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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill and Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

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L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW,
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC.
Office—Frederick Street - - Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets,
GUELPH.
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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST,
ACTON.
Office over McKee's Drug Store.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
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The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

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OFFICE—Perryman's Block
ACTON - - - - ONT.

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Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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General Agent Confederation Life Association.
Agent Union Fire Insurance Companies.
Office Young St., Acton.

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

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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.

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

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $[illegible]
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 186, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
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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
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—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 Travelers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
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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.

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FRAME
PICTURES FRAMED
..BY..
Waters Bros.
ART STORE
GUELPH
ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE.

"The Overland Limited"
ELECTRIC LIGHTED
..TO..
CALIFORNIA
Via THE UNION PACIFIC.
THIS TRAIN REALY IS
A First-Class Modern Hotel
WITH...
Handsome Parlors
Drawing Rooms
Bed Chambers
Boudoirs
Librarys
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.
126 Woodard Ave.,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

THE..
FUR SEASON
WILL SOON BE HERE.
Everybody intending to purchase will find a complete stock of ready-to-wear Furs at Guelph's only Fur Store, where the prices, goods and style are right, made in Guelph by expert workmen. We have the stock; also the ability and faculty to now attend to orders promptly. First class work at reasonable prices. Be loyal and patronize home industry, especially when you can do better at home with your cash.
—Some people we know of are no better than a lot of Chinamen in this regard. They make their money here and think it wise to send it out of town. Toronto houses especially profit by this class of people, who have to put up the cash, and in a great many cases get by far the less value. They know as well as we do that those people can do better at home, if they were wise. We want all this business if reasonable means will permit.
Orders Promptly Attended to.
Furs Remodeled.
L. N. E. LaFONTAINE
Wholesale, Practical and Retail Hatter and Furrier.
GUELPH - - - CANADA

—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. H. JONES, Manager.

For Those Who Visited the Guelph Exhibition
No 972 (in coupon drawing for Prize Lamp) is the lucky number. We want to reach No. 972.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH'S BIG HARDWARE.
GUELPH.

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

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

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS FLOUR and OATMEAL MILLS.
Best quality of Flour and Oatmeal at right prices.
Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.
Chopping every day at both mills.
HENRY HORTOP,
PROPRIETOR

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

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.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Sawfiling and gumming done.

Poetry.

HARVEST HYMN.

We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty Hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far.
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us his children,
He gives our daily bread.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

Select Family Reading.

Peg's Surprise.

JULIUS H. FLETCHER.

"YES this-all, now? A yeast-cake, darning cotton, Lettie's umbrella, this note for Minnie Mason, see when Kit's glasses will be mended—"

"And the post-office."

"Oh, I always go there, don't I? Fifty times a day, I guess. Well, if this is all?"

"Don't forget chicken corn; and it's darning wool, not cotton."

"Oh, there! I'm going. You needn't try to remember anything more, for I sha'n't get it; and this is the last time I'm going on errands. You don't give a fellow time to breathe."

Jim ran down stairs whistling; the girls heard the hall door slam, and then the front gate, and the whistling grew fainter.

"Here, Peg, run to the window, quick! He's forgotten this note to Minnie."

Peg dropped her sewing; the spools rolled across the floor. Then she stepped on the cat's tail, and Jim was out of sight and hearing when she had succeeded in opening the window and called "Jim!" half a dozen times.

"I do think," grumbled Peg, while she poked and peered after her lost spools, "that Jim is getting too careless and selfish for anything. Half the time he won't go to the village when we want him to, and then he generally forgets something. I had to wear my old brown dress to the Clarkes' the other night, because he forgot the thread for my red one; and Thursday I had to make sponge-cake, because there was no vanilla; and who should come to tea but Mr. Morgan, and you know he hates sponge-cake."

"Yes," said Lettie; and I lost the train Saturday and couldn't take a music-lesson because he didn't bring my watch back from the jeweler's."

The girls waited in indignant expectation of sympathy from their mother, who only smiled with provoking calmness and said, "Well?"

"Well!" echoed Peg. "I should say ill, very ill indeed. Do you know how many times I've darned that boy's stockings—holes as big as door-knobs playing marbles?"

"Door-knobs playing marbles! What an amusing sight," laughed the mother.

"Oh, I know," cried Peg, "it's easy to laugh."

"You don't seem to find it so," Nan broke in. "Haven't we all worked for him ever since he was a baby, just because he's the only boy? A nice brother I must say!"

"And now he says he won't even do as much as he has done! Well, I won't finish his old jersey; so I guess you'll be sorry, Mr. Jim!" and Peg jerked her needles so fiercely that she dropped half a dozen stitches.

Their mother laughed outright then. "Well, girls, poor Jim has stirred up a tempest, to be sure. But what can I do?"

"Why, tell him he must go. Aren't you his mother, can't you make him do what you like?"

"I suppose I could, but I do not like to make him do as a duty what is really a courtesy. If he does not realize that he owes you a return for your kindnesses and little favors, it lies with you to find the remedy. He has his lessons, his out-of-door work for me, and his own amusements. And are you sure you are as considerate as you might be? Didn't I hear Nan say that he forgot this and the other thing every time he went out? Nan, who forgets to put down the things she wants, and then asks Jim to go for them a second time?"

Jim came home just in time for tea. He had forgotten the wool and the dog-collar, but had the yeast-cakes with which Peg had promised to make doughnuts. When she discovered this she was in a fine rage.

"Jim Brown," she said, "you're a mean boy. Here I've been waiting all the afternoon for that darning wool. Now I can't go sailing to-morrow because I'll have to mend the stockings. And the dog-collar! Suppose you had to stay tied up for three days because some one forgot and wouldn't bring your collar home! I won't make your old doughnuts."

"All right—don't. I won't finish your chickencoops."

"Oh, very well. Your sweater isn't half done, and I don't intend to finish it," said Peg, in an icy voice.

Jim's heart sank, but he said, angrily, "Huh! don't finish it! Your—" As for Jim, there were hot and angry tears in his eyes as he walked away, whistling carelessly.

"I should think that after all I've done for those girls, Peg especially," he reflected, they might do me a favor once in a hundred years. Do they ever count the times I run to that old post-office? And as for the clerk in the dry-goods store, he asked me why I didn't come up and look over the shop. If Peg doesn't finish my sweater I'll never do another thing for her!"

But even the pleasure of revenge could not make up for the loss of his new jersey. He had hoped to wear it in the races on regatta day. Jim was justly proud of being in the athletic club crew, for he was the youngest and best man in the boat.

The Lakeville crew always rowed the Sound Crew on the fifteenth of June, and this was to be Jim's first appearance in the Lakeville boat. How would he look in his old grey jersey, far too small, and with the mended shoulder, among the seven new white ones, gay with their blue and orange monograms.

boat is half-painted, but I don't care. It will look beautifully at the regatta, won't it—one side white, the other dirty blue. Mr. Morgan will say, 'What a charmingly new idea, Miss Brown!' when he sees it. Oh, la!"

Jim's mocking laugh added new wrath to the bitter thought of not sailing her own boat in the June regatta.

His allowance was overdrawn; he was not allowed to borrow, so that buying another jersey was out of the question.

"I won't row," vowed the lad, and tried to forget it; but a cloud of gloom settled over the household in spite of the bright June weather.

Jim's time seemed to hang heavily on his hands. He could not row all day, and his own tasks were soon disposed of. He sat about, whittling and paying no attention to the girls, who by this time were at their wit's ends. Every morning it took them some time to decide who should go to the village; with that finally settled there followed a discussion as to how many things the one who went could and would bring home.

"I need only a bandbox and a bird-cage to look like a newly-arrived immigrant from the old country," cried Nan, as she came in hot and tired one day, and tumbled into a chair after throwing a pile of bundles on the table. The other girls examined everything hastily.

"You've forgotten my pattern!" cried Lettie.

"And my quinine!" groaned Kit. "Haven't you brought the bread? Then there isn't a slice in the house for lunch."

"Did you leave the order for coal?" asked mamma, mildly.

"Oh, bother!" cried Nan. "I'm half-dead. I can't go back. Where's Jim?"

"No, you don't!" scowled Jim, in the doorway, whence he had been watching proceedings. "I'm glad you've forgotten. Now you know what it's like to be sent back every day—every day!" And he nodded his head emphatically.

It was now three days before the race. All hope of having the new jersey had vanished from Jim. He had cautiously examined every box and basket in Peg's room and in the sewing-room, to see whether she had not been secretly working on it, but he found only the needles and a bank of white wool wrapped up in a towel. Hoping against hope, he had been rowing every evening with the crew, too proud to tell why he wanted to resign; and now it was too late for any one to take his place.

He had watched Peg trying to make the chicken-coops herself, and had had hard work not to do it for her, especially when she came into lunch the same day with both thumbs tied up and eyes that looked suspiciously "weepy."

"Hang it!" said Jim, "I'll do it, anyhow!" and that afternoon he finished half a dozen coops, after a hearty laugh at the rickety results of poor Peg's toil.

"I can't stand this any longer," he said to his mother that evening, as he sat with his head on her knee, "and I don't care if the girls do call me soft for giving in. I'd rather do things myself and have 'em shipshape, and I don't mind running up to the village half as much as I mind their going and getting all hot and dusty. I hate to have the girls gadding about."

The mother laughed. "Well, dear, I'm glad to have you see that revenge isn't as sweet as it at first seems to be. I think the girls have found a very thin coating of sugar on that bitterest of medicines. You're not a bit 'soft' to 'give in,'—rather brave, I should say,—and you will be much happier soon, if you are not now."

"Here's a letter from Mr. Morgan, Peg. Is he coming Saturday?"

Jim watched his sister as she read the letter which Lettie had just brought.

"Yes, I'm sorry to say he is. I wrote to him yesterday and told him not to come; but he is in Washington, and will not go home again until after Saturday, so he won't get the letter. Oh, I'll see one of the boats at the dock for the regatta; it won't matter if we do go out in an old hulk that has to be bailed with a tomato can and smells of fish and hasn't any cushions. Nobody cares, and I'm sure I don't." She tossed her head and went on sewing.

"Can't you get one of the Sanford boys to finish painting your boat?" said Nan, with much sympathy.

"Do you suppose I'd ask any one to finish another person's work? The Lassie can drop to pieces if the one who undertook to do so does not finish the repairs it needs."

Jim strolled out to the porch, apparently deaf to all these remarks; but a smile would keep twitching at the corners of his mouth.

"What did Peg say when she found the chicken-coops finished?" he asked Nan a little later, when he found her alone.

"She was glad enough, but she said she hated to have you do it."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just on principle, I guess. She's going to thank you when she feels in a dignified mood."

Friday was a busy day in the Browns' household. The lunch must be prepared for the next day's sail; Jim was away all the morning at the final trial spin on the bay. The housework had to be done as usual, and it seemed as if there never had been so many things forgotten in the village.

The girls were putting the finishing touches to some gay dresses, whose colors honored the home crew. Peg was in her room nearly all day, and after supper she retired thither and no one had a glimpse of her again that night; but Nan noticed next day that her lamp had not a drop of oil left in it.

When Jim woke that morning his disappointment came back with a fresh pang. He almost wished that it were not such a glorious day, so that the race might be put off. He dressed slowly and stood looking out of the window for some moments before he went to the closet and pulled down the old grey jersey. Something came with it—something that made Jim's eyes open much wider than usual, and drew the corners of his mouth up into a very much astonished and very happy smile.

All at once he dashed down stairs with a wild whoop, waving a beautiful new white jersey, royally embroidered, with blue and orange letters, and startled even Peg, who had been in a state of excitement for half an hour.

"Hi, Peg! You're a brick! You're an angel!"

"A brick Angel! That's something new."

"I don't care. It's something new to have a sister like you. I'm everlastingly grateful, and you won't regret it—never mind, though. I won't say anything only thank you forever."

Peg was really glad and happy, in spite of the thought of the unpainted boat.

Jim left the house after breakfast, and the rest of the family promised to be at the dock by ten promptly, so that they might get a good place from which to see the race. Everybody was in a state of excitement, rushing up and down stairs, into each other's arms, laughing, singing,—every-body but Peg.

"Never mind child," cried Nan, "you've done a noble deed. Let that console you for the suffering you endure. You've poured enough coals on that young sinner's head to leave scars for life, and I predict they will."

But Peg couldn't share this feeling and when they stopped at the station to meet Mr. Morgan on their way to the point Nan whispered, "Cheer up, old lady, the worst hasn't come yet." And if Mr. Morgan had not appeared at that moment there is no telling what might not have happened.

As it was, they all walked down to the dock, where they arrived very promptly, to find Jim waiting for them, cap in hand, and radiant in his new suit.

"Will you come on board now? The Lassie is at the float, waiting," he said.

"The Lassie!" cried Peg. "Why, I thought—"

"I know you did, my dear; so did I think I'd have to wear old clothes; but the Lassie has a new coat to add to her looks, and I've my sweater to improve my complexion and make me handsome. Equality and fraternity there, or I'm no judge." And, the happy boy gave his sister a hearty kiss wholly oblivious of the spectators.

Every one exclaimed in admiration of the Lassie's fine looks—a complete coat of white paint, new cushion covers, clean sails, a dry, white deck—everything was completely in order. And, as for Peg, well, no one knows who was the happier when the home crew won the race, she or Jim; and both claim that it was owing to the other's trying to do right.

However that may be, they have acted on the same plan ever since and everybody seems to be satisfied.

"If you want to be happy, don't be stingy with hot coals," is Nan's way of putting it.

HE COULD WAIT.

In many Scottish families the old man-servant is something of an institution. He enters the service of a particular family when a boy, adheres faithfully to his place for a long number of years, and only resigns when the infirmities are upon him. In time he becomes rather imperious in tone, and claims as his rights little things that were at first granted to him as favors. If any objection is urged to his demands he usually asserts himself with a spirit of independence.

A lady tells an amusing story illustrative of this. Her coachman—a crusty old customer, who had been in the service of the family in her father's time—gave her great trouble and annoyance on different occasions by not carrying out her instructions. At length the matter became unbearable, and she determined to see what effect dismissal would have upon him. Calling him into her presence, she said with as much asperity as she could command:

"I cannot stand this any longer, John. You must look out for another situation. You will leave my service at the end of the month."

The old servant looked at her in amusement for a minute, and then the characteristic 'loyalty' came to the surface.

"Na, Na, my lady," he said, "I drove you to the kirk to be baptized; I drove you to your marriage, and I'll stay to drive you to your funeral!"

OF KISSING.

A fond parent, blessed with a quiverful of daughters, has asked the Lancet whether it is not true that a moustache is nature's filter of the atmosphere before it passes through the mouth to the lungs, and that it absorbs and retains large quantities of noxious microbes and disease germs. He asks because, if so, "in the case of a man with a moustache imprinting a kiss on the lips of another person" the innocent might easily implant the seeds of disease and perhaps death. Thinking of these things, and of the welfare of his numerous yet expectant family, he enquires: "Should I be justified on sanitary grounds in requesting men with moustaches to desist?"

It may be doubted whether any problem of equal importance and interest has ever been pronounced since that little affair of the serpent and the apple.... The study of sanitary science, we fear, by poets too much neglected. When Marlow wrote:

"Sweet Helen make me immortal with a kiss—"

he was careless of germs. Even Ben Johnston's alternative—

"Or leave a kiss but in a cup
And I'll not look for wine,"

betrayed a culpable carelessness about microbes. Three courses, it would seem, are open to us, (1) to abolish kissing; (2) to abolish mustaches; (3) to delimit with care the sphere of influence—the territory, so to saying within which the conscientious object, or to microbe kissing need have no fear. The Lancet adopts or rather hints at the third course:

Kissing on the lips is to be avoided.

* * * * * * *

"But where—and this is the question—where is it permissible? The Lancet does not say. It makes no mention of the cheek, the forehead, or the pontifical toe. Nay, it adds, illogically enough.

A mustache is not the completely insanitary appendage that our correspondent thinks.

Why, then is "kissing on the lips" to be avoided? That, we think, is a question to which two indignant hemispheres will invite—aye, and demand—an answer...... We think it was Byron who grew lyrical about something

"Which melts like kisses from a female mouth."

and the world will not willingly let die an institution older—shall we say better?—than civilization itself and yet never so young as to-day.

THE COUNTRY BOY'S OPPORTUNITIES.

In the country, boys dream of the city and its great opportunities. They see, in their minds, enormous stores, vast libraries and reading rooms, great opportunities for self-improvement; excellent day schools and evening schools, Young Men's Christian Association, evening universities, and other institutions where seekers after knowledge may satisfy their longings. In other words to the country boy the city is a sea of opportunities.

On the other hand, the city-bred boy, who has breathed this air of opportunity from childhood, who has passed libraries and reading rooms so many times that their familiarity and commonness have taken the edge off his mental appetite for their contents, longs for the free air and wider space of the country.

If a country boy is made of the right stuff, instead of dreaming of great opportunities in the city, and longing access to better libraries and larger schools, he will try to redeem himself from the meagreness and narrowing influences of his surroundings. Every book will be to him a precious luxury, an opportunity to open a little wider the door of his narrow life. If he is determined to get on in the world, the things that seem to hold him—back will be converted into stepping stones to higher levels. Like Lincoln, Garfield, Grant, Greeley, Burritt, and the long list of our country's great men who had to struggle against far greater odds, without the advantages of the country boy of to-day, he will prove himself greater than his limitations.—Success.

A COCKNEY HIGHLANDER.

Among the recipients of Coronation knighthoods was William Allan, who represents Gateshead in the British House of Commons. The honourable member is a poet, and Imperialist, a marine engine maker and a deadly and relentless enemy of water-tubed boilers. He is also a perfervid Scot, and when it was recently hinted that the Highland regiments might be deprived of sporran and kilt, he rose in the House, and, shaking his leonine head, cried across the floor in fierce and thrilling accents, "Is this to avenge Bannockburn?"

Recently he told the House of Commons the story of his adventure with an alleged Highlander. Walking along the embankment he met a stalwart soldier in Highland garb.

"Whaur are ye frae?" asked the Legislator.

"Sir?" said the soldier.

"Whaur are ye frae?" repeated Mr. Allan. The man looked confused, whereupon the M. P. demanded in plain English, "Where are you from?"

"Wapping," replied the Highlander; and Mr. Allan came away and told the sad tale to an amused House.

TOOK IT CALMLY.

A Baltimore physician was once called hurriedly to see the sick child of colored parents in the vicinity and perceived at the first glance that the infant had but a few hours to live. Expecting an outburst of anguish, he broke the truth as gently as possible to the child's mother and was met with the sterling rejoinder, "That's all right, doctor; there's plenty of room for him up yonder, but we're dreadful scrouged down here."

If you feel too tired for work or pleasure, take Hood's Sarsaparilla it cures that tired feeling.

THE HARVEST.

Acres of gold wheat
Stir in the sunshine,
Rounding the hill-top,
Crested with plenty,
Filling the valley,
Brimmed with abundance;
Wind in the wheat-field
Eddying and settling,
Swaying it, sweeping it,
Lifting the rich heads,
Tossing them soothingly;
Twinkle and shimmer
The lights and the shadowings,
Nimble as moonlight
Astir in the mere.
Laden with odors
Of peace and of plenty,
Soft comes the wind
From the ranks of the wheat-field,
Bearing a promise
Of harvest and sickle-time,
Opulent threshing-floors
Dusty and dim
With the whirl of the flail,
And waggons of bread,
Down-laden and lumbering
Through the gateways of cities.

—DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

A BORN HOUSEKEEPER.

"They tell me you are a born housekeeper, Mrs. Bliss!"

There was a rustle in the hallway, and the parted portier revealed a charming figure. "This is my eighteenth attempt at biscuit. We have attained our majority together. Tell me, please; are seventeen failures essential for each culinary masterpiece? Is it indispensable for a cook to be born?"

The invalid smiled at the radiant face above her. "You give me my first appetite in weeks, child, and answer your own question. Seventeen failures on a chemical experiment would not disconcert you. Why must girls devote years to a few books and glass retorts, and then be expected to solve the complications of an establishment and the chemistry of food by the light of nature?"

"Why, indeed?" echoes from every village and city, where young housekeepers versed, perhaps, in Sanskrit know nothing of the laws of sanitation; where the object mistress cannot teach a cook to make good bread; and where a broiled beefsteak is familiar only to the cook-books.

Lord Bacon thought it no shame to lend his mighty mind to kitchen problems. Talleyrand devoted an hour of every busy day to the companionship of his cook. One-third of that time spent by a growing girl in the practice of cookery, marketing, the care of rooms and the oversight of servants would make her, at eighteen a competent homekeeper, able to meet the perplexing problems of every-day living, and to dispose of them simply and intelligently.

"I am not clever like my friends who write and paint and compose," such a girl once said, "but perhaps it is something to make household wheels turn noiselessly in their cogs."

It is more than something; it is woman's mission and supreme accomplishment; but "who wishes to be a master must begin betimes."

SAILING AROUND THE COW.

Many a sea captain has sailed around the world since the adventurous voyage of Captain Cook, but few navigators have tried what the captain of an East Indiaman used to relate as an experience of his own.

He was out on a foggy night, and sounded his fog-horn, as every wise captain should. From the starboard side came the sound of a fog-horn, apparently from a vessel very close and showing no lights.

"Port your helm!" shouted the captain, and the order was obeyed. Then he blew his horn again. Back from the same relative position, although his vessel had altered her course three points, came the sound of that answering foghorn.

"Hard aport!" roared the captain. That, too, was done, and the signal was tried again. Back from exactly the same position, although his vessel had how changed her course seven points, came the sound of that foghorn.

The captain, alarmed, was just going to give the order to reverse engines, when one of the officers discovered that the supposed fog-horn was only the cow that was carried on the forward deck to supply fresh milk for the passengers.

WORKS BOTH WAYS.

To honor one's ancestors is an excellent and praiseworthy thing, but pride of ancestry is a very poor basis upon which to build one's whole life. A man who had never done anything for himself, was boasting, one day, in the presence of a self-made man, of the distinction of his ancestors.

"There is nothing," he said, "like having respect for one's ancestors to keep one out of degenerate ways."

"It is a very good motive," said the self-made man, "and you do well to be proud of your ancestors; but I think that my respect for my descendents is about as good a motive."

"Respect for your descendents! What do you mean?"

"Why, you see, I want them to be proud of their ancestor!"

NO CARRIAGE.

One of the most amusing instances of misunderstanding a word is told of an old churchwarden of Wallingford, England.

At one time the Bishop of Oxford sent round to the churchwardens in his diocese a circular of various inquiries, among which was:

"Does your officiating clergyman preach the gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?"

To this the churchwarden of Wallingford replied, "He preaches the gospel, but he does not keep a carriage."

LEFT HELPLESS.

Mrs. Brown: So your girl has left you? What for, for mercy's sake?

Mrs. Black: Absolutely for nothing.

Mrs. Brown: Oh, that's it. I remember you told me she wouldn't leave you for anything.