The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXIX.---NO. 7. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 13, 1903. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

AT THE

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address-label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line for first insertion, 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for stipulated periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
1 inches	$40.00	$25.00	$20.00	$12.00
2 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	8.00
3 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	5.00
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.50	1.50

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

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. Up changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton— Office Hours:—8 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. 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 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—Ferryman's Block ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S. Graduate Ontario Veterinary College. Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society. Office—Over Worden's Harbor Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, 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 $750 and upwards.

VALUABLE

Farm Property For Sale!

Farm Esquesing Township, Halton Co.; 100 acres, about 60 clear, balance good bush; well fenced, and watered by spring creek. Good concrete house; two barns and silo; orchard. The property is 1½ miles from Limehouse, 2½ to flourishing Village of Acton on G.T.R. For terms apply to JOHN SHAW, on premises, or address Acton P.O., Ont. tfn

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 702, or telephone 26, 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 execute at 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 ask repair any machine or implement of any make, how no doubt exists.

OIL--SMELTER--MINES.
Davidson & Carter
Market Square Guelph.
REPRESENTING
Douglas Lacey & Co.
NEW YORK.

Stocks paying 8% to 12%. Original investment secured and guaranteed. Call or write for particulars.

A WORTHY SCHOOL which converts more raw material into earning power and places more young men and women in good positions than any institution of the kind in Canada IS THE Central Business College, AND SCHOOL OF Shorthand, Typewriting and Telegraphy. TORONTO, ONT. Always open. No vacation. Twelve teachers. Fine equipment. Special summer session for July and August. Particulars free. WITE W. H. SHAW, Principal.

WALL PAPER!

We have several ends of Gold Wall Paper, enough for single and double rooms and halls which we will clear out below cost and at cost prices.

It will pay you to paper now. See them. Prices are put low.

Day's Bookstore
GUELPH.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,900,000

ACTON BRANCH

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts.

Lettors 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.

Open every Friday evening from six to eight o'clock.

A. H. DEVITT, Manager

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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicit the patronage of the public, and informs them that

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured

at his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

R. W. PHILIPS.

Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter
Quebec Street West.
GUELPH

PLUMBING
...AND...
STEAM-FITTING
IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES

A full supply of the celebrated Fairbank Steam Valves always on hand.

Sayers'
SAW MILLS
Nassagaweya.

Lumber of all kinds at Lowest Market Prices.
Mill Stuff cut to order.
Wood at $1 25 per cord

P. Sayers, Proprietor.
Nassagaweya P O.

The Staff of Life
Statham's Bread
is always in favor

Fresh Scones, Buns and Dough Nut every day. All kinds of Cakes on hand Tarts made to order Wedding Cakes a specialty.

Confectionery.

Best assortment of Confectionery from best makers. Popular prices.

FRUITS always on hand in season.
VEGETABLES in variety.
GROCERIES at close prices
ICE CREAM and SUMMER DRINKS.

T. STATHAM & SON
Bakers and Grocers.
MAIN ST. ACTON

Chamberlain's Remedies.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.
For Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough. Price 25 cents; large size 50c.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.
For Bowel Complaints. Price 25 cents.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm.
An antiseptic liniment especially valuable for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains and Rheumatism. Price 25 cents; large size 50 cents.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.
For Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Price 25 cents.

Every one of these preparations is guaranteed and if not fully satisfactory to the purchaser the money will be refunded.
Sold by A. T. BROWN.

National Brand
Portland Cement
Is The Best.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH

Canada Permanent
Mortgage Corporation
HEAD OFFICE
Toronto St., - Toronto.

By an Act of the Parliament of Canada passed at the present session, the name of The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation has been changed to Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation.

J. HERBERT MASON,
Managing Director.

Hats and Tams.

Latest importations in Men's, Boys' and Children's Headwear representing the season's greatest achievements in smartness and originality of style, all modestly priced.

L. N. E. LaFONTAINE
.. HATTER .. .. .. FURRIER ..
Largest Hat Stock in Ontario of the Latest Styles
WYNDHAM ST., GUELPH ONT

A CARLOAD OF BUGGIES.

Why pay fancy prices for factory Buggies when you can have your choice of a car lot for $65 do. They are a complete lot, right up to date in every particular, I guarantee them equal to any factory buggy made in Canada.

MOVE QUICK AND GET A BARGAIN.

J. N. O'NEILL, GEORGETOWN

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Maker
TO
Georgetown Ontario.

BOOK.
NEWS.
COLORED
PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER

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

Poetry.

AFTER A STORM.

Darkling swept the rain
Over hill and plain,
Leaving tempest-trodden
Meadows dank and sodden,
Misty road and lane.

Now the storm is done,
Life is re-begun;
Tremulous leaves and grasses,
As the shadow passes,
Stretch to feel the sun.

Sudden splendors sift
Through each cloudy rift
Down on drooping flowers
And their heads the flowers
As from weeping lift.

Snared in grass and mud,
Hushed and tamed, the flood
Rounds to puddles hazy;
Here and there a daisy
Shows its jewelled bud.

Thoughts of peace enskied,
Dreams of heights untried
In each pool lie yearning,
As if earth were turning
Heavenward open-eyed.

Bloom, and leaf, and bird
Scatter, saintly-stirred,
Songs of life and May born;
Creeping things and clay born
Sing with them unheard.

Voice and silence blend,
Breathing praises penned
In no prisoning psalters,
While from green earth-altars
Incense-mists ascend.

—A. St. John Adock in Speaker.

Select Family Reading.

Young Dr. Jarvis

HE sat alone in his office, reading, perhaps, for the twentieth time, the note on the desk before him. The afternoon sunshine touched with a faint radiance the familiar objects in the little room—in a faint, flickering fashion it illuminated the shelves of books, the dusty cases full of specimens, the stiff row of diplomas that adorned the walls, but it seemed to linger on the solitary figure in the office chair.

It revealed a sensitive, restless face, with signs of great weakness, great passion and great tenderness; such a face as men like and women love. It was dark with pain and anger now for the note had aroused a host of sleeping memories. The air seemed full of color, the remembered color of hyacintha, and in every shadowy corner Jarvis could see the insolent, smiling face of the woman who had written it. He crushed the perfumed paper in his hand, though it was only a kind invitation to a poor, struggling doctor to take charge of a good case, consult a famous surgeon, and cure—if he could—a sick old man. It read simply enough:

"Dear Doctor Jarvis:—Mamma wishes me to ask you to come up today to see Mr. Morton, who is very ill, and to meet Dr. Linyard, the specialist from the city. We fear an operation is unavoidable, and desire the benefit of your skill.

Sincerely Yours,
ESTELLE MORRIS."

Jarvis had many other notes with that signature hidden away in his private drawer. Estelle Morris had never taken the trouble to ask for her letters when she had sent him his curt dismissal two years ago. How faithfully he had loved and served her, how he had worked and economized and strained every nerve to hurry through college, that he might begin the life struggle for fame and fortune that would bring him his heart's desire. She had seemed to return all his passionate devotion and they had been sworn lovers. Would she wait for him? How often had she told him so, the full, white lids drooping over her soft, shining eyes. Then three years ago a sudden change of fortune had come to her mother. They went abroad, and after a few months her letters altered in tone. Finally, there came a short, cool epistle. "She did not love him," she said. "It was wrong to marry without love, and so good-bye." In silence, in anger, and in bitter despair, he accepted his fate.

Estelle had come back to America, the promise of her girlhood magnificently fulfilled in the beautiful woman who dazzled the quiet old village. She had many suitors, and she chose the richest of them—a man many years old than herself. The engagement had been proclaimed far and wide. All summer long, from his office window, Jarvis had watched her drive by, benignly arrogant and radiantly handsome. A few days ago he had heard that her fiancee was seriously ill. To-day this letter had come. Should he go?

He longed with an intense longing born of his youth and youthful pride to show her that he was indifferent to her insult, cold to her neglect. If a half-defined instinct warned him that neither his anger nor his contempt might be proof against the deadly power of his old love, he crushed the letter in his hand. Go he would, and the future might take care of itself.

The first meeting was easy enough. Jarvis' cold politeness was accepted without a trace of embarrassment. "Oh Dr. Jarvis," said Estelle, "it is more than kind in you to come. We hear so much of your skill, and we I am so much distressed about poor Mr. Morton. You will help him, I am sure."

He bowed in answer. Yes, he would do his best.

He scarcely dared to look into her eyes. Did she love this old man, he wondered. At the thought a sudden, uncontrollable hate sprung up in his heart. He fought against it desperately. Medically considered, Morton's case was intensely interesting, rousing his professional pride and surgical daring, and he knew the patient to be a gentle, sweet-natured man.

But Jarvis did not tread the downward path unaided. With all her tact and self-composure, it angered Estelle Morris that the old, devoted lover, the humble suppliant of past days should pass her with careless indifference. Without deliberate thought of the mischief she might do she felt she must teach him how dangerous it is to forget a woman. Morning after morning she would meet him ostensibly to enquire after the sick man, but the tones of her voice were full of alluring harmony, and her eyes seemed to pray for pardon, although her lips were silent. Each day Jarvis quitted the house, more hopelessly miserable, more degraded in his own sight; yet eagerly longing for the hour of return, the misery of her welcoming smile.

"It is all over, Miss Morris, and safely, I trust," said the famous surgeon, as he hurried downstairs. "That young Dr. Jarvis helped me wonderfully. I prophesy that he will make his mark. I am quite content to leave the case in his hands. Unless there is more heart trouble than we think, Mr. Morton will rally and be a happy man yet," he added with a chivalric bow.

Estelle thanked him profusely, and stood listening in the hall until the sound of his carriage wheels died away. Then she swiftly glided up a long stairway. In a small anteroom next to the sick chamber, she found the nurse and the doctor.

Jarvis was dropping some liquor into a glass, and started at her entrance. In his nervous manner and white face were evidence of the strain and excitement of the great surgical crisis he had just witnessed. His hand trembled. He was horribly conscious of her presence.

She stood by the portiere, her slender figure outlined against the sombre velvet.

"Dr. Linyard tells me," she began, "how much we owe to you and your skill. You are so kind," her voice grew low, "so generous."

The doctor's hand grew more unsteady. "I will bring this in presently," he said, turning to the nurse.

The woman slipped softly away, and the two faced each other alone.

White and haggard, Jarvis gazed at Estelle. Every fibre of his body seemed to thrill under the look she returned to his.

"Harry," she said, "for the sake of old times, will you forgive me? I know how badly I treated you, but girls are fools, and—"

He sprang up, the tightly tensioned cord of self-control snapping as she spoke.

"What do you mean?" he asked, coming closer to Estelle.

"I only wanted to be friends once more," she murmured.

But her white fingers had pulled the flood gates too far apart. Jarvis caught her in his arms and clasped her savagely. She pushed him lingrily from her, yet she listened to his pleading.

"Do you care for that old man? Is the old love dead? Sweetheart, listen to me," he said, passionately.

"How can I listen to you?" she answered, all her diplomacy on guard again. "I have promised to marry Mr. Morton." With a slightly melodramatic sigh she went on: "I am bound by circumstances, but, Harry, I cannot bear to have you hate me. Indeed it breaks my heart. You will forgive me?"

She paused, for some subtle danger threatened in his face; and, turning, she vanished from the room. A few minutes later, as she stood before her long mirror, carefully twisting her heavy coils of chestnut hair, she smiled exultingly at the glass.

Meanwhile Jarvis sat stiff and silent, mechanically dropping the medicine he was preparing into the glass before him. It was a powerful anodyne, and as Jarvis held the bottle a sudden inspiration seized him. She had promised to marry the old man. If he were dead—

Drop by drop the liquid fell into the glass. Now the dose is large for a healthy organism; now it had passed the limit; now—Jarvis stopped. The nurse stood by the door.

"He is sleeping, doctor," and she took the glass from him. "I am to give him this as you directed, when he wakes, the first dose?"

He did not look at her face. "Yes," he said, and she left the room.

In the street outside he met a boy, breathless and excited.

"Doctor," the lad called out, "come quick. There's been a big accident down at the mill. They think Jim Corrigan is killed and they're going on like mad."

Jarvis hurried away, and in fifteen minutes was fighting for the second time that day the strange, cold, mystery of death. There was little time for thought now. On the floor of the mill, surrounded by the weeping women, and rough, yet sympathetic men, he exerted all his skill and struggled desperately to save the life of the young Irishman. After hours of hard work he was again successful, and finally helped to carry the patient to his own house. It was late when Jarvis entered his office and saw the supper his sister had prepared, waiting for him on the little table. Worn with excitement, cold, hungry and exhausted, he ate voraciously, and soon sank into a heavy sleep.

A little after midnight he awoke with a start. The fire was low, the room chilly and his madness was past. An unspeakable horror came upon him, as he remembered his day's work. By this time Morton must be dead. He paced the room in agony, but there was no woman's face to charm and lure him now, only the cold air, the silence, the darkness, which seemed to wrap him on every side. Surely it must be a dream, this hideous mystery of a trust betrayed. Would to God—He shuddered. How dare he, a murderer, call on God?

He wondered why they did not come hurrying after him to call him to look at the dead. He strained his ears to listen, expectant yet alarmed at every distant sound. He could see Morton's face, as he knew it must look, cold and white! Even when he tried to think of Estelle the dead face rose insolently before him, blotting out every other thought.

Jarvis was descendant of an honorable race. His nature, naturally weak and sensitive, had been strengthened by an old-fashioned provincial education and simple country life. As the temptation died away, conscience asserted its power and remorse and horror overcame him. Was there any escape? Yes, one, cowardly as it was, and he moved slowly toward the box where his pistols were. Then he started with a cry for the door opened and his sister came in. He knew her husband was away, and wondered if her baby was ill, for she held it in her arms.

"You poor boy! How worn and miserable you look. What a hard day you've had of it!" she said. "You came in so late, your supper must have been stone cold. I have been lying upstairs, hearing you tramp up and down here, until I decided to come down and drive you to bed and baby, little rascal, would come, too."

Jarvis watched them stolidly—the mother's pure and gentle face and white caressing hands, the baby's rosy cheeks and darkly shining eyes. This was his only sister. She loved and honored him.

"How is Mr. Morton?" she asked, suddenly.

"Dead, by this time," he answered harshly.

She played with the baby's curls and said, slowly, "I am sorry. You and the surgeon have worked so hard; but after all he has been spared much unhappiness for," she went on hesitatingly, "Estelle Morris cannot help it, perhaps, but she is a heartless girl. I was thankful enough two years ago when—forgive me Harry, is it possible you love her still?"

"Love? If you call it that," Jarvis answered wildly. "For her sake, I have done murder—murder, do you hear? Do not look at me so. Take the child away. Go, go!"

She stared at him, unbelief and horror mixed in her gaze.

"Murder, impossible!"

"It is true," he went on, ruthlessly, but with a sense of grim relief. "After the operation this afternoon Linyard left. Morton showed signs of fever. I gave him aconite. I gave him enough to kill three ordinary men. There's no doubt about it; he's dead by this time."

Helen gave a low cry, and seemed to shrink and grow older before his eyes. There was a long silence. The baby played with the ribbons of her wrapper and Jarvis realized that his cup of punishment was full. He knew he had slain the future happiness of this tender, loving woman. He inwardly cursed his weakness in confessing a crime which he need never have revealed. His sister stirred at last, a momentary gleam of anger flashing in her eyes. "She tempted you—I know it," she cried; then her head dropped, and with a flood of tears she crept out of the room. Again Jarvis was alone.

As he expected, the summons came in the early dawn. He heard the wheels of the carriage outside, and opened the door himself to the sleepy servant who stumbled up the steps.

"We want you to come up to the house, Mr. Morton is dead."

"Yes," said Jarvis. "When?"

"Last night, sir. I was coming after you, but I heard you were going to the mill; and Mrs. Morris said to wait till morning."

Jarvis led the way out and they drove through the sleeping town. He, too, was as one dead; for his desire for life, and the mad love that had caused his ruin—all these were gone from him forever. This then, was to be his punishment—this misery of hopeless remorse; yet, as he shuddered before the thought of the future, he acknowledged the eternal justice of God.

They reached the house at last. With a supreme effort of will, Jarvis entered the dark hall. At the top of the stair the nurse met him. She greeted him nervously. "O, doctor, after all your trouble, to think he should die this way—so soon, too."

"When?" said Jarvis.

"Last night about 7 o'clock, and—I must tell you doctor, for I have rather worried over it. He was sleeping so nicely that I did not disturb him at first and by an accident—I never did such a thing before—I upset one of the medicines you left—the fever medicine. We were just going to send for you when he gave a sigh and all in an instant he was dead. Perhaps if I had given him the medicine—"

She paused in surprise for the doctor leaned forward and took her hand suddenly in his.

"I think," he said—"I think it was the will of God."

TOMATO SUPPORTS.

Perhaps the easiest way to keep the tomatoes off the ground is to spread several folds of paper under the bunches of fruit. The hoop supported by three stakes is quite good, also the ladder or lattice supported on either side of the row.

Tying to stakes does not give the plants very good chances unless pruning is also practiced. Mulching with straw or even with papers conserve moisture, thus prolonging and increasing the yield, but also greatly increasing rot in the fruit.

After all perhaps the most satisfactory way is to nail scantling to stakes on either side of the row, a foot from the ground and to lay strips across them for the vines to spread over. This allows the plant and fruit the best possible development, and the outfit is easily stored away afterwards.

W. S. F.

HERE AND THERE IN HALTON

MILTON.

The tenders for the new permanent walks will be opened on Monday, 17th inst.

Municipal Clerk Coates has been voted a two weeks' vacation by the Council.

Chief Earl and W. J. Armstrong, of the Milton Fire Brigade, are attending the Provincial Volunteer Firemen's convention at Trenton. They secured the annual provincial firemen's convention for Milton for 1904.

Twenty mills on the dollar will be Milton's rate of taxation this year. The ratepayers are required to pay an aggregate of $8,238.88.

The tax on town dogs has already yielded $70. The collector expects to raise another $50.

The next time one chief calls for assistance in making an arrest, it is to be hoped that assistance will be rendered before he is half killed by toughs whom he is seeking to arrest. Chief Constable Bradley gets a mighty poor salary for the risks he takes in connection with his office, and the citizens should back him up in his efforts to maintain law and order in the town.—Reformer.

OAKVILLE.

Civic holiday yesterday. Citizens generally observed it. The majority attended the paper mills picnic but many took advantage of the special railway rates to visit outside points.

The Band of the XX Regiment gave an enjoyable concert on the Band Stand on Saturday evening. Nine well-appreciated numbers were rendered.

Mrs. (Dr.) Bennett spent last week very pleasantly with friends in Stratford.

Messrs. Ray R. Barber, C. L. Laing and T. R. Earngey are holidaying in Muskoka. Barber's Island is the place of their sojourn.

On Sunday morning of last week thirteen members by letter, and four on approbation, were received into the Methodist church.

Last Thursday evening, Rev. Mr. Armstrong, missionary to Japan, addressed the Epworth League in the Methodist church in a highly interesting talk on missions.

The Misses Hall, evangelists, took part in the services at Ashgrove on Sunday afternoon. They are earnest speakers and their music adds interest to the service.

It is reported that dynamite was thrown about the Bear quarry on the 9th line on the day of the recent sale for the purpose of frightening or doing bodily injury to persons who attended the sale, and a correspondent asks what penalty the law fixes for such conduct. In reply we may say that the penalty runs from fourteen years to imprisonment for life. It will be too bad if the troubles on the 9th line will not come except at the expense of a long term for some able-bodied fellow in the penitentiary.—Georgetown Herald.

HERE AND THERE.

The License Commissioners have backed down from the decision of last spring and granted a liquor license to Hill's Hotel, Stewarttown.

A. B. McGill, late Principal of Elmvale Public School, but for the past two years night school teacher in Toronto, has received the appointment of Principal of the Oakville Public School at a yearly salary of $600.

The Oakville Musical Association has secured the services of Fred Tucker, of Collingwood, as bandmaster of their band.

A GOOD VOCABULARY.

Next to a good education, the reading of good books contributes most to one's command of language. But here, too, one should guard against the unfortunate memorizing habit, which has long been one of the most serious obstacles in education to real intellectual command of a subject. One should read appreciatively and discerningly, but with no distinct purpose of fixing or retaining in the mind striking forms of expression, sentences, phrases, or combinations of words. This is a servile and imitative use of the mind, destructive to originality, flexibility, and real personal charm of style. One should read for inspiration and for general intellectual enlightenment, for association of lofty ideas with choice and refined language, and for gradual absorption of the beauty, melody, and accuracy of fine diction. One's reading should be, in short, synthetic rather than analytic. He may use the microscope, but not the butcher, scalpel, or the scissors. He should accept the writer's language as something organic, whose impression, in order to be most effective, should be a total impression. There is too much reading, especially among young people, for the avowed purpose of imitation. No good vocabulary or good style was ever acquired by lavishly imitative writing, by reading for the sake of memorizing and reproducing certain tricks of speech or combinations of words. To gain a good vocabulary by reading one must read widely, discriminatingly, and appreciatively. Authors of widely different temperaments, styles, ideals, and view points should be taken up consecutively, and while being read should be interpreted with appreciation and sympathy. That is the only way to get the full value of their style, to absorb somewhat of their peculiar quality of diction and command of words. This does not, of course, imply that the opinion of such writers need be personally indorsed. One ought to be able to read appreciatively without mental servility, without forfeiting one's independence of thought.—James Buckham.

Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up broken down systems. It begins its work right, that is, on the blood.

THE COUNTRY ROAD.

From the busy fields of farmer folk
It starts on its winding way,
Goes over the hill and across the brook,
Where the minnows love to play;
Then, past the mill with its water-wheel,
And the pond that shows the sky;
And up to the bride by the village store,
And the church, with its spire so high.

You would never think that the country road,
From the hill to the store, could be
So long to a boy with an errand to do
And another boy to see.
You can never dream how short it is
From the farm to frozen pond,
Nor how very much farther it always is
To the school-house just beyond.

Oh, the country road! at the farther end
It runs up hill and down,
Away from the woods and rippling brook,
To the toiling, rushing town.
But, best of all, when you're tired and sick
Of the noisy haunts of men,
If you follow it back, it will lead you home
To the woods and fields again.

—St. Nicholas.

HUMOROUS.

"Yes," said the business man, "I have given up trying to collect that little bill from Bilkins. You see he is a pretty big fellow, and he used to throw collectors out." "Then why didn't you employ a woman-collector? He couldn't do that to a woman." "That's what I thought, so I got one and sent her round, but she never came back." "Why not?" "He married her."

A number of little girls were the guests at a tea-party recently given in Baltimore. Nellie, the hostess, was proudly telling them of the wonderful achievements and characteristics of her mischievous youngest brother. After recounting all the deeds she could think of, she said, "Papa had him baptized last month," and then added apologetically, "but it didn't take."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Judge S—, of Boston, who is a great fisherman, for some years past has been in the habit of bringing back from Newfoundland, the scene of his piscatorial labors, such marvelous stories of his catches that his friends grew more and more skeptical, says Life. The Judge, in order to remove all doubts about his honesty, finally procured a set of special scales and triumphantly weighed all the fish he caught, and for his friends' inspection kept the record thus accurately made. Recently, while the Judge was away from home, there was an addition to his family. The Judge's scales were used, and they recorded the baby's weight at forty-eight pounds.

MARK TWAIN'S THANKS.

Amongst the many stories that are told in connection with Mark Twain, there is one that is little known, but which deserves a place with the best.

When the famous American humorist was married to Miss Langdon, a beautiful house in Buffalo was given as a wedding present to the newly-wedded pair, by the bride's father. But every bit of information concerning the gift had been kept an entire secret from the lucky bridegroom, until at last he was being shown through the brilliantly lighted house, mysteriously filled with kinsmen and friends. Then the young wife divulged the important secret.

"It's ours," said she, looking up delightedly into her husband's face. "It's yours and mine—a present from father."

The announcement was such that for a moment or two Mark Twain was entirely overcome by the feelings which had thus been stirred within him. All eyes were turned seriously in his direction, and then, when he had partly gained control, he replied. His eyes were wet with tears and his voice was choking with emotion but his thoughts expressed themselves even then.

"Mr. Langdon," said he, "whenever you are in Buffalo, if it's twice a year, you come right up here and bring your bag along with you. You may stay overnight if you want to. It shan't cost you a cent."

A NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Some modern philosopher has thought up ten new commandments, which are rather good;

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do today.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain has cost us the evils that have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handles.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count one hundred.

HIS REVENGE.

Brown went to Scotland for his holidays last summer, and wishing to let a friend know of his safe arrival he entered the sub-post office and inquired if he could send a telegram direct to London, and how long it would take. The young lady, who was inclined to be snubbish, cut short his inquiries with:

"I am not paid to answer silly questions."

Imagine her feelings, however, when she found herself compelled to wire the following:

"Arrived safe. Girls here ugly and bad-tempered."