The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton. Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

DR. C. I. KELLY, HON. GRADUATE McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL. LICENTIATE SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES, LONDON, ENGLAND. Office and Residence—Frederick St., Acton. Office Hours—8 to 10; 1 to 2, and 7 to 8.

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 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., DENTIS ACTON. Office over Brown's Drug Store. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. VISITING DAYS.—Tuesday, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood. The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

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

J. B. McLEOD, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS. Main Street, Georgetown. Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first mortgage on favorable terms.

R. J. McNABB, Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc. OFFICE—Ferryman'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 Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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

MISS FANNIE IVENS, TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN. Pupil of Toronto College of Music. Four years' course. Terms and arrangements for lessons on application. LIMEHOUSE.

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 $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 for wants to be addressed, Box 803, or telephone 54, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

W. BARBER & BROS.

Paper Makers

Georgetown, Ontario.

BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS

JOHN R. BARBER

LOW PRICES IN

WALL PAPER

Fine new stock of New York and Canadian Papers.

25c GOLD PAPERS for 20c
20c PAPERS for 15c
15c " " 10c
10c " " 8 and 6c
8c " " 5c

BORDERS AND CEILINGS TO MATCH.

No discount given to paper hangers for their influence for canvassing trade for my store. Go direct to Day's and save the 20% paid to them. Buy your own papers and get the discount yourself.

—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. B. WALLACE, Manager.

ANY PICTURES TO FRAME?

Any Pictures to Frame?

GO OR SEND TO

WATERS BROS.
Wyndham Street
GUELPH

LEE SHUN
CHINESE LAUNDRY.

In Mrs. Secord'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.

AMATEUR CAMERAS AND SUPPLIES

PREMO, POCO, RAY, MAGAZINE, CYCLONE.

PRINTING FRAMES, 4 x 5 and Cabinet, 25 cents.

PRINTING PAPERS. SOLIO, ARISTO, VELOX, PHOTOX.

H. RAMSHAW.
PHOTO ARTIST, ACTON

A NEW SPRING SUIT
VERY CHEAP.

Mill & Main Sts. W. J. LEE, Merchant Tailor. ACTON.

I have been fortunate in securing a nice lot of new Canadian Tweeds of latest patterns at a very low price and am in a position to make up new spring suitings at from

$10 to $14.
Serges from $11 to $13.
A nice assortment of Scotch Tweeds at $16 to $20.
Fine Fancy Worsteds at from $16 to $22.
Pantings from $3 to $7.

Best workmanship and trimming always used. Your orders are kindly solicited.

W. J. LEE
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor.

N.B. Orders for Ladies' Tailoring and Dress Making filled at shortest notice. An experienced ladies' tailor and dressmaker from Toronto employed.

—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. F. H. JONES, Manager.

FISHING

WE ALL FISH
May not comes round and finds us fishing for trade, you, possibly, ready to fish for fish.

YOU CAN'T FISH
For fish with comfort and success without the proper rod, line, hook, sinker, floater, reel and fish basket.

IF YOU WANT TO FISH
And need any of these articles remember our fishing is to catch your trade. We have a full stock and our bait is "Low Prices."

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH

Look Here!

To clear out the balance of our Clover and Timothy Seed I will sell the very best

Red Clover at 80c a bush.
Timothy, the very best, at $2.75 a bush.

Great stock of Mangels — Mammoth, Sawlog, Giant Intermediate, Yellow Globes, etc., strictly fresh seed at very lowest prices.

Sugar Beets—Rennie's Danish, Steele's Royal Giant, Red Top Danish, White Silesian, etc.

Rape Seed—Genuine Dwarf Essex. We imported 4 English tons, 8,960 lbs. It has been tested at the O. A. College and found to test 97 per cent. germination.

Our Garden Seeds are only 3c a pkt., or 10 for 25c.

Land Salt—Frest carload just in; also, Land Plaster, Paris Green, Bluestone, Copperas, Helleboro, Insect Powders, Lice Killers, McDougall's Sheep Dip, Little's Sheep Dip, and Worthington's Sheep Dip.

GEO. J. THORP,
OPPOSITE QUEEN'S HOTEL
IMPLEMENTS, ETC.
GUELPH & ROCKWOOD

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDRILL 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 in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

—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.

ACTON BAKERY.

Weston's Bread.
Williams' Bread and Cakes,

Always to be had at Matthews'. Also a choice line of

CONFECTIONARY, FRUITS, ETC.

Bread delivered to those who cannot send for it.

J. C. Matthews.

ACTON
Saw & Planing Mills
MAIN ST.

Manufacturers and Dealers In All Kinds of
DRESSED AND UNDRESSED LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES. SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS. WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES. ALL KINDS OF INDOOR AND OUT-DOOR FINISH.

Having a well assorted stock of lumber on hand orders will in all cases be promptly filled.

Lumber dressed and matched while you wait.

Prices are as low as any other mill turning out work equal in quality.

Custom logs cut at any time.

JNO. EVANS, Manager. JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

All kinds of wood on hand and promptly delivered to any part of the town.

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 expenses money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO

Poetry.

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown.
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials heavily—
And smile whene'er you can.

Why should you dread the morrow,
And thus bespoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you,
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing
If you would keep in mind—
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting,
And though you toil to wealth,
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse
(And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse).
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile whene'er you can.

—*Selected.*

Select Family Reading.

A Lovers' Quarrel.

"NO, indeed, we can't be married in April; not before June; you know they say May is an unlucky month for marriages."

"But, Helen, dear, surely two months is enough time to get all the clothes you want. You know you are going to marry a poor man."

Helen Smith tossed her pretty head, "It isn't the trousseau, altogether," she said. "I want to have a wedding worthy of the granddaughter of the first settler in Stairnville. And the first of June is the prettiest time of the year for that."

Tom Carter looked worried. "Need we have a grand wedding," he asked. "I——"

Helen interrupted him. "The bride always settles that," she answered severely. "The bridegroom is supposed to be thankful to get her anyway. Papa is going to give me $2,000, and I mean to spend half of it on my outfit, and half on my wedding. He says I may do as I like, and it is all he can give me now; his money is locked up in the factory, and business is dull."

Tom Carter listened in astonishment. He was a young lawyer with a promising business, which he and his partner hoped to increase. Two thousand dollars was more than the amount of his last year's income. He was silent.

Helen looked at him keenly. "Well?" she said.

"Will it cost as much as that?" he ventured to ask.

"Yes, indeed, every cent. I mean to have the church decorated by a florist from the city, to order the supper from town, and ask everyone. Then we must have an orchestra for the dancing, and lovely favors for the german; something people will keep as souvenirs. You don't look as if you liked the idea."

"Aren't you afraid that it will offend the local tradesmen if you order everything from the city?" Tom asked, hesitatingly.

"I don't care if it does," replied his sweetheart, pettishly. "You talk like papa. I should think you would want to please me."

"I do, more than anything else, but won't you let me tell you what I think?"

There was a warning light of temper in Miss Starin's eye, which Tom, not being wise in the ways of women, failed to notice.

"Well, then, I hate the idea of making a spectacle of our marriage, and I think that as I am a poor man, a quieter wedding should be more suitable. Still, you are the one to be considered."

"Is that all?"

"No, not quite. You know those new houses on Ivy Street which you like so much. Well, I want to buy one and have the deed made out in your name. The price is $3,000 cash, $3,500 if part is left on mortgage. I have $2,000 towards it; don't you think it would be wise to have a few less clothes and an ordinary wedding, and buy the house outright? Ask your father about it. Tell him the house is to be yours."

Helen Starin sprang up from her lover's side and faced him.

"What! be married in a corner and not have a decent trousseau? I had no idea you were so mean!"

Tom Carter answered gently: "Five hundred dollars ought to buy a good many clothes, and five hundred dollars pay for a pretty wedding. And I asked you to consult your father. The house will be yours, absolutely."

"Your wife's, you mean," she exclaimed, angrily. "But if that is the kind of man you are, I will never be your wife. Here, take your ring," and throwing their engagement ring at him, she flounced out of the room.

Amazed and indignant, Tom made no effort to stop her. He went to his office, and at once set to work on a knotty law case which required all his mind. He was determined not to worry. When Helen got over her pet, she would take a reasonable view of the matter.

The next day brought a bulky package, all his modest presents and the notes he had written to her. That did not look like repentance, nevertheless, being much in love, he took heart and went to see her.

"Miss Helen is not at home," but he heard her voice in the hall and caught sight of a blue skirt, which he knew well. By this time, he too, was angry, and he left, telling himself that the next step must come from Helen; he would make no more overtures.

This time he thought deeply on the matter, coming to the conclusion that, being tired of his engagement, Helen had seized this pretext to break it.

Dick Turner, junior partner in the law firm of Carter & Turner, was late the next morning, and evidently in an ill-humor. He threw himself into his chair and ran through the letters on his desk.

"Here's another letter from Broadman & Yardley about the Klondike business," he said. "Heigh-ho, a woman is a terrible clog on a man."

Tom looked surprised. Dick had been married less than a year, and was a model of conjugal devotion. Dick proceeded to explain.

"Broadman & Yardley have bought some claims in the Klondike. You know Broadman married my mother's cousin. I had a despatch yesterday asking me to go out and see to this matter. 'Letter to follow.' This is the letter; you see they offer great inducements. It may be the chance of a lifetime. And dash it, May won't hear of my going; cried half of the night at the idea. I had to swear I wouldn't to quiet her. I suppose she isn't responsible just now, and I can't go." He paused for an instant, then gave his desk a resounding blow. "I say, old man, can't you go in my stead? You know more about mines and mining laws than I do and you haven't a wife, yet, to keep you at home."

"All right, was the unexpected answer. "When can I start?"

"The sooner the better. You must go east to interview Broadman & Yardley, and then on to San Francisco."

—In a few hours latter Stairnville heard to its surprise, that Tom Carter was off for the Klondike; why, no one knew save Dick Turner.

Helen Starin had a bad quarter-hour with her father when he learned the news. His questions soon elicited the truth, and his comments were severe.

"You know I did not approve of your extravagant ideas, although I told you you might do as you chose, if Carter were willing. I expected that you would listen to reason from him, and I know he is no fool. I regret to find that I made a mistake when I trusted to your honesty."

Having thus driven the nail to the quick, he left his daughter to her reflections. These were not pleasant. By this time she was bitterly repentant. Her lover had gone, without a word of farewell, and only herself to blame. Surely he will write," she told herself, but no letter came. It is a far cry to the Klondike, and the mails come and go slowly. Tom Carter's kinsfolk dwelt in a distant state and he wrote to no one in Stairnville except his partner. His letters to him were few, but Helen, who knew Mrs. Turner, cultivated the acquaintance, for the sake of the crumbs of news concerning her lover. After many months there came a telegram to Mr. Turner, saying that the task was accomplished and that Carter would leave for home on the next steamer—the *Nugget*. A week later Helen Starin, looking over the newspaper at the breakfast table, fell over in a dead faint. The *Nugget* had gone down, with all on board.

Meanwhile, Tom Carter, at Cape Nome, never dreaming that his friends mourned him as dead, was fuming over the ill luck which had brought him to the wharf, only to see the last wreathe of smoke in the wake of the boat he had missed. So he reached San Francisco a month later and learned of his escape. He telegraphed to Turner, but the despatch went astray, and was returned to the hotel, undelivered, after the sender had left.

Some days later Helen was spending the night with Mrs. Turner—Dick was out of town. The maid-of-all-work, had gone out on an errand, and the baby was crying, when the door-bell rang.

"Helen, dear, please go," begged Mrs. Turner, as the second peal sounded. "I hate to ask you"—she found herself talking to empty air. Helen was already down stairs.

She opened the door and there stood Tom Carter. Helen held out both hands with a sob. "Tom, darling Tom, is it really you? Are you alive, and have come back?" She would have fallen, but he caught her in his arms and carried her into the drawing-room. There was no one in the room but themselves, and what happened is nobody's business.

They were married a few weeks afterwards without any great to-do and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carter are at home at No. 10 Ivy Street, Starinville.

THE JONESBORO CRUSADE.

It was a week of prayer; Jonesboro had discussed various phases of religious life, or lack of it, from the college to the slums and had arrived at no more definite conclusion than that something ought to be done, but nobody seemed to know just what to do or where to begin.

The boy problem came under consideration; the "boy" was discussed from firstly to fifthly by the leader and then turned over to the audience for a general airing.

Why are there so few boys in our Sunday School? Even the annual Fourth of July picnic and the Christmas festival seem to have lost their attractions. In the midst of the discussion Mrs. Brown arose.

"I can tell you where some of your boys are," she began abruptly. "I'm no speaker and I don't often raise my voice in meeting 'cause I don't think it worth while taking up time with theories, but I'm for facts and this boy question interests me. Where were the boys last Sunday? You know a lot of them weren't in Sunday School; no, your son, brother Deacon, and your's, Sister Sunday School Teacher, and a few more that I know of were down in the alley back of our barn smoking cigarettes. Where did they get them? Ask Mr. Smith or Mr. Stevens, they are two out of the dozen men in this town who sell cigarettes to boys in violation of the law; may be your sons bought of them."

"Mrs. Brown," interrupted the pastor, "I fear you are to personal."

"I feel very strongly," she continued: "only last month I watched at the bedside of Sammy Haynes, only sixteen years old, but crazed by cigarette smoking, so the doctor said; as I heard his pitiful cries for cigarettes I wondered if even God would forgive those who ruined this young life, and as I closed the lids over his sunken eyes I said: 'his blood be upon his murderers.' Yesterday I went with poor Ann Hawkins to the jail, where, with her hard-earned money she secured her son's release. What had he done? With other boys of his age he robbed a store to procure money to buy cigarettes. This town is full of them—boys ruined in body, mind and soul by these vile things. Now what can we do about it?"

"I think this is a matter for the town council to decide," interposed Mr. Jones.

"Then let them start right now; three of the members of that council are here to-night, what will they do about it," inquired Mrs. Brown.

"I am not in favor of taking radical measures," said Mr. Adams.

"Pardon me if I seem harsh but on Hallow E'en, when the boys stole your gate you had them arrested, but if we wanted to prosecute a man who steals your boys' health and brains, that would be radical, would it?" asked Mrs. Brown, scorchingly.

"May I have just a word," timidly said Mrs. Parker; "I had a son, he was a bright, manly boy, but evil companions and cigarettes ruined him and he lies in a dishonored grave. My boy went down but I long to reach others and save other mothers the heartache I know too well. Brethren, no measure is too radical when your boy is in danger."

A hush pervaded the room. All remembered the lad; it seemed but yesterday that he died.

Back by the door a stranger arose. "I came in here because I wanted to get in out of the cold. I ain't fit to speak in meeting but I want to say these women are right; more boys are ruined by cigarettes than by drink. I know it. Cigarettes and a crime go hand-in-hand and you've got a lot of boy criminals on your hands. Don't waste time on old fellows like me, but save the boys. I ain't much on religion but any man who sells cigarettes to minors is a mean sinner, whether he's a church member or not. If you want to down the cigarette, I'm with you, here's my hand on it!" and he raised his right arm with a gesture as if to sweep the evil off the earth.

"Home boys," said the pastor, "have organized an Anti Cigarette League; I suggest that we older people join in their plans and in our united strength drive out the evil. I shall feel that these meetings have been a failure unless the power of the church is felt against wrong. I, for one, am for vigorous action." He stepped in front of the desk, with head erect and the courage of a pure heart shining in his face.

"I are with you," shouted one man excitedly; "and I," "and I," and I," came from different parts of the room, until nearly fifty people were on their feet.

A moment's silence and the rich voice of the pastor started the line in which all joined heartily:

"Onward, Christian Soldier,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before."

There was a ring of action, and a note of energy, in the hymn which prophesied triumph for the Jonesboro A. C. L.

The days that followed were not devoid of struggles, for it is not easy to advocate reform, especially in your own town. One can talk freely of a sin which exists in the Orient, but to meet bravely a wrong in which your own neighbors are interested requires the courage of a martyr. Public sentiment had to be aroused, the indifferent interested and even prosecutions were necessary. A few left the church, preferring the "flowery beds of ease" but their places were taken by young men and women, filled with zeal for righteousness.

"The most wonderful year we ever knew," remarked Mrs. Brown; "I never dreamed Jonesboro could see such doings. I tell you the Lord is with them who dare. There aint any use in a church sighing for victory. And to think there aint a cigarette sold in the town."

A year has passed. It is again Week of Prayer, and the Jonesboro church is filled with worshippers on this first Sunday of the New Year. The choir is composed of members of A. C. L. in honor of their noble work.

In his sermon the pastor reviewed the workof the year, with its struggles and conquests. He paid a glowing tribute to his co-workers of the League who had helped solve the boy problem.

As he closed, a gentleman sprang to his feet, with a gesture as if to ask permission to speak. The pastor bowed his head in acquiesence.

"A year ago I came in here," said the young man, "a stranger and a tramp; I wanted to warm my cold body but my heart got warmed up too; my memory took me back to the days when my mother prayed for me. I was a wild lad; the cigarette was the first step in my downfall; I became a criminal; three years in a reformatory and I was turned loose in the world without home or parents and a blot on my name; I hated all the world until I came here that night and found folks with hearts, willing to save a fellow from going wrong; I gave you hand then in the cigarette fight; you've shown me what a live, working religion is, what it means for a church to protect the week and stand true to Christ's principles, and at the beginning of this New Year I wanted to offer both hands and my heart in this glorious service."

The pastor stepped forward and grasped his hand.

Involuntarily the audience rose to its feet and the voices of the A. C. L. choir rang sweetly in those old words, now fraught with a new meaning to them—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below
Praise him above ye heavenly hosts,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

IDA H. COLE.

HE MEANT BUSINESS.

A Davenport boy went to New York, says *Success*, to solicit a position to travel for a wholesale house. He went five times to one establishment and every time was told that they did not want to engage him. He tried to prevail on them to allow him to make a trial trip, but to no avail. Finally he proposed to buy a small stock of goods. This was business, and they were ready to sell. He then went on the road on his own account and made money, so that when the firm saw he meant business they were ready to employ him, and he is now wealthy, being a member of the firm. Not a boy in a hundred would have had his persistence after refusal. There is nothing like courage or faith as an aid to success. Another member of that firm had only fourteen cents when he reached New York to seek his fortune.

THE ARM-LENGTH OF NEGROES.

It is stated that certain natives of Dahomey now in Paris have longer arms than any negroes ever yet measured. The lower the race to which a man belongs the longer is his arm—the nearer, the Darwinians would say, is his kinship to the ape. When standing upright and reaching down with the middle finger, the chimpanzee can touch its knee, the orang its ankle, and the gibbon its foot. The average European can touch only half way down his thigh. The negro greatly excels the European in this. It has often been remarked that negro soldiers standing at drill bring the middle finger-tip an inch or two nearer the knee than the white men can do. Negroes have often been known to touch the knee-pan without bending.

THE YOUNG MAN'S CHANCES TO-DAY.

"A young man of capacity, industry and integrity has a field for individual effort such as has never before existed in this country," writes Edward Bok of "The Times and the Young Man," in the March *Ladies' Home Journal*. "And success is neither harder nor easier than it ever was. Success never yet came to the laggard, and is never will. Let a young man be capable; have enterprise, be be willing to work, and carry himself like a man, and he goes where he will. His success depends upon himself. No times, no conditions, no combinations of capital can stop a young man who has a determination to honorably succeed, and who is willing to work according to the very utmost of his capacity and sinews of strength. The real trouble is that the average young man won't work. He has gotten the insane notion into his head that success comes by luck; that men are made by opportunities which either come to them or are thrust upon them. And he waits for luck or a change to come along and find him. Instead of taking a sane view of conditions and seeing with a clear mind that as trade widens opportunities increase, he takes the mistaken view that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. These are the conditions of mind and life which are keeping thousands of young men down, and will keep them down. The times are all right. It is the young man who finds fault with them who is not."

QUESTIONS WORTH CONSIDERATION.

Rev. Mark Guy Pearse asks:

"Is it too much to hope that the time will come when men in whom are many instincts that are noble and generous, shall feel that it is a mean and miserable thing to find their pleasure in excessive drinking muddling their brains, degrading their manhood, and unfitting themselves for their best work?

"Is it too much to hope that the time will soon come when fathers and husbands shall feel it an utterly shameful thing to spend in their own self-indulgence, which might add largely to the comforts of home; to the benefit of the children, as well as providing for times of sickness and old age?

"Is it too much to hope that the time will come when either as manufacturers or shareholders, men shall refuse to fatten upon the miseries of their fellow-men and to make a fortune out of that which produces such widespread destitution and anguish, such want and curse? For that day let us hope. For that day work. For that day let us pray."—*Methodist Temperance Magazine.*

OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin, gives these rules for acquiring the art of pessimism: "Live in the passive voice; be intent on what you can get, rather than on what you can do. Live in the subjunctive mood, meditating on what might be rather than what actually is. Live in the third person, finding fault with other people instead of tending your own affairs in order, and prescribing their duties rather than attending to your own. Live in the plural number, following the opinions and standards of respectability of other people rather than your own perception of what is fit and proper. Keep these rules faithfully, always measuring the worth of life in terms of personal pleasure rather than in terms of growth of character or service of high ends, and you will be a pessimist before you know it." President Hyde's rules for acquiring the art of optimism are the inverse of those that have been quoted, namely, live in the active voice, in the indicative mood, in the present tense, in the singular number. It is certainly the optimist that is of the most use in the world.

JUST FOR FUN.

Parson Primrose: "Don't you know, little boy, it's wrong to play baseball on Sunday?" Freddy: "Yes, sir; but our club ain't got the money to run golf links."—*Puck.*

Housekeeper: "See here, I ordered a dozen eggs this morning, and you only sent me ten." Dealer: "Well, ma'am, two of 'em" were bad, and I didn't think you'd want 'em."—Philadelphia *Record.*

"Your husband is is not looking well to-night, Mrs. Rhymer." "He isn't, and I'm not surprised at it." "No?" "Has he been over-working himself?" "It isn't that so much; it is his originality. Why, that man is struck by so many original ideas that his mind must be one mass of bruises."—*Woman's Journal.*

An old lady asked Prof. Hadley, of Yale (he tells the story himself), what he was teaching. To his reply, Economics, she said thoughtfully: "Oh you teach the students to be economical! That is good. When I was a young lady they never learned to be economical until they got married."—*Youth's Companion.*

VALUABLE ADVICE.

Among the ludicrous experiences of "green Easterners" in California, where so many things are unlike the ways and circumstances to which they are accustomed in the East, the following occurrence no doubt deserves an honorable place:

A Vermont lady had removed from her native place to the beautiful California city of Oakland. She found life very agreeable at first, but before long she began to experience distressing physical sensations. She became nervous, fretful and very uncomfortable; she lost much of her sleep at night, and much of her happiness by day.

At last she resolved to consult a physician, and did so, calling to see a bright light in the profession. She gave him a very full account of her symptoms, and then asked:

"What is it that ails me, doctor?"

"Pleas, ma'am!" answered the doctor.

For this information the Vermont lady paid the doctor's minimum consultation fee of five dollars, and went her way, but not rejoicing.

THE GAME OF CONTRARY.

All the players, standing up, take hold of the sides of a handkerchief. The leader says: "When I say 'hold fast' let go; when I say 'let go' hold fast." He then says, "Let go," or "Hold Fast," as he may feel inclined. When he says "Let go," those who do not hold fast pay forfeits; when he says "Hold fast," all who do not immediately let go are punished in like manner.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER.

O Lord, who knowest every need of mine,
Help me to bear each cross, and not repine;
Grant me fresh courage every day;
Help me to do my work alway
Without complaint.

O Lord, Thou Knowest well how dark the way,
Guide Thou my footsteps, lest they stray.
Give me fresh faith for every hour,
Lest I should ever doubt Thy power,
And make complaint.

Give me a heart, O Lord, strong to endure;
Help me to keep it simple, pure;
Make me unselfish, helpful, true
In every act, whatever I do,
And keep content.

Help me to do my woman's share;
Make me courageous, strong to bear
Sunshine or shadow in my life;
Sustain me in the daily strife
To keep content.

BREAKING AND ENTERING.

This is a true story of a man and his wife who went to a party, and drove home at two o'clock in the morning. The husband had, of course, a latch-key, and had told the servants not to sit up. It was a cold night, and when they reached the house he said to his wife:

"You sit in the carriage while I run up and open the door."

He hurried up the steps and felt for his key. It was gone, or rather as it proved afterwards, he had never taken it at all. So, after fruitless searching, he began ringing the bell. He rang it for five minutes—for ten. No one came. He was slowly congealing, and his wife, in the carriage, began to shiver.

"It's no use!" he called to her, finally. "You sit still, and I'll go round the back way and break in."

He sought the dark alley at the back and with Spartan disregard of his party clothes, scaled the high board fence and droped into his own yard. He smashed a pane of glass, lifted the window and crawled into the dark kitchen. Not familiar with those lower regions, he stumble about, hitting the wall like a beetle in summer night; but finally found the back stairs, and mounted them to the hall above.

"Saved!" he muttered, for he had reached the front hall and the front door. He opened the door.

"All right!" he called cheerily to his wife, ran down the steps to help her out, and banged the door behind him! Then a wiser man, he began at A. and did his burglarious work all over again.

DO YOUR BEST.

"When I was a little boy," said a gentleman one day to a friend with whom he was talking, "I paid a visit to my grandfather. He was an aged man, and wore a black velvet cap, and knee-breeches with large silver buckles at the knees. When I went to say good-by to him he took me between his knees, kissed me kindly, and then laying his hand on my head he said: 'My dear boy, I have only one thing to say to you; will you try to remember it?' I looked him in the face and said, "I will, grandpa." "Well," said he, it is this: Whatever you have to do, always do the best you can." This was my grandfather's legacy to me. It was worth more than thousands of gold and silver. I never forgot his words, and have always tried to act upon them.

ANOTHER KIND OF VEGETABLE.

A well known electrical contractor recently told the following story on one of his foremen, an Irishman of ability in electrical installations, but whose knowledge of outside matters is limited. On the day in question Pat left his assistant electrician in charge of the plant they were installing while he trotted down town to a jeweller's to buy a ring for his wife-to-be. After waiting until he could obtain the ear of the clerk without letting others know his business, Pat whispered hoarsely to him, "Give me the best wedding ring you have in your shop."

"Eighteen karats?" queried the clerk.

"No," snapped Pat, drawing back in an offended manner. "Atin onions, if its any of your business."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Several amusing stories have been told about Hans Burlow. Once having to conduct an orchestral concert at which a piece written by an aristocratic amateur was to be performed, the composer requested permission to direct a rehearsal, and on obtaining it opened a parcel containing 70 pencils which he handed to the members of the band, asking him to mark his intentions in the parts as he would give them by word of mouth. Hans Von Burlow noted this matter of detail, and left the hall. Presently he returned, also with a parcel, and on his resuming his place at the desk, gravely handed out 70 pieces of India rubber, with which the players were to erase the directions which the composer had given them.

AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE LOST.

"There are some disadvantages which attach themselves to persons who have become famous. These, however, often have their ludicrous side. It is said that at one time Henry Clay, the American statesman, was travelling in the west, and stopped over night in a little log cabin inhabited by an old man and his wife. After breakfast the next morning his old host, who had been in a flutter of excitement ever since he learned who his distinguished guest was, said he would like to make a slight request before the visitor departed.

"Couldn't ye," he said, with evident anxiety, "could ye just make my wife an' me a little speech before leavin' us?"

A PLETHORA OF SHIRTS.

A Irishman, who had but recently arrived in this country, applied to a Scotchman for a job. The Scotchman decided to give Pat a trial—also a little advice. "It will be your own fault if you don't get ahead in this country, Pat," said the Scotchman. "Twenty years ago I landed in New York with but one shirt to my back, but since then, by my own exertions, I have managed to accumulate a million." "Faith, an' Oi'd like to be aither knowin' phwat any man wants with a million shirts!" exclaimed Pat. "He can't wear more than wan at a time, begorra!"

Some men think less about missing their aim in life than they do about missing a train in the morning.

Scrofula is a bad thing to inherit or acquire, but there is this about it—Hood's Sarsaparilla cures even the worst cases.