The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVI.---NO. 35. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1901. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

GILL 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.

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

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
10 inches	$50.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
20 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	5.00
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	8.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

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

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

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick 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—8 to 10; 1 to 2, and 7 to 9.

DR. DRYDEN, EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE. Corner Woolwich and Duke 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. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S., DENTIST, ACTON. Office over Brown's Drug Store. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. VISITING DAYS.—Tuesday, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood. The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

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

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S. Graduate Ontario Veterinary College. Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society. Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Post 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 neatly bound. Pulling heatly 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 251, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GUNDRY, Proprietor

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

LEE SHUN
CHINESE LAUNDRY.

In Mrs. Seegrd'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.

Best Quality

50c and 40c Hockey Sticks for 25c.
25c Sticks for 15c.
15c Sticks for 10c.
Hockey Shin Pads, 50c per pair, for 40c.
90c per pair, for 60c.
Heavy big Skate Straps for 5c. per pair.
Sleds for boys and girls at cost.
Above Prices are given to clear.

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
Y. M. WALLACE, Manager.

ANY PICTURES TO FRAME? —
Any Pictures to Frame?
GO OR SEND TO
WATERS BROS.
Wyndham Street
GUELPH

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

Procrastinate!
No! Don't do That
But come to-day to the
Acton Pump Works
and get your Pump repaired or buy a new one. We can do it. Watering Troughs, Cisterns and a general jobbing business done. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Skates Ground Concave,
Bring them in.
CHARLES EBBAGE
Main St., 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.

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

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Guelph Branch
(NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE)
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. H. H. JONES, Manager.

Call and See
Our New
Linoleum,
Oilcloth and
Matting Department
The First Time
You are in Guelph.
Hundreds of rolls of these goods in all widths, in many designs, at prices from 25c to $1.25 per square yard. Almost a car-load of these good just now to hand.
"Our Prices are Always Right."
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HOUSEKEEPERS
GUELPH

LOOK HERE
12 lbs. Oatmeal for 25c
45 lbs. S. K. Oatmeal for 90 cents.
90 lbs. S. K. Oatmeal for $1.75.
Choice Feed Corns in quantities at 45c.
—AT—
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.

—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 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m. Careful attention given to everyone. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR.

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 all 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

FOR EVERYBODY
The long and short of successful advertising nowadays are the willingness and ability of the merchant to sell some things for less than his competitors, and all things as cheap as can be bought elsewhere. That is our position exactly and it applies especially to the large range of goods now in stock, such as
Fancy Chairs, Rockers,
Parlor Tables,
Framed Pictures,
Chenille Curtains,
Hat Racks,
Newspaper Holders,
Raymond Sewing Machines,
And numerous other articles which will take your fancy.
Call and inspect our large stock. Our prices are always right.
JOHNSTONE & CO,
Furniture Dealers.
Main St., Acton.

Poetry.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Beneath the western skies,
Let joyous songs arise,
With fervor sing:
For, lo!, from main to main,
O'er mountain, hill and plain,
Sound, sound, the glad refrain,
God save the King.

Canadians, rejoice
And with united voice,
The chorus ring;
The nation's heart be stirred,
Accent each precious word,
Where'er the prayer is heard,
God save the King.

While men and nations cope
With fate, how grand the hope
To which we cling:
Assured that heaven will guide,
An Empire great and wide,
With peace on every side,
God save the King.

Ye kingdoms, great and small,
Ye kings and rulers all,
Your tribute bring;
Great Britain's troops go forth,
To east, west, south and north,
They civilize the earth,
God save the King.

The prophecies are clear,
The glorious day is near,
When all shall sing:
How blessed the reign of peace,
When strife and war shall cease,
And knowledge shall increase,
God save the King.

—*A. McKillop.*

Select Family Reading.

The Right Chance.

BY JAMES C. PURDY.

DONE with the school of books, not entered yet in the school of experience, four young fellows were making the most of the vague vacation between the two. Just now three of them were together in the private "den" of the Ward brothers. The fourth chum was not with them to-day, for Frank Ward had gone off on a tramping tour alone a week ago, nobody knew where. These others were discussing splendidly impossible plans for summer enjoyment.

The mind of a boy is the mind of the wind; such glorious scheme of fun set fire to all the young blood in the room. Then the fire went out suddenly under the wet blanket of the second thought.

The fatherless Ward boys must get to work as soon as the right chance could be found for them; Tony Norman's father declared he must find the right chance for Tony this summer; Mr. Beck said yesterday that he could not afford to put Harry through college and have him study for a profession, but must get him into business just as soon as he could find the right chance for him.

That was it, the right chance. The world, it seemed, was not quite ready for four bright, capable, healthy, wholesome young fellows, all willing enough to give and take blows in the battle with it. Here were four good average specimens of American youth,—which is saying a great deal for them,—and nobody knew just what to do with them; here were four young recruits enlisted in the great army of peace, four soldiers needed to reenforce outposts or citadel, and no place had been found for them in the ranks. And it is not good for recruits to lie too long in camp.

"I'd pitch into work to-day if I could find the right chance," said Harry; and he meant it, for he was full of energy.

"So would I!" The other two said that, and they meant it.

A letter was handed into the room; Frank Ward had been writing to his brother, and that was an unheard of thing.

"Iron Centre," said Tony, reading the post-mark. "Why, that's where your rich uncle lives! I say, Frank's a sharp one! Off to Iron Centre on the sly, and stepped right into a soft place in your uncle's office, see if he hasn't! Well, that's all right. What's a rich uncle for, if not to give poor nephews a pull up?"

"Boys! Listen to this, will you? I didn't think he'd ask him!" Clark had opened his letter, and now read out this paragraph:

"I didn't say anything about it, but I started out to find the right chance for work. And I've found it! Right here in Uncle Nat's mills. There's a chance here for you, too, if you want it. Come on and see what you think of it. At any rate, here's one of us off the mother's hands, and that's a good thing."

"Good for you two!" Tony shouted, generously. "You're all right!" Then dolefully, "I wish I had your luck!"

"You need not!" Harry reminded him. "There's no rich uncle to throw good things at your head, my child, or mine, either! Come away, and let Clark tell his mother about it."

The mother was speechless with joy at first; it was such good news, and there was such infinite relief in it! She had had been so anxious and distressed, looking forward along the thorny path of difficulty in which she and her boys must walk.

"It is so like the dear boy, with his thoughtfulness and energy!" That was the first thing she said, and it made Clark wince a little. "I was sure there was some opening somewhere for well-educated, capable young man like you two; some suitable place, where the work would not be menial or too hard, where you need not be ashamed to be seen, and where there would be a good chance of advancement. Your father would have insisted on that, I know."

Their father had begun his career in overalls, and with toil-hardened hands; his hands had softened later, and he had left the overalls far down the road, and it was not to be thought of that his sons should go back after them.

"We must go to Iron Centre at once, of course, and secure that other place for you," Mrs. Ward decided, promptly. She waited for Clark's enthusiasm to show itself, but he gave no sign of any. "My dear, don't you want to go to work, now that you have the chance?"

"You know I do, mother. I'd have gone to work before this, if you had been willing to let me take what I could get to do. But I don't like this. I feel as if I were at somebody's back door, asking for cold victuals. If Uncle Nat had a place for us why didn't he offer it, instead of waiting to be begged for it? He hasn't written a word to you about it, even now. I should think Frank would be ashamed of himself, asking this sort of favor. I am!"

He was honestly ashamed. His pride, self-respect, independence of spirit, revolted against being taken like an article of furniture, on approval, to be tossed into some odd corner of his uncle's office. But what could he do? His mother had set her heart on this, and there was no sacrifice he would not make for her.

So they went to Iron Centre the next morning. It was not a long journey, and they reached the office of the great Harold Iron Mills only a little after Mr. Harold himself. As they passed through to his private office the eager mother took a recret census of all the clerks in sight, on the chance of seeking her Frank among them. But Frank was not there.

"Your uncle has taken him into the office with himself," she whispered to Clark. "Of course. That is what we had a right to expect."

But Mr. Harold was alone in his private office when they entered, and so knew he did not look up to see who had come in. So they waited. He was a big man with eyes like a hawk's and a face rugged as a hewn rock. Timid people found waiting in his presence rather trying; and the waiting was apt to be the least trying part of the interview, for his tongue was every whit as sharp as his eyes.

Presently he looked up and saw them, and there was no mistaking his surprise; that was disconcerting. Clark had never been more uncomfortable in his life. The looks his uncle gave him from time to time chaffed his self respect not a little, and he longed to rush away out of the hateful presence. Nor was Mrs. Ward quite at ease; her brother made no mention of Frank, apparently waiting for her to say the first word. Very well, she would say it then. So she began:

"I suppose Frank is busy somewhere else this morning, and—"

"Is he? That's good!"

He cast another sharp look at Clark that made the youth hot to the roots of his hair; it asked plainly why he was not busy somewhere else, too. Mrs. Ward began again.

"I know how you hate to be thanked for things, but this is a thing you must be thanked for! So good and brotherly of you! You know all the while how anxiously I and my boys have watched and waited for the right chance to open a suitable career for them, and—"

"Oh, that's it, is it? A suitable career for the boys, eh? And the boys have been sitting around waiting for the right chance to turn up, have they?" The way he said that stung Clark Ward like a lash. "In my day, an American young man would have been ashamed to sit down and wait for the right chance. He went to work somewhere, anywhere, and made the chance as he went along! There was no kind of honest work he hated half so much as being dependent for a single day. He was ashamed not to work, and that was the one thing he was ashamed of. But all that was a good while ago; when I worked the bellows in the old blacksmith shop for day's wages, and you helped with the milking in the old cow-stable, and the father of these boys of yours hired out by the month. I reckon they've quit raising that sort of young man!"

Mrs. Ward's eyes were full of angry tears, but she kept silence for her boys. There were no tears in Clark's eyes; they, and his heart and soul, were full of indignant fire; but his tongue kept still. That whipping was for him, and he must writhe helpless under the smart of it, for the one who struck was his mother's brother, and an old man. For some young fellows there might be truth in the venomous words, but this young fellow felt only a cruel injustice in them, and injustice is even harder to bear than insult in silence.

"But I thought you said Frank had a job somewhere," Mr. Howard said, less sharply. "Where is he?" What is he doing?"

Mrs. Ward was dumb in her bewilderment. Clark laid Frank's letter open on the desk in front of his uncle, and with a trembling finger he pointed out the paragraph he had read to Tony and Harry at home. "That's all we know about it sir," he said; and to his credit he managed to say it respectfully.

Mr. Harold read, and it was his turn to be astonished. "It isn't in the blood to lie, so the boy must be here!" he said finally. "This is the first I've heard of it, though."

His fist came down on the desk with a sounding thump. "I saw him! Not an hour ago! But I never thought of its being Frank." He reached out to touch the bell, then changed his mind. "Want to see him?" he asked, the shadow of a smile lurking in his eyes. "All right. Come on."

They followed where he led, wondering, bewildered, not knowing what to expect. Through the general office he led them out into the mill itself; then on and on, from one place of unimaginable fire and clangor and terror to another still worse; past volcanic furnaces, past great balls of fire that swung by chains from above and were whirled away into distant spaces, past cataracts of molten iron, past perils undreamed of and without number. At last he stopped, and Mrs. Ward was sure this was the worst place of all.

Here numberless hose, fire serpents of red-hot iron writhed and hissed as they struggled out from between mighty rollers, and men caught them and thrust them back again; here, as everywhere, men toiled and sweated and rushed about in orderly hurry, their arms and throats and breasts all bare and blackened. It was a fearsome place, and the mother thought with pity that perhaps her Frank had to go through it to and from his office.

Mr. Harold beckoned to one of the men and said something to him. The man went away, and presently another appeared from some distant region and came toward them.

"Frank! Oh, my poor darling!" cried Mrs. Ward, in horror.

Never had this mother imagined either of her boys in such a guise as this. Not one of all the smutched and grimy men she had seen was quite so smutched and grimy as this son of hers. No wonder her brother had never thought of this figure being her handsome Frank! She could only gasp helplessly, unable yet to tell her brother what she thought of his cruelty to her darling.

"Well, young man!" This was Mr. Harold speaking in severest tone. "I want to know how it happens that you break into my premises and take possession of things this way, without letting me know anything about it!"

They had withdrawn a little to where there was comparative quiet. Mrs. Ward wondered fearfully to see her boy standing there so straight and bold and independent, not in the least ashamed of his dirt, not broken in spirit by the great wrong done him, and not in the least afraid of the great man, his uncle.

"I know that Mr. Hoskins did the hiring in his department, sir, and that was the department I wanted to get into. Frank was perfectly respectful, but not at all abashed.

"But you don't mean to say that you chose this work!" the mother cried out in horror.

"Yes, mother, I did. I didn't come to you, uncle, because I was afraid you wouldn't understand. You'd think I was after a soft place in your office, but because I am your nephew, and that wasn't it at all. I'd thought it all out, and I wanted to learn the business from the bottom all the way up as far as I could get on my merits. I'm not afraid of the work, and I want to know the business. That's all."

"What did you tell Hoskins?"

"I didn't tell him I am related to you, if that's what you mean. He doesn't know that you have ever heard of me. I'd have tried to get into some other mill, only this is the best there is. I hoped you wouldn't find out I was here, but of course I couldn't manage that."

"Is there a place in there for me?" you said there was."

Clark was standing beside his brother, his face alight, his eyes shining, speaking breathlessly, paying no attention to his formidable uncle, thinking only of Hoskins and the chance to do hard and dirty work. All the enthusiasm his mother had missed in him yesterday had been roused to the highest by this trip among the toilers of the mill. Here was work for men to do; men with good heads and strong arms, and he wanted the chance to do it.

"But, my dears!" the mother faltered. "This is all so different! I had hoped for something so much more respectable, with all your advantages!"

"Don't be more of a fool than you have to be, Eliza Jane!" her brother admonished her. "Their respectability's healthy enough to take care of itself, I hope, for I wouldn't give a snap for the sort that has to be coddled! Let the boys alone. They're sound and solid. If I put them in the office, there they'd stick to the end of time, but out here they'll go up and up. How far up depends on the stuff in them. Frank, go and tell Hoskins you're to have this one day off, on your mother's account. After this I don't interfere. Go along and make yourself decent!"

Later in the day he had both boys in his library, and talked the matter over with them at full length. Clark found out then that the prickly old uncle was not wholly hateful, after all. He dismissed them finally with this summing up: "You've started right, but to get full strength in your legs you mustn't lean on anybody. I'll give you a clear track, to go as far as it's in you to go; but neither push nor pull do you get from me! How does that strike you?"

"All right sir!" the answer rang out true and hearty.

Mrs. Ward went home alone, and her spirit was not wholly downcast; her boys were in their uncle's establishment, and in parting with her he had said:

"Eliza Jane, they haven't quit raising that sort of young man, and I'm mighty glad of it!"

The Iron King had said that about her boys.—*Youth's Companion.*

A PEANUT PARTY.

Peanut Jockstraw—group your guests by fours around small tables and give to each group a heap of peanuts and a pair of candy tongs. They play in turn, taking as many from the pile as possible without disturbing the others. Time called at the end of ten minutes.

Test of steadiness—Each is to take from a dish as many nuts as possible on an ordinary table knife and carry to an empty dish at the other side of the room. This trip may be repeated if possible within the two minutes allowance.

Grabbing—Each is to take in turn as many nuts as can be grabbed in the hand, the nuts being then counted and marked down.

Hunting—Use one or two special rooms for this and secrete the nuts early in the day. Allow ten or fifteen minutes for the hunt.

Word making—Provide paper and pencil for each and allow fifteen minutes in which to make as many words as possible from the letters composing the word peanuts.

With each of these divisions tally should be kept by the players and hostess of individual scores, and at the close of the supper prizes may be given to the winners of each contest. These should be inexpensive and as absurd as possible. Japanese stores usually have a variety of cheap goods which are both pretty and suitable.

A PATHETIC SIGHT.

There is nothing more pathetic than the sight of a young man going away from home to make his own way in the world. It is never entirely certain that he will succeed. At best he has a terrible gauntlet to run. Snares and pitfalls are set for his feet on every hand. The world, the flesh, and the devil are all against him. It is a struggle from start to finish. No wonder that the gentle mother whom he leaves behind him weary now and then a sad face, and prays a little more earnestly for him than usual. No wonder that the father who has not been so accessible and companionable perhaps as he ought to have been, finds himself feeling a deeper concern than ever before. Blessed is the boy who carries with him the memories of a happy home, and who knows that, come what will, there are hearts that will not cease to love him till they cease to throb.

The recollection of his earlier years, and assurance of this present sympathy, cannot fail to increase his strength in every conflict.

MAN LIKE THE PLACE.

One day, while Millais was painting his famous picture "Chill October," among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, a man came up behind him and stood looking first at the picture, then at the surrounding landscape. Finally, he asked in broad Scotch dialect, "Man, did ye never try photography?" "No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly. A pause. It's a hantle quicker," said the man. "Yes, I suppose so." Another pause; and then the Scotchman added, thoughtfully, "An' it's nair like the place!"—*St. James's Gazette.*

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

A GIRL'S ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

I can row, play golf and tennis, fence, dance, skate,' exclaimed Sarah Migge, in a recent sketch by Miss Baylor; "I can dress extravagently, I can play the piano and paint atrociously on china, I can speak French and German, I can ride and drive.

"I cannot even dress myself. I do not even take care of my hands. I cannot cook a thing. I have no idea how to make coffee or fry eggs, nor how much of anything to give out for a meal. I cannot sew on machine or with my fingers. I have no idea what servants ought to do, how they ought to do it, how soon they ought to accomplish it. I cannot take care of children. I faint in a sick room."

Facing such assets and liabilities of a fashionable education, no wonder Sarah declared it something terrifying to become the head of a family on a moment's notice! Yet, something in her life, the sudden call to preside over the household of a husband, a father, a son or a brother comes to the majority of women. What will she do about it? Will she enter upon her duties boasting of the fact that the kitchen is undiscovered country, and confident that instinct will over-balance her ignorance? Or will she, rather, like Sarah Migge, acknowledge her deficiencies and rise to meet them?

Sarah made a grand novitiate. What might have been learned almost unconsciously under a careful mother's eye she sought in training classes and the homes of more practical friends. Roastology, bakology, marketology, patchology, darnology, nurseology became her study and her practice. It was no easy task, and one which her wealth made apparently unnecessary.

"I am not going to be a fraud as a wife," she insisted to all remonstrances. "I am going to keep my share of the contract. I am going to take charge of Dick and his house and his children just as if I were a lawyer taking a case, or a merchant setting a store, or a captain taking command of a ship."

The whole tenor of her future proved that she was right. To row, to play golf, to dress charmingly, to be conversant with the whole gamut of accomplishments is commendable, but no young woman who has not in some degree mastered the intricacies of domestic science is qualified to become the queen of the home and to arbitrate the destiny of a family.

HOW HE ASTONISHED THE OLD ADMIRAL.

The old admiral whose long sea service had given his legs a decided outward curvature, once had a singular adventure on this account with a ship's pet.

The crew of the ship owned a large black spaniel, and took great pains in teaching him to jump. A man standing up would put one foot against his other knee, thus making a hole for Nep, the dog, to make his loop through. The dog always was ready to perform the aperture readily, although his trainer's legs happened to be short, and it was a tight squeeze.

One day the admiral came aboard from the flagship on a visit of inspection. Happening to walk to the forward part of the ship, he stood there for a few minutes conversing with the officer who had attended him.

Here he was spied by the dog. Ned stood a moment surveying the admiral's bow legs. Suddenly the dog made a rush at the legs and a mad leap through the tempting gap.

In astonishment at the black tornado that had passed beneath him, the admiral wheeled quickly about to see what was the cause. The dog took this action as a signal for an "encore," and jumped again.

Once more the admiral turned, and again the dog jumped. The bewildered face of the admiral and the serious attention of Ned to what he imagined was his business were too much for the gravity of the bystanders, and, forgetting the respect due to rank, they all roared with laughter.

A sailor, however, had enough presence of mind to break from the crowd and catch the dog by the collar. He led him off, and Ned seemed to wonder why he did not receive the praise due to his spirited efforts.

The excited admiral got but an imperfect explanation of the affair from the spectators, for they could hardly tell him that his legs had been used as a circus hoop for a forecastle dog. Perhaps to his dying day the occurrence was a mystery.

THE CENTURY'S PROGRESS.

This century received from its predecessors the horse, we bequeath the bicycle, the locomotive and the motor car.

We received the goosequill and bequeath the typewriter.

We received the scythe and bequeath the mowing machine.

We received the painted canvas, we bequeath lithographing, photography and color photography.

We received the hand printing press, we bequeath the cylinder press.

We received the hand loom, we bequeath the cotton and woollen factory.

We received gunpowder, we bequeath lyddite.

We received the tallow dip, we bequeath the electric lamp.

We received the galvanic battery, we bequeath the dynamo

We received the flint lock, we bequeath maxims.

We received the sailing ship, we bequeath the steamship.

We received the beacon signal fire, we bequeath the telephone and wireless telegraphy.

We received ordinary light, we bequeath Roentgen rays.

PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION.

A Scotchman went to London for a holiday. Walking along one of the streets, he noticed a bald-headed chemist standing at his shop door, and inquired, if he had any hair restorer.

"Yes, sir," said the chemist "Step inside, please. There's an article I can recommend. Testimonials from great men who have used it. It makes the hair grow in twenty-four hours."

"Aweel," said the Scot, "ye can gie the top o' yer head a rub wi' it, and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth."

The chemist interpreted the bottle to the shelf and kicked the errand boy for laughing.—"*Tit-Bits.*"

MOTHERS.

Mothers are the queerest things!
'Member when Will went away,
All but mother cried and cried
When they said good-by that day.
She just talked, and seemed to be
Not the slightest bit upset—
Was the only one who smiled!
Other's eyes were streaming wet.
But when Will came back again
On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds
And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him, then she cried—
Cried and cried like all git out!
—*Edwin L. Sabin, in February Century.*

GIVING AND GETTING.

God not only loves a cheerful giver, but the cheerful giver always gets his reward. That reward is generally in the richer return of spiritual good, but sometimes also the reward is in larger material good. Of this latter class an interesting instance is narrated which occurred years ago when they were raising subscriptions to the Plymouth Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Many were the struggles and sacrifices which the walls represented as they went up. One evening a lad said to his mother: "I mean to put down twenty-five dollars to the church. I have nineteen dollars saved toward a watch, and I guess I can work out the other six dollars somehow."

So the savings of some years went into the house walls, but the boy did not regret the sacrifice, and the remaining six dollars were also promptly paid in.

The pastor was at the East soliciting help for his church and mentioned incidentally the boy and his watch. After service a gentleman remarked to him: "I don't like the idea of that boy losing his watch." "Nor I," said one and another. So a few gentlemen added to the money until seventy-four dollars was contributed to buy him an excellent gold watch which would last him all his life.

The watch was presented at a Sabbath School celebration, the day after the church was dedicated, the pastor relating the circumstances and calling out the lad, whose head was down on the seat before him, weeping from excessive emotion. He was a boy of fifteen, modest but manly, and he could only trust himself to bow his thanks. But words were not needed, and there were many moist eyes in the assembly. I am sure that boy felt that the Lord was a good paymaster. And he is not the only one who has proved the Lord's faithfulness to his promises.—*Lutheran Observer.*

ART AND NATURE.

The perfect blending of the real and ideal has recently been advertised by Paris milliners, who have come to use oats from the fields to trim the bonnets of their fair customers. The adventure which befell one such bonnet and its wearer is related by a foreign newspaper.

A lady dressed beyond the reach of criticism, was crossing a broad boulevard. A cab bore down upon her and she stepped hastily back and stopped in front of the curbstone, unmindful of a horse and cart standing immediately behind her. The horse quietly sniffed the oats and then, deciding that they were genuine, began to munch.

He was thus engaged when the lady, quite unaware of the pleasure she was affording the hungry animal, started forward. But the horse was far from satisfied, and planting his forefoot on the lady's skirt, continued his repast.

The lady, supposing the horse about to devour her head, promptly fainted and was removed to a druggist's shop near by where happily she soon recovered.

The moral of the story is that every field of oats should have a fence about it.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

In an Ohio town a saloon keeper was seen by a friend walking back and forth before his saloon, as if in deep thought. The friend asked him what was the matter. He answered: "O nothing."

The next day the friend saw him walking the same way, and again asked him what was the matter.

"Have the crusaders been after you?"

"No; but I have received a postal, signed by three ladies. The husband of the first is one of my customers, and is rapidly becoming a drunkard. A son of the second is one of my customers, and is just started on a drunkard's course. The husband of the third was one of my customers, and died a drunkard. It cuts close, and I can't stand it."

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also."

BLACKS THAT HOLD TILL THE GOODS ARE WORN OUT.

Three Special Diamond Dye Blacks.

Black is the most useful of all colors, and is more worn to-day than ever before. Any color that is now faded and rusty can be dyed over a rich and deep black.

The three blacks—Diamond Dye Fast Black for All Wool, Diamond Dye Fast Black for Cotton and Mixed Goods and Diamond Dye Fast Black for silk and Feathers, are all guaranteed not to fade or wash out. Diamond Dye Blacks maintain their full, rich shades till the goods are worn out. These wonderful Black dyes are simple and easy to use, and no experience is needed to do good work with them; a child who can read the directions can dye successfully with Diamond Dyes.

When you decide to do your dyeing work at home, be sure and buy the Diamond Dyes. Beware of the cheap and adulterated dyes sold by some dealers for the sake of extra profit; their use means ruin of your materials and garments.

In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence, and his children shall have a place of refuge.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.