remembered it, much changed. He had changed. He was not the boy of exquisite ideals who had made one of the State street throng. He was not the science-loving lad who had striven and struggled and almost starved. He was not the studious and self-denying individual who had sacrificed the necessaries of the body for the rapture of the mind and the sustenance of the soul. No. The man who had come back was not the man who had gone away. "Have for one thing," he said to himself softly; "for one only."

"Old boy, old boy!" cried a rich and heartsome voice. "Is it you—is it really you?" Then the hand which had crashed down on his shoulder gripped his hand hard, and the man stood looking into each other's eyes as only friends between whom an indissoluble bond exists, look at each other after a parting of years. "You haven't changed, Harry. And your fame as a surgeon is as great across the ocean as in your own land. You should be a proud prophet to be honored here."

"I!" exclaimed Dr. Griscom. "I! Luck has come my way, but I refuse to be complimented by the American coulisse whom Europe has delighted to extol! Come into my office. We can't talk here." He turned to the young woman in charge of the suite. "I shall not be at liberty until I notify you," he said.

They had a good half hour together, the old friends who had been aspiring and determined and to whom repute and consequent wealth had come. They talked of many people, many things.

"You are married, I hear, Harry," Carnivert said.

"Long ago. There are three youngsters. The boy is called after you."

"You must recollect," said the other quietly, "that I was engaged to Margaret Chester. Her father was a power in the world of finance. The social and intellectual supremacy of the family was never questioned. The engagement was a tremendous mistake. I had nothing except my ambition. When I came to my senses after my insane declaration, I realized the culpability of which I had been guilty—the advantage I had taken of her frank and girlish affection. I went to her. I released her. She assented almost in absolute silence to the breaking of our betrothal. A few weeks later that windfall came to me—that undreamed of and mysterious legacy which enabled me to go abroad to study. I studied hard. Occasion offered; opportunities presented themselves. I took instant advantage of them, with what result you know. And now—now that I have come back circumstanced beyond all probability of poverty, distinguished in my chosen profession, if I may say so, I cannot find the only woman I ever loved—will ever love well enough to make my wife."

There was a brief, a sympathetic silence.

"I know," said Griscom. He did not look up. "The father failed. The mother went to live with her elder son in Montana. The younger boy—well, he went the pace that kills. A shattered mind was the culmination of a brief and brilliant career. As for Margaret"—

"You," in a tense tone, "know nothing of her?"

The surgeon hesitated. Then he said in a voice of decision, "Nothing."

Carnivert arose, walked down the office between the flanking cases of plate glass filled with glittering surgical and scientific paraphernalia, then slowly back again. Griscom sprang to his feet.

"Come!" he cried. "I'll be with you in a few minutes. You shall not go back to your hotel. What nonsense! Do you think you shall escape us so easily as that? You are coming home with me—coming to see Jennie and your namesake. Dress—dinner? Oh, we are not so formal as all that at our house."

At the Griscom residence Carnivert found a warm welcome. Griscom's wife was the kind of a woman who can make a guest feel that his coming brings pleasure; that his departure causes regret. It was a happy little household, neither monotonously dull nor so painstakingly gay as to be wearisome. The coulisse of wide and enviable reputation was made to understand that he was well liked personally and not merely admired professionally. So he found himself often at the genial hearthstone of the Griscoms. Sometimes he sadly needed the serenity of atmosphere which there prevailed. For the search which he had come across the Atlantic to prosecute was void of result. All his following of clews terminated at a blank wall. All his inquiries brought replies negative and unsatisfactory.

One bitter midwinter night, coming into the familiar warmth and comfort of the Griscom establishment, he was startled by the alarmed impetuosity with which the wife of his friend accosted him.

"Dr. Carnivert, you will go at once to find Harry! Little Eustace is ill—diphtheria, I fear. I have a physician here, but, of course, the child must have his father. I do not know where he may be found just now. Perhaps at the Auditorium—he spoke of attending a dinner there—perhaps he has dropped into the club. Bring him home!"

Carnivert did not find his friend at the hotel. Neither was he at the club. But he had been there. A telephone message had come for him an hour before. He had hastened to the hospital where he regularly attended. The oculist followed him.

"Dr. Griscom? I must see him at once. It is important—immediate."

"I shall tell him." A door at the left was opened. "You will wait here, if you please."

Carnivert entered the room indicated. It was one of the ordinary formal apartments to be found on the main floor of every hospital. A girl at a small table in one corner was manipulating a typewriter. At the sound of intruding footsteps she rose, gathered her papers together and turned to leave the room. Attracted by something in her form and in her motion, Eustace Carnivert glanced at her in sharp interrogation.

"Margaret!" He sprang forward, with a quiet, low cry. "Margaret, Margaret!"

The papers fell from her hands. She stiffened, stood before him rigid, stone still.

"Margaret!" he said again and could utter no other word.

"Hush!" she said, striving to withdraw her hands from his fierce grasp. "Don't you notice—can't you"— The speech was wrung from her, broken, painfully.

"Oh, yes!" he cried. "My dear, my poor, dear girl!" He leaned forward, his eyes full of passionate pity, fixed full upon hers. "How long has it been so—how long?"

"I only learned it the day you gave me back my betrothal pledge." The long lashed lids drooped over the sightless orbs. "That was why I did not protest. I was trying to get up courage when you came to do what you did."

"And I have come back from the old world to find you! You were not using a typewriter?"

"Yes. I have one with raised letters—especially constructed for the blind. Henry Griscom got me a position here. It is light and easy. I am able to do many things. Dr. Griscom has been kind to me."

"He has not been kind to me!" vehemently. "He said he did not know where you were!"

"I made him promise that when I knew you were returning. Somehow I felt—I have always felt—you were coming back. But now you must go away again. You must forget me. I will not let my blindness be a burden and a barrier to you."

"You are thinner, paler than of old, Margaret, but sweeter—for your sadness—to me!"

"I have suffered," she said simply. "Now go!"

Instead he put firm, professional fingers on her eyelids—forced her to let him look long and steadily. A sound like a sob, still a joyful sound, broke from him.

"I can cure you, Margaret!" His voice was hoarse with exultation. "Thank God for that. I can cure you!"

Just then Dr. Griscom came in. Carnivert gave his message. The men went away.

"Fate brought you together after all!" Griscom said. "You do not blame me?"

"You could not break your word, but you should not have given such a promise."

"How could I tell you loved her still—after all these years?"

"I thought you were my friend. The intuition of a friend is definite as divine. Do you think it is in my nature to love lightly—to forget?"

"I know it is not. I ask your pardon."

"Here we are at the house. I shall wait to hear how the dear little lad is."

Griscom took the stairs three at a time. "Better!" he cried coming down, radiant. "At least he is in no danger. His mother was unnecessarily alarmed. It is only tonsilitis. He will be about in a few days."

"That is final. Now I must be selfish for a few minutes. Come into the library." There he turned and faced his comrade. "Harry," he said, "I can cure Margaret!"

"Eustace!" cried Griscom. "Are you sure? For God's sake, don't deceive yourself"—

"I have examined her eyes. I am positive. The operation will be similar to that which brought me the success I had fought so long to win."

The weeks that followed were weeks of eager hope, of confident anticipation, of rapturous conviction. Doubt, despair—these had no place in the sanguine mind of the great oculist.

It came—the all eventful day. Then there was the enforced period of seclusion, of waiting. But when the hour arrived when Carnivert was to remove the bandages from the long unseeing eyes of Margaret Chester his hand trembled for the first time.

"Look!" he commanded in a straining whisper. "Look, beloved!" Her voice rang out, thrilling those who heard—"I can see! I can see! Eustace, Eustace!" Oh, the ecstasy of that cry! "I can see you!"

Then he had caught her in his arms. Her head was on his shoulder, her happy face against his breast.

"Old fellow," Griscom said reverently, "there is something I must tell you now. After that parting between you and Margaret she transferred to you all the property she personally possessed. It was a legacy to her from an aunt. That is the money which you spoke of as having come to you mysteriously. Her lawyers were bound to silence. Without that gift of exquisite generosity you could never have gone abroad, studied, fulfilled your dreams of success, attained your present eminence!"

"Nor given Margaret back her sight!" Dr. Griscom's wife said softly.

Margaret was smiling through joyful tears. And her lover, in silence more eloquent than any speech, looked down upon her.—St. Louis *Republic*.

HUMOROUS.

It was a fin-de-siecle—Ottawa child who lately told a grown-up relative that she "knew how to flirt." "Indeed!" said the latter, somewhat astounded at such sad depravity in one so young. "How do you do it?" "Well, the other day Clarence," a little boy companion, "said he would give me a nut if I would kiss him. So I took it"—"And did you kiss him?" interrupted the pretty aunt, in a wouldbe shocked tone. "(She had done reprehensible things enough in her day, but she was hardly as candid as her niece appeared to be.) "No," the little maid answered demurely. "I took the nut, but I gave the shell back to him after I had kissed it."

Quaintest of all old-fashioned children is the five-year-old daughter of one of Canada's most eminent writers. If she does not "lisp in numbers" she almost speaks the prose of an Addison. She had been visiting her grandmother in a distant city, and being petted was decidedly averse to going home when the command came. "I don't know what you can do without me, Grandma," she sobbed. "I can't bear to leave you alone." Touched by this solicitude, Grainy declared that she did not mind staying alone at all. "I wasn't thinking of you," said the little rebel in a burst of tempestuous confidence. "I was sorry about myself."

But a thought came to her which dried up her eyes—"perhaps if I go home there will be an advertisement in the paper saying that 'Miss Susan——has returned home from a pleasant visit to her grandmother.'" And she was ready at once to help to pack her trunk.

This is the way she described a visit to the photographer's. "He took three pictures with my parasol up, and three pictures with my parasol down and a cloudy effect in the background!"

Tom—Hay, mister, my cart o' hay has fallen over. Will you help me raise it?

Jack—Sure, but I guess you can wait till I get to the end of the row.

Tom—Oh, I'm in no hurry, but I'm afraid father will be worryin'.

Jack—And where's your father?

Tom—Oh, he's under the hay.

THE RATS THEY EAT.

"The current impression that Chinamen eat rats—I mean ordinary American rats—is all nonsense," said Dr. James J. Mason, a well known Chinese missionary, chatting about his experience in the Powery Kingdom.

"The truth in regard to it is this: There is a small animal in China known colloquially as the tsui-chow, that is often bred especially for food. It infests the rice-fields, and is about the size of an ordinary rat, but has a longer body and a head shaped something like that of a ferret. It is a very prolific creature and is sold in enormous numbers in all the markets of the great cities—neatly cleaned and skewered apart and strungs in bunches of twenty or thirty on bamboo reeds.

"The tsui-chow is strictly an edible animal, and, feeding entirely on rice, it naturally has very delicate and savory flesh. I have eaten them, and if I had been able to get the rat idea out of my mind would have relished the dish. They taste something like young squirrels, and alive or dead are certainly much less repulsive that many things we commonly esteem as delicacies—eels and frogs, for example."

POWER OF EXAMPLE.

At the close of a large temperance meeting, a man well known in the neighborhood as a notorious drunkard, was asked to sign the pledge and make a fresh start in life. He was a great, powerful man, and as he doggedly objected he looked quite formidable.

"I will sign the pledge if you will," said a gentle voice at his side.

He turned quickly round and saw a frail-looking little woman with earnest, tearful eyes.

"I'd sign if you will," she repeated. "I know it's hard for you, but it may be easier if we both sign together, and then we can help each other to keep the pledge. Come, let us get our cards," and stepping up to the table she signed the pledge, and then held out the pen to him.

Impressed by the intense earnestness of her manner, and drawn by force of her example, the man came forward and a minute later went down the hall with his pledge card in his hand.—*National Advocate.*

THE MISSIONS IN CHINA.

The cable recently received in New York referring to the approaching return to work of the Presbyterian missionaries in China. Which was thought to include the Canadian missionaries, referred only to those working under the direction of the American Presbyterian Church North. The latest news from Hunan received at the Toronto Presbyterian office, in a letter dated December 3, points to a much different state of affairs. There are intimations of another uprising in China, in which the Boxers may take part as agents of the Government.

PARABLE OF THE "MAN WITH THE GRIP."

Verily the life of a man at this season of the year is one of vexation and sorrow.

He cometh home at night and troubleth his wife with much complaining, saying unto her:

"Behold, my bones ware sore, and my back aketh with an exceeding great ache. My flesh aches if I walk and my nose runneth over."

Then shall his wife answer and say unto him:

"Hike thee into the bedroom instanter, quicker than the shake of a duck's tail.

"And when thou hast peeled off thy duds, tarry yet a little while until thou soakest thy feet and taketh a dose of castor oil, for verily I say unto you:

"Thou hast the grip."

Then the man ariseth and doth even as his wife ordereth. He strippeth and maketh ready as for a plunge at Santa Monica.

And when he is ready, behold his wife yanketh out the old footbath of tin and saith unto her husband:

"Haste! Make thee ready, for the time is at hand when thou canst knock thy cold higher than Gilderoy's kite. Tarry not a second!"

Then the man getteth his feet into the old tin tub, and his wife proceedeth to pour in the water.

And lo! she maketh a mistake, and poureth the water upon her husband's feet, instead of into the tub.

And the man lifteth up his voice in an exceeding vexed manner, saying unto the woman:

"Woman, considerest thou what thou art doing? Thou art altogether too swift.

"Make haste slowly. I am no hog that thou shouldst scald me."

His wife also bringeth unto the man an exceeding large dose of castor oil, and giveth it to him saying:

"Arise quickly! Monkey not with the band wagon, but get this stuff into thy stomach instanter, and hike for the bedroom."

Then is the man glad and sayeth in his heart:

"Behold, my wife is interested in my welfare. I shall do even as she telleth me."

And he proceedeth to down the castor oil. Quinine also taketh he in large quantities, with a mixture of Old Tom gin.

A chaser of rock and rye he also drinketh with much gusto.

And when the even has come, behold, the man beginneth to feel exceeding good. Yea, he babbleth forth in a thick and unintelligible tone of voice.

He sweateth also exceeding sweaty. He kicketh off the bed clothes and complaineth because of the exceeding heat.

Saying unto his wife:

"Woman, behold; I am even as one who hast been in the swim, wet and covered with moisture. Wouldst thou cook me even as a pot roast?"

He sneezeth and hawketh long and diligently, even unto the fourth watch of the night. His nose swelleth, yea, his head whirleth because of the quinine.

His wife applyeth hot-water bags and mustard plasters to certain portions of her husband's anatomy. He squirmeth in vain.

And behold, the next morning the man feeleth like thirty cents. He is hot and cold by turns, and sendeth in haste for the doctor.

And that functionary appareth in great glee, and sayeth unto his victim:

"Stick out thy tongue. Open wide thy jaws."

And he feeleth the pulse of his victim telleth him:

Tary thee several days in bed. Do no work. Let thy wife arise and kindle the fire for a little season; for lo! thou hast the grip!"

And he leaveth pills and lotions, and balsams, and certain other divers remedies. An exceeding large bill also leaveth he.

And the man tarryeth several days in bed; when he feeleth better, and he ariseth, eateth his customary meal and goes forth rejoicing unto his place of business.

Is it not not so? Yea, verily.

THE QUEEN AND HER NEGRO WARDS.

Quite recently the Bishop of Lagos escorted Mrs. Randle, an African lady, and her two little children, by royal command, to Windsor Castle, where her Majesty received the visitors with the utmost cordiality, and gave presents to the negro children, whom she kissed. The Queen has long taken the warmest interest in this West African family. Many years ago the then King of Dahomey gave a little slave girl, who was of royal blood, but captured in a slave raid, to the late Capt. Forbes, commanding a British cruiser. The Capt. brought the child to England and introduced her to the Queen, who became godmother to the little African girl and had her well educated. Ultimately she married a negro merchant in Lagos. She had a daughter, who likewise became the Queen's godchild, and was educated at the Queen's expense. It was this daughter, now Mrs. Randle who visited the Queen with her children.

HE HAD NO OBJECTION.

The minister, after proclaiming the banns of matrimony between a young couple, concluded by saying: "If there be any objections, they can now be stated." A fashionable youth, an old admirer of the intended bride, noticing the eyes of a portion of the congregation fixed upon him, rose up and exclaimed, "I have no objection for my own part," to the astonishment of all about him, and resumed his seat, as if he had done a mere formal piece of business.—*Tit-Bits.*

STUFFED CUCUMBERS.

Half six green cucumbers and take out the seeds. Make a filling of half a cup of bread crumbs, two tablespoons of boiled ham chopped very fine, one tablespoon of minced parsley, one of chopped onion and salt and pepper to taste. Fill the cucumbers with this, tie the halves together, place in a covered pan with one cup of water and bake for forty-five minutes. Serve hot with drawn butter.

Those only live who love; all other life is mere existence.

Rich, warm, healthy blood is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla and thus coughs, colds, and pneumonia are prevented. Take it now.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The nations bow in reverence,
Majestic, as in some tragic trance;
For on all hearts the sable pall,
Not on her blue alone, doth fall,
By fields of orphaned peoples spread,
As o'er a mother who is dead.
The wisest sovereign ever known
To grace and glorify a throne,
Whose kind heart struggled to restore
The sullen nations back from war,
God wills not strife nor deeds of blood,
Even by the low-born brutal brood;
Therefore 'tis time mankind should take
Example from her salutly sake,
Whose lifelong wish was peace, sweet peace,
And let war's Quixotic carnage cease.
Yet, since great deeds the living do,
It needs no gift to prophesy
That he who follows in her wake
Shall likewise prosper for her sake.
Surely, if human prayers prevail,
His ship of state shall safely sail
Still onward o'er each adverse tide
Victoria's Bible for his guide.

—*A. J. Ramsay.*

NEW LITERATURE.

"The House of Egremont," a novel by Molly Elliot Seawell, with illustrations by C. M. Relyea, is one of the popular new books to which the reading public is being introduced. The fortunes of the House of Egremont though of humble origin, ascended to one of the greatest estates of England. An Egremont had the ear of kings, and another Egremont mounted the gallows. They mated sometimes with princes and dukes, and sometimes they were thought fit to mate with the daughters of goalers. This noted family seemed the favorite plaything of destiny, which had a showman's way of exhibiting them in all the downs, the glories and shames of human vicissitudes. The story is of the time of King Charles, is most interestingly written, and has a detail of sustained attraction and touch of historical information. The plot is well laid and the climax is a fitting conclusion to so interesting and well told a tale. The book has over five hundred pages, is well bound in rich cloth with titles in gold. Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, are the publishers. Price $1.25.

The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, have brought out one of the Macmillan Colonial Library's latest books, "Prejudged," by Florence Montgomery, author of "Misunderstood." This is one of Miss Montgomery's strongest productions. Like most of her previous books it embodies a love story, and in the case of "Prejudged" a most entrancing one. The scene is laid at a watering place in France, and the hero of the story is a young Englishman of good family, who, through the carelessness of a fellow huntsman, was seriously wounded during a deer-stalking expedition, from which he never fully recovered. Eventually he falls inlove with the sister of the author of his great affliction, and after considerable prejudgement and misunderings secured her as his promised wife. The story is a most attractive one throughout. 360 pages. Price 75 cents and $1.00.

STORY OF "NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

"As a writer, as a poet, there were few in the literary world of London (in the forties) who had not heard of Sarah Flower Adams, the gifted woman to whom all Christendom to-day pays homage in its love for her immortal hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," writes Clifford Howard in the February *Ladies' Home Journal*. "It was written in 1840, and had subsequently been set music by Eliza Flower, and included in a collection of hymns written and composed by the two sisters. Only within that year had their book of 'Hymns and Anthems' been published, and the hymn that was destined to inspire the world had then been heard but once or twice, and within the walls of a single church—South Place Chapel, London.

"It was not, however, until after the year 1860, when the present well-known tune was composed for it by Dr. Lowell Mason, of New York, that the hymn attained its widespread popularity. Up to that time it had attracted but little notice. Through the spirit of Doctor Mason's sympathetic music it was quickened into glorious life and brought within the reach of every congregation and every Christian soul. But this was long after the author of the hymn had passed away. She died in 1848, without knowing of the triumph and the glory that awaited her work. Her grave in the little village of her birth is unmarked by any monument to her fame."

LOOK AFTER RUBBER TIRES NOW.

Where have you stored your wheel for the winter—and how? See that you do not allow the wheel to stand for months on the tires. Even Dunlop tires, made as they are of the very best material, will be injured by the continuous weight pressing down in one place, and perhaps freezing in that position.

Frost kills rubber when not in use. This is equally true of rubber carriage tires. If allowed to stand long under the heavy weight and pressure of the carriage the resiliency and vitality of the rubber is lessened.

When not in use all rubber tires should be relieved of unnecessary weight. The Dunlop Company are getting out a simple device to apply to carriage tires when not in use.

A MEDICAL TRIUMPH.

What a Famous English Physician Has Accomplished for Suffering Humanity.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills are the only pills in the world prepared under the modern scientific theory of curing disease by destroying the germs which produce it. They act upon the diseased lung, the kidneys, the diseased stomach, the diseased blood, the diseased tissues and membrane, with ten-fold the corrective and curative energy of pills prepared from formulas of the old school of medicine. Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills are a positive cure for kidney disease, rheumatism, la grippe, asthma, dyspepsia, constipation. They eliminate all poisons caused by germs, make the blood pure and increase the vitality by supplying new strength. If you have been accustomed to use the old time pills, make a change and after you have once experienced the benefits that are sure to follow the use of these famous English Pills, you will never care to go back to the older and obsolete system.

Dr. Arnold's Toxin Pills, the only medicine made that cures diseases by killing the germs that cause it, are sold by all druggists at 75c. a box, sample box 25c., or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ont., Wind. Toronto. Booklets sent free.