The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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

Accounts payable monthly.

H. F. 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.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH. L. R. P. & S. GLASGOW. MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC. SUCCESSOR TO DR. KELLY. Office—Frederick Street - - - Acton, Ont.

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. DENTIST, ACTON. Office over McKee's Drug Store. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. VISITING DAYS.—First and third Tuesdays, 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 Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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

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

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

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

WM HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $200 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $182,000.

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 707, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent. Guelph.

SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING AND MOVING

Show the necessities in the way of new

FURNITURE, MATTRESSES, SPRINGS, ETC.

And JOHNSTONE & CO. are confident they can fill your wants very satisfactorily and at the lowest living prices.

Special attention is given to Upholstering, either in new work or repairing.

Picture Framing is a specialty. All orders receive prompt attention.

The New Raymond Sewing Machine is the favorite here, repairs and Johnstone & Co supply them.

Carpets made up to order, and Housefurnishings also in variety. Roller Blinds of all kinds in stock.

JOHNSTONE & CO, Furniture Dealers & Undertakers Main St., Acton.

NEW

Text Books

FOR THE USE OF COLLEGIATE AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

New Scribblers, with fancy and patriotic covers, good paper and low prices.

Scribblers at 1, 2, 3 and 5c.

Finest line of 5c Exercise Books ever shown in Guelph, 64 pages, excellent paper.

Send your children to DAY'S DAY has a full stock of the

New School Books.

His value is the best, his prices the lowest.

Big value every time at

DAY'S BOOKSTORE GUELPH. SKY BLUE CHEKP.

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 F. H. WALLACE, Manager.

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

NEW TELEPHONE DIRECTORY...

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA will issue a new Subscriber's Directory for the District of Western Ontario, including the Town of Acton, early in October. Orders for new connections, changes of firm names, etc., should be placed at once to insure appearance in this book.

A. T. BROWN LOCAL MANAGER.

W. BARBER & BROS.

Paper Makers

Georgetown, Ontario.

BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS

JOHN R. BARBER

The Ontario Seed and Grain Separator Co., LIMITED, FERGUS, - ONT.

WM. HEMSTREET, Acton Has secured the agency for Halton County ....for the....

Perfection Fanning Mill and Grain Separator

Manufactured in Fergus.

This is the mill which is creating so much talk and excitement among the thousands of farmers who have witnessed its operations in cleaning and separating all kinds of grain and seeds at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, during the excursions through the month of June.

It is the mill which took a bag and a half of timothy seed, cleaned by one of the alleged latest improved mills, ready for sowing, last Saturday during the Halton Farmers' Excursion and removed over a peck of seeds of injurious weeds, including lambs quarter, Canada thistle, sheep sorrel, curled dock, pigeon weed, catch fly, binghweed and false flax.

It will pay farmers to have Mr. Hemstreet show them this mill before marketing or preparing their grain and seeds for crop.

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, 1 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. P. H. JONES, Manager.

PORTLAND CEMENT

Farmers why not be up-to-date ?

Imported "Star" Imported "Peninsula" Limehouse and Deseronto.

These are the brands we handle. All high-class cement. Be up-to-date and have your stable, cellar, and wood-house floors laid in cement. Special prices on large quantities.

"Our Prices Are Always Right."

JOHN M. BOND & CO. HARDWARE GUELPH.

BINDER TWINE

9 & 10 1-2c a lb.

Standard and Manilla. The Celebrated McCormick, the best twine made for length, strength and weight. GUARANTEED.

Also their great Binder, Mower and Steel Hay Rake. Call and see them.
Hay Rakes 10 and 12c each.
Harvest Gloves 15, 20 and 25c each.
Paris Green 20c lb.
Potato Bug Killer 2c lb.
Hellebore 30c lb.
Slug Shot 10c lb.
Instant Louse Killer 25c can.
Lambert's Death to Lice 25c pkg.
Also Sprayers of all kinds.

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

CHINESE LAUNDRY.

In Pearson's Building, Willow Street, Acton.

Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.

LEE KIM, and MUN LEE, Proprietors

—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 8.10 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS PROPRIETOR.

WHEN YOU WANT FLOUR —and— OATMEAL GET OUR

GUERTON AND EDEN MILLS BRAND

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

HENRY HORTOP.

ACTON SAW MILLS.

LUMBER, LATH SHINGLES AND WOOD.

DRESSED LUMBER, ROUGH LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND STOVE WOOD OF ALL KINDS

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

James Brown.

Terms Cash.

Poetry.

WHILE SALLIE IS COOKIN' THE MEAL.

Jest settin' around before breakfast, while
Sallie is cookin' the meal—
That's a time, I've discovered right often, when
memories over me steal;
Say foliible a'ry of morals's, when the stock
has been given their hay,
An' the coffee is simmerin' softly, an' the
rooster is crowin' for day,
An, you sho through the small kitchen winder
that moon like a breakpiece of gold
Fastened on to the bosom of darkness by the
Lord before time was so old,
A silence comes, somehow or other, so plain it
is mighty-nigh seen,
Till you an' the past stand together, with seemin'ly nothin' between.
An' I'm shore I have thoughts then that's better
than the ever' day thoughts that I feel—
Jest settin' around before breakfast while
Sallie is cookin' the meal.

A feller don't never, I reckon, forgit the old
mother an' home,
No matter jest how you have prospered, no
matter jest where you may roam;
An' they come purty plain at sich moments as
they-yus in the times goes by,
Till you sorter lean back in the shadders to keep
hid the mists in your eye!
You see yourself once more a toddler, a-roupin'
around the h'arth there,
An' hear the old voice with the music to which
hothin' else can compare;
Then your thoughts travel onward an' onward
as you think of your own boy, too—
An' wonder, wherever he's roamin', if he ever
thinks that way of you.
So I live thus the past years over, an' a glad
sort er sadness feel—
Jest settin' around before breakfast, while
Sallie is cookin' the meal!

—*W. T. Hale.*

Select Family Reading.

The Western Express.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I LOVE her, mother," said Guion Esterhall.

He was not, in a general way, much of a talker. Consequently, when he spoke, his words had the weight of sense and variety. But Mrs. Esterhall, the fine old lady who sat erect before the clear, sea-coal fire, was too much excited to consider all this.

"The wife of my son, Guion," said she "should be a lady, born and bred—not one of those girls who have had to fight the world until all gentleness, grace and unselfishness are ground out of them. No, I can never give my consent!"

The young man smiled slightly.

"Mother," said he, "the diamond itself hardly possesses its true financial value until the facets are ground with much friction."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Esterhall. "No one is talking about diamonds."

"I may bring her to see you, mother?"

Mrs. Esterhall shook her head.

"I have no desire to receive her," said she. "But, Guy, here are the tickets for Henry Irving to-night. Carrie Chippendale has promised to accompany me—of course, you will be on hand at half-past seven to be our escort?"

"If you wish it mother."

The old lady smiled to herself when Guion was gone.

"A little management," she thought, "a little judicious firmness, and Guy will get over this boyish fancy of his. The idea of a shop-girl for my daughter-in-law—for Mrs. Guion Esterhall! I think the lad must have taken leave of his senses!"

And in her secret heart she rejoiced with an exceeding great rejoicing when Miss Chippendale arrived that evening, in a pale-blue moire gown, cut decollete, with a glittering necklace around her perfect white throat, and a bunch of hot-house roses in her corsage.

"If we are to have a private box," said Miss Chippendale, buttoning the seventeenth button of her glove, "one may as well go in full dress, don't you know?"

"My dear, you are looking lovely," said Mrs. Esterhall, approvingly.

Miss Chippendale was a sort of human camellia japonica—fair, graceful and serene—with big, expressionless blue eyes, cherry-red lips, flax-gold hair, drawn in fluffy crimps over her forehead, and an unchanging society-smile perpetually hovering around her lips. She had been highly educated, and she was destined by her parents to make a brilliant match. The Chippendales belonged to the aristocracy—that is to say, they had never done any work and had always spent a great deal of money. And Mrs. Estardale had decided that Carry Chippendale was the very wife for her son.

If only she could convert Guion to the same opinion.

Guion Esterhall was exceedingly courteous to Miss Chippendale that evening, but not a whit more so than he was to his own mother. The old lady was somewhat disappointed.

"But never mind," she said to herself, "one must have patience."

She went shopping the next day, to match a shade of Berlin wool, to buy some lace flounces and to decide on new portieres for her drawing-room down at Esterhall Manor. At one or two o'clock she experienced, not hunger, but a lady-like sensation that "tired nature" needed some sort of "sweet restoration."

"I will go into Marlowe's," she thought.

Marlowe's was full, as it generally was at that time of day; but presently the old lady succeeded in obtaining a seat in a curtained angle, where the waiter took her order for a chicken-salad and a cup of tea. Just then she heard a clear, low voice on the other side of the drapery, as a party settled themselves at a reserved table—Miss Chippendale's soft, well modulated tones.

"Oh, yes, Irving was very fine," said Carrie. "Oysters, please—a box-stew for one and fritters for two and three cups of Vienna chocolate, nicely frothed, waiter—But all the same, I nearly died of ennui. The old lady is the most dreadful bore you ever knew, and Guy is a regular prig. Handsome, you know, and very talented, of course; but one don't want to be on full-dress parade as to one's brains the whole time. He isn't half as nice as Freddie Fortune—only poor dear Fred hasn't a cent to bless himself with, and papa looks thunderclouds at me whenever he calls. But once I'm married, it—"

A chorus of well-bred giggling interrupted Carrie's words. Mrs. Esterhall rose hurriedly from her seat, grasped her gloves and eyeglasses and made all haste out of the restaurant. When the waiter came with the chicken salad and the tea, he found his customer gone. The unconscious Miss Chippendale and her friends enjoyed their Vienna chocolate and oyster fritters very much indeed.

Mrs. Esterhall decided to return to the manor at once. Carrie Chippendale's graceful treachery had affected her more than she had deemed possible; and, leaving a hastily written note to explain to Guion that she had altered her plans, she took the late express, which reached Cleveland Junction at nine, there connecting with a branch train for Esterhall Station. She was travelling alone, as her maid remained to pack up the last things and follow her the next day.

There had been a heavy snow-fall, the night had settled down dark and tempestuous, and the train was running behind time. At last it came to a full stop. Mrs. Esterhall started from a doze and looked anxiously around her.

"Ten o'clock!" some one said, consulting a watch. "Why, conductor, we are due at Clevedon at five minutes before nine!"

"Yes, I know sir," spoke the official, "but the road is all blocked, and the Western Express is overdue at this point. We're waiting here for the signal to move on."

"And what's to keep us from waiting all night?" petulantly inquired the old gentleman.

"Nothing sir,—unless the Western Express is heard from."

Mrs. Esterhall began to be a little frightened.

"Conductor," said she, "is there any danger of a collision?"

"No, ma'am—not as long as we're on this side of the switch."

"Isn't there a dining-car attached to this train?"

"No, ma'am—this isn't the through express, but I hope we shall not be detained here much longer," the conductor added cheerfully.

Slowly the minutes dragged themselves by, gradually lengthening into hours. The passengers gathered in knots and whispered. One or two of the more adventurous spirits got out, peered into the darkness, flocked only by the driving snow, and then got in again, with the customary uncomplimentary comments upon the railway management. Mrs. Esterhall was nervous and unaccustomed to travel alone. She began to cry softly behind her veil.

"Ah," she thought, "if ever I live to get safe home again, I'll stay there. I'll never tempt Providence more, on these night roads."

Across the aisle two young girls were seated—the one pale-faced and rather plain, as Mrs. Esterhall had already noticed by the light of the cluster of lamps under which they were seated; the other a brilliant young brunette, with soft hazel eyes, peachy cheeks, and wavy dark brown hair, brushed carelessly back from a low, broad forehead. Presently the latter rose, and coming to Mrs. Esterhall's side, asked in a soft, sympathetic voice:

"Are you ill, madam?"

"N-no," stammered the old lady, quite forgetful of her society dignity. "Only I am so faint and weary. I expected to dine at home, long before this hour; and I took almost nothing to eat—before I started."

"I have some nice, homemade chicken sandwiches in my bag," suggested the pretty girl. "My aunt insisted on my taking them, although I dined heartily before leaving home; and I have a little alcohol lamp with every convenience for making a cup of good, strong tea as well. If you will allow me to prepare it for you—"

Mrs. Esterhall was a genuine tea maniac. A new brightness came into her eyes at this suggestion.

"You are very kind," said she. "But you will want it yourself."

"No," smiled the girl. "I don't care for tea. But my kind old aunt would put the things in. Now I am glad that she did so."

In five minutes, Mrs. Esterhall had eaten and drunk, and felt infinitely refreshed. How it happened, she did not pause to question herself, but she presently found herself reclining comfortably, with her head on a pillow impoverished out of the folded blanket shawl that belonged to the young girl; and, mingled with her drowsy reflections, came the soft, low murmurs of the sweet-eyed brunette, who had changed her seat and that of her companion to the one directly back of Mrs. Esterhall, and was talking almost in a whisper.

"No, I am not going back; and I do not intend to communicate my address to any one."

"Not even to him?"

"No, not even to him."

"But he loves you, dear."

"Yes; and that is the very reason I am determined not to create dissension between him and his friends. Perhaps he will forget me."

"He will never do that."

"But at least I shall feel that I have done my duty," said the hazel-eyed girl, firmly. "I shall love him to the end of his day, but I shall not have ruined his future."

"And all this," cried the companion, "out of deference to the whims of an old woman whom you have never seen."

"Out of deference to his mother, Alice," gently corrected the first speaker.

"What a quixotic notion!" drowsily mused Mrs. Esterhall. "But she has an excellent idea of duty, this dark-eyed little girl!"

"That is you, all over, Ellie!" said the friend. "You are always sacrificing yourself in favor of some one else. Here you are giving all your tea and sandwiches to a person you have never heard of, abandoning your seat to a poor little woman with a crying baby, because it is a trifle nearer the stove, and, to cap everything, giving up the man you love and who loves you because—"

"Because it is my duty," said Ellie. "Please Alice, don't let us discuss the matter any longer. It is because I love Guy that I am willing to sacrifice everything for his sake."

"(Guy! Bless my soul! Guy!" thought Mrs. Esterhall, sitting suddenly up. "But of course, there are other Guys than mine in the world."

Just then there was a tremble of the frozen ground under them, a roar and rush of lighted cars past them.

"The Western Express at last!" shouted the choleric old gentleman, bobbing up in his seat like an India-rubber ball.

"All aboard!" bawled the conductor, with a twitch at the bell-rope; and on moved the train at last, creaking and groaning like some monster serpent in pain. Mrs. Esterhall leaned over the back of the seat, toward the hazel eyed girl.

"My dear," said she, between the sobs of the engine, "is it Guion Esterhall that you were speaking of?"

The girl started and colored. She could not repress a cry of surprise.

"Yes? I thought so. Come over here and sit by me. I am his mother, and I want to talk to you."

It was two o'clock in the morning when they reached Esterhall Station, but the covered sleigh was waiting for them, with hot soapstone foot-warmers and about half a dozen of fur robes and wrappings. And Ellie Dallas stepped into the luxurious conveyance with Mrs. Esterhall, for the old lady had insisted on taking Ellie home home with her to the manor.

"She is such a contrast in every way to that selfish, cold-hearted Chippendale girl," said Mrs. Esterhall. "I'll telegraph to Guion at once. Really, it does seem as if there was a special Providence in our train being kept so long waiting for the Western Express to pass."

"As if there is not a "special Providence" in everything that happens in this world of ours!"

REMINISCENCES — TWO APPLE TREES.

There are left in our midst quite a number of relics of the days of long ago, which serve as mementos of circumstances and occurrences in the lives of the fathers who laid the foundations of the community. These illustrate in an instructive, interesting and often amusing manner modes of life and circumstances which would be strange to the rising generations, and which with present day habits might be often impracticable to them. May I give a couple of reminiscences.

I was standing in company a few days ago with the venerable patriarch of Acton, Mr. Asa Hall, now past his 90th year, when on one of his frequent visits to the old homestead above the G. T. R. on Main street. On this property still stands the old house which was erected about 70 years ago, when there were perhaps only two or three, if so many, homes within the limits of the present town. Calling my attention to one of the old apple trees near the old house which, though girthing largely, stands at an angle of nearly 45 degrees, he explained the cause of its peculiar shape. "Protracted meetings" were being held at the church, and a minister from some distance away in the country coming to visit the family, having expressed a desire to attend, the oxen which were on duty through the day were pre-empted for the trip to the church and accordingly were hitched to a stump close to the house. Becoming somewhat restless, they whirled around and straddled the apple tree in question, then young, and pressed the joke against it so heavily, that the roots on one side were loosened, so that it took the angle mentioned, and still illustrates the truth, "Bend the sapling, bend the tree."

Raising his walking stick and pointing to another tree he recalled an incident in its early history. It was "quarterly meeting" this time and was to be held, with its combined Saturday "business meeting" and Sunday sacramental services, down in Trafalgar,—Acton being then probably on Oakville circuit. Mr. Hall took down with him a young man, Mr. B., then a promising young man here both in church and business life. The Saturday services over, Mr. Hall repaired to the home of a friend near Hornby, Mr. B., where he and his young companion were comfortably installed. In the evening, Mr. B., took his senior guest out to the orchard leaving the young man in the house to discuss propably more congenial matters. The host manifested so much interest in pruning that our friend determined to learn all he could on the subject. So when he came home he attacked the tree pointed to, and took off so much that it had the appearance of being almost destroyed. However, that fall, the crop on that tree was simply amazing, particularly in size and quality.

His young friend probably did not spend the evening in vain, for he eventually brought to Acton one of the fair daughters of the home visited,—to share his fortunes in life. Their industry and intelligent efforts gave them a good competence, and now they are both gone to the great beyond, after useful service in connection with the church and community, and have left behind a family from whose character and labors much moral and material strength to the community is evolved.

This is my story of the two apple trees, which although simple, it is one of many incidents recalled by the fruitful memory of our venerable friend. Well was it for this community that its foundations were laid by the class of men who first settled here. Let us cherish the memory of those departed, and the presence of those still left and try to obtain and preserve many of the little here and there stories of the old days for transmission to our children and their's.

ANTIQUARIAN.

Acton, Sept. 18th, 1901.

HUMOROUS.

Mr. Pitt—Why that disgusted look, Penn?

Mr. Penn—Always put on my heavy winter flannels the 1st of October.

"Pa, What is a political crooker?"

"Well, he's a man who believes the country will go to the dogs if he doesn't soon get into a good fat office."

I have met, remarked the old man, but two sensible women in my life.

The innocent maid gazed into his face and asked: Who was the other women?

"How delightful your dear daughter plays Wagner." "I'm afraid you have made a mistake: that's the servant girl down stairs working the clothes wringer."

Police Magistrate—"You are accused of stealing a ride on the railroad. What have you got to say about it?"

Goodman Conrong—"You may search me, y'r Honour."

Miss Freeman—Why I thought you know her. She lives in the same square with you.

Miss Hautton—Perhaps, but she does not move in the same circle.

"What a fine head your boy has," said an admiring friend.

"Yes," replied the fond father, "he's off the old block—shut you my boy?"

"Yes, father; teacher said yesterday that I was a young blockhead."

Papa—What a boy you are to ask questions, Johnny! I never used to ask so many questions when I was a boy.

Johnny—Perhaps if you had, papa, you might be able to answer some of mine.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Musson Book Company, of Toronto, have brought out a dainty volume intended for the Christmas holiday trade, entitled "Songs of the South." It is a series of verses and drawings by Howard Weeden, author of "Bandana Ballads," and "Shadows on the Wall." The prefatory note says: These modest songs and pictures, snatched from the fading remnant of a people now nearly passed away, are only valuable because the past is always precious, and only beautiful for being old and gone." Twenty-four quaint songs of the South are given and each is embellished with a beautiful portrait of a typical negro character, speakingly expressive of the subject treated. Mechanically the volume is a gem. The letter press is perfect, the illustrations are highly artistic, and the binding is of a superior quality and of a class worthy a place on the table of the best drawing room.

For more than a decade the books and booklets of that eminent christian scholar, speaker and author, Prof. Henry Drummond, have been highly popular in all religious circles. The death of this good man in 1897 did not interfere with the circulation of his literary productions, and thousands of admirers will welcome a new and very readable volume by his fellow worker and intimate friend Cuthbert Lennox, entitled "Henry Drummond; a Biographical sketch, with Bibliography." In this interesting volume of 250 pages the author succeeds admirably in wrestling and recording in permanent form the story of Prof. Drummond's work for and with university students, as well as giving in simple but most charming narrative the outstanding facts of his remarkable life. The writer has gathered all his information at first-hand, where his personal knowledge was deficient. This interesting volume is published by William Briggs, Toronto, and well-bound in cloth, and sold at 75c. It is a volume all young people will do well to secure and profit from its careful perusal.

NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I

Thou shalt not go away from home to do thy trading, nor thy son nor thy daughter.

II

Thou shalt patronize thy home merchant and thy home printer, for yea, verily, doth not thy home printer spread over the land glad tidings of thy goodness and greatness and they shall patronize thee.

III

Thou shalt employ thy own mechanics that they may not be driven from their homes to find food for their little ones, thou shalt also consider him as thy neighbor, above them that dwelleth in a strange town.

IV

Thou shalt not ask for credit as the goods cost much money, and the merchant's brain is burdened with bills.

V

Thou shalt not ask for reduced prices for the "influence," for behold gold is in thine heart and the merchant reckoth it like an open book. He laugheth thee to scorn and shouteth to his "ha, ha!"

VI

Thou shalt do whatever lieth in thy power to encourage and promote the welfare of thine own town and thine own people.

VII

Thou shalt not suffer the voice of pride to overcome thee, and if other towns entice thee, consent thou not, for thou mayest be deceived.

VIII

Thou shalt spend thy earnings at home that they may return from whence they came and give nourishment to such as may come after thee.

IX

Thou shalt not bear false witness against the town wherein thou dwelleth, but speak well of it to all men.

X

Thou shalt keep these commandments and teach them to thy children to the third and fourth generation that they may be made to flourish and grow in plenty when thou art laid to rest with thy fathers.—*Exchange.*

DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION.

"Travelling on another fellow's pass is sometimes a dangerous thing," said a well-known man. "Not long ago I had occasion to go out of town and borrowed a pass from a friend of mine who is a physician in addition to being one of those favored by the railroad for political reasons. The conductor took up the pass, with the others, for over night, as is the custom, and I thought everything was all right. But about three o'clock in the morning I was aroused from a sound slumber in my berth by some one shaking me. I looked up startled. It was the conductor.

'Sorry to disturb you, doctor,' he said, 'but there's a man in the car very sick. Won't you take a look at him?'

'Here's a pretty fix,' thought I. 'But I'll have to make the bluff good or forfeit the pass.' So I got up, slipped on my clothes and looked at the patient. He was breathing heavily, I felt his pulse, solemnly measured it by my watch and then said, as though I knew just what ailed him, 'Is there anyone here who has a flask?' I had half a dozen offers in a minute. 'Give him two teaspoonsfuls of whisky every ten minutes,' said I, 'and bathe his head with ice water.' I knew that prescription wouldn't hurt him, anyway. After the first dose the patient rallied, and I was just congratulating myself when the conductor came up with another passenger.

'Here's a fellow physician, doctor,' he said. 'Perhaps a consultation will be in order.'

I shook hands with the newcomer, trembling in my boots. 'What have you given him doctor?' he asked sharply. I told him. 'Excellent,' he said. The patient got better, and the next morning when we had alighted at Pittsburg, the joke being too good to keep, I made a clean breast of it to the physician. He laughed. 'So you're not a doctor at all, eh?' he said. Then he laughed again and looked about him cautiously. 'Say, old man,' he said in a whisper, 'that's a good one. Neither am I.'"

WHEN THE SALOON WILL GO.

The saloon is doomed as soon as Christians touch elbows. As long as A. won't fight, unless the army uses swords, and B unless it uses lances, and C unless it uses muskets, and D. unless it uses pistols, the saloon forces are happy and safe.

WHIP-POOR-WILL AND KATY-DID.

Blow de night's a fallin',
An' I hyeah dy sollin'
Out upon de lonesome hill;
Sounds is moughty dreary,
Solemn-lak an' skeery,
Hayin' fu' to "Whip po' Will."
Now hit's moughty tryin',
Fu' to hyeah dis cryin',
"Deed hit's mo' dan I kin stan';
Blo' wid all our slippin'
Day's enough of whippin'
"Bout a bird a visin' any man."

In de noons o' summeh
Day's soothah hummah
Sings soothah song fo' fo'kid;
An' his tho't's a swellin'
Wid de joy o' lettin',
But he says dat "Katy-did."
Now I feels unsuitain;
Won't you raise de sa'tain
Ovah all de things dat's hid?
Why dat feathah'd p'ach
Goes erbout a visin'
Whippin' Will w'en Katy did?

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

WHY WOMEN DON'T GET RICH.

Nearly every women wants to be rich, but she has vague ideas of how she should go about making money. She reads in some newspaper about some woman who has been successful in stock operations, and the first spare cash she gets she invests in stock with some curbstone broker. Ninety-nine times out of every hundred she loses her savings. Then she's discouraged, and believes that it's not possible for women to make money. She resigns herself to keeping house for the rest of her life, and her career as a capitalist is ended.

This women went about her task in the wrong way, and so does nearly every other woman who starts out to become rich. Those men who say that no women in ten has the money-making instinct are very nearly always right. Women like to spend money, but they don't know how to make it. If they could become rich in a day, or a month, all would try, but they can never make up their minds to work years to accumulate a fortune, as men do. Women would much rather spend than earn.

And, because women spend so much, they are hardly ever in the field for investing when the chance comes along. No person can invest unless he has the wherewithal. Most great fortunes have been started by men who saved and saved and saved, and finally had a few hundred or a few thousand dollars to invest whenever the opportunity should come. There are many women who earn good salaries, and who might lay by a few hundred dollars a year, if they were so minded. But this is not the way of women. They spend every cent they make, and in most cases have their monthly salary all spent before it's in their hands. As long as women won't save we're not likely to have many women millionaires in this country.—Mrs. Hetty Green, in *Success.*

THE DIRECTOR SAW THE POINT.

A railway director, who can take a joke as well as he can give one, is the good-natured subject of the following story:

One of the employees of the road made application to him for a pass, in order that he might go home to visit his family.

"You are in our employ?" asked the director.

"Yes, sir."

"And you receive your pay regularly?"

"I do."

"Well, let us suppose that you were working for a farmer. Would you expect your employer to take out his horses every Saturday night and drive you home?"

"No, sir," answered the man, without a moment's hesitation. "I should hardly expect him to do that; but if the farmer had his horses out and was going my way, I should think he was a pretty mean man if he refused to give me a lift."

And the more the director thought of it the more it seemed to him that his question had been very satisfactorily answered. The man got his pass.

A SLIGHT DEFICIT.

A weather stained, creaking wagon drew up in front of a photographer's establishment in a Georgia town. Beneath its body a lean hound came to a standstill. A man clad in jeans trousers, home spun shirt and gilless of coat or vest emerged from the vehicle's anterior extremity. Setting his soft slouch hat on the back of his head, he adjusted his lone gallus and gave the lines to the wife and baby within. Behind these, from the dome of canvas beyond, peered big eyed and solemn, numerous editions of the Lord and Master.

Entering the shop, the stranger paused before a case of sample photographs and, pointing to one, said, "Mister, what d'yer charge for takin pictures like that?"

"Three dollars a dozen," replied the clerk.

Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he turned thoughtfully toward the waggonful of offspring. "Waal, I reckon I'll have ter wait a bit, he said softly to himself. "Jain't got but 'leven."

OFF THE TRACK.

The following story is told by a traveller about one of the local railways in Ireland:

"We were bounding along," he said "at the rate of about seven miles an hour and the whole train was shaking terribly. I expected every moment to see my bones protruding through my skin. Passengers were rolling from one end of the carriage to the other. I held on firmly to the arms of the seat. Presently we settled down a bit quieter—at least, I could keep my hat on and my teeth didn't chatter.

There was a quiet looking man opposite me. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to appear chiberful, and said:

'We are going a little smoother, I see.'

'Yes,' he said, 'we're off the line now.'"

HE PASSED.

A gentleman C.——was appointed to a government post that technically was to be occupied by a lawyer which Mr. C.—— was not. The benchers of the Law Society, however, undertook to obviate the technicality, and appointed one of their number to examine him as to his knowledge of the law.

"Well, Mr. C.——," said the examiner, "what do you know about the law?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said C.——, modestly, "I don't know a single thing."

"I have examined Mr. C.——as to his knowledge and the law," the examiner stated in his affidavit, "and to the best of my knowledge and belief he answered all the questions entirely correctly."—*Tit-Bits.*

The strong eat well, sleep well, look well. The weak don't. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the weak strong.