The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVIII.---NO.13. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 25, 1902. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---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.
30 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	4.00
8 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. 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. F. & S. GLASGOW,
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC.
Office—Frederick Street - - Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Woolwich and Yorker 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. DELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
ACTON. DENTIST.
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.

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

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

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rulling 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,
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.

JOHN R. MacKENZIE
BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR.
PLANS furnished and estimates given on shortest notice.
Address—ACTON

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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 12 months, when payments cease—$60.00 paid 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

BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF CANADA.
A new issue of the Subscriber's Directory for the District of Western Ontario, including the Acton Exchange, will be issued early in September. Orders for new connections, changes of address, changes of names, duplicate entry of names, etc., should be placed at once to ensure their appearance.
A. T. Brown,
Local Manager.

SCHOOL BOOKS
..AT..
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.
All the new and late editions.
COPY BOOKS.
DRAWING BOOKS,
EXERCISE BOOKS.
Full of
School Supplies.
The newest Books and best value at
DAY'S
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA
Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,700,000
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts.
Letters of Credit, available in all parts of the world, issued at this office.
Special attention given to Farmers' Business.
MONEY ORDERS.
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.
ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

FRAMES!
FRAME
PICTURES
FRAMED
..AT..
Waters Bros.
ART STORE
GUELPH
ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE.

"The Overland Limited"
ELECTRIC LIGHTED
..TO..
CALIFORNIA
Via THE UNION PACIFIC.
THIS TRAIN REALLY IS
A First-Class Modern Hotel
WITH...
Handsome Parlors
Drawing Rooms
Bed Chambers
Boudoirs
Libraries
Smoking and Reading Rooms
Barber Shops
Bath Rooms, hot and cold water
Superbly Appointed Dining Room
Glittering with
Mirrors
Cut Glass
Fragrant Flowers
Electric Candelibra,
Promenades
Observation Rooms
Electric Lights
Telephones
Electric Reading Lamps
Perfect Heat, Etc.
Runs every day in the year.
Full Information Cheerfully Furnished on Application to
G. G. HERRING, G. A.
128 Woodard Ave.,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

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
CHICK CO AGRMOTOR
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

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.
FONG LEE HING, Proprietor

—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. F. M. JONES, Manager.

Write for Our Prices on Ice Cream Freezers ?
Any regular size from two quart to ten quart.
We like enquiries for any goods in our line.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH'S BIG HARDWARE.
GUELPH.

Good Shoes
Seasonable Prices.
We are here, to serve you faithfully and well. The whole system of our business revolves around the central point, that we sell good goods at reasonable prices. The day of large profits is gone. Sudden fortunes are not often made honestly. We are content with the moderate rewards that come from a large trade well managed. Come and talk Shoes with us; we can't discuss politics, but we are full of ideas on foot gear. We sell all Lines and suit all Customers.
W. WILLIAMS.
The Shoe Man.
Mill Street - - - Acton

ICE CREAM--
ICE CREAM SODA.
Yes, we have your favorite flavor in Ice Cream Soda, we feel pretty sure. Come in and try them.
Crushed Fruits: the best of extracts. We give special attention to those little details which mean so much in giving you satisfaction. Drop in any time and get a refreshing drink.
Fresh Candies.
Fresh Candies of all kinds. In this line too, we can please you.
Bread, Cakes and Pastry.
There are not many things in the line of Baking that cannot be got here. Just as cheaply as they can be made at home. Try a loaf; we leave the argument to the Bread.
T. STATHAM & SON
Bakers and Grocers.
MAIN ST. - - ACTON

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.

—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

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDRILL Proprietor
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to enable us to repair to interchange and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. New spring and tiling done. ... m

Poetry.

HIGH CULTURE ON THE FARM.

Our Mary Jane has been to school
(she calls it "Femal college")
To get the hang of languages and
other kinds o' knowledge;
We scrapped and shaved to put her
where we thought it best would
pay,
Her mother making butter, her daddy
raking hay:
We sent her for a four-year term, we
wanted her to get
Eddicational advantages—she has 'em
you can bet,
She'd learned a heap of other things
(it's them that makes the fuss):
She ain't content to know herself, but
wants to teach to us.

Since Mary Jane's been home from
school you'd scarcely know the
place:
The old-time parlor fixings has got
their "knap dee grace",
The sampler that my mother worked,
the hair wreaths slater made,
The new rag carpet Mandy sewed
(she'd barely got it laid)
The haircloth sofa, chairs to match,
the all had got to go,
For Mary Jane decided they were
scarcely "comin ell fow!"
The new purchases of shelf and beads
(they took a year to make),
But they're banished to the garret for
"higher culchuree's sake".

Since Mary Jane's been home from
school (would puzzle any man,
To name the things we get to eat and
as for me I swan,
I never go to table without offering
up a prayer,
That when I get to heaven, they'll
feed me farmer's fare,
For the "ragoos," and the "entries,"
the "horse dee overs," too,
Ain't near as satisfying as pork and
turnip stew;
And the "trifles" and "suffles," the
jollies and the cakes,
Don't fill a feller like the pies that
Mandy used to make.

And then again our manners,
they mayn't be "up to snuff,"
But still for me an' Mandy they was
always good enough;
But Mary Jane, "Lord bless us!" finds
fault from morn till night,
There ain't a thing we do or say we do
or say it right.
It's true we brought it on ourselves,
and yet it's awful sad,
I'm clear worn out with listening, and
Mandy's just as bad,
Some day if we drop off the perch
Just write it on our graves,
"They died from 'higher culchuree'
and a'learning to behave."

HELEN COMMEE.

Select Family Reading.

For Ella's Sake

"WHAT have you got to say to me?"

Nothing.

"Why did your send for me?"

A flush of red rose to her face. "I thought yesterday, when I wrote, that I had something to say, but now—"

"You have changed your mind Miss Austin? That is a woman's privilege and you have used it ruthlessly."

"Yes I know. Forgive me. I meant to do my best."

He frowned and his expression was not good to see.

"Her best." And this is what she had done.

Last spring he had thought himself one of the happiest men alive, engaged to be married to this girl—Eva Austin; he loved her passionately and believed her to be the ideal type of womanhood, high principled, truthful, gentle—in fact, almost faultless.

One day, a few months ago, she had written to break off her engagement, a short letter which was a masterpiece of polite reserve and feminine cruelty. She regretted if she had caused him any pain—Oh, yes, regrets cost nothing she was unscious of the honor that he had paid her * * * she wished to remain his friend * * * she returned his ring.

Captain Humphrey travelled many miles to demand an explanation of his affianced wife. He was refused admittance, his letters were returned unopened by her sister—Eva was ill and could not write. The truth stared him in the face; in plain English he had been hopelessly jilted. Then he vowed to forget Eva Austin's existence and congratulated himself upon his freedom from domestic ties.

To-day, as he stood in the parlor of the hotel to which she had summoned him, he had so far overlooked his determination to forget her existence that his anger was waxing fierce against her. Why had she brought him here? To be made a fool of a second time? No, and a thousand times no.

"If you did your best, Miss Austin, may I ask what your worst would have been?"

She moved quickly, almost as if he had struck her.

"I cannot explain. If you knew how it all happened you might perhaps think a little better of me."

He stood bolt upright, speechless. He was struggling with his pride; in his heart of hearts he was longing to take her in his arms, to tell her that for him she was the only woman in the world with all her faults.

Her faults. They were unpardonable.

"I should be glad to think well of any lady," he said at last, lightly, "more especially of a lady who once honored me with her friendship."

"Yes," she said gently, it was because of that friendship that I wrote. I have a favor to ask you. Now—it is not necessary. I am sorry."

There was a brief silence, then she said:

"There are changes in our family, Ella is going to be married; the engagement is very sudden, it was only settled this morning."

(Ella was the younger sister of whom she had so often been jealous in those forgotten days.)

"Allow me to congratulate."

He bowed and turned to go: the interview was a farce.

At the door she stopped him. "Do you start to-morrow?"

"Yes, Miss Austin."

"Goodby. We, that is Ella and I, wish you a happy return."

Considering their former intimacy, this was barely the farewell that good manners demanded, nothing more.

His hand was on the lock. Something else she said, her voice was almost inaudable, "I will pray for you."

He shut the door quietly, there should be no melodramatic display of temper on his part. Arrived at the bottom of the stairs, he raised his hat. Had he left his purse or his watch in that room no power on earth would have sent him back—but his hat.

He ran back hastily and knocked. There was no answer. So much the better. He entered the room and seized this property. Turning to go, he heard the rustle of drapperies. She was there, standing on the spot where he had left her, with her hands clapped to her face.

* * * * * * *

Under the cold star-lit sky he had lain for hours. The fight was over. In the distance he could discern the figures of the wounded and the dead.

The victory was with his men—so much he knew before he fell. And now, patience. They would find him by and by. If not, then the end could not be far off, not very far. Patience. The stars flickered and faded. He saw a room, with pale pink walls, flowers, a work basket on the table; nothing escaped his notice. Eva was there, she had on a gray dress and a gold chain around her neck.

Were there tears in her eyes? There were tears in his. "I will pray for you."

That is what she said at parting, and he pretended not to hear. He saw her again praying for the man who had not condescended to accept her good wishes.

In the old days he had often smiled at her earnestness, and called her a little Puritan; in late times he had raged at her as a hypocrite.

Do hypocrites look like that?

What did it matter what he called her? His one wish now was that she should know that he died blessing her. With infinite difficulty he found his pocketbook and wrote her name on the flyleaf. His hand trembled; before the pencil slipped from his group he scrawled feebly, "God bless you Eva."

* * * * * * *

The orderly brought a bundle of letters into the tent which had been hastily converted into a hospital. The men crowded eagerly around him; even Captain Humphrey, who was dangerously wounded, turned an anxious face toward the messenger.

The Captain recognized the shape and color of the envelope that was brought to the bedside; the handwriting, too, was familiar. It was Ella Austin's.

"Now that I am happily married I must free my conscience and tell you our secret. Think as badly of me as you can. Eva sacrificed herself for me. I told her that I cared for you, that is why she wrote that letter. Afterward, when she was ill, I sent back your letters without her knowledge."

The line jumped up and down before the sick manis eyes; he read on:

"Eva wanted to put things right between you and me; that is why she sent for you before I left. Didn't you guess? She found out her mistake before you came, and took all the blame on herself to shield me. You will never forgive me; I shouldn't, but I can't bear to to think that you are still misjudging her."

* * * * * * *

"Will he pull through, Doctor?" asked a young officer that night. He it was who found the captain and brought him into shelter.

"Pull through? Yes, now that his mind's at rest."

"What's he been worrying about?"

"What do we all worry about, eh?"

The officer did not answer—he wasn't going to tell his secrets to the wily doctor.

"The first night he wanted to risk his life writing or dictating letters home. Now, I think he's satisfied with the news that to-day's mail brought him."

"He's asleep said the other in a whisper; "and say, doctor, he's got a letter tucked away under his pillow."

ANTIDOTE FOR ALCOHOL.

Alcohol and apples are a real antidote to each other. I have never forgotten the first Band of Hope lesson I heard as a lad of eleven. The speaker told the children that all the people he had known had loved beer, as they could no longer enjoy eating an orange, or an apple, and that the same loss was incurred by smokers of tobacco, the fine glands of the palate being coarsened and deadened. Years afterwards one of the most popular of provincial preachers confessed to me that he was unable, through the same habit of constant smoking, to distinguish the flavor of an apple from that of a pear. On the other hand, if a drinker is determined to cure himself of the relish for drink he cannot secure any better natural aid than he will get by taking apples as a solid part of his food. The malic acid tells wonderfully on the liver and other secreting organs. It acts as a powerful antagonist to alcohol. One is an infidele to the other. A lady in London has made it a practice to offer apples to men she sees in the habit of tippling with the result often that a man who would eat an apple did not care at the time to go on drinking. Apples and alcohol will not agree.

HE BROKE IT GENTLY.

German Student (who has consumed a full dinner at the college restaurant, diffidently, to the proprietor) "I find I haf no money in dese trousers pockets."

Proprietor (after an expressive pause)—"Oh, well, I suppose you can pay me when you have your others on."

German Student—"But I have no other trousers!"

THOUGHT HE WAS JOKING.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, relates an experience that shows what strange freaks of chance sometimes happen. Dr. Hillis, together with a number of other American preachers and many professors, was attending an educational conference in Edinburg, Scotland. There were visitors from all over the world. At a banquet given by the Scotchmen to their guests Dr. Hillis found himself seated next to a heavy-browed professor of metaphysics of one of the Scotch universities.

Finding that his neighbor was from New York, the professor began to ask questions.

"I know America is quite a large country," he said, "and I know Chicago is quite a long distance from your home, but I have had some correspondence with Prof. B., of that city and thought you may have chanced to know him?"

"I know him very well," replied the Brooklyn preacher. "There he sits at the next table, the third man from the end of the other side."

"Well, well! How remarkable!" exclaimed the Scotchman, with a rather incredulous glance at his companion.

"I have also had some correspondence with Prof. C., of the University of Michigan," continued the metaphysician. "I guess you know nothing of him."

"On the contrary, I know him quite well. There he is over near the corner of the room, the man with the whiskers and gold spectacles."

This was too much of a coincidence for the Scotchman's credulity. He was plainly suspicious and inclined to be nettled.

"I suppose," said he, rather stiffly, "that this is American humor and you are making game of me?"

"Not at all," said Dr. Hillis, "I am giving you only facts."

"Very remarkable! Very remarkable!" exclaimed the professor. "Well sir, I have had relations with one other American. I presume you know him also?" There was a note of sarcasm in his query.

"Who is he?"

"He was a minister somewhere near New York. A certain Dr. Hillis."

"Yes," said the other, tapping himself on the breast. "I am Dr. Hillis."

With a snort of indignation the Scotchman pushed back his chair and fled from the room. American humor had been carried too far.

VARIETIES.

By patient and loving endurance of annoyances we are preparing ourselves gradually for the discipline of trials.—Dean Goulburn.

When you get so that it takes great big troubles to trouble you and little bits of things to make you happy, then you are on the right road.—White's Sayings.

In one of the Cleveland public schools the teacher said to the class in English composition: "I wish every member of the class would write out a conversation between a grocer and one of his customers, introducing some pathetic incident or reference." Among the compositions handed in was the following, by a little girl: "What do you want?" asked the grocer. The lady answered: "A pound of tea." "Green or black?" asked the grocer. "I think I'll take black," she said, "It's for a funeral."

The Bishop of Norwich tells a pleasant story against himself. He was one day walking in the suburbs, when a little girl of about eight or nine asked: "O please, sir, will you open this gate for me?" The Bishop, smiling on the demure little maiden, held back the gate for her to pass through, and when she thanked him with a sweet smile, he asked her if she was not big enough to open the gate herself. "O, yes, sir, she replied, sweetly "but you see the paint is wet and I should have dirtied my hands."—Tit-Bits.

A girl on leaving school should aim for success. Do not select a calling that is beyond you. It is better to be a good housekeeper than a poor teacher. It is better to be a good stenographer than an inferior lawyer. It is better to be an efficient nurse than an inefficient doctor. Perhaps the more ambitious calling will bring a slight notoriety in the begining, but if a girl wishes to take a worthy place in the world she must not only follow her bent, she must consider whether she has strength for the long race.—Temple Bailey.

NOT WHOLLY COMPLIMENTARY.

A certain Mrs. Malaprop, who lives in a large eastern city, is noted for her skill in unconsciously embarrassing other people while she herself remains perfectly at ease. Not long ago she was introduced to two sisters, young ladies who had long been known to her by name, though she had never met them.

"Now, my dears," she said, addressing them collectively, with her usual bland smile, and regarding them earnestly through her glasses, "I have often heard of the bright and the handsome Miss Ratcliffe. Now I am so glad to meet you both, and I want you to tell me at once which of you is the bright and which the handsome one?"

On another occasion she was dining with her nephew and his young wife, who had just set up housekeeping. The dinner did not go off so smoothly as the young couple had hoped, and the cooking was by no means perfect. The hostess unwisely began to murmur apologies, and her husband joined in, half-laughing, in reference to his wife's youth and inexperience.

"Don't say another word, my dear children," interrupted their kind-hearted guest. "I can assure you I've eaten a great deal worse dinners than this in the course of my life; a great deal worse. Yes," she added, meditatively, "I've eaten some pretty bad dinners, you may be sure!"

WORKINGMEN AND STRONG DRINK.

Rev. K. L. Wiseman, the English Wesleyan fraternal delegate to the recent General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, said that his observations led him to believe that the English artisan is not one whit behind the American artisan in skill, but that the evident effects of the use of strong drink are far more apparent in the English workingmen than in the American workingmen. We repeat this remark without any fear that the workingmen of America will be unduly exalted by it, for the close proximity of the saloons to the shops and mills in our manufacturing towns is sufficient to bring down any loftiness of feeling which may throb in the breast of any American workingman; and, then, there is a lesson which certainly points to greater improvement here. Mr. Wiseman was of the opinion that the church is to do better work for the economics of the nation. It must do stronger work for temperance. Instead of dreaming that we are better than our neighbors, the American churches should only use what has been done as the stepping stone upon which to stand while much better work is done. We wish workingmen everywhere would read the reason which appears to one of the keenest Englishmen who has recently travelled in this country as the cause of the boasted advantage of American manufacturers over those of other countries.—We are rapidly forging to the front as a nation of commercial interests around the world; one chief factor in making this possible is the skill and ability of the workingmen. Mr. Wiseman thinks they are no more intelligent than the same class of men in England, but they do not drink as heavily, hence they are able to do better work.—Wesleyan Methodist.

OFFICERS' DIFFICULTIES.

An inexperienced military officer is sure to encounter grave difficulties in the practical management of soldiers in the field. A reporter represents a scene at a general inspection of a volunteer battalion, in which Lieutenant Tompkins—an excellent fellow, but a poor soldier—is called out to show the general and the public what he knows. Says the general:

"Now, sir, you have the battalion in quarter column, facing south. How would you get it into line in the quickest possible way, facing north-east?"

"Well, sir," said Lieutenant Tompkins, after fruitless consideration, "do you know, that's what I've often wondered!"

This officer's ingenuity was not equal to that of Abraham Lincoln, when he was a captain of Illinois Volunteers in the Blackhawk War. It is related that during this campaign Lincoln once had his company marching in a column twenty feet wide, when he was suddenly confronted with a high fence with an open gate, through which only one man could pass at a time. He had no idea of the proper way to get his men into single file, so he halted the company and said:

"This company is dismissed. But it will come together immediately after getting through that gate!"

CLERK WAS IMITATIVE.

He was a new clerk in a grocery store, having had no previous experience in that line. His employer was instructing him in his new work.

"Always when you are selling goods give them a good recommendation," he said. At this moment a lady entered the store. "Watch me," the employer said.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith; what can I do for you this morning?"

"Have you got any canned peas?" said she.

"Oh, yes," said he, taking down a tin, "and they have the flavor of the pea right from the pod."

"Give me three cans, please?"

"Now," said the employer. "I hope you observed me closely. Here comes another customer; you wait on her and I will watch you in the background."

"Good morning," said the nervous clerk; "what can I do for you this morning?"

"Have you any canned pigs' feet?"

"Oh, yes," said he, taking down a tin, and they have the flavor of the pig right from the pen." Needless to say he did not sell his goods, and shortly afterwards his employer was advertising for a new clerk.

INTERESTING THE INDIFFERENT.

A young man once applied to a dry goods merchant for the position of clerk. The merchant said: "I want a clerk to sell goods to people who do not want to buy." It is very easy to interest people in preaching, in Bible study, in Christian work, who want to be interested. But there are many people who do not want to be interested, who are afraid, if they get interested, that they will be obliged to give up some of their pleasures. There is in our time too much lamenting over the fact of the fewness of those who come to prayer meeting and church services, and too little laying of wise plans for those who do not want to come, for fear they will be interested and converted. Our need to-day is to interest those in Christianity who do not want to be interested.

GENERAL HUMIDITY.

The following delightful bit of warm-weather dialogue is from Rev. S. Baring-Gould's recent "Book of the West:"

"Aw, my! Ian't it hot?"

"Ay!"

"Proposition be' running all over me."

"Proposition! Ya'm no schollard! I be breakin' out in Presbyterians."

That tired feeling is a burden you need not carry. Hood's Sarsaparilla will rid you of it and renew your courage.

LOVE AND ARITHMETIC.

He was teaching Eliza arithmetic,
He said that was the mission;
He kissed her once, he kissed her
twice:
He said, "Now that's Addition."

And so he added smack to smack,
With joyful satisfaction;
And soon he took a few from her,
And said, "That is Subtraction."

And still they sat there, side by side,
In mutual admiration:
He said, while paying back tenfold,
"This is Multiplication."

But papa came; he raised his foot,
And snorted in derision;
The chap struck earth three
mealows off:
Pa said, "That's Division."

A LEGAL NUT CRACKED.

An English writer gives a good example of those quibbles in legal practice that have a sort of fascination for some minds. Some years ago, while travelling on the Continent he met the principal lawyer for the government of one of the principalities, who told him of a curious legal question. It had reference to a railway station at the boundary between two principalities. Some one standing outside the window of the ticket office had put his hand through and robbed the till inside. The boundary line lay between where the thief had stood and the till, so that he actually was in one territory while the crime was committed in another. Here was a nice nut for the gentleman learned in the law to crack. Which of the principalities should undertake the prosecution of the culprit? At it they went in good earnest, and the arguments on either side were long and vehement, till the whole case was embalmed in many volumes. At last one side yielded so far as to say:

"We will permit you, as an act of courtesy, to prosecute, while at the same time reserving all our sovereign rights."

At this point of the recital I asked: "And how did the prosecution end?"

"Ah! that is quite another matter," said my friend. "There was no prosecution; we were only arranging what we should do when we caught the robber; but we never caught him."

BORN EQUAL

Just so long as some men have their brains in their feet and others continue to use their feet without their brains, the social and commercial inequality that prevails will continue, and the poor we will always have with us. It is a pleasing theory that all men are born equal, but the theory will not bear the light either of revelation or fact. In any case whether born equal or not, the inequality soon makes itself felt, and nine times out of ten it is an inequality originating in the use different people make of their heads.

No matter how unequal the conditions under which a man may come into the world, as soon as he finds a use for the grey matter under his hair he will begin to counteract the disadvantages of surroundings or opportunities. The man who thinks will come to the top in spite of any incubus that heredity or environment may impose upon him. The fact is that failure to use what brains they have is at the bottom of the inequality and misery of which some people complain so bitterly. When you hear a fellow growl about inequality he is either a lazy loafer or a thoughtless fool.—Confectioner.

WHY HE GAVE IT UP.

A sea captain testified that he became an abstainer from watching the effect upon his seamanship of a single glass of spirits. He had to decide, for instance, whether he could safely sail through a fog. Without the drink, he said to himself, "It will not be safe; better lie till the fog clears." He took a glass of whiskey, and at once found himself saying, "O, it is safe enough; go ahead." He at once resolved never to touch it again, for he realized that the false courage, caused by a single glass, might lead him to an act of imprudent seamanship that might involve the loss of his ship. The one glass may lead a young man to take a fatal step that he never would have taken without it.—Scottish Reformer.

TRIBUTE TO A WINDOW GARDEN.

"Faculty," as New Englanders call it, is a quality that generally exacts admiration. The Washington Post tells of an old colored man who recognized it even in the beauty of a window garden.

The window was a mass of sweet peas in bloom. The mistress of the house was looking carefully at the boxes and snipping off a few dead leaves. The old man evidently perceived that she "knew how" but perhaps he wondered how so much lovliness could come from peas.

"My Lawd!" he said, as he turned away, "of some passons was to plant a jewsharp it'd come up a planner!"

It Is a Difficult Thing to Please All The People All the Time,
MALT BREAKFAST FOOD
HAS ACCOMPLISHED THE GREAT WORK.
It Possesses All the Good Points That People Look for.
The task of pleasing all the people all the time has been fully accomplished by Malt Breakfast Food, the most delicious of all breakfast grain foods.
Malt Breakfast Food pleases young and old all the time, simply because it possesses all the good points that contribute to health. Young children thrive on it; adults find it energizing and healthful; invalids and convalescents love it it because of its fine and delicate flavor and its soothing effect on the weak stomach. It has captured all palates by its deliciousness. Your grocer sells it.