The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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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. P. 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 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 DATES.—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—Petrytus 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 United 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. Quality 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

W. 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 $100 and upwards.

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

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to enable us to repair to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired and painted in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any trade. Jobbing and Blacksmithing.

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 markets. 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 TAKING SALE
ALL WALL PAPER
At Cost
For Two Weeks
....AT....
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH
DAY • BELLS • CHOKP

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
A. H. DEVITT, Manager.

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

For the best Quality of
FLOUR
GO TO
EVERTON OR EDEN MILLS
Always sure to get the
BEST ARTICLE at RIGHT PRICES.
Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale.
Chopping done and Oats rolled for horses every day at both mills.
Cash for wheat and Oats.
HENRY HORTOP.
PROPRIETOR

Are You Going To
Get a New Cutter ?
I have a very nice assortment, very Stylish Roomy and Comfortable, all My Own Makes, best value in the country.
I have a splendid assortment of heavy Bob Sleighs, made of the very best materials and guaranteed to keep the track.
I also have a nice line of pleasure Bob Sleighs 2 and 3 seats, just the proper thing for any farmer to have. Don't fail to call and see my stock. Remember this is the best Shop in the county for all kinds of Repairing.
J. N. O'NEILL.
GEORGETOWN.

—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 everything
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
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. H. JONES, Manager.

SPECIAL FOR MACHINISTS.
GRAND DISPLAY OF STARRETT'S CELEBRATED TOOLS.
Last Saturday, came to hand the best assortment of machinists, tools ever brought to Guelph. An education for you in seeing them if not to buy.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.

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

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.

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.
MORENT NOBLE, Proprietor. W. J. HUMPHRIES Manager at Acton.

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

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—$50.00 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.

BILL'S IN TROUBLE.

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast,
To think the boy whose future I had once so proddily planned
Should wander from the path o' right and come to sich an end.
I told him when he left us only three short years ago,
He'd find himself a-ploughing in a mighty crooked row—
He'd miss his father's counsels an' his mother's prayers, too;
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guess'd he'd have to go.
I know there's big temptations for a young ster in the west,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist;
An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waitin' snares
That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathways everywhere.
But till he promised faithful to be keerful an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that would make us mighty proud;
But it seems as how my counsel kind o' faded from his mind,
An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very worst sot kind!
His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort of knowed
That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky road,
But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame,
An' in the dust'd welter his ol' daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Denver an' the story's mighty short:
I just can't tell his mother—it'll crush her poor ol' heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—
Billy's in the legislatur', but he doesn't say what for.

—J. HAYTON ADAMS.—

Select Family Reading.

The Cost of Honor.

THE "briefless barrister" sat in his little office writing—not a business letter, but a love letter. "Briefless barrister" was a title he had jokingly given himself, but there was something of pathos underlying the joke. In these days an overcrowded profession gives little opportunity to the young lawyer without influence to get a start, so he had ample leisure for his love letter, and this is what he wrote:

Dearest One—Business is rushing—that is, it is rushing right past my office. I wish some of it would stop and turn in, but I have too many competitors who are able to reach out for it. They have influential friends who turn business their way, or who secure them positions with established firms.

Still, dearest, you mustn't be disheartened, but I know you won't be. Indeed it seems almost insulting to say this to so patient and faithful a sweetheart, but I am saying it for my own benefit rather than for yours. The struggle is so discouraging and disheartening at times that I can only give myself patience by speaking confidently to you. But I certainly am gaining. A little business is coming my way, and I am establishing myself slowly with men who can give me more. Then there is the land. In another six months I will have title to that and we can be married. Think of it! Married in six months! We have waited so long, and without that I think we would have to wait another two years before my income from the law alone would enable me to care for a wife. I have told you the history of that barren tract dozens of times, sweetheart, how my father secured his claim to it, how he neglected it, how irrigation and the development of contiguous property gave it a sudden value, how he found the title clouded by a prior claim, when he came to perfect it, how he failed to find the other claimant, how he tried to straighten the matter out legally, and all that I like to dwell on it now, sweetheart, for in only six months more the statute of limitations will invalidate—

The opening of the door interrupted him, and he put down his pen as a neat but poorly-dressed woman entered.

"Lawyer Telford?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Telford is my name," he answered. "What can I do for you?"

"I don't just know," she answered, doubtfully. "I'm a poor woman, without friends or money, and the lawyer on the floor below told me he thought you'd have time to look after my business."

"Sends me all the charity cases, but never any with money in them," muttered Telford to himself bitterly, but he spoke kindly to the woman. It was evident that she had seen better days and disliked to ask even advice as charity. Indeed her next words showed this.

"Maybe I can pay you," she said. "If I can I will. Maybe I can pay you well, I don't know. That's what I want to find out."

Something in her manner won him. There was nothing of the mendicant in her. She was neither aggressive nor whining, speaking timidly, but frankly and honestly.

"Madam," said Telford courteously, offering her a chair, "I know that you will, and whether you can pay me or not you shall have the very best advice I can give you."

"Thank you, sir," she answered, taking the chair and producing some papers from beneath her shawl. "The other lawyer wouldn't even listen to me when I said I had no money, but told me to come to you, and I'm glad I did, for I know that you'll be honest with me. You see, I found some papers in an old box after my husband died he'd been bedridden for a long time and I didn't want to burn them without knowing what they were. I read them through, but I didn't know whether they were worth anything, and the neighbors don't know, and I had to find somebody that did know. They're so legal it seems as if they ought to represent something."

Telford took the papers she offered, and at the first glance his face became pale, but he read them through carefully. Then he leaned back in his chair, and something in his face frightened the woman.

"There isn't anything bad in them, is there?" she asked.

"No," he answered, shortly. "I'm considering what's best to be done."

He got up and walked to a window where she couldn't see his face.

"Who knows of these papers?" he asked at last.

"One or two of the neighbors," she replied. "That's all."

"Suppose I should tell you they were worth $100 or $500," he suggested, speaking with an effort and in a voice strangely unlike the courteous, cheerful tone in which he had first addressed her.

"Oh, that, would be splendid!" she cried.

"Would you sell them for that?"

"Would I?" she repeated jubilantly. "Why, Harry could have some new school clothes, and so would Ellen, and maybe Jessie could have some music lessons—she has such a good voice—and I wouldn't have to worry about the rent for—her—It wouldn't last so very long, would it? But I could be making more all the time, as much as I am now, and it would be such a help. But you're not joking with me?" she suddenly inquired anxiously.

"You'll take $500 dollars and be satisfied?" he asked, with cold deliberateness, ignoring her question.

"If you advise it," she replied.

He gave a barely perceptible start. It was professional advice that he was called upon to give. His honor as a lawyer was involved as well as his honor as a man, and it served to make the path of duty already clear, just a little clearer. But the temptation was great—so great, in fact, that he was afraid of himself. She would accept $500 on his advice. It was a small fortune to her and her children. Ah, the children! What difference might it not make in their lives! Fate offered him a large bribe for his honor—personal and professional—and the future of these children, who would never know what they had lost and he had gained.

"What will be your fee?" she asked doubtfully. "I'll have to pay that out of the $500, won't I? And I know lawyers charge a lot."

"There will be no fee for me," he replied, with a sudden decision, and then he returned to his desk and wrote a name and address on the back of one of his cards, which he handed to her.

"Take your papers to that man," he said, speaking rapidly as if afraid he would reconsider what he wished to say. "He is an honest and successful lawyer and will tell you what to do."

"Aren't you an honest lawyer?" she asked bewildered.

"If I were not he answered bitterly, I would not be sending you to anyone else."

"If you are," she said, with her first display of spirit during the interview, for the sharpness of his tone roused her, "I don't want to go to anyone else."

"I tell you to go to him," he said, almost angrily. "You asked for my advice and I am giving it to you. I don't want those papers left here."

She rose, took the papers and moved slowly toward the door.

"I don't see why everybody sends me away," she said, with a touch of pathos in her voice. "Won't you please look after it for me? I don't want to see more lawyers." For a moment he seemed undecided, and she hesitatingly put the papers back on the desk. "Please do it," she urged, "and I'll accept whatever you say is right. How long will it take to get the money?" she added as she saw him wavering.

"I don't know," he replied. "I will write you later."

After she had gone he sat for some time looking at the papers.

"What a fool!" he said at last. "I can still buy her out for any sum that suits me, and Mabel and I"—He stopped and picked up the unfinished letter, put it down and buried his face in his hands. Presently he got up and walked nervously up and down the little office, occasionally making a movement toward the desk and then resumed his walk. Once he went to the desk and picked up the papers the woman had left as if to tear them, but his eyes rested on a portrait and he gently almost reverently, put it to his lips.

"Dear little woman," he muttered, "It's for you that I would do it, and it's because of you that I can't."

A little later he dropped two letters into the mail shoot in the hall. One of them read as follows:

Dearest One—I have lost the land claim on which we built such hopes, but I have one that which is worth more. I have just written to a woman, who left certain papers with me, that she has a valid prior claim to that twenty thousand dollar tract, and that I will perfect the title for her. But be of good cheer, sweetheart. When I come to claim you, I will bring you that which you will prize more highly than money—a self respecting man.

"It is enough," was the comment of the girl when she reached this part of the letter, and with the rest those two alone are concerned.

ON THE OLD FARM.

His Cousin Tom's boy (from New York)—Uncle Abner, will you please put a point on these arrows? We're playin' buffalo hunting an' they won't stick into the cow, this way.

A man feels that he is ill treated if his wife won't let him sit down and complain in peace.

BEATEN.

"You don't want to brag too heavy 'bout your muscles, my boys," said Uncle Lisha Todd to a group who were testing their strength in front of his store. "You can't tell nothin' 'bout what a man's made of from his talk, no more'n yer can tell from a catamount's howl how much damage he'll do." The boys did not gainsay the truth of this assertion, and the old man continued:

"Now Lem Cole, he was given to thinkin' mucumuun high of Lem Cole's strength till he learned himself more thorough." The boys dropped down upon the steps in happy expectancy, for they knew a story was coming.

"There was a schoolmaster come here a good spell back to teach up there to that little red institution of learnin' in the holler. He weren mild, thin, hungry-lookin' chap, and when he landed off from the stage coach Lem sighted him, an' decided ter 'lend the fall term. He 'lowed ter the boys he could pick up the master and snap him 'tween his thumb and finger, same's you would a little green snake in the spring.

"Well, it come commencin' day an' the teacher called 'em ter order, an' made a little gentle speech to 'em 'fore he begun. Then he up an' asked Lem, bein' he was the oldest an' biggest, where they left off in figures in the spring.

"Lem, he got up kinder slow an' says, 'we were a-studyin' subtraction of fractions, an' our teacher, bein' only a little small part of a man, we subtracted him outen the winder. There was ought and one to carry, an' I guess we'll go right on from there," an' so sayin' he up an' picked up the schoolmaster, and started for the winder.

"Now the master had college learnin', and he fit scientific, an' fore Lem knowed it he was in the wood-box, an' the cover shet down. There was cracks enough ter keep 'im from smotherin', an' the teacher kep' him there three hours.

"After the scholars had gone he opened the lid, an' says he, 'are you sure 'twas subtraction?' An' Lem he answered up mighty perlite an' says, 'come ter think it over, I guess 'twas partial payment, an' you've begun all right.'

"An' after that he was the stiffest boy in the whole school. He never boasted no more on himself, Lem didn't, an' that teacher were just a eye-opener ter the whole town."

WILLING TO PAY.

When the subject of doctors' fees is mentioned, a well-known physician likes to tell the story of a young man who was very ill and very poor, to whom he gave unremitting care, and finally nursed back to health.

Before he had recovered his strength he dragged himself feebly to the doctor's office and endeavored to express his gratitude, which was not greater than his grief that he had nothing but thanks with which to repay the debt.

"Unless," said the young man, hesitatingly, "you would be willing to accept payment in my way."

"What is your way?" inquired the doctor, with some amusement.

"I am a musician by profession," replied the young man; "I teach the flute, and I should like to give you some lessons upon it."

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor, thoughtfully, "so you are a flute-player. I'll tell you," he said, whimsically, "I am too busy a man to take lessons on the flute, but suppose you make yourself comfortable here in the office while I go my rounds, and blow out the amount you think you owe me!"

The young man, who appears to have been of a literal turn of mind, actually took his beloved flute from its bag, and was about to begin the payment, when he caught the doctor's expression and saw that the suggestion was made in joke.

"He seemed so oppressed with gratitude and anxious to do something," says the doctor, in telling the story, "that I let him play at an entertainment for some poor children not long after, and if flute-playing has any value, he certainly blew out the entire amount of his indebtedness on that occasion, and seemed to be greatly relieved."

SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

A gentleman riding through one of the pine wastes so common in middle Georgia some years ago overtook a young man whose sack of corn under him on the farm horse he rode, gave evidence that he was bound for the grist-mill.

Some conversation between the two developed the fact that the young man was a son of the author of a popular almanac.

The gentleman asked the young man jocosely, "and do you ever make calculations upon the weather, like those for which your father is so celebrated?"

"Oh yes," he replied, readily.

"And how do your calculations agree with your father's?" inquired the gentleman.

"Very well indeed," replied the young man. "We are never more than one day apart in our reckoning."

"Why, that is wonderful, certainly!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Only one day's difference?"

"Yes he said with a twinkle in his eye; "he can always tell the day before when it is going to rain, and I can always tell the day afterward!"

SURPRISED.

"I suppose," said the physician, smiling and trying to appear witty while feeling the pulse of a lady patient "that you consider me an old humbug?"

"Why, doctor," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could see into a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."

A PLEA FOR YAWNING

According to popular prejudice, yawning in good society is an improper sign of weariness; but according to the teachings of physiology, it is a long-drawn, forcible inspiration followed by a shorter respiration. Doctor Naegell terms it one of nature's remedies, and thus speaks of it:

In yawning, not only the muscles which move the lower jaw are used but also the breathing muscles of the chest. In the deepest inspiration the chest remains extended for a short time, the eyes are almost or entirely closed, the ears somewhat raised, the nostrils dilated. Inside the mouth the tongue becomes round and arched, the palate slightly stretched and the uvula is raised, almost entirely closing the space between the nose and throat.

At the beginning of the inspiration a crackling noise is heard in the ears, a proof that the duct leading to the hearing tube accumulates to this stretching.

Although a person who is yawning does not present a very charming appearance his own sensations are agreeable; for the stretching of the muscles causes a feeling of comfort. It acts like a massage, and is the most natural gymnastics for the lungs.

Doctor Naegell advises people not to concern themselves with squeamish politeness, but every morning and evening, and as often as possible at other times, to exercise the lungs and all the muscles of respiration by yawning and stretching, as many chronic lung troubles may thus be prevented or cured.

In cases of nasal catarrh, inflammation of the palate, sore throat and earache, Dr. Naegell orders the patient as often as possible each day to yawn from six to ten times successively, and immediately afterward to swallow. The result will be surprising.

If one looks upon yawning as a natural massage for certain organs, he will reach a satisfactory explanation of its captivve properties.

THE OTHER SIDE.

The more a girl knows the more interesting she becomes, and the greater power in the world. To this truism may be added what is said to be a fact, that three-fourths of the graduating class of a leading college become self-supporting at once. That sounds well, and one is inclined to think of the immence advance over the condition of girls thirty years ago. But a writer in the Congregationalist gives the other side:

I am old-fashioned enough to believe that a daughter's first duty is to her parents; and when I see college girls, at the end of their course go careering all over the country without the slightest concern about home duties, then I feel they are making a mistake.

Now with Mr. H——'s family; their only daughter was away from them for four years, and they looked forward to her graduation when they could enjoy her society again. But no, Miss Elizabeth felt that the comparative idleness which her home offered could not satisfy her, and she left home, and has now a fair degree of success in her chosen profession; but her parents are growing old alone.

I know of a home where the eldest daughter has left her mother with the care of five younger children because she preferred to be a manuscript reader in a magazine office. It seems to me if a girl must be taught the necessity for a career, she should be further instructed that it is not always necessary for her to go outside of her own town to find it.

Moreover, many of these girls are taking positions they do not need, and that should be filled by young women who really need the money.

It is a case for the judgment of the father and mother, and the college girl ought to remember it.

IT WON'T DO.

If we would be ready for positions of trust we must be willing when occasion demands to face the truth without flinching.

A young man who had involved himself in debt went for assistance to Cecil Rhodes, the colossus of South Africa.

"How much do you owe?" asked Mr. Rhodes.

A sum was named.

"Is that all?"

That was all. A check for the amount was written out.

"Come to see me to-morrow about an appointment and be ready to leave for the North."

The young fellow left happy, but in the morning there was another story. In his dread of stating an amount which to him seemed large, he had not named the true sum of his indebtedness, and had spent the afternoon trying to raise the extra money from Mr. Rhodes' own friends on the strength of the appointment he was to receive.

"It won't do," was the unexpected reply he received in the morning. "I asked you a question and you gave me a wrong answer. You are of no use to me. Good-day."

HOW TO BE USEFUL IN YOUR CHURCH.

Attend services regularly and punctually.

Join heartily in all the congregational worship.

Get acquainted, and help others to find friends.

Sign a pledge to make a regular weekly payment for the support of the Church.

Find out what you can do in the Sunday School and Endeavor Society, the Woman's Association, or the mission, and do it faithfully.

Bring your friends to church with you, and enlist them in the work.

Put the midweek meeting on your regular list of engagements.

Speak well of "our" work to your neighbors.

Let your life be a credit to the gospel you profess.

THE BOYLESS TOWN.

Some old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated it so;
"The town would be so pleasant you know,
If only there were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead,
And then, of a sudden, the town grew still,
For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street
There wasn't a boy to view;
The baseball bat, where they used to meet,
Was a sight to make one blue;
The grass was growing on every base
And the paths that the runners made,
For there wasn't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.

The cherries ripened, and went to waste—
There was no one to climb the trees;
And nobody had a single taste,
Save only the birds and bees.
There wasn't a messenger boy, not one,
To speed at such messengers ran;
If people wanted their errands done,
They went for a messenger man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise,
There was less of cheer and mirth;
The sad old town, since it lacked its boys,
Was the dreariest place on earth.
The poor old woman began to weep,
Then woke with a sudden terror;
"Dear me!" she cried; "I have been asleep;
And, oh, what a horrid dream"

TRIBUTE TO A WINDOW-GARDEN

"Faculty," as new Englanders call it, is a quality that generally exacts admiration. The Washington post tells us 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 loveliness could come from simple flowers like sweet peas.

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

KEPT HIS EYE ON HIM.

A gentleman took his little boy to church with him for the first time. Instructing the lad about his behavior, he wound up by telling the boy to keep an eye on him and do just as he did. When the contribution box was passed, papa dropped in a coin. Tommy saw his father's hand go into the box, and, remembering the advice, put his hand in also. When the box was passed by, the lad whispered out loud enough to be heard all round: "Say, papa, I got a quarter, how much did you get?"—Ex.

DOMESTIC RULE.

The Scotch have a story of a little lad who was deperately ill, but who, for all his mother's pleading refused to take his medicine. The mother finally gave up.

"O, my boy will die, my boy will die!" she sobbed. "He will not take the stuff that would save him."

But presently piped up a voice from the bed.

"Don't cry mother," it said, "Father will be home soon, and he'll make me take it."

NOTHING FOR HIMSELF.

"How much do you want for your services?" asked the amateur sportsman.

The guide noted the way his would-be employer handled his gun, and he was thoughtful.

"Nothin' for me," he answered at last. "It don't look to me like I'd need nothin' by the time you're through with me. But you'll have to take out an insurance policy on me in favor of my wife an' children afore I'll go."—Chicago "Evening Post."

IN A NEW YORK COURT.

Judge—"Have you formed or expressed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused in this case?"

Man (drawn as juror)—"No,—sir. But I have some times thought—"

Attorney (rising indignantly)—"Your honor, this man acknowledges that he sometimes thinks. It is not necessary to say that we shall challenge him as a juror in this case."—Texas Siftings.

The Little Ones Love
MALT BREAKFAST FOOD.
After the babies are weaned, there is no necessity for feeding them with expensive infant foods. The best physicians are strongly advocating the use of Malt Breakfast food as the best diet after weaning. One package of Malt Breakfast food at 15 cents will make as many meals for baby as any four packages of any 50 cent infant food.
Malt Breakfast Food is a predigested food, easily and quickly digested by the little ones, and while it keeps the stomach strong and vigorous, it also builds up flesh, bone and muscle. Reports coming in from mothers all over Canada tell of magnificent results from the use of Malt Breakfast Food as a diet for the babies. Try Malt Breakfast Food for your baby and note the happy results. Your grocer can supply you.

The fellow who carries a corkscrew is seldom looked upon as a bore.

The fact that love is blind accounts for many dark rooms dedicated to the sweet joys of courtship.

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

If a man admires a girl at all, he will want to marry her as long as she treats him badly.—Myra of the Pines.

After running to catch a car you feel foolish for having run to catch it. It's the same way with love—after you catch up with it in marriage.