The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVI.---NO. 51. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1901. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 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
20 inches	$40.00	$25.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	25.00	20.00	12.00	5.00
5 inches	17.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	4.00	3.50	2.50	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 oftener 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 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.

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 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—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.

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 $300 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 343, or telephone 54, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

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 be 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.

HAMMOCKS.

If you want a good big
HAMMOCK
At a
LOW PRICE
DAY
OF GUELPH, HAS THEM.

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. H. WALLACE, Manager.

ANY PICTURES TO FRAME?

Any Pictures to Frame?
GO OR SEND TO
WATERS BROS.
Wyndham Street
GUELPH

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
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 added—maturity value $100.00.

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

R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton

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.

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

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, 334 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

—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.

We Want To Supply
Your Wants In Drain Tile.

Almost every property owner requires more or less tile for draining and other purposes. Quality counts in tile, the same as in anything else. We offer the best salt glazed, Canadian and American tile in 4, 6, 9, 12, and 15 inch. Fittings of all kinds such as Y's, T's, Bends, Reducers Elbows, Crosses and Hand Hole Traps; Chimney Flues and Flue Lining, oval and round.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
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 in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Raw gumming and filing done.

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.

BUGGIES.

Now that we are having fine weather and good roads there is some encouragement to buy new Buggies. I have a full assortment of them which you should see before you buy, also Market and Lumber Waggons, All kinds of carriage and general repairing done on shortest notice.
A full line of Agricultural Implements and Binder Twine always on hand.

J. N. O'NEILL
Successor to
Culp & McKenzie.

GEORGETOWN.

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown, Ontario.
BOOK, NEWS, COLORED
PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER

10 PACKAGES FOR 25c.

Your choice of 10 packages from 58 varieties Rennie's Flower and Garden Seeds for 25c.
Also early garden Peas, Beans, Corn, etc, in bulk cheap.
Canada's Greatest Early Seed Potato at 25c per peck.
Large quantity best Dutch Sets.
Large quantity No. 1 Seed Peas and Oats.
Sole agency for the famous Plymouth Binder Twine, Silver Sheaf, etc.
All kinds Flour and Feed at lowest prices for best quality at
Robt. Noble's
Flour & Feed Store
ACTON.

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

Poetry.

WHO MISSES HIM?

Gone! And who misses him?
Who, with heart swelling,
Hardly and mournfully
Passes his dwelling?
Who, among them all,
Felt the strong life cord sever?
Who, of the throng
That is surging forever?

Gone? And who misses him?
Friends, perhaps neighbors,
High at his funeral,
Speak of his labors.
Straw on his grave,
A few blossoms of beauty,
Head his white headstone,
Then turn to their duty.

Gone? And who misses him?
In the great city?
Who, from the beggar
That 'wakened his pity,
Won to the many
That courted his favor,
Eating the salt
That has now lost its savor?

Gone! And who misses him?
Raise the latch lightly,
Enter the darkened room
Where he slept nightly,
There sits his weeping wife,
Sister and brother;
There are his little ones,
There kneels his mother!

Ask not who misses him—
Him who, though lowly,
Owns the sweet treasure
That makes home so holy.
Grander than monuments,
Brighter than fame,
Are their rich offerings
Reared to his name.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

Select Family Reading.

Nelly's Lover.

BY AMY HAMILTON.

"I WISH I could go to the seashore," said Nelly Green, softly.

She sat like a little pale shadow in the moting gleams of the Madeira vines which Marion had twined back and forth over the tenement-house window, her eyes fixed dreamily on the one bit of blue sky which was visible between factory walls and clustering chimney-pots.

"To the seashore!" said Aunt Penelope, grimly. "Marion, them veals ain't pressed yet, and they 'er to be called for at noon, you know."

"But the seashore!" went on Nell, as if she had not heard the crabbed old woman's words. "The great, cool waves, full of green and violet lights; the wet, crinkly sands; the sweet wind and the fringes of white foam! Oh, Marion, I know I should be better if I could go to the sea."

Nelly Green had been the flower of all the family—the beauty, the youngest, the pet. But when Nelly fell sick and was obliged to give up school—when she continued to droop, day by day, Aunt Penlope began to question the justice of Providence.

Marion had listened wistfully to her sister's piteous words. She looked at Aunt Penelope.

"Aunt Pen," said she, "there's that money I've been saving for a buttonhole machine; it would just take us all to the seashore for a week."

"And what's to become of the buttonhole machine?" said Aunt Pen, working her jaws in unison with the motion of the scissors with which she was cutting out several layers of white Marseilles.

"We must do without it," said Marion.

"No, dear, no!" said Nelly, looking up with a faint smile. "I am not yet selfish enough to allow such a sacrifice as that. You have been saving up for the buttonhole machine a whole year—you could work a deal faster with it."

Marion kissed her sister and said nothing. But the next evening when she came in from delivering her latest batch of work at the vest factory, she held up three slips of paper.

"Tickets for Long Branch!" said she. "Get ready, Nell and Aunt Penelope! We are to go on Thursday for a week!"

"Goodness gracious me!" ejaculated Aunt Pen. "And me without a dress-cap and a yard of ruffling, we must do without it, for once."

"But about the button-hole machine," said Nell, drawing her sister's face down close to hers. "Oh, Marion—Marion, what have you done?"

"Darling," whispered Marion. "I would make button-holes by hand, all my life, to see the color back in your cheek."

And Marion felt that she was indeed rewarded when Nelly's cheeks reddened and something like the old light came back to her eyes as the Long Branch boat steamed past the Narrows and the cool salt breeze fluttered her vail and lifted the little fringes of golden hair from her forehead. Marion and Aunt Pen, in her well-worn black alpaca, sat beside her; and Miss Cynthia Culpepper, who boarded in the same house, and was a "valuable" out for her two weeks' vacation, was opposite, in a dress hat, imitation gold bracelets and pea-green kid gloves.

Presently a tall, handsome young man, who sat on the other side of the boat, rose and approached the party.

"I beg your pardon," he said, courteously, to Marion, "but I see that the young lady is an invalid. Would she not prefer a seat on the shady side? Mine is quite at her disposal."

"Thank you," said Marion, gratefully. "It would be pleasanter."

And then began a pleasant little travelling acquaintance, which was further cemented by the handsome stranger carrying their bags to the train for them.

"Which hotel are you for?" he asked, when at length the train came to a standstill in the depot.

"Oh, no hotel," said frank Nelly. "We have engaged board at a private house. A boy will meet us. We are very much obliged for all your kindness."

"What a fool you are, Nelly Green!" cried Miss Cynthia Culpepper. "Don't you see he's bound for the West End? You could easily have pretended you were going to one of the swell hotels, too."

"But it wouldn't have been true."

"True!" echoed Miss Cynthia. "I've no patience with you! You'll never see him again! And him with diamond studs in his linen and a real panama hat! Who knows what would have come of it?"

"Please to give me the cheapest bathing-suit you have," said Nelly, the next morning, when the three girls went down to take the sea-baths.

"There you go again!" grumbled Miss Cynthia. "Must you advertise the fact of your poverty all through Long Branch? I'd not have come with you, if—"

She stopped here, startled by Nelly's little cry of pleased surprise. For there, looking out of the window where the bathing-suits were piled up for hire, was the tall stranger in the diamond studs and the Panama hat.

"Oh," cried Nell, instinctively, "how glad I am to see you! But who would have expected to meet you here?"

"Renting out bathing-suits at fifty and twenty-five cents an hour," said the young man, with a mischievous sparkle in his dark eyes. "Which shall I have the pleasure of selecting for you, ma'am?" to Miss Cynthia Culpepper.

That young lady drew herself up.

"The nicest you have," said she.

"Marion," she added, afterward, "those diamonds are California, and nothing else. And the hat is most likely borrowed. And you really ought to teach that silly little sister of yours some of the ways of the world! She's making as much of that young man as if he was a gentleman!"

And Miss Culpepper gave the dark-eyed offender the cut direct, when she met him strolling on the beach, when bath hours were over, and the sunset breeze came freshest.

"Are you strong enough to walk up as far as yonder stranded sloop?" said he to Nelly. "I think you would enjoy the sight. And, with my arm—"

"I should like it so much," said Nelly.

But Miss Cynthia could not endure this. "Young man," said she, loftily, "I don't think your employer would like this."

"My employer!"

"The gentleman that owns the bathing-suits."

"But I have nothing to do with the bathing suits nor their owner," said the stranger with an amused look.

"Indeed!" said Miss Culpepper with scorn. "Then may I ask what you were doing there this morning?"

"Oh, certainly!" answered the stranger. "I found, when I got down to the bathing grounds, that I had left the key of my room in the door; so I just stepped inside for a moment while the man ran up to the hotel to get it for me."

Miss Cynthia Culpepper opened her mouth like one very wide. All of a sudden the diamonds assumed their original glitter; the mein of the suspected vendor of bathing-suits became aristocratic and Lord-Byronish again. How, then, in the names of Guy Livingstone, Sir Charles Grandison and all the other heroes of modern and ancient romance, had she made such a mistake? But if he wasn't the hotel employee, who was he?

The week at Long Branch glided away and when they were seated in the steamer, on their homeward way, Nell whispered to Marion, with gleaming eyes and cheeks all rosy:

"Dear Marion, is it wrong to be engaged to him after only a week's acquaintance?"

"Wrong? No, dear," Marion answered; for I think he loves you dearly."

* * * * * * *

"Who do you think he is?" demanded Cynthia Culpepper, bounding into the room where the three sat at their vestmaking. Mr. Newton, I mean?"

"He is Mr. Newton," said Nelly.

He is the new partner in our firm!" gasped Cynthia. "I saw him looking over the cashier's books this morning."

"Marion," said Nelly, turning to her sister, "the first present I make you after I am married shall be a button hole machine; for all this happiness has come of your sweet, generous self-denial."

PROPER METHOD OF APPOINTING OFFICERS.

At least one township in the Province has a very dubious way of appointing its officers, judging from the newspaper accounts of the proceeding at the meeting of its council held in February last. The municipality is large and important, having an assessed value of over two and a-half million dollars, and we can safely infer that the satisfactory transaction of business requires care, skill and competency on the part of its executive officers. The clerk formerly received $850 per annum (with some extras), and the treasurer $150. By allowing the several applicants for those offices to indulge in the very undignified practice of bidding against each other, the council succeeded in hiring a clerk for $50 per annum, and a treasurer for $95. The council could have gone only one step further to contravene the provisions of section 320 of the Municipal Act, and that would have been to publicly advertise for tenders for these offices. Sub-section 2. of this section provides that, "No municipal council shall assume to make any appointment to office, or any arrangement for the discharge of the duties thereof, by tender, or to applicants at the lowest remuneration." The lowest tender is not always the most satisfactory for acceptance; and so much has this been found the case in the management of municipal affairs, that the legislature has been compelled to interfere. Poor pay poor services generally the rule. Good pay to good servants will, in the long run, be found to be true economy. Notwithstanding, this provision is apparently intended to prevent public offices from being put up to public competition, public officials too frequently receive the lowest remuneration upon the ground that others can be found to fill the office for even a less sum.—*Municipal World.*

A CLOSE CALL.

A circus paid a flying visit to a small town, and the price of admission was 20 cents, children under 10 years of age half price. It was Edith's tenth birthday, and her brother Tom, aga 13, took her in the afternoon to see the show.

Arrived at the door he put down 30 cents and asked for two front seats.

"How old is the little girl girl?" asked the money taker doubtfully.

"Well," replied Master Tom, "this is her tenth birthday, but she was not born until rather late in the afternoon."

The money-taker accepted the statement and handed him the tickets. But it was a close shave.

A LITTLE TOO HOT.

Little Jauet, aged four, noticed the other day at dinner the rest of the family helping themselves liberally to the mustard. Nobody offering her any, she waited until something drew away the attention of the others, when she lifted the mustard spoon, liberally daubed a piece of bread with it and took a great bite. Her hand immediately went up to her burnt mouth, but bravely suppressing an outcry, she put the bread away from her, remarking, "I think I'll wait till that jelly gets cold."

SWEET TEMPER.

Sweet temper is always gentle, and gentleness is love in society, it is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect, and that soul of speech, which assures that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence, which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light, and warmth, and fragrance all together. It is the carpet, soft and deep, whilst it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which from many a beloved form wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head, and forgets half its misery, and to which comes rest in a balmier dream. It is considerateness. It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depths, and in all its delicacy. It is everything in that matchless grace, the gentleness of Christ.

The wonder to us is that this beautiful grace of the heart is not more sought after and cultivated, especially when its opposite, ill-temper, is rightly understood. *Harper's Bazaar*, a publication devoted to the interests of women, says, "There is no one in the world so uncomfortable as the person, who has a bad temper, and who indulges it. Of course we know there are all sorts of bad tempers. There is the irritable one that springs from excitable or disordered nerves, and that keeps its possessor, as well as everybody else, in a state to be likened to nothing else but a constant stinging of hornets. And there is the sullen temper, which makes life a burden to all in contact with it. And furious one, that bursts in a detonating stroke now and then for an instant, and directly afterwards is as mild as a moonbeam, and expects every one else to be also.

It is a physical necessity that possessors of these tempers should in the moment of anger and in the reaction be very unhappy; the excited or depressed condition of the epigastric ganglion of nerves, which has a great deal to do with such anger, creates a depraved condition of the system, though its self produces low spirits, even without the intervention of regret or remorse, and nothing sets this ganglion out of tune and order as a burst of temper does.

Recent experiments have proved that the perspiration of an angry person is full of a subtle poison, that, gathered and injected into innocent veins is noxious. How much more anxious must be the possession of the laboratory evolving such poisons and retaining a goodly amount to work woe in the body as well as in the soul!

Besides this viewless but perfectly palpable injury that the indulged bad temper creates, and the ruinous effect it has upon the whole nervous system a bad temper is very injurious to the personal appearances. It ingraves grim and irrevocable lines upon the forehead, which grow deeper; it draws down the corners of the mouth; makes the tip of the nose as red as indigestion does; it distends the nostrils; it makes the eyes bloodshot; it wrinkles the skin around the eyes with a more unpleasant effect than that of undue laughter; it thickens and blotches the complexion; and it makes a person old and ugly long before there is reason for a change from the smooth loveness of youth.

Those with irritable and explosive tempers may have their way in trifles; they never do in the serious affairs of life. The sweet-tempered woman always makes a better "match" than the other sort does, and she is always the most successful in the management of affairs and of resources. Having no temptuous tendencies to look out for a person is better able to look out for interests and rights, and is even able to get them through the mastery the sweet temper allows and helps.

Without any doubt, the yielding to bad temper, an inclination to let it have its way, works, through one yielding after another, a vast deal of disorganization to mental powers, and weakens all the nature as it goes on. And equally, without doubt, it is the origin of a long train of dyspeptic and nervous ills that make life a deplorable calamity to both the subjective sufferers. It is a small consideration to urge, but a woman with this temper loses every chance of marriage that she might otherwise have, if that is of any consequence to her; and a man with it makes for himself a household of timorous people who deceive him at every turn, and suds by losing all the affection that was in the beginning. The uncontrolled temper presently becomes the controlling force of life, and its owner is driven by it to the ruin of happiness in the first place, and of health and intellectual power in the last. On the other hand it can be suppressed as much as any other evil thing, and the sweet temper can be cultivated. And it is to the gentle people, capable of patience, forbearance, of forgiving wrongs, of taking no heed of them, of forgetting to resent them, of making and keeping friends, strong even in their gentleness, that power becomes habitual, that every right is accorded, and that calmness and content and long life are assured."

HUMOROUS.

"I dunno how Hill's a goin to vote in this election," said the campaign worker. "I've hearn tell he's on the fence." "He wux ther," replied the neighbor; but one o' the canderdates lot fall a dollar on the off side o' the fence, and Bill got dizzy an' fell over."

"Clara, dear, we've been careful so far, and I don't think they suspect we are just married. You must scold me a little now as we get of the train. (sharply and in a high-pitched voice) "Georgie, darling, when we get to the hotel you must certainly take off that absurd lavender necktie!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Schoolmaster (turning round sharply) "Which of you is it that is daring to make faces at me?" Six youngsters (in chorus): "Freddy Brown, sir." Schoolmaster: "Ah! Then you six boys stand out and be caned. If you saw Freddy Brown making faces, it shows that you were not attending to your lessons."

Every woman can venture to be saucy if she pleases—but not if she displeases.

Every time an argument gains you a new friend it loses you two old ones.

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

HOW TO WIN SUCCESS.

"When you ask me the way for a woman to have success, there seems but one answer: by faithfulness and preseverance. The solution is thus summed up.

In my experience, I have not known a faithful, industrious and persevering woman, who did not attain success; possibly not in the way she hoped, for very few of us are fortunate enough to realize our ideals, but steadfast faithfulness to one's work insures some measure of success in the end.

Often a woman fails because she is discontented, because the work she is given to do is not the work she wishes to do, because she feels it almost beneath her to do the little things in life faithfully and well; but herein lies the secret of success, backneyed as the saying may be,—"A thing worth doing at all is worth doing well."

Suppose you aspire to "fine writing," and are sent out to get a story of a church fair. Write it. Write it the best you know how. Never mind the fact that to you it is uninteresting. Remember, if it would not interest some one, the paper would not want it.

Suppose you are asked to write for the social column of a newspaper. Be considerate in what you write, as if every item were about some one you know and like. Respect the wishes of those you write about. The result will be that your column will be accurate, and will be read by those interested in that department of the paper, and you will win respect and confidence. Even if you dislike the work, the fact that you have done it well and faithfully will give larger opportunities.

Study. No one knows all there is to know about anything. Realize that you can't stand still. You must either go forward or back. You cannot afford to deteriorate. If you do, there is some bright, energetic, capable girl who will want your place, and she will get it. If she does, it will be your own fault.

Don't say you can't do anything. Few things are impossible, and those few will not be required of you. Start out with the determination that you will do a thing and the chances are that you will accomplish it.

Don't think you are ill because your head aches, or that you must stop work because you are tired. Everyone is tired, and the woman who succeeds is the one who works until her duties are completed.

If unfortunate enough to become involved in any unpleasant attention on the part of men, probably the fault is yours. If necessary, end it with a few words.

Take care of your health to the best of your ability. Get plenty of sleep, and all the outdoor exercise you can. When once you have left the office, put all thought of it behind you. Relaxation is what you need, and getting it depends largely upon your own mental training. If you have not learned to avoid worry, make it your business to learn it at once. It means the difference between discontent and peace of mind. Content is better than medicine, and a cheerful disposition is perpetual joy. Don't get dismal, and, if you feel depressed, keep your fit of the blues to yourself.

Sum it up, and you will find that success depends largely upon using your common sense. It is not necessary to be especially gifted. Work faithfully and be patient, and success will come."—Marian De Forest in "*Success.*"

A TAME CROW AND SOME PATTY-PANS.

"He was a fat, helpless baby crow," writes Florence Morse Kingsley of "The Young Gentleman of the Woodshed," in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for June. "We named him Tom, and he grew like a proverbial weed. His prankish propensities came more and more into evidence as the summer wore by. Small bright objects, such as teaspoons, thimbles and the scalloped tins called patty-pans, had to be jealously guarded. But despite the noisy protests of the cook the patty-pans continued to disappear. At last I found the new use to which Master Tom had put these coveted articles. I had been awakened several mornings at an untimely hour by a slight tingling, jingling noise, proceeding apparently from the tin covered veranda roof just opposite my window. On one occasion I fancied I heard Tom's peculiar low chuckle of amusement. Stealing noiselessly to the window I peeped out. Sure enough there was Tom and the patty-pans. Seizing one in his beak he would fly up about five or six feet, then drop it. The glitter of the tin as it fell through the bright sunshine, and its clatter as it strikes the roof, seemed to afford him the most exquisite amusement, for he repeated the performance a dozen times or more, ending as he heard the housemaid open the front door, by neatly packing his shining toys into an angle of the roof where it heretofore escaped notice."

RULES OF POLITENESS.

1. To be polite is to have a kind regard for the feelings and rights of others.

2. Be as polite to your parents, brothers, sisters and schoolmates as you are to strangers.

3. Look people fairly in the eyes when you are speaking to them, or they speak to you.

4. Do not bluntly contradict any one.

5. It is not discourteous to refuse to do wrong.

6. Whispering, laughing, chewing gum or eating at lectures, in school or at places of amusement is rude and vulgar.

7. Be doubly careful to avoid any rudeness to strangers, such as calling out to them, laughing or making remarks about them. Do not stare at visitors.

8. In passing a pen, pencil, knife or pointer, hand the blunt end toward the one who receives it.

9. When a classmate is reciting do not raise your hand until after he has finished.

10. When you pass directly in front of any one or accidentally annoy him say: "Excuse me," and never fail to say: "Thank you" for the smallest favor. On no account say "Thanks."—School rules of Santa Barbara, Cal.

THOUGHTS FOR REFLECTION.

Those have the best grasp of the present who have the clearest outlook for the future.

The desire of the christian should be, above everything else, to be daily transformed into the image of him who imparts spiritual life.

A forward look should awaken the purpose to live a stronger and better life than hitherto.

THE BARE-HEADED GIRL.

Now Dame Fashion's new whirl
Brings the bareheaded girl
To the front for man's fond admiration;
She is seen everywhere,
Proudly showing her hair,
And the fad meets with prompt approbation.

There's the dashing brunette,
With her tresses of jet,
Just as pretty as picture entrancing;
And attention is shared
By the blonde, sunny-haired,
For the style is her beauty enhancing.

Wonder's glorious crown,
Black or yellow or brown,
In full splendor she now is revealing;
And there's wonderment why
For so long she was shy
And 'neath bonnet her hair was concealing.

Whether fixed a la mode,
Or no care is bestowed
And she lets it o'er shoulders go streaming,
She sweeps by like a queen,
Or like goddess that's seen
In the mystical fancies of dreaming.

O'er her face so long white
Steals a color that's bright,
Painted there by the sun and breezes;
Its the token of health,
Far more precious than wealth,
Decoration that everywhere pleases.

LEARNING TO SWIM.

"Just as soon as the warm weather sets in many persons who, at the close of last summer, were able to swim a few strokes, will again somewhat amorously enter the water," writes Frank H. Vizetelly in an illustrated article on "The Simple Art of Swimming," in the June *Woman's Home Companion*. "The majority will find this self-imposed task far more difficult than is anticipated. It is necessary to remind those that indulge in short, hurried strokes that one of the golden rules of swimming is to move slowly and deliberately. Those who wish to become good swimmers must cultivate self-reliance, and they should always bear in mind that water itself has a sustaining power far greater than that of most other liquids. The slow stroke is the very essence of good swimming. It enables the bather to inflate the lungs and thus unconsciously turn them into life preservers. To move slowly is to get plenty of breathing time and to get plenty of breathing time is to get plenty of strength to repeat the movements which propels the body through the water. The second golden rule which the beginner should school himself to remember is that the living human body is specifically lighter than water, and that consequently, it does not necessarily sink therein. Confidence in the sustaining power of water is the only secret of swimming. The best way to convince the novice of the buoyancy of water is to let her wade out until the water comes up to her breast; but before doing this she should take care, when in shallow water, to immerse her whole body, so as to avoid the rush of blood to the head, from which many bathers suffer through neglecting to do this. With the water once on a level with the breast the bather should lie on her back and extend her arms out beyond her head, but not raised out of the water. This position makes breathing easy, and counterbalances the weight of the legs. The bather should lie restfully and avoid stiffening the nether limbs. The hips should be rigid, the feet close together, but not out of the water, for if they were they would overbalance the weight of the head and carry it beneath the surface."

NO WASTE IN MELONS.

A good example of the manner in which capital and ingenuity and science are combining to prevent waste and increase the comfort of the people of the earth is found in the operation of some New England people in Georgia, says the *Nebraska State Journal*. They have put in a big factory at Atlanta to care for the surplus melons that formerly went to waste in certain seasons because the Northern market would not yield a profit after the cost of transportation had been paid. The operations have been so successful that they are now figuring on entering the same field at Rocky Ford, Colo., where bountiful nature is producing more melons than the market can absorb. The company uses the well-known methods of the meat packing houses in utilizing every atom of the raw material. The melons are washed and the rind is taken off and crystallized, dried, evaporated, or pickled. It finds a ready market in a dozen forms. The seeds are removed and dried. They find a market in that form in China, where they are esteemed a delicacy. The hulls are also removed and ground into a paste, which has a pleasant flavor and is used to advantage in food preparations. Mucilage is also made of this substance. The flesh of the melon is used as a food for stock, and is also converted into sugar, syrup or fruit vinegar. By carefully utilizing every part in this way the melon which originally may not have been worth five cents finally brings twenty times as much from the various markets which it finds in all parts of the world.

A PRETTY GOOD SERMON.

A story of a bright-eyed, barefooted shabby little fellow is told by Forward. He was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction, in a way that showed him well used, to the business and of a temperament not easily daunted.

The train started while he was making change, and the conductor, passing him, laughed.

"Caught this time, Joe!" he said. "You'll have to run to Fourteenth street."

"Don't care," laughed Joe in return. "I can sell all the way back again."

A white-haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy and questioned him concerning his way of living and his earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported, it appeared. "Jimmy" was lame and "couldn't earn much himself."

"Ah, I see. That makes it hard; you could do better alone."

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the denial was prompt and somewhat indignant.

"No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to; he's lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck if nobody was glad? or of gettin' things if their was nobody to divide with?"

"Fourteenth street!" called the conductor, and as the newsboy plunged out into the gathering dusk, the old gentleman remarked to nobody in particular, "I've heard many a poorer sermon than that!"

Monarchy and republic are words, forms. There is nothing real but oligarchy, the exploitation of all by a few—in the name of one, or ten thousand.