The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

—AT THE—

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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:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McCILL.
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.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 6 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

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

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST,
ACTON.
Office over 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—Ferguson'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.

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 $800 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $187,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 362, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.
Guelph.

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

CHINESE LAUNDRY

In Parson'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

A Few Ends

Of Gold 25c. Wall Paper with Border and Ceiling to match, will clear at

10c.

A lot of remainders of 15c. and 10c. Paper, with borders and ceiling to match, will clear at

5c. and 6½c. roll.

A lot of short ends at bargains at

DAY'S BOOKSTORE CLEARING SALE.
GUELPH

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 [illegible] 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
A. H. DEVITT, Manager.

FRAMES!
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
Libraryy
Smoking and Reading Rooms
Barber Shops
Bath Rooms, (hot and cold wate
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.

GRAIN WANTED!
All kinds of Grain wanted at
Acton and Georgetown Elevators
and at
Norval Mills.
The highest market prices paid.

The Acton Flour and Feed Store
is supplied with high class grades of Flour
All kinds of Feed at Cash Prices constantly on hand.
Rolled Oats, Breakfast Foods, Cattle Spices, Etc.
ROBERT NOBLE, Proprietor. W. J. HUMPHRIES, Manager at Acton.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDEY, 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, hose-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Give us a call and test us done.

—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.
J. F. H. JONES, Manager.

Do You Realize
How Near Christmas Is ?

One month and Christmas will be past. Have you not thought how pleasant it would be to see all the nice things Bond & Co. have for Christmas purposes? Read this partial list of specials Come and look them over before the busy days commence.

Razors, Carvers, Cutlery of all kinds, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Silver Novelties, Lamps, Carpet Sweepers, Hair Brushes, Razor Strops, etc

OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH

ACTON
SAW MILLS
LUMBER, LATH SHINGLES AND WOOD.
DRESSED LUMBER, ROUGH LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLE AND STOVE WOOD OF ALL KINDS—
Kept Constantly on Hand.
James Brown.
Terms Cash.

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 REAMOTOR
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

If You Want
Good Bread
TRY OUR
White, Brown and Currant Loaf.
Fresh Scones, Buns and Dough Nuts every day. All kinds of Cakes on hand. Tarts made to order. Wedding Cakes a specialty.
Confectionary.
Best assortment of Confectionery from best markers. Popular prices.
Oysters and Fruits
of best grades in their season
Oyster Parlor now open. Oysters served in most popular methods.
T. STATHAM & SON
Bakers and Grocers.
MAIN ST. - - - - ACTON

Stock Men Say
They Are All Right.
Prof. A. V. M. Day's
English Tonic Powders
(five separate packages) for Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep and Poultry. They make tonic food. Make health and fat.
Agent. W. ERSKINE, Acton.
Send two cent stamp for free sample of Cream for Calves.
Address: Day's Stock Food Co., Toronto, Canada.

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

Poetry.

THE SALOON—WHO WANTS IT?

Who wants the saloon? The family?
O bitterest curse that ever could be,
When the heart of trust and the light of hope
Are lost in the dragon's fury-cup,
When the sweet, pure lives of wife and child,
With hate and horror are defiled,
And the ships of love go down for e'er
'Neath the black horizons of despair.
Who wants the saloon? The family?
O bitterest curse that ever could be!

Who wants the saloon? The church?
Ah me!
Shall it kiss its chiefest enemy?
Alliance perverse, unnatural,
That weds the Christ with Belial,
And links the heart of the Shepherd Good
With a demon's oaths and deeds of blood.
Cast down, O saints, the idol shrine,
Decorate no more the house divine.

Who wants the saloon? The church?
Ah me!
Shall it kiss its chiefest enemy?

Who wants the saloon? The nation?
Who for millions of blood-dyed revenue
Would sell the soul of a citizen,
And saw with feline the lives of men?
The ship, the mart, the ship, the train,
Need the steady hand and the sober brain.
The spirits of Progress and Liberty
At war with this traffic must ever be.

Who wants the saloon? O Canada, you,
For millions of blood-dyed revenue?

Who wants the saloon? The devil!
He, to gain over man a mastery,
Can use it to curse, decay, destroy,
To blight in the home as every joy,
To hush in the heart the voice of prayer,
To stamp his death-seal everywhere,
To bind the world with a fiery spell,
And open wide the gates of hell.
Who wants the saloon? The devil!
He, to gain over man a mastery.

—R. WALKER WRIGHT.

Select Family Reading.

Erica's Love Story.

BY AMY HANDOLPH.

"IF you please, lady, do you want a girl?"

"Do I want a girl?"

Miss Barbara Bickford looked down first at the hands she had just drawn out of the dough and then at her flour-besprinkled bib-apron in a sort of tragic despair. Erica Bjornsen, standing in the cool shade of the green vine-leaves, with the stray sunbeams piercing her coronal of dead-gold hair like jeweled arrows, looked innocently up into the strange lady's face, and wondered why she knit her brows together with those three little wrinkles. While the short blue-checked dress that she wore and the funny little hobnailed-shoes and the bundle slung not ungracefully over one shoulder gave her a strange foreign look that was yet not unpleasant.

"Do I want a girl?" ironically repeated Miss Barbara. "That's the third time I've been called away from my bread within half an hour. First, "Do you want a sewing machine?" Second, "Do you want any tinware?" Third and last, "Do you want a girl?" I said no to the first two—I'll say no to the third."

Erica Bjornsen looked puzzled.

"Won't you try me?" said she. "I can wash hard, and I am willing. Oh, do not fear that I will ask high wages, my board and what you please to give me!"

Miss Barbara shook her head.

"I'm tired of keeping girls," said she. "They cost more than they come to. The best help I know of is help yourself."

And with a chuckle at her own wit, Miss Barbara Bickford turned away and shut the door.

"Though," she muttered to herself, "if I was going to engage any one, it would be a girl like that, with skirts up above her ankles instead of dragging petticoats like Helen Tubbs or Mary Ann Riley, and hair put up neatly without a frizz or a curl."

She had hardly resumed her work at the bread-tray, when an odd sound, like thumping or drumming, sounded overhead, a noise repeated with energy and iteration.

"Bless me!" said Miss Barbara, "It's the Colonel!"

And she hurried upstairs to a pretty, maroon-hung room, with a north window to it, where a lame gentleman in a quilted, blue silk dressing-gown, was limping about on a crutch; and an easel, with an unfinished canvas, occupied the middle of the floor.

"What is it, colonel?" said Miss Barbara, looking rather scared.

"What did you send her away for?" demanded the colonel, pulling at a yellowish mustache that overhung his lip like a pent-house.

"Send whom away?"

"My model."

He jerked one elbow in the direction of the open window, where a blue figure plodded wearily on under the bending willows that fringed the quiet country road.

"The very face and figure I want for "Little Nell in the Church Porch," said the colonel breathlessly. "Hair like corn silk and head set on the shoulders like Diana's shelf! My ideal! The one I've been waiting for these ten years!"

"Shall I call her back?" said Miss Barbara in trepidation.

"Of course!" said the Colonel, brusquely.

So that in the course of another fifteen minutes Erica Bjornsen was sitting in the cool kitchen, where hop-vines curled around the casements and a great grey cat purred on the hearth-stone.

"Don't be frightened, my dear," said Miss Barbara. "He speaks gruffly, but he's the best-hearted person alive—is the colonel. Go right up."

And, guided by the chattering old lady, Erica Bjornsen entered the presence of the lame gentleman with the red mustache and blue-silk wrapper. He looked keenly at her.

"Just turn around a little," said he.

"Now stand still. There! Don't lay down your bundle. You'll do."

"Shall I take her down stairs again?" questioned Miss Bickford.

"Yes."

"Now, Erica, if that's your name," said Miss Bickford, when they were safe in the kitchen, "just look here. The colonel wants to paint you."

"To paint me?" repeated Erica, with a startled look.

"On canvas. To make a study of you," said Miss Bickford. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Erica, not understanding at all.

"And the colonel must be humored," went on Miss Bickford. "We always humor him. He's a great artist and a genius. But he can't be painting all the time, so I'll engage you at the terms you mentioned this morning; and when you're not wanted in the studio, you can be helping me with the housework. How shall you like that?"

"Oh, ma'am, I shall be glad!" said Erica Bjornsen, clasping her slender sunburnt hands.

"Any references?" asked Miss Barbara. And then Erica told her simple story: How she had come over in an emigrant ship to meet her plighted lover, one Rolf Christensen, who had got work in New York; how Rolf had failed to be at the ship, "as no doubt he never received my letter," said trusting Erica; how a lady had come down to Castle Garden and engaged her for general housework; and how, when she reached the house, an indescribable something about the place frightened her.

"So I made up my bundle again," said Erica, coloring scarlet at the bare remembrance, "and ran away when no one was looking. And I walked and walked, and begged my way and slept in barns or nights, until I reached this part of the country. And I mean to work until I have saved up a little money to go back to find Rolf!"

There was no doubt but that Erica Bjornsen spoke the truth; and Miss Barbara Bickford, no mean judge of human nature, believed her thoroughly.

"Hush!" said Miss Barbara, suddenly, as Erica pushed away her bowl of bread and milk, "there's the colonel's stick on the floor! That's the way he calls! Run, child, run!"

"Is he your master?" asked Erica, starting up.

"No," said Miss Barbara, "he's my brother; but we always call him 'the colonel!'"

So Erica Bjornsen sat day by day to have her coronal of dead gold hair and blue flower-like eyes painted in the quaint dress of Dickens' Little Nell, and Miss Bickford was never tired of handing the neatness and trim, housekeeper-like ways of the young Swede.

"I declare," said Miss Barbara, "she's a real comfort to me!"

"Let me see," said the colonel, who was by this time sufficiently recovered of his sprained ankle to get all around the house, and even venture out as far as the dooryard gate, "how long have you had her?"

"Well—I ain't certain—about three months, I should think."

"How long would you like to keep her?"

"Always!" briskly responded Miss Barbara.

The colonel smiled grimly behind the red mustache.

"Well," said he, "I mean to give you the chance. I shall ask her to-morrow to be my wife."

"What!" cried Miss Bickford.

"Doesn't it suit you?" said the colonel.

"Anything suits me that suits you, colonel," responded Miss Barbara, hastily. For the colonel was well-to-do and whimsical, and Miss Barbara had always entertained a proper deference to all his opinions. "She's a pretty girl, and I believe a good one."

Though Miss Barbara's opinion was not of much weight in this instance; for if the colonel had announced his intention of marrying the broomstick, Miss Barbara would have observed that it had a fine straight figure, and would probably make itself useful about the house.

When the colonel signified his sovereign will and pleasure to Erica, however, he was amazed to encounter obstacles. She dropped a pretty little courtesy, and thanked him in the sweetest way conceivable.

"You are all kind to the poor exile," said she, "but I am not free, Mr. Colonel. I was betrothed in our own land to Rolf. I must go and seek him."

"You had better think twice of it," said the colonel, gravely.

"I must go and seek Rolf," repeated the Swedish maiden.

And she packed her little bundle again, kissed the outside of the colonel's studio door, cried in Miss Barbara's arms, and went away into the golden haze of an October evening.

How lone and strange the house seemed without her! How the echoes resounded through the empty room, as if seeking in vain for Erica's elastic step and the monotonous little Swedish chants that Erica used to sing at her work. As for the colonel, he strode up and down with bent brows.

"I can't stand this," said the colonel, at last. "I shall burn my Little 'Little Nell' and go to Kamschatka!"

But the third evening Erica Bjornsen came back, looking very pale and tired.

"Will you take me back?" said she, wistfully. "Will you keep me here? I—I want to the pastor of our little church in New York. He showed me where Rolf lived. I saw Rolf's wife at the window, and Rolf's child in her arms. Rolf had forgotten me! And now I will put Rolf out of my heart!"

"Erica!" The colonel advanced with a half-doubtful look and voice, while a great trembling shook him as'l over like a leaf.

"Yes," said Erica, putting both hands into his, while a great tear or two coursed down her cheeks. "Forever!. You love me! You would never forsake even a kitten that you had loved once!"

"God do so unto me and even more," solemnly spoke the rugged, middle-aged man, "if I be not true to you all my lifelong, little Erica!"

That was all. They were married quietly, and Erica makes a good and loving wife to the colonel, who cherishes her with a deep tenderness that never flags nor fails. She is happy, and Miss Barbara is happy, and so, no doubt, is also Rolf, the recreant.

For recreants do not always get their desert in this sublunary sphere.

THE DESTROYER.

Intemperance creates in man an ungovernable appetite. Men who have fallen have told us it is not a desire not an appetite, not a passion. These ordinary words fail to express the thing. It is more like a raging storm that pervades the whole being; it is a madness that paralyzes the brain; it has corrosion that gnaws the stomach; it is a storm-fire that courses the veins; it transgresses every boundary; it fiercely casts aside every barrier; it regards no motive; it silences reason; it stifles conscience; it tramples upon prudence; it overleaps everything that you choose to put in its way, and eternal life and the claims of God are as feathers, which it blows out of its path.

What does it do to man's body? It diseases it; it crazes his brain; it blasts his nerves; it consumes his liver; it destroys his stomach; it inflames his heart; it sends a fiery flood of conflagration through all the tissues; it sets upon the recuperative energies of man's body that oftentimes a little scratch upon a drunkard's skin is a greater injury that a bayonet-thrust through and through the body of a temperate man. It not only does this but the ruin that it brings into the nervous system often culminates in delirium tremens. Have you ever seen a man under its influence? Have you heard him mutter, and jabber, and leer, and rave like an idiot? Have you heard him moan, cry, shriek, curse and rave, as he tried to skulk under the bed clothes? Have you looked into his eyes and seen the horrors of the damned there? Have you seen the scowl on his face that the whole atmosphere was filled with tempest? Have you seen him heave on his bed as though his body was undulating upon the rolling waves like a live? If you have then you know what it does to the body.

It enthralls the will. A man's will ought to be king. The will of the drunkard is an abject slave. The noblest and mightiest men have been unable to break off the chain when it is riveted. I verily believe there have been no such walls of despair out of hell itself as have gone up from the lips and heart of the drunkard who knew he never could be recovered.

What does it do to the heart? If a man is made in the image of God's intellect, a woman is made in the image of God's heart. A tender woman is tenderest to her child. Is there anything that can unmother a woman, that can pluck the maternal heart out of her, and put in its place something that is powerful and fiendish? Is there any other agent on earth, or even in the world of the damned, that can so transform a mother's heart into something for which though itself cannot find similitude? Satan himself can not do it, but rum can.

It wrecks character. It is a double ship-wreck; the drunkard not only loses his own respect but he loses the respect of everybody else. His own character, with its real worthiness and with its reputation, is gone and his worthiness in the estimation of other people is gone too—both of them slain, are buried in one grave; and the grave-digger and the murderer, who are they? Rum. It wipes out the likeness of God from the soul; and makes man a mixture of the brute and the demon, envolving the stupidity of the one and the philosophy of the other; and the Bible tells us that no drunkard shall ever inherit the kingdom of God.—Rev. H. M. Scudder.

THE DEER'S EYES.

A Canadian hunter tells this incident of how he once came face to face with his quarry and hadn't the heart to fire. "It wasn't a case of "buck fever," such as a novice might experience, for I had killed a good many deer. This was a particularly fine buck that I had followed for three days. A strong man can run any deer to earth in time, and at last I had my prey tired out. From the top of a hill I sighted him a few miles away. He had given up the fight and had stretched himself out on the snow. As I stalked him he changed his position and took shelter behind a boulder, and, using the same boulder for a shelter, I came suddenly face to face with him. He didn't attempt to run away, but stood there looking at me with a pair of the most piteous eyes I ever saw. Shoot? I could have no more shot him than I could have shot a child. Had the chance come from a distance of one hundred yards I would have shot him down and carried his antlers home in triumph, but once having looked into those eyes it would have been nothing less than murder."—Washington Post.

As a preventive as well as curative medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla is preeminent—Its great merit is fully established.

In the world's tide those who know not how to swim go to the bottom.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Chronicled by Exchanges, Contributed by Correspondents and Our Reporters.

MILTON.

It is hoped every elector in town will go to the polls next Thursday and all who want to help the boys and their easily tempted neighbors will vote "yes."

A rousing temperance meeting was held in the town hall on the the 18th inst., addressed by Mayor Dice, Miss Wiggins, organizer for the W. C. T. U. Rev. A. J. Bell, and Rev. J. W. Cooley.

Mayor Dice announces that, on account of his private business requiring his attention, he will retire from municipal office. Another reason for the mayor's retirement is poor health.

Henry Stokes was up before the mayor last week for being drunk and disorderly. He was fined $1.00 and costs or thirty days; and having no funds, he was sent to goal.

The Y. P. S. of Grace Church is arranging to hold a sale of work about ten days before Christmas. Fancy articles and things useful for children and adults, and suitable for Christmas presents will be on sale.

Thos. Hume has leased his farm, west half lot 13, con. 1, N. S., Trafalgar, near Milton, to Wm. McLean, formerly of the Scotch Block. Mr. Hume intends moving to Toronto.

D. Featherstone has purchased the farm of Amos Kinbree, Trafalgar. The latter intends moving to town.

Last week John Featherstone shipped sixty cattle and a lot of sheep, amounting in all to $2,500.

GEORGETOWN.

Councillor Bradley and his friends are feasting on venison secured during his trip up north.

The Public Library has just received about one hundred new volumes.

Rev. Mr. Wallace has been giving his congregation in St. George's Church week-night lectures on "Knox and the Puritans," "Wesley and the Methodists," etc.

The band is getting down to business again. J. H. Davis, of Toronto, has been engaged as leader.

Mr. James Hanier talks of retiring from the farm and settling here.

A Guelph hunter took a couple of Georgetown dogs to the Muskoka deer runs without their owner's permission. It cost him $22.25 to satisfy the court and the owner upon his return.

Every father who is anxious for the welfare of his family and his country should vote "Yes" when he goes to the poll next Thursday; and he should be sure to go.

A mass meeting will be held on Sunday evening to present righteous reasons why christian electors should vote out the barroom.

GLENWILLIAMS.

The reopening services in the Methodist Church has made quite a stir in the Glen the past week or two. The services were full of interest, were largely attended, were very successful, and the congregation takes possession of their beautifully renewed and remodelled place of worship with very thankful hearts.

The improvements have transformed the appearance of the sacred edifice. The former building is now a most attractive place. The building has been transformed inside and out; the old frame meeting house is now a handsome brick one; the old uncomfortable seats are replaced by those of latest design; the coal oil lamps are out and electricity now does the lighting. It is a thorough transformation, and all are pleased that the change made has been so radical and so complete.

The total cost of the improvements was $1,900, of which all but $115 has been paid or subscribed.

Vote "yes," fathers, next Thursday, and do your part in placing a protection about your boys.

BALLINAFAD.

Mr. Cowin Shortill's sale of cattle and implements last week was very successful and aggregated over $2,200.

The anniversary tea-meeting in the Presbyterian Church was very successful. The repairs to the church have materially improved it.

The Missionary Anniversary in the Methodist Church was unusually successful. The offerings are in advance of last year.

Every elector should come out next Thursday and vote "yes" for the sake of Ontario's boys.

Miss Minnie Holmes, of Acton, has been appointed teacher of the school here for next year. She is an excellent teacher and has been very successful the past four years at Norval. Miss Holmes holds a second-class professional certificate.

SPEYSIDE.

You omitted a very important item in the programme of on Sunday School entertainment last week, Mr. Editor. The friends of the district who appreciate very much his interest in the services at Speyside, and his efforts to make them helpful, took the opportunity of presenting the Rev. H. A. Macpherson with a purse containing $50. It came as a great surprise to the rev. gentleman, and he thanked the friends very cordially for their good wishes.

Speyside ward will give a good account of itself at the polls next Thursday. As a result of the religious services held here the past two years more electors will vote "Yes" than would otherwise have been the case.

OFTEN THE METHOD OF TREATING.

An old negro preacher divided his sermon into two parts—first, all de things in de text, and, second, all de things not in de text, and, brethren, we'll wrastle wid de second part first."

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

These are some of the things a boy can do:

He can shout so loud the air turns blue;
He can make all sounds of beast and bird,
And a thousand more they never heard.

He can crow or cackle, chirp or cluck
Till he fools the rooster, hen, or duck;
He can mock the dog or lamb or cow,
And the cat herself can't beat his "meow."

He has sounds that are rolled, stripped, or plain;
He can thunder by like a railway train,
Stop at the stations a breath, and then
Apply the steam and by off again.

He has all of power in such command
He can turn right into a full brass band,
With all of the instruments ever played,
And march away as a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill
If he's wide awake and is keeping still;
But earth would be—God bless their noise!—
A dull old place if their were no boys.

—NIXON WATERMAN.

VARIETIES.

The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
And so I turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Froebel's oft-quoted saying is worth again repeating: "Let us live for our children, that the new generation may be fitted for answering the questions which lie in wait for it—questions which the passing generation can never solve."

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live;"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right.
Was that somebody you?

—SELECTED.

Discontent largely comes from not putting ourselves to some steady business in which we can make progress. Besides the necessary work of every day, it is well to have a plan or useful purpose—something to do, which we are not compelled to do, outside of the mere routine of life.—James Freeman Clarke.

De Dauber painted portraits in a rather funny way:
He had his brushes side by side in a very odd array;
For flesh he used a flesh-brush, and a hair-brush painted hair;
A tooth-brush painted pearly teeth in mouths of ladies fair;
A nail-brush, clothes brush, hat-brush, painted those for which they're named,
"It is the only way to do," De Dauber had proclaimed,
And when he painted India Shawls (I know you can suspect),
He used a brush of camel's hair to get the best effect.

—Journal and Messenger

THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S PANAMA.

The number of Panama or alleged Panama hats to be seen everywhere last summer reminded an old gentleman from Boston of a story the other day, which he proceeded to tell another man in a New York hotel, holding his own genuine Panama in his hand.

"I suppose you have never heard of old Dr. Ellis down here," he said. "But a generation or two ago he was a well-know figure in Boston, being one of our famous Unitarian ministers, a friend of many of the Transcendentalists. He used always to wear a white Panama hat, which at that time was much more of a luxury than I judge it is to-day. The same hat did him season after season yet it never seemed to lose any of its whiteness. One day a minister of the old persuasion, and very pronounced in his orthodoxy, asked Dr. Ellis how he kept his hat so white."

"That is easy," said the doctor, "for it has been Calvinized."

"What?" exclaimed the other minister. "How do you galvanize a hat?"

"I said Calvinized," replied the Unitarian.

"Put what do you mean by that"

"Dipped in brimstone," explained the aged pastor dryly.

"HE'S A BRICK."

"He's a brick" is a favorite saying among the boys. It originated with the King of Sparta, who was showing an ambassador from Ephrus over the capitol. The ambassador was surprised at finding no walls built for the defense of the town.

"Thou canst not have looked carefully," said the king. "Come with me to-morrow and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

The next day the king led his visitor to where his great army was drawn up in battle array, and said:

"There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick."

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