The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVII.---NO. 19. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 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	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	25.00	20.00	12.00	4.50
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes 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. P. GREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton. Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 4 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH. L. R. C. & 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 2 to 5 p.m. SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S., DENTIST, ACTON. Office over McKee's Drug Store. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. VISITING DAYS—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood. The latest anæsthetic 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 $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 202, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

Acton Pump Works

Main Street, Acton.

If you are in need of a good Pump, either in wood or iron, come to Acton Pump Works.

—Cisterns Made—
—All Repairs Promptly Attended to—
—Wells Cleaned—

THE CHICAGO AGRIMOTOR

Is acknowledged the lightest running and best windmill manufactured. I am agent for this district. Call and investigate before you buy.

T. EBBAGE, Main Street, Acton.

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, 1 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

Travellers' Samples

of a fine lot of
Ladies' Purses,
Card Cases,
Wallets for Bills,
Photo Cases,
Shopping Bags,
In Seal and Crushed Morocco Calf and Alligator.

BIG SNAPS.

First comes gets the best.

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
F. H. WALLACE, Manager.

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

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN 1831 Seventy-second year 1902
The ONLY Agricultural NEWSpaper,
AND ADMITTEDLY THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL OF THE WORLD.
Every department written by specialists, the highest authorities in their respective lines. No other paper pretends to compete with it in qualifications of editorial staff. Gives the agricultural NEWS with a degree of completeness not even attempted by others.
INDISPENSABLE TO ALL COUNTRY RESIDENTS. WHO WISH TO KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES.
Single Subscription, $1.50;
Two Subscriptions, $2.50;
Five Subscriptions, $6.00.
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS to RAISERS OF LARGER CLUBS.
Four Months' Trial Trip 50 cents.
SPECIMEN COPIES will be mailed free on request. It will pay anybody interested in any way in country life to send for them. Address the publishers:
LUTHER TUCKER & SON
Albany, N. Y

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 KNIFE KOYON

Sun Savings and Loan Co.
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, O
Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00
Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 all in—maturity value $100.00.
Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to
R. J. McNabb, Agent, Acton

—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, 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.

Bond & Co.,
GUELPH,
FOR
Mechanics Tools.
"Starrett Tools are the Tools. They are guaranteed accurate. Our stock includes Micrometers, Callipers, Thread Gauges, Hacksaws, Combination Squares, Centre Gauges, Rules, etc.
Special Tools procured on short notice. Enquiries promptly attended to.
Our prices are always right.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

A Few Good Things.
First of all—we buy all kinds of grain, and pay the very highest price in cash.
We also buy Wool, Hides and Skins.
We sell Oatmeal by sack, half sack and pound, Goldie's and Horton's Flour, Bbl. Salt, Oilcake, Flax, Etc.
A Whip for 10c to 50c.
Also Blankets, Rubber Rugs, Etc.
A Wheelbarrow for $3—A r.
Call and are what we are doing.
GEO. J. THORP,
GRAIN, FEED
FARMERS' SUPPLIES, ETC.
GUELPH & ROCKWOOD.

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.

Bread Confectionary & Fruit Store.
HAVING purchased the business lately carried on by my brother, J. C. Matthews, I beg to solicit a continuance of the generous patronage accorded him. I will continue to supply all customers with
WESTON'S and WILLIAMS' BEST BREAD, BUNS, CAKES, ETC.
Will keep a good assortment of CONFECTIONERY, and FRESH FRUITS in season.
I will endeavor to give satisfactory attention to the wants of every patron.
MRS. ANNA MADDOCK
MILL STREET, ACTON.

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

—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 5.19 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR.

Poetry.

THE THRESHER IS HEARD IN THE LAND.

The sumflow's festoons the edge of the trail
The leaf of the maple is yellow and sear
And russet the hazel that grows by the stream,
'Tis the month of November the fall of the year.
To the verge of the sky where the stubble extends,
Rich trophies of peace the stooks golden stand,
And the heart of the farmer is pulsing with joy
When the sound of the thresher is heard in the land.

In all broad cities grim want is felt
For labor gets scant share of spoil;
But on the prairie lands are found
The happy hunting grounds of toil!
Here's plenty of work and plenty of pay
And labor may full price command
Where the separator whirls all day
And the sound of the thresher's is heard.

The farm er's wife and her daughters fair
Perked in their holiday attire,
With smiles the threshers' meals prepare
To meet keen appetite's desire!
With snow white cloth is the table spread
There are savory meats, the pies are grand;
For now must dine the very kings
When the sound of thresher is heard in the land.

Wheat-laden, long the iron rails
Ever eastward speeds train on train;
The elevators everywhere
Are bursting with the yellow grain!
In every store from morn to night
The customers wait, an impatient band;
And clerk and merchant smile serene
When the sound of the thresher is heard in the land.

But not alone of our country's weal
Must man and woman busy be;
For hungry thousands must be fed
In the motherland beyond the sea;
And if between them and famine then
The toilers of the prairie stand
Well for our brothers the crops are good
When the sound of the thresher is heard in the land.

—*Harry S. Walter.*

Select Family Reading.

Dora.

THE night after his stepfather, Squire Halstead, whipped Harold Robling for a thing he had not done, Harold ran away. No one knew it but I, and I was nobody. But I thought as much of Harold as ever a human being could think of another. I knew that he was wronged, and I felt that Mrs. Robling had done a dreadful thing when she took Squire Halsted for her second husband and let him rule her, take possession of her money and ill-use her handsome boy.

I had my share of it, too, for while Mr. Robling lived, and while she was a widow I was like a daughter of the house. But no sooner had she come back from her honeymoon trip than all was altered. The squire looked at me coldly, and I heard him ask Mrs. Halstead who I was.

"Her mother died when she was born," Mrs. Halsted said, "and I took the baby to my own nursery, where Harold lay in the cradle."

"More fool you, my dear," said the squire.

"The father went away," said Mrs. Halsted, "and was lost at sea—so they said—and I kept the little girl."

"You must remember that she will need to earn her own bread," said the squire. "She is not a lady. Let the servants keep her in their part of the house and teach her her duties as waitress."

"Oh, Mr. Halstead!" cried the bride, "I cannot do that."

"My dear," said Mr. Halstead, "I am master here."

The poor lady was helpless. She had no longer any control of her own money. I was six years old, Harold the same age, and a terrible life we had of it. I was very well used in the kitchen, but I felt rather cast down and degraded. I wore big crash aprons that covered me from head to foot instead of my pretty muslin and silk dresses. I was delicate, and waiting is hard work when your wrists are slender.

Mrs. Halsted did all she could for me. I used to hear her pleading with the squire to let her send me to a boarding school to learn to be a teacher, but he called her a "little goose," and she fancied him very wise.

But for Harold I should never have known anything, as after school he used to come to me and teach me what he had learned himself.

Cook would whisper:

"That's right, Master Harold. It's a good deed you are doing. God spare you. I was never taught to rade myself, on account of an evil-minded stepfather iv me own that put me to sarvice before I could get schoolin', an I know the loss."

And no servant but would have waited in my place, for they said I was too small to carry dishes; but the cruel squire would have me come in to make sure that he was obeyed.

Mrs. Halsted really felt badly about it, I know. But two little girls came soon, and then a little boy, and soon she cared nothing for her own splendid boy, and why should she care for me?

But I am wandering away from the morning when Harold Robling, just eighteen that day, walked down the garden path in the gray morning light, and I with him, chocking down my sobs. For now the one being I loved was going away from me perhaps forever.

It was only five o'clock, and no one was up. The grass was wet with dew, and there were only a few pink streaks in the sky to tell that day was coming. We did not dare to speak until we got out of hearing of the house, but then I said:

"Oh Harold, what will you do with no money and no friends—alone in the world?"

"Many a young fellow has done the same sort of thing," Harold said. "No man with his limbs and senses needs to starve, and I mean to make my fortune. But I'd rather work in the trenches for my daily bread than to live in Squire Halsted's house, and with a mother bewitched into doing what he wishes, whatever it may be. It was a crime to make a servant of you little sister. But remember, the moment I have the power in my hands all that shall be altered. I will write to you and you shall know how I get on."

But now we had got to the wharf where he was to take a little market boat to New York, and I was obliged to leave him for he did not want the squire to find out what he had done until fairly out of reach, and, then he put his arm about my waist and kissed me.

"Goodby, little sister," he said, "goodby Dora, my pet. Keep up a brave heart and never forget to answer my letters." And he was off, and I went home weeping as though my heart would break.

There was a terrible time at the house when they found he was gone, and the squire swore he should never enter his door again. But the Squire's daughters, who hated Harold as their father did, though he was their own mother's child, said they were glad he was gone. And only I remembered him, I think, very long. A weak woman was Mrs. Halsted, and her husband had got her under his power. The way he managed her makes me think that there must be something in mesmerism or hypnotism. She seemed to have lost her senses or to have grown mortally blind, and he led her where he would.

Just about this time I fell very ill, and when I grew better the squire, knowing that I was good at my needle, made a seamstress of me. I was ashamed to say why, but it was because I looked rather stylish and was called pretty, and so many questions were asked me by guests. As a seamstress I could stay in an upper room and work. I was so thankful for the change. I could now read a little and be more to myself. I made the finery for the young ladies of the family, and no one troubled me.

Once, indeed a rich old gentleman having somehow got my story from the good old cook, sought me out and made a proposition of marriage, saying it was a shame that such an elegant little woman should live as I did. But I thanked him and declined his offer. I was not unhappy, now except that I pined for news of Harold, for in all these years no word had come from him—none of those letters he had promised. I felt sure he was dead, and it was very natural that he should forget to write; but my heart had no rest. He was twenty-six years old by this time, and in all that time much might have happened.

My pillow was often wet with tears from thoughts of him; fancies of what he had suffered, and longing to meet him, or only to see him from afar once again.

At last news came. Mrs. Halstead came running into my room wild with joy.

"News of my boy!" she said, holding a letter toward me.

"I thought you had forgotten all about him, madam," I said.

I was sorry the next moment, for she burst into tears and faltered through her sob:

"You don't know what it is to be the wife of a man who dominates your will I never have forgotten or ceased to regret other things." Then she wiped her eyes and said: "But as far as Harold goes, it is all over. He has written to me. He is rich—really rich. He has made a fortune in California, and is coming home to see me. He is in New York and will be here to-morrow. The squire is pleased, the girls are wild to see him; his little brother is delighted."

She ran out of the room again young and happy, and I sat down to my machine, swallowing a great lump that had risen in my throat.

He had not written to me. Well, I was only a servant, and he was a rich man now. They were rejoicing in his coming for that reason—the squire and his children. He was a very different person from the poor Harold Robling who went away.

"I expect he will give us lots of presents," I heard one of the girls say. "An older brother who is rich is a great thing to have. We must put him and make him good natured."

"Oh, yes," said the other. "When girls have as stingy a father as we have, a generous elder brother is a godsend."

And I—oh! if he returned in rags, begging his bread, I should have welcomed him. I cared for him, not for his money. And if he had returned poor it was I to whom he would have written, I knew well. But I tried to put the selfish thought away and rejoice for his sake that he had prosper ed, even if he had forgotten his little sister Dora.

The morrow came. As I sat at my machine I heard the sounds below that told me he had arrived. I heard his mother cry out and the squire say heartily, "Welcome home, my boy!" and his sisters squeal and giggle after the way they had. Then the great drawing-room doors closed, shutting me out.

I, who loved him so dearly, went back to my room above, uncared for, wretched! I felt as though my heart would break. I could no longer keep back my tears. Half an hour passed, then some one came to my door—a servant—who told me briefly that I was wanted in the parlor.

Trembling, quivering, and feeling as I had never felt before, I obeyed the summons. I opened the drawing-room door.

The squire stood before the fire, important as usual, one hand in the breast of his coat, the other waving toward me as he uttered these words:

"Dora, I have sent for you because master Harold has returned, and wishes to meet a faithful servant of the family."

But before the words were out of his mouth, Harold, handsomer and larger, but the same for all that—the very Harold that I knew, rushed forward and took both my hands and bent down and kissed me.

"I told you, sir," he said, "that I wanted to see Dora, the dearest thing alive to me! Such words as you utter I cannot permit you to speak as through they were mine.

You have never received any of my letters, Dora, but I have guessed why."

"I have never received a letter, Harold," I answered.

"So I thought," said he. "We will not ask who kept them from you. I have no wish to quarrel with any one. But you were my only friend years ago when I went out into the world homeless and penniless, and I have come now to ask you to share with me the home which I can offer you."

"Share your home, Harold," cried the squire, "The girl is not your sister. It would be improper."

"I am glad, sir, the girl is not my sister," replied Harold, for she is the girl I want for my wife: and here, before all, I ask her for her heart and hand, and proud I shall be if she will give them to me."

I could not answer, but he saw all I felt.

There was no quarrelling. People like the squire and his family never offended rich people, and I am the happiest woman living."

Boroids, with swollen glands, running sores, inflamed eyelids, cutaneous eruptions, yields to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

PARAGRAPHS OF INTEREST.

Strange Barometer.—A sporting friend of mine keeps some green tree frogs in a glass globe, and the children feed them on flies and other insects. In their bowl stands a miniature flight of steps, and when the frogs climb up and perch on these steps my friend leaves his mackintosh at home, being assured of fine weather. When the frogs huddle together at the bottom of the globe, then he says it is a safe sign of coming rain.—*London Sporting and Dramatic News.*

Young Man Near Eight Feet Tall.—The tallest man in the world, as he claims, has been visiting different places in Maine and has attracted great attention. His name is Edward Beaupre, and his exact height is 7 feet 10½ inches. Beaupre is twenty years of age and comes from the Province of Assiniboia, N. W. T. He is still growing and expects to reach the 8 ft. mark. He weighs 367 pounds and is a well built young man. He wears a number 21 shoe and a 21 collar, and everywhere he goes he attracts attention. In all the hotels where he has ever stopped he has never found a bed long enough to accommodate him, so two mattresses are placed lengthwise on the floor, and on these he stretches out to sleep.—Lewiston, Me., *Journal.*

McKinley's Death Anticipated.—A browser among old magazines yesterday brought to light a very peculiar case of anticipation. In No. 1, vol. 23, of *Munsey's Magazine*, published last April—mark the month—may be found an excellent illustrated article by Edwin Lefevre on Wall Street. Mr. Lefevre frequently writes articles on Wall Street, but this article is entirely descriptive. In all probability to be published in April, it was written at least two months previously. On page 34 of the article, Mr. Lefevre makes this prophecy. He is writing of the brokers and says: "They did not parade their convictions because it would not be well to encourage a general feeling of over confidence. They were justified by the event. But they took enormous, none the less. For who could guarantee that some dismal day in September—again mark the month—they might not see in huge type on the front page of the newspapers: "THE PRESIDENT ASSASSINATED." — Detroit *Journal.*

Questions.—During the session of the British Parliament that began on January 23 and ended on August 17 no fewer than 6,448 questions were asked in the House of Commons. This number has only once been exceeded in recent years at any rate namely in the session of 1893-4, when the number of questions was 6,534. But the House sat on 226 days during that session, whereas there were were only 118 sittings during the recent session.—New York *Times.*

No Ugly French Soldiers.—There happened recently at Nines, in France, an event which brought to light the existence of a clause in the military enlistment act which, up to the present time, it would seem, had not been put in force. A recruit of the year of 1900 presented himself at the military depot to enter upon his term of service. He was a strong well built strapping fellow, but his features were singularly repulsive. His astonishment was less profound than his satisfaction when he heard from the army medical officer that they constituted a cause for exemption from service, and that he was therefore free to return to his home. The clause under which he received his liberty is that of No. 73, which reads: "Extreme ugliness, resulting from a faulty conformation of the features in want of proportion between them, either through atrophy on the one side or the lack of sympathy between the two, justifies the relegation of the recruit to the auxiliary service, or even to total exemption.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

SHORT AND SOUR.

There had been a small bank failure and the bank had gone into the hands of a receiver. The receiver had proved to be dishonest and had absconded with what remained of the funds of the institution. Expert detectives, however, were on his track, and he was run to earth in a mountain town and taken back, to the scene of his financial exploits.

It was after midnight when the detectives arrived with their prisoner, and Mr. Means, the principal depositor in the bank and therefore the principal loser, was awakened at his home and informed by telephone of the capture.

He expressed his gratification and went back to bed.

Shortly afterwards he was aroused to receive another telephone message to the same effect but from a different source.

"Thanks, but I heard of it already. Good night!"

And again he sought his couch.

About two o'clock he was awakened a third time. The telephone bell was ringing.

In no gentle frame of mind he answered it.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" responded a voice through the telephone. "Is that Mr. Means?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Mr. Means, this is Deputy Sheriff Jones. We've caught that runaway receiver. Is there anything you'd like me to do personally in the matter?"

"Yes!" roared Mr. Means. "Hang up the receiver!"

And he was not disturbed again.

SAVED HIS DOG.

Some time ago there was a shipwreck at St. Margaret's Bay, England, and the life-line brought sailor after sailor to shore amid the cheers of the rescuers. At last only the captain remained on board. The line was ready, the signal was given, but the answering jerk did not come. Again and again, for a quarter of an hour, the question passed along the rope without reply. At last when hope was nearly dead, the signal came, and the captain was hauled dripping ashore. He picked himself up, drew a small, wet, quivering dog from his breast pocket and set it tenderly down. Then he looked round and said in simply apology: "I couldn't find the little fellow anywhere."

CAUGHT.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed, impatiently, "we'll be sure to miss the first act. We've been waiting a good many—minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he replied, rather tartly.

"Ours?" she cried, joyfully. "Oh, George this is so sudden!"

THE BIRTH OF A FAMOUS HYMN.

In the November issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal* Cleaveland Moffitt tells how the greatest of all singing evangelists, Ira D. Sankey, came to give the world a hymn that will live long after his voice is stilled. It was during Moody and Sankey's first visit to Great Britain. As they were entering the train in Glasgow, Mr. Sankey bought a copy of a penny religious paper called, *The Christian Age*. Looking over it his eye fell on some verses, the first two lines of which read thus:

"Ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold."

"Mr. Moody," exclaimed Mr. Sankey, "I have found the hymn that I've been looking for for years."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Moody.

"It's about a lost sheep."

Two days later, in Edinburgh, they held a great meeting in the Free Assembly Hall. As Doctor Bonar finished, Mr. Moody leaned over the pulpit and asked the singer if he had not a solo for the occasion. The thought of the verses he had read in the penny paper came to Mr. Sankey's mind, and opening his scrap book, in which he had pasted the clipping, he placed it before him on the organ, and after a moment of silent supplication, struck a full chord and began to sing. He composed it as he went along. What he sang was the joy that swelled in his own soul, hope that was born, the love for those who needed help. Thus he finished his first stanza.

Then as he paused and played a few chords waiting to begin again, the thought came to him: "Can I sing the second stanza as I did the first? Can I remember the notes?" And concentrating his mind once more for the effort he began to sing. So he went on through for five stanzas and after the services he put the melody into music.

VARIETIES.

Among the large number of guests invited to a dinner party, were a young widow and a newly-married lady, the wife of a British officer, who had lately been called to his post in India.

An old squire was asked to take the widow to dinner, but by mistake he thought that his partner was the newly married lady.

Walking along the corridor, the young widow, fanning herself, said: "It is very warm here."

"Yes," said the squire, "but not nearly so warm as the place your husband has gone to."

After being landed by a girl who has been angling for him, a man naturally feels like a fish out of water.

"Are your mother's slippers felt?" asked the visitor.

"Are they felt?" echoed the youngster who had just returned from the woodshed, "well I should think they were."

SOME USES FOR MILK.

From the casein derived from milk by coagulation, we are told by L'Industrie Laitiere (Paris), is now made an artificial ivory known as lactite, from which are manufactured billiard balls, toothbrush handles, combs, etc. The same journal informs us that by treatment of the same casein "certain manufacturers prepare a paste or powder that can be used instead of eggs in some kinds of cookery, while costing only half as much. The casein combined with alkaline bases makes hydraulic cement. The curd is cut into bits, which are dried rapidly and then finely powdered. The powder is mixed with twenty per cent of pulverized quicklime. Finally, curdled milk has been for some time used in whitewashing buildings to prevent scaling. For this purpose it is mixed with lime as as to make a thick liquid. Lactorine is a preparation of almost pure casein, which, dissolved in ammonia, is used to thicken colors employed in cotton printing."

IT LOOKS SUSPICIOUS.

Uncle Geebaw—I've been sittin' a lot o' long typewritten letters about patent machines lately, an' Bary's mad as hops!

Abe Chinwhiskers—What's she mad about?

Uncle Geebaw—Why, she don't see how I come tew get them unless I got tew flirting with the pretty typewriter gals that wrote them when I was tew New York last!

TOO SMART.

"Huh!" ejaculated Mr. Rox after reading his morning mail. "Our boy's college education is making him too blame smart."

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Rox.

"I wrote to him the other day that I thought it would be kinder for me not to remit the check he asked for. Now he writes, "Dear Father, I shall never forget your unremitting kindness."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

How to Keep the Baby Healthy and Happy—Avoid the So-called Soothing Medicines.

Every mother is naturally solicitous as to the health of her children, but not everyone treats their little troubles in the right way. The so-called soothing remedies are still used altogether too much, although physicians have preached against them for many years. The fact that they put children to sleep is no sign that they are helpful. On the contrary, soothing drugs are dangerous and distinctly harmful. At the slightest sign of ill health or disorders, give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine is purely vegetable, and is guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. For indigestion, sour stomach, colic, constipation, simple fever, diarrhoea, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, there can be no better or safer remedy than this. Baby's Own Tablets are a sweet pleasant little tablet which any child will take readily, and dissolved in water, may be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Mothers who have used these tablets cheerfully testify to the benefit their little ones have derived from them. Mrs. R. L. McFarlane, Bristol, Que., says:—"In my estimation Baby's Own Tablets have no equal as a medicine for little ones. In case of children teething I would not be without them on any account, as they keep my baby happy and healthy." Druggists sell them, but if you cannot find them conveniently, send 25 cents direct to us and we will forward a box by mail prepaid. The Dr. Williams Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

Every mother should have our valuable little book on the care of infants and young children. Sent free for the asking.

THE NORTH LAND'S WELCOME.

We of the strong young nation, that dwelleth over the sea,
Stretch out our hands in welcome, of the North, O Prince, to thee;
Come, see our mighty wheat-fields bowed with their weight of grain,
Our wondrous stretch of forest reaching from main to main.
Hear how the cataract thunders its voice across the land,
Bidding our foes have caution, an' ever we raise our hand;
Hark, how its echo drifteth forever full and free
Till it fades, and fading dieth, in the depth of the troubled sea!
Naught have we of the clamour of England's millions' feet;
We cannot raise so big a cheer, as they, thy face to greet;
But from the ice-bound Arctic, where the lonely hunter dwells;
From the cliffs of the rocky mountains; where the screaming sea-gull swell;
Yes, from the north and eastward, from the south to the westward far,
Strong as the never-falling beam that falls from the Northern Star,
We offer love from every heart—offer it full and free,
We, of the strong young nation, that dwelleth over the sea.

—*Mz Helen Baptie Lough*

QUEEN AND THE FOOTMAN.

When Wilhelmina, the young Queen of Holland, was a little girl her father was presented by this good city of Amsterdam with a beautiful set of cups and saucers. So highly did he prize them that he at once issued orders that any one in the palace who should be so unfortunate as to break one should at once be dismissed. Not long after this order little Wilhelmina was surprised to discover her favorite footman weeping bitterly. It seemed that he had been so unfortunate as to break one of the cups in carrying it from the room in which he had been serving tea. The Princess was deeply grieved at the accident, but having discovered that the pieces were quite large and could easily be glued together she said to the footman: "If you will do exactly as I direct I will try to help you out of your trouble. You can easily glue these pieces together. This afternoon when you are serving tea bring this cup to me filled with cold tea, and I will see what I can do about it."

The footman obeyed her directions exactly. A moment after the Princess had received the cup she managed to let it fall so that it broke into thousands of pieces. The king was furiously angry. "Good by, father!" cried Wilhelmina, her arms about his neck. "I'm going. You said whoever broke a cup should be banished." Of course her father forgave her, and some little time afterwards she confessed the whole affair—only she would never reveal which of the footmen had been the real culprit.—New York *Herald.*

A Source of Annoyance.—A gentleman, coming home at evening, spoke harshly to his little three-year old, who was playing very noisely. The little lady dropped her playthings and retreated hastily to a corner. "What's the matter?" asked papa. "Well" said the child, "I've been a good girl all this day, and now you come home and make trouble the first thing."

"GIT YER HAIR CUT."

Of all the Professor Blackie used to relate the following story against himself:

As everyone knows, the genial professor was a picturesque and striking figure. A wiry framed old patriarch, with strikingly handsome features and long hair that fell in ringlets about his shoulders. Nobody having once seen him could forget him.

Passing along one of the principal Edinburg streets, he was accosted by a very dirty little street gamin with, "Shine your boots, sir?"

The urchin was very pressing, and the professor, being struck with the extreme filthiness of the boy's face, remarked:

"I don's wan't a shine, my lad, but if you go and wash your face I'll give you a sixpence."

"A' richt, sir," was the lad's reply, and going over to an adjacent drinking fountain he made his ablution. Returning, he held out his hand for the money.

"Well, my lad," said the professor, "you've earned your money; here it is."

"I dinna want it, auld chap," returned the boy with a lordly air; "ye can keep it and git your hair cut'.—*Sunshine.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

"So, Mr. Hankinson, you are going on a tour of the world?" "Yes, Miss Whitesmith." "And will you promise to write to me from every country you may visit?" "Promise? Ah! you know not how I will value the privilege. And you will really care to hear from me?" "Yes: I am collecting the postage-stamps of all countries."

A revivalist requested all in the congregation who paid their debts to rise. The rising was general. After they had taken their seats a call was made for those who did not pay their debts, and one solitary individual arose and explained that he was an editor, and could not pay while the rest of the congregation were owing him their subscriptions to his paper.

Wormwood: "I'll revah call on Miss Flyland again; no, nevah." What's the mattah?" "She insulted me, doubtless know". "How was that?" "I was standing in the hall last night with my tall hat and cape coat on, and she pwetended to take me fah the coachman and said: "Jenkins, you should stand outside or someone will steal your whip."

When a man tells a wealthy widow that she is all the world to him, he evidently believes the world owes him a living.

The Most Effective Designs Are Shown In The Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns.

Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns are the most effective and artistic designs ever shown to the ladies of Canada. These designs are colored on a very superior quality of Hootch Hessian, and show to advantage the colors that should be used when making up the mat or rug. Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns are made in the following standard sizes; 18x30 inches, 24x36 inches, 30x45 inches and 36x72 inches, and are for sale at retail dry goods stores. If your merchant cannot supply you, send a postal with your full address to the Wells & Richard Co., Limited, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, P. Q., and they will send you postpaid, sheets of designs to make your selections from before ordering.