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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 treets, Acton. Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

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

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. 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 anaesthetic used if desired.

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

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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 Food 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 neatly bound, ruling neatly and promptly done

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

WM HEMBSTREET, 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 $186,000.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.

INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

REMOVAL.

T. STATHAM & SON
Bakers and Grocers

Who have been for seven years in the store on Mill Street, have removed to the premises just vacated by John R. Kennedy on Main St. Here they will have larger premises and will be able to enlarge their stock. As before pure, fresh Groceries and Provisions will always be found on hand.

ICE CREAM

During the summer pure Ice Cream, Soda Water and summer Beverages. A new Fountain will shortly be put in.

Customers' orders will receive the most careful attention, and all will be welcomed in the new premises.

T. STATHAM & SON
MAIN ST. ACTON.

SALE OF
WALL PAPER

At very low prices, to end JUNE 10TH.

The best wall paper in the store selling from 35c to 75c, will be sold at 25c roll. Papers at 30c and 25c will be sold at 20c and 15c roll.

15c papers will be sold at 10c roll.
10c papers will be sold at 7c roll.
8c and 7c papers will be sold at 5c roll.
5c papers will be sold at 3c roll.
Border and ceilings to match.
All good combinations.
Buy your own paper at Day's and save the 20 per cent. paid to the paper hanger.

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 OR SEND TO

WATERS BROS.
Wyndham Street
GUELPH

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL 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 gumming and filing done.

FOR YOUR NEW
BUGGIES,
Market or Lumber WAGGONS
Or any REPAIRING in the CARRIAGE LINE,
go to
J. N. O'NEILL
Successor to Culp & McKenzie,
GEORGETOWN

WHEN YOU WANT
FLOUR
—and—
OATMEAL
GET OUR

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS BRAND

The best in the market.
All wide-awake dealers use it.
Extra quality—prices right.

HENRY HORTOP.

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.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

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

Cuelph 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.

They are Certainly Hard to Hold.

Let us help you to hold the "Dollars." By saving you a little here and there a dollar or more would soon be held. Try us on a Refrigerator, Lawn-mower, Screen-door or Screen-window.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH

SEED CORN.

For Green Field or Silo.

Mam. Cuban	Wis. White Dent
North Dakota	Early Butter
Mastadon	Cuban Giant
Gold Mine	Silver Mine
Compton's Early	Longfellow
Mam. South Sweet	Yellow Dent
Etc.	Etc.

All at prices that will please you.
Turnip Seed 20c lb. or 6 for $1.00.
Rape Seed 15 for $1.00, or $6.00 per 100 lbs.
Early Seed Potatoes, Tomato and Cabbage Plants, Paris Green, Blue Stone Copperas, etc.
Garden seeds 3c pkt., 10 for 25c.

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

Wouldn't that Freeze You?

What? Why the ICE CREAM to be procured at Matthews' Confectionary Store!

No, it wouldn't, but it's just cool enough to be particularly delicious these evenings.

Cool drinks can also be supplied there.

A choice lot of Fruits, Confectionary, Cakes and Fancy Biscuits always kept in stock.

J. C. MATTHEWS
Baker & Confectioner - Mill St.

With a Telephone In the House

LIFE becomes worth living. You may sit in your Library and give your orders for the day, to the butcher, the baker, the grocer and the many other tradesmen. Items forgotten in earlier orders may be added and amendments made; in short, the possession of a Telephone is a PRACTICAL SOLUTION of the problem of comfortable housekeeping.

THE BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF CANADA.

Clearing Sale . .

Ordered Suits and Suitings at Wholesale Prices.

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

Having secured a lucrative situation in one of Toronto's best tailoring establishments, has decided to dispose of his business here, and for the next six weeks will conduct a clearing sale of all goods in stock by the suit or by the yard.

Entire Stock to be Cleared.

Orders for suits should be placed at once as all orders must be filled and the entire stock cleared out by the 1st of July.

Genuine Sale—New Up-to-Date Goods.

This is a genuine sale and very low prices will prevail. All the profit I ask is ten per cent. over wholesale cost. The stock is new and up-to-date.

Those who come first will receive the first choice.

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

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $18 per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bone-fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expenses money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

Poetry.

YOU CAN NEVER TELL.

You never can tell when you send a word
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind, be it cruel or kind,
Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
Is may carry its pain or its calm,
You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be.
But with every deed you are sowing a seed
Though its harvest you cannot see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow
And shelter the brows that toil.
You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love.
For the thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe;
Each thing must create its kind,
And they speed o'er track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Select Family Reading.

A Change of Purpose.

"Many happy returns of the day, Phil, dear!" she called out. "It's a lovely morning. Goodbye!"

She ran down the stairs lightly. In the hall she was met by an elderly looking man in a velveteen coat. She nodded lightly to him, and he opened the door for her.

"Your brother's birthday?" he asked, with a smile.

"Yes. We must do something to-night in honor of it, and you must help us, Mr. Lintell. Goodbye. I shall be late for my bus!"

About an hour later Phil Halstan emerged from his room. He was a tall, well-built young fellow, with a somewhat heavy, indolent looking face. He ate a leisurely breakfast, then, lighting a cigarette, dropped into an armchair by the fire and let his eyes travel slowly round the dull room. A look of disgust crept to his face.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "How horribly mean and sordid it all looks! Shall I ever get out of it?"

Presently he rose and, going to a corner by the window, drew forth an easel. He set himself before it and gazed at the blank canvass. Then he felt for his box of brushes and fingered them meditatively. Finally he laid them down and looked out of the window.

There was a tap at the door, and the next moment old Mr. Lintell entered. He lived on the upper floor and had got to be very friendly with Madge and her brother.

"I won't interrupt you," he began, with a glance at the easel. "I only came to offer you my best wishes."

"Thanks! Please don't go," cried Phil as the old man moved toward the door. "Fact is, I don't think I shall do much more work now. Rather though of giving myself a holiday. My birthday, you know!" he added, half jocularly.

Old Lintell came forward slowly. He looked at the blank canvas.

"It's going to be a great thing," explained Phil. "I'm working out the idea now—it takes time, you know."

The old man nodded and looked out of the window. He had been thinking a good deal of Phil lately—this boy who got up late, sat dreaming half the day and loafed the other, who had never earned a penny in his life, kept in idleness by a devoted sister who as typist in a solicitor's office worked hard from morn to night, believing in him heart and soul.

He glanced up sharply at Phil.

"Might I see your portfolio?" he asked. "I used to know something about Art."

Phil pulled it out with alacrity and opened it for the old man's inspection.

Mr. Lintell turned them over one by one. They were crude and badly done, with no sign of distinctive ability whatever.

"Well?" asked Phil eagerly. He shared his sister's belief in himself. "Give me your candid opinion."

Mr. Lintell wiped his glasses and proceeded to oblige him. He told the truth—the unpleasant, naked truth—and a wave of color swept over young Phil's face. Then he laughed.

"It's too ridiculous!" he cried.

Old Mr. Lintell rose from his chair and made his way to the door.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I thought you ought to know."

Phil laughed again as the door closed on the old man, but it was an uncomfortable sort of laugh—the laugh of a man whose mind has been suddenly confronted with a new aspect of the case. He strode up and down the room.

"Of course I shall be famous some day—shall pay little Madge back a thousand-fold—and she doesn't mind working at present," he reflected. "And he said I hadn't a particle of ability, that I was wasting my time, that I ought to be earning my living, keeping Madge, instead of letting her"—

He glanced toward the window. The sun was shining temptingly. He walked to the mantlepiece and found two half crowns which Madge had left there. Unthinkingly he slipped these into his pocket, then, taking his hat and stick, made his way out of the house.

He meant to go for a long walk, to think out his great idea. But he found he could think of nothing but old Lintell's words. The idiotic sentences kept running through his head. He, Phil Halstan, a mere loafer! The thing was absurd. Madge herself would be the first to say so.

He walked for some time and made an effort to think of something else. Presently he dropped into a cheap restaurant to have lunch. He sat down at a table. Next to him two men were talking rather excitedly.

"I don't care who it is," one was declaring emphatically, "the chap who loafs while a woman works for him is a hound and deserves to be kicked! Why, I'd sooner sweep the roadway!"

Phil, with a red face, rose and hurriedly left the place.

* * * * * * *

It was half past two the same afternoon when Madge ran lightly up the staircase of the house in Bloomsbury and burst into the sitting-room. Her face was flushed, and her eyes sparkled. She saw a young man standing by the window. His back was turned to her.

"Phil," she cried joyously, "I have a half holiday!"

The figure in the window turned, and she gave a little cry of surprise.

"Dick!" she gasped in astonishment.

Dick Evington came toward her, holding out his hand.

"Just Dick," he answered, with a smile. He caught her hand and stood looking into her face. "Something has happened, Madge, and I've come up at once from Arlington to tell you about it."

There was a dainty flush on her cheeks. He thought he had never seen her look so beautiful.

"I hope it is something good for you, Dick," she said. "Is it?"

"I don't know—yet," he said slowly—"that is until I've heard what you have to say."

Now, it happened that at this moment Phil Halstan was wending his way homeward. He let himself in with his latchkey and went up to their room. The door was not quite shut, and he heard voices—Madge's and another's. He recognized it after a moment. Then he caught a few words. He glanced around. The landing was dark. Hardly knowing what he did, he sank down on the first stair and listened.

"I know things would come right at last, Madge, dear," Evington's voice was saying. "But I didn't think it would be as splendid as this. A good post abroad—only open to a married man, too!"

There was a pause. Outside Phil grasped the banister. There was a slight movement by him, and turning his head he found Lintell had crept to his side.

Then they heard Madge's voice. It was low and tremulous.

"I'm so sorry, Dick, but—"

"Why, Madge, you love me?"

"Yes, love you, Dick—always have loved you—always shall. But—" There was a pause, then in a whisper, "there's Phil!"

Old Lintell laid a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"But surely Phil won't mind," cried Evington. "He is a man and can earn his own living. He would not wish you to give up this."

"You don't understand Dick." There were tears in Madge's voice this time. "Some day Phil will be a great artist, he famous, but just now—he wants my help. Oh, Dick, I'm so sorry, but I can't leave him—can't go with you—though I love you so!"

Phil Halstan shook old Lintell's hand from his shoulder and rose suddenly to his feet. He stood for a moment undecided, then crept away on tiptoe down the stairs. Old Lintell followed.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

Phil made no reply. He crammed his hat on his head, opened the door and stepped into the street. Old Lintell went with him and they walked away together.

"Are you going to let her lose her one big chance of happiness?" said old Lintell in a low voice, "or going to continue to idle your life away—she keeping you?"

Phil seemed hardly to hear him. He was striding along with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his eyes staring straight ahead of him. Suddenly he threw his head back.

"You heard—she doesn't want to go herself," he cried, almost fiercely. "She'd soon forget all about it."

"A girl with a heart like Madge's never forgets," replied old Lintell. "What are you going to do?" he repeated relentlessly.

"A little more time and I might do something big," broke out Phil.

"You've loafed for three years and done nothing," said the old man. "You know you will never do anything in art. You're willfully shut your eyes and used it as an excuse to yourself and her for idling."

The young man's mouth was twitched convulsively.

"You're right!" he cried in a hoarse voice. "But what's there left for me to do? I know nothing, have done nothing," he flushed helplessly.

"Be a man. There's always something for a man to do. Remember what the has done for you."

They had reached St. Martin's Church, at Charing Cross. Phil stopped and passed a hand over his brow. The old man watched him anxiously. He saw Phil's eye travel across the road to where the recruiting sergeants were pacing slowly up and down, alert for new blood. Then Phil Halstan suddenly gave his shoulders a jerk backward.

"Yes," he said between his shut teeth, "there's always something left for a man to do."

* * * * * * *

That night Madge was sitting alone reading a letter that had been brought to her by a messenger. The tears came to her eyes as she read the last few sentences:

"For three years I have played it as far down as a fellow can. But I'm going to be a man at last, Madge. If you want to make me happy, dear, make me feel I haven't quite spoiled your life, go with Dick."

The letter dropped from her hand.

"Go with Dick," she repeated in a low tone.

There was a tap at the door; then a man was shown in—a young man with a pale and anxious face.

"Madge, I couldn't leave without asking you once again. Is it quite hopeless?" he began.

She raised her eyes to his, and he saw her lips tremble.

"Not quite hopeless, Dick, dear," she whispered.—*Mainly About People.*

THE DICKENS HE DID.

Recently Burrows Brothers advertised in the local papers for a porter and man of all work for their book store on Euclid Ave., says the Cleavland *Plain Dealer*. There were plenty of applications, among them a big, muscular Irishman, who walked into the store and glanced about rather uncertainly. Finally his eyes rested on a big sign suspended high above the door over a table filled with books: "Dickens' works all this week for $4," it announced. The Irishman read it, scratched his head thoughtfully, and then edged towards the big front door. The floor walker stopped him and asked pleasantly if there was something he wanted, and the applicant remarked with a backward glance towards the sign: "Ol come in t' git th' job, but Ol'll not care f'r it. Dickens kin worruk all th' week f'r four dollars if he wants to, Ol'll not. Ya'd bether kape him," and the visitor strode out.

Now is a good time to begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the medicine that cleanses the blood and clears the complexion.

A HOSPITAL INCIDENT.

The recollections of thirty years have taught us something of the sacrifices of the Civil War, but much of the glorious history of those peaceful heroines, the hospital nurses, remains to be written. It would be hard to find a more touching incident than one which was witnessed by Mrs. Harris, an army nurse, in the College Hospital at Georgetown.

A young soldier not more than nineteen years old, was brought in, wounded in the shoulder. Although he had been tightly bandaged, he was already pale from loss of blood. To the surgeon it was evident at a glance that the wound was mortal. The wound had severed an important artery, and the lad would die in a few minutes if the blood were allowed to flow. That he was not already dead was due only to the fact that a nurse was holding back the life-stream with her thumb.

About his cot stood a surgeon and several nurses, full of pity, but helpless before his hurrying fate. Only the steady pressure of that thumb kept him from immediate death.

"How long can I last, doctor?" he asked in a feeble whisper.

"Only a few minutes," the doctor replied, gravely honest.

"I cannot die yet," wailed the boy. "I—I have never been baptized. I—must give myself to Christ first."

The last words were almost inaudible, but the lad's eyes searched piteously for something which he wanted and could not see.

The surgeon looked at the nurse who was holding the blood in check. She was faint from weariness and sympathy.

"Another nurse should be here at once," he said. "Carefully!" as she made a transfer of hands upon the gaping wound. Then he hurried out of the room!

In a few minutes he returned with the army chaplain. Another nurse had now taken her place. The dying lad glanced up with wan happiness at the minister, who immediately began to read the service, abridging it as much as possible. To the necessary questions of faith the soldier answered as firmly as he could, but every one could see that the excitement was telling on him fearfully. When at last water touched his forehead, his look of anxiety gave way to one of ineffable peace.

As the chaplain after the Lord's prayer, ended with the exhortation: "So should we, who are baptized, die from sin, and rise again unto righteousness," the lad opened his eyes. The white faced nurses were kneeling about his cot, and every face was wet. With a last breath he looked up at her who had his life in her keeping. His face shone with hope and anticipation.

"I am ready now," he said, with great distinctness. "You may take you hand away."

He closed his eyes. In a few minutes he was dead.

A soul is not saved merely by a ceremony, nor does the seed of the religious faith which sanctifies the ceremony always spring at once to life. It may have been sown years before, in the boyhood home; it may have lain deep hidden in the nature, half-consciously preserved, perhaps: but it will show vitality in the great emergencies of life and in the greater emergency of death. Only God, then, will meet the soul's needs. Only faith will reveal him.

DAY BY DAY.

"I don't believe I can ever be much of a Christian," said a little girl to her mother.

"Why?" her mother asked.

"Because there's so much to be done if one wants to be good," was the reply. "One has got to overcome so much and bear so many burdens, and all that. You know how the minister told all about it last Sunday."

"How did your brother get all that wood into the shed last spring? Did he do it all at once or little by little?"

"Little by little, of course," answered the girl.

"Well, that's just the way we live a Christian life. All the trials and burdens won't come at one time. We must overcome those of to-day and let those of to-morrow alone till we come to them. Of course there's a great deal of work to be done in a Christian's lifetime, in the performance of our obligations to God, and the discharge of the duties that devolve upon us; but that work is done just as Dick moved the wood—little by little.

Every day we should ask God for strength to take us through that day. When to-morrow comes ask again. He will give all we ask for, add as we need it. By doing a little to day, a little to-morrow, and keeping on in that way, we accomplish great things. Look at life in its little by little aspect, rather than as one great task to be done all at once, and it will be easy to face it.

PEOPLE WHO NEVER SEE THEIR OWN FACES.

"What!" exclaims the astonished reader "is it possible that there are any civilized persons on the face of the earth who are not in the habit of beholding their visages reflected from time to time in a mirror of some kind? Surely this can't be so." Wrong, quite wrong, gentle reader, for at the present time, strange as it may appear, there are hundreds of men and women in the United Kingdom who have not gazed into a mirror for years.

The convicts confined in his Majesty's prisons form members of this community. From the moment of a convict's entrance to a jail to the moment of his exit he is not permitted to have the use of a mirror of the smallest piece of glass being rigidly denied to him. To the woman convicts the absence of a mirror forms one of the chief hardships of confinement, and many a female warder can tell pitious tales of women who have actually fallen upon their knees and sobbed out intreaties for the loan of a morsel of mirror—"just for a second." All these entreaties have perforce to be disregarded—and it therefore comes about that many a female convict passes three or four years without being permitted to gaze upon her own features.—*Tit-Bits.*

YOUNG MEN THINK.

How many young men who are actors in the first part of this drama, have ever rehearsed in thought the parts they may take in the last three acts?

Act I.—Before the bar of the saloon.
Act II.—Before the bar of the court.
Act III.—Before the bar of the prison.
Act IV.—Before the bar of God.

Laziness begins with cobwebs, and ends in chains.

OPPORTUNITY AND CHARACTER

It is not opportunity and the lack of opportunity, not ability and the lack of ability, that make the difference in the power of human lives for good. It is faith and the lack of faith, character and the lack of character. It is consecration and concentration, and the failure to consecrate and concentrate. It is courage and self-denial over against cowardice and selfishness.

There is a potential hero of faith, a possible product of larger truth in every soul. The door of supreme opportunity swings open to every man and woman, church and nation. In some great moment God stands before each, and says: "Now is thy time! Show what is in thee! Show the world thy vision, or thy blindness?" And what makes one great and the other small is that one grasps what the other passes by. One enters the door of opportunity which the other fails to enter because of the cowardice of unbelief. One looks at himself, and fails; while the other looks God and his universe in the face, and dares to trust, trust in spite of the stupidity of the church, the mockery and unbelief of the world, the misunderstanding of friends.

Harlan Page, pressed with business cares, battling with ill health, led a hundred young men into the ministry by consecrating his personal influence to Christ; yet every business man in New York had the same Christ and the same opportunity. John Wesley became the apostle of a new dispensation of divine grace to the world; yet every student in Oxford had the same opportunity to father about him a half dozen fellow-students for prayer and Scripture study and divine guidance. The humble daughter of William E. Dodge has consecrated herself and wealth and time to solving the problem of the poor in New York City; yet many rich men's daughters have the same opportunity. George Muller, beginning in poverty, has built up those orphan homes in Bristol, England, which are a miracle of prayer the unbelief of the world cannot gainsay; yet there were other students in the German university where he studied upon whom the same spirit of prayer was pressing. Time would fail me to tell of the many who through faith have seen the purposes of God in their day, which the pride and unbelief of the world would not see, and have made their opportunity.

It therefore behooves us each to be about our Father's business, watching for our opportunities; for the night cometh in which no man can work. In an hour when we think not the Son of Man may come to us, in the supreme moment of our life, and find us sleeping on the threshold of a matchless opportunity. It is God's part to estimate the value of our service; it is our part to serve and question not.

PROVERBS FROM CHINA.

Many of the following Chinese New Year and other proverbs have a familiar sound; others are not quite so familiar. They are all worth quoting:

Time flies like an arrow, days and months like a weaver's shuttle.

Our daily bread depends on heaven.

Fearest thou not God; be still O soul, and listen to the thunder roll.

If one does good, heaven will bestow on him a hundred blessings.

All things are according to Heaven.

If one does bad, Heaven will send upon him a hundred evils.

To eat one's rice looking towards the heavens. No sound can startle in the darkest night him who has kept his conscience clean and white.

The kettle of him who has a wicked heart is full of rice.

The kettle of him whose heart coincides with the doctrine of Heaven has none.

During the first part of the first month no one has an empty mouth.

To make a man of yourself, you must toil; if you don't you won't.

Diligence has its reward; play is without profit. Do good regardless of consequence.

To persuade one not to gamble is to win for him.

Better take 8 to than give credit for 1,000 cash.

Correct one's self; then others.

Think of your own faults the first part of the night (when wakeful), and of the faults of others the later part of the night (when asleep).

An upright heart does not fear demons.

He who does according to Heaven will be preserved.

He who opposes Heaven will perish.

True doctrine can't injure.

True gold fears no fire.

A stick's a stick, whether short or tall.

A man's a man whether great or small.

You can't open a book without learning something.

No pleasure equals that of study.

Youth is for learning, manhood for action.

Learning is far more precious than gold.

Empty is gold, and silver, too, is vain, since neither can the hand that's dead retain.

Of a hundred virtues filial piety is the worst.

Within the four seas all are brethren.

You can't carve a rotten stick,

When the Emperor is virtuous millions will rely upon him.

Heaven has not two suns, the people have not two Emperors.

STOP PULPIT ADVERTISING.

"The reading of secular notices from the pulpit is a jar to the services: is exceedingly objectionable to a large number of people," writes Edward Bok, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "These folk rightly feel that secular matters should be kept as far removed from the Sabbath services as possible. And they are perfectly justified in taking that position. It is a bit of jarring when a minister announces that a fair will be held on such or such a day, or that a strawberry festival has been arranged for a certain evening. All our churches cannot stand pulpit announcements too soon; many of them have done so already. They have never had a place there; they are not in keeping with the dignity of the pulpit. Of course where a church is absolutely too limited in its finances to have the most modest sort of a leaflet printed there is some reason for the continuance of the method. But whenever it is possible pastors of our churches should be allowed to adopt the circular plan. The minister should not be turned into an advertising medium under any pretext whatever. Nor should the pulpit be dragged from its high place and lofty purpose. It is not a bulletin-board.

A GARDEN CINDERELLA.

The pear-tree and the cherry-tree were dressed in snowy white,
But the tardy little apple-tree was in a sorry plight,
For it couldn't boast a blossom, and it wasn't fine at all,
And the doleful little apple-tree felt very, very small.
But spring, the fairy of the world, still lingered on her way,
And she waved her magic wand around, and magic words did say,
And with an answering blush and smile, the happy apple-tree
Came blooming out in pink and white, the prettiest of the three.

—*Outlook.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

"All I am I owe to my mother."

So said the most typical American of Americans, Abraham Lincoln.

Only recently has Mr. Lincoln's genealogy been definitely ascertained. On his father's side he came from the Puritan stock. His mother belonged to a family of Quakers. From Uriah Hanks was descended Nancy, the mother of the illustrious, God-given martyr-President.

She was a winsome, Virginia maiden, tall, dark, dignified, with few equals in her day for grace of manner and intellectual attainments. Her reverent, devout nature was given her by generations of pious ancestors, men who believed in God, feared Him and nobody else.

She wept with her brave husband out on the frontiers of Western life, leaving behind the sunny South. Few books were to be had, except her constant volume, the Bible, and her noble conduct accords with its precepts. She longed for a larger life, but patiently endured her lot. Yet do not wonder that the almond shaped eyes looked sadly into the past, and a shadow often threw itself across her benign face as she reflected upon a cheerless present and a dismal future.

Her home was a log-cabin of one room only. No door had been hung. The skin of a deer stretched across the opening—a poor protection from the winter's blast. The stars could be seen as she lay on her rude bed of straw. In this shelter Abraham Lincoln was born, February 12, 1809; and when he was ten years old, he was left motherless.

In after years, he speaks of her, this great woman, so brief a space given to him, and given amid such fearful odds, such poverty, such hardship. The verdict which he gave is: "All I am I owe to my mother."

Oh, men of America, what a testimony from our greatest modern American! Aye, the greatest of all our heroes! And how many more could re-echo his words, if called upon for testimony. And you, the mothers of our great ones and of all the "leal"-hearted and brave, such a message as this to you is a thrill of joy.

She it was who, in ten short years of his infant life, so moulded his character, purified his ambitions, made his aims—and him all he was to us and the race, that, in his after days and amid all his checkered life, she still remained his guiding angel, the star of his proud, glorious destiny, until the assassin's bullet set him free to rejoin the mother to whom he owed so much.

THAT WATCH.

It was a girl who brought a watch of a jeweller who warranted it for one year.

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"We keep it in order for you," was the reply. "That is we regulate it. Of course if you broke the glass—"

"Oh, of course."

In a week she was back. "My watch does go so queerly you can't imagine," said she.

"If you will allow me to look at it, madam," said the assistant.

"Oh, yes."

She began fumbling at her dress, a blush rising brighter and brighter. Presently, with an air of determination, she continued operations on a more extensive scale. In a minute there was a little rustle, and a sharp click on the floor. She picked up the watch, quite as a matter of course, and passed it to the assistant, who stood aghast.

"It keeps all sorts of time," she said.

The young man suppressed his feelings and remarked, mildly:

"A watch needs very careful handling."

"Oh, I'm very careful of mine. I always carry it inside my dress, so that it shan't get scratched. I ought to have brought it before. It has been going so badly; but I left it under my pillow the other morning, and Mary changed the bed and it got into the laundry. It wasn't boiled, you know—just soaked a little. Mary is very careful and she found it."

"I fear, miss, we shall be obliged to charge you for adjusting this watch. It seems to be in rather a bad way."

"Oh, I think that's not fair. It was warranted for a whole year; I've had it only about a week, and I have hardly used it at all."

"What is to be done with such people?" asked the jeweller, in despair.

SOMETHING LIKE IT.

"John," said Mrs. Crossus, thoughtfully, "everybody in society seems to think a lot of genealogy in these days."

"Jamie what?" exclaimed John, looked up from his evening paper.

"Genealogy," repeated Mrs. Crossus.

"What's that?"

"I don't exactly know," replied the good dame; "but I think it's a tree of some kind—at least I've heard some ladies refer to it as a family tree."

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

"Why, it seems to me a sort of fad, you know, and everyone who is anyone has to have one."

"Buy one, then," he said, irritably. "Buy the best one in town, and have the bill sent in to me; but don't bother me withdetails of this affair. Get one and stick it up in the conservatory if you want one, and if it isn't large—"

"But I don't know anything about them."

"Find out, and if it's too big for the conservatory, stick it up on the lawn, and if that isn't big enough, I'll buy the next in order to make room for it. There can't any of them fly higher than we can, and if it comes to a question of trees, I'll buy a whole orchard for you."

A woman who loves too much sometimes loses, but a woman who loves too little never gains anything worth loosing.

It is ourselves who make circumstances, not circumstances us, as is often confirmed.