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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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SUCCESSOR TO
J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M.
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L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW.
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Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets,
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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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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 Georgetown, 3½ to Acton and 12 to Guelph. For terms apply to JOHN SHAW, on premises, or address Acton P.O., Ont. tfn

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Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
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Stocks paying 8% to 12%. Original investment secured and guaranteed. Call or write for particulars.

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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
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Always open. No vacation. Twelve teachers. Fine equipment. Special summer session for July and August. Particulars free. Write
W. H. SHAW, Principal.

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All the new and big value Exercise and Scribbling Books.
Covered Slates,
The new and latest School Books,
Everything up to date.
Send your children to Day's.
He has on hand the books required.
His low prices win every time.

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GUELPH.
"Day - Bells - Cheap."

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.
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.
Open every Friday evening from six to eight o'clock.
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PICTURES FRAMED
...BY...
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ART STORE
GUELPH
ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE.

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Paper Makers
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BOOK, News, COLORED PAPERS
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Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter,
Quebec Street West,
GUELPH
PLUMBING
...AND...
STEAM-FITTING
IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES
A full supply of the latest Fairbanks' Steam Valves always on hand.

"If they're Williams' Shoes they're proper."
WILLIAMS'
Good Shoes are the foundation of correct dress. Williams' Shoes are the best good shoes for Men, Women or Children. They contribute ease and grace to the feet, and are the limit of comfort and durability. In short, the acme of shoe perfection.
LATEST STYLES ARE ALWAYS READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION.
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WM. WILLIAMS
Mill St. ACTON

Chamberlain's Remedies.

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

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For Bowel Complaints. Price 25 cents.

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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 Portland Cement
THE FAR FAMED DURHAM, which in its first season, 1903, will have a margin in sale over any other brand on the Canadian market of from seventy five to one hundred thousand barrels—a most convincing argument in its favor.
Sole Guelph Agents—
JOHN M. BOND & CO,
GUELPH.

We cordially invite you to examine our exhibit of
DUNLOP
Carriage, Bicycle Tires, and Rubber Goods of all descriptions, which will be one of the features in the new carriage building at the
DOMINION FAIR, TORONTO
also at the
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CHINESE LAUNDRY
In Pearson's Building, Willow Street, Acton.
Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.
CHARLIE SUEY, Prop.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE
Traders' Bank Building, Guelph, Ont.
FOURTEENTH YEAR under the same successful management. We cannot supply the demand for our graduates. No better time to enter than now.
COMMERCIAL, STENOGRAPHIC, Typewriting, English, French and German courses, by the best up-to-date methods. All branches of Penmanship, practical and artistic, thoroughly taught.
HONOR GRADUATES all hold choice positions. Several of those now in training already spoken for by prominent business men. Our system of training acknowledged to be "The Best."
For particulars, apply at the college or address
D. MacCORMICK, B.A., Principal.

Chocolates
Don't you like 'em?
We have just gotten in a complete stock of Stewart's Chocolates—dainty, delicious and delightful. They are nicely packed in individual boxes, all flavors and qualities. Just the thing to take to the golf links or on a drive. Try a box sometime when passing.
Our Ice Cream Lawn
is always open and we are ready to supply all flavors in
Ice Cream, Soda and Cool Drinks.
Our Ice Cream is manufactured in Hamilton and is thoroughly pure and wholesome.
We handle Fruits, Potted Goods and Confectionery.
Fresh Bread and Cakes every day.
MISS B. MILLAR
Mill St. - Acton

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 AERMOTOR
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

Poetry.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY PAPER.

It's no sixteen-page edition that expresses big men's views,
And it's not filled up with pictures, nor with telegraphical news;
It isn't printed daily, with an "extra" every hour,
And the editor's not bragging of his influence and power.
It may have its faults and errors, but all these I will forgive,
For it's printed in the country 'we back where I used to live.
It is only issued weekly, and it's not made up for style,
But when it arrives I gladly put the daily by a while.
I don't read in its pages what the wise and great ones say,
But I see that "Silas Jigger brought some wood to town to-day";
And that "Grandma Parks is better," or that "Old Bill Jones is dead,"
And it tells just what the parson in his Sunday sermon said.
I can see again the faces of the friends I used to know,
In the dim and distant fancies of the happy Long Ago:
And I read up in one corner that the fall winds howl and blow,
And that "Uncle Nathan Smith predicts an early fall of snow";
Or that "Our debating club will give a sociable next week,
At which our fellow townsman, Abner Featherton, will speak."
There are never learned essays on the questions of the day,
But it says "that folks are looking for another rise in hay";
I can see no glaring headlines of the last election fight,
But it says that "Tom Shaw marries Ella Egerton to-night";
And my thoughts somehow grow fonder, when the old folks' names I see,
Telling that "The Reverend Tompkins was invited there to tea."
It may be crude and homely—that same little country sheet,
And the make-up of its pages may be rather obsolete;
It is damp when I unfold it, and the print is sometimes blurred;
Yet 'tis always more than welcome and I read it every word.
And no reading to a city man a greater joy can give
Than the little country weekly, printed "where he used to live."

—Rochester Democrat.

Select Family Reading.

Two Alternatives.

BY W. BERT FORTICH.

"AND now, Jack, what can I do? He follows me everywhere and he stands around and ogles me with that detestable 'baby stare' of his, and—and—you're laughing, Jack! You are as mean as you can be to laugh when I come to you for advice! Esther stamped her foot. Jack Ormsby leaned against the verandah railing and watched her with amused eyes.

"I can't help smiling, Esther, but I can appreciate the irritation poor Hallowell must cause you."

"Irritation!" A world of emphasis entered into the word. "And just because I was foolish enough to let him propose to me!" she wailed.

"Well, of course," Jack said slowly, "you must expect to have your scalps cost you a little something, Essie."

"He doesn't say anything," exclaimed the girl, "if he did, it would give me a chance to tell him what I think of his dogging my footsteps everywhere."

"It certainly is a case of the villain pursued her," Ormsby said. "What do you want me to do, Essie—call him out and plug him full of holes?"

"Ugh! Don't be so vulgar. I don't want you to do anything but tell me what to do to get rid of him." Jack was almost the only man she knew well who had not proposed to her. Men had fallen before her charms, had said their little piece, (and some said it rather well, she had to admit to herself,) and gone their way, and until now no man had been really able to trouble her serenity.

"To think of something, Jack," she pleaded. "It's been three months now since he—he—"

"Since he said the momentous words which made him—not yours, eh?" And Ormsby laughed, but his hands trembled as he shifted his cane a little.

"Don't be absurd! He doesn't want me any more than other men do."

"Whew! Your supreme conceit is certainly charming, Essie."

"Don't be unkind. You know it's true," she said, calmly. "Any woman with fluffy hair and blue eyes can bring men to her feet. Only you don't get foolish and propose to me, Jack."

"No, I don't propose to you," he said quite calmly.

"And that's why I like you."

"Then I'll try not to make you dislike me. But what can I do to poor Hallowell? A cat may look at a king!" But Esther interrupted snappily, saying:

"That's no reason why a calf should look at me all the time!"

"Poor girl! You're finding it mighty hard getting away from the consequences of your sin, eh?"

"What sin have I committed? She demanded, with conscious innocence. "Is it a sin to refuse to marry a man you don't want?"

"No-o. But how about—well, not exactly leading him on to proposing—but"—

She favored him with a frigid look. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Ormsby," she observed.

"Well, you needn't," he said quietly. "You expect plain talk from people whose advice you ask, don't you? No man will ever ask a woman to marry him if she doesn't give him the opportunity."

"That is different, but such remarks as you are making now are hardly in the nature of advice, Jack."

"Well, I don't see there's much you can do," he drawled, and his eyes began to twinkle. "There seem to be but two courses to pursue, and two only"—

"Oh, here's your Sultan and the runabout!" suddenly cried Esther, clapping her eyes and looking up. "Are you going to take me to drive, Jack?"

"Well, it's what I came around for, but your tale of woe about knocked it out of my head."

The negro from the stable loaped down and held the big bay's head.

Esther ran down to the gate, forgetting the heraldic parasol lying on the verandah. Ormsby followed lazily.

"Feeling pretty gay, isn't he, Jackson?" he asked, pulling on a glove and looking at Sultan, who danced charmingly to the accompaniment of little squeals of delight from Esther.

"Yes, sah; he do, sah."

"Hop in, Essie," Ormsby said, holding out his hand to assist her. Then he added, "Speaking of angels, there's Hallowell now."

A fresh-faced young fellow cantered by on a fine horse and lifted his hat seriously. A little way beyond he pulled in the animal and dismounted as though he would come back to speak to the couple at the runabout.

"Do hurry up!" exclaimed Esther under her breath. "What shall I do to get rid of him, Jack? You said there were two ways. What are they?"

"Well," and Ormsby buttoned the glove slowly, and put one foot on the step of the runabout. "You might marry him to get rid of him." "No, thank you," she exclaimed, pouting and tossing her head. Then she started and looked toward the house. "Oh, Jack, my parasol! I shall want it."

Ormsby had already leaned forward to seize the reins. He glanced at the colored man. "Miss Dingley's parasol is on the verandah, Jackson," he said.

The negro dropped Sultan's bridle. Like a flash the bay threw up his head and started.

The lines not been quite within Ormsby's grasp. His foot slipped from the step. He made a leap to rear, the carriage, but Sultan swung into a long stride on the instant and fairly snatched the runabout from under his master's grasp.

"The reins, the reins! Quick, Essie!" Ormsby cried.

Thank God, she knew what he meant and seized the lines before they slipped over the dashboard to dangle about Sultan's heels and drive him mad with terror. But the horse knew instantly that an unfamiliar hand held the reins, and he increased his trot to a gallop.

Esther told herself that she would not be frightened, and she drew the lines in firmly and said "Whoa!"

But Sultan saw no reason for "whoaing" just then. There was a long stretch of dusty, sunlit road before him, and he seized the bit in his strong teeth and bolted. He flew by Hallowell's mount with a rush and set that creature to dancing. Hallowell hung on to the leather and stared with round eyes after the runaway.

His astonishment was vastly increased when a second whirlwind reached him. Ormsby went at him as though he was playing football.

He snatched the bridle from Hallowell's hand, and that young man was sent rolling in the dust as Jack leaped astride and set the now frightened animal after the bolting Sultan.

The road for a mile was clear, but where it joined the boulevard beyond Ormsby knew the runaway would burst into a tangle of carriages of all descriptions, and the end would be serious. He didn't know much about the soundness of Hallowell's mount, but he would have made an asthmatic old car horse do stunts just then.

Like the wind he rode, and his mount's mettle soon came up to Esther's shoulder. Foot by foot he gained on Sultan, and then, with a swift dive, Ormsby seized the reins, which Esther had continued to cling to with all her little might. A strong pull on both horses, and Sultan instantly recognized the fact that all his fun was over.

He slowed down and in half a block, and just before the junction with the boulevard, stopped, as gentle as a lamb. For a minute they gazed at each other.

"Well," Ormsby said at last, "you came near escaping the pursuit of the villain that time, Essie, for good and all."

Esther's eyes grew luminous. "And you dared suggest that I marry him!" she said, catching her breath.

"Well, you know there was an alternative."

"And that is?" still looking at him.

"That you might marry me to get rid of him. That—that would be effectual, wouldn't it?"

Another breath of silence, and then Esther murmured, "Well, Jack, dear, we might try it!"

SOMETHING ABOUT YORKSHIRE.

A Yorkshire man and a Lancashire man were conversing together the other day.

The Lancashire man said to the Yorkshire man: "Well, Bill, do you know the best way to find a Yorkshire man's lost fingers?"

"No," says Bill.

"Well, I will tell you what happened at our place the other day. Yorkshire Dan had two of his fingers cut off with a steam saw, and they got lost among the sawdust and two of my mates went down on their hands and knees looking for them, when the foreman came up and asked what they were doing.

One of them said:

"We are looking for Dan's fingers."

"Oh come out o' th' road," said the foreman; "that's not the way to find a Yorkshire man's fingers"—at the same time taking a shilling out of his pocket and throwing it amongst the sawdust, when the two fingers at once popped up after it.

"There," says the foreman, "that's the way to find a Yorkshire man's lost fingers."—London Tit Bits.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES FOR FARMERS' WIVES.

Three hundred meetings attended by farmers' wives for the purpose of receiving and giving instruction in better methods of housekeeping. Such a series of meetings has just been held in this Province under the auspices of the Ontario Department of Agriculture. Sixteen ladies are engaged for this work, and the most excellent reports received by the Department of the work done, quite justified the expenditure involved.

The objects of Women's Institutes as stated in the rules and regulations are: "The dissemination of knowledge relating to domestic economy, including household architecture, with special attention to home sanitation; a better understanding of the economic and hygienic value of foods, with a view to raising the general standard of health and morals of our people."

We are pleased to see that the farmers' wives and daughters are taking readily to the work. As an evidence of this I quote from a letter just received from one of the secretaries in a northern district:

"I have much pleasure in presenting the annual report of the Institute. I think we may fairly claim for our one-year-old Institute a successful start and a prosperous year.

In June, 1902, we organized with but a handful of, for the most part, doubting indifferent members, and at the close of the year we have a membership of 71, most of whom are active and zealous, and all very much interested in this latest and much-needed method of raising the standard of the lives of the women on the farm.

For a new departure our winter meetings were well attended, many, no doubt, attending through curiosity, to find out what the new fad meant, but I am pleased to say that after nearly every meeting the sentiment expressed was one of genuine respect for the Institute and those taking an active part in the work.

As might have been expected mistakes were made by reason of the entire newness of this kind of work to most of us, but I think we may congratulate ourselves that the mistakes were neither many nor serious. But for all that we feel that there is a great work ahead of us, so big in fact that one is practically tempted to shirk it, but it is hard to sit still knowing the tremendous difference there is between what is and what might be in the conditions of Canadian farm life.

I am pleased to be able to report that we have a capital complement of branch officers, and if we can but keep this kind of school in working order for a year or two more you may anticipate great results.

Personally it has been one of the greatest pleasures and surprises of my life in the short experience while at work in our winter meetings, to meet and make so many warm friends.

It is impossible to take part in this work without getting a broader and more cheerful view of life, and for this, if for nothing else, the Institute should recommend itself to every woman."

MERRY TOO SOON.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" he said, as they met the morning after. "You look blue."

"I feel blue."

"But last night you were the jolliest member of the party."

"I felt jolly."

"You acted like a boy just let out of school."

"I felt like one."

"You said your wife had gone away for the first time in three years, and there wasn't anyone to say a word if you went home and kicked over the mantel clock."

"I remember it."

"You said that if you stayed out until four o'clock there was no one to look at you reproachfully, and sigh, and make you feel small."

"Yes, and I stayed out until four o'clock, didn't I?"

"You certainly did."

"And I gave a war-whoop on the doorstep?"

"Yes; and then you sang a verse from a comic opera song and tried to dance a jig."

"Yes; and my wife had missed the train. Now go away and leave me. I want to kick myself a little more for not taking the precaution to get an affadavit from the conductor that she went with the train."

And he gave himself several bangs on the ears, and then shook himself till his hair began to fall out.

THOUGHTFUL KINDNESS.

Who happiness of life depends far more on little things than on great, and it is a real tragedy that men and women who would gladly die for their own people, will not consult their humble preferences. You do not wish anybody to die for you. You do not wish anyone to make sacrifices for you. You do not like to use the tone of command in anything. Far better go without. But there are some small conveniences on which much of your peace depends, and you are unspeakably thankful to those who will help you to them. To do so would cost them practically nothing. A little attention, a little care would do everything.

There is much kindness in the world, but there is very little thoughtful kindness, and for want of that life is vexed and marred. It is for want of that bereavement brings so many lingering, ineffaceable regrets. It is because of that we have so often to say of the dead and say it with a very sore heart:

"You wanted little from us and we gave you
Less than little now we sadly think."

For pimples, blotches, bad complexion, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take—it has established this fact.

OLD BACHELORS AND OLD MAIDS.

It is said that a woman is no older than she looks, and that she is quite as young as she feels, and, judging from appearances, it is safe to infer that women, as well as men, retain youth a great deal longer than was formerly the case. Certainly the age when the unmarried of either sex are dubbed "old maids" and "old bachelors" depends very largely upon themselves.

The cheery, pleasant man or woman who, in spite of preferring, or, possibly, being condemned to, a life of single blessedness, need never fear scorn in the description of their condition given by their neighbors. "Old bachelor" and "old maid" they may be, but wonder is sure to be expressed that such a "delightful old bachelor" or "really charming old maid" remained single, and never apparently saw fit to make some other person happy by taking him or her into the life partnership of marriage.

A selfish and ill-tempered man becomes a "miserable old bachelor" while his contemporaries are just in the prime of life; and the term "old maid" is unhesitatingly bestowed on the spinster who busies herself with her neighbors' affairs to their detriment, and who seems to find more to blame than to praise in the rising generation.

One thing is quite sure; it is that old maids and old bachelors may be as plentiful as black-berries, and yet equally generally appreciated as long as they preserve in their hearts the milk of human kindness.

LONELINESS.

The most hideous state imaginable is that of solitude. Man is made for company, to act for others, in his interests, his amusements, and all features of his life.

In this country success is measured usually by money, and in this country the loneliest of men, with one possible exception, is the richest of men.

He sits high up on his pile of money, and there are few friends, or none, near him.

He is so high on his pile of gold that he cannot tell a true friend from a false one. And it is hard for him to believe that he has any real friend. He looks down and across the country to the miserable tramp plodding with his bundle and sore feet along the dusty road; he almost feels that he envies that miserable creature, vague, speculating about his next meal.

He imagines the human failure to be free from care, and therefore happy. He envies him his good digestion, his good appetite, his sound sleep, and the fact that he is not surrounded by hypocritical pretensions.

The tramp looks up at the thousand-time millionaire with the same feelings of envy.

He thinks what he would do if he had all that money. He plans, as he trudges along, all sorts of banquets, all sorts of revenges on those who have ill-treated him, all sorts of rewards for the small kindnesses he may have received.

GOOD TO IDENTIFY.

A German who lately lost his horse published the following notice: "Runaway, or stolen, or was strayed, mine large black horse, about thirteen hands hie. He has four black legs, two behind and two before. He is black all over his body, but he has got some vite spots on his back where the skin was rub off; but I greased 'em, and de vite spots is all black now. His ears is both alike, but von is blacker dan toder, and a small pit longer. He has a long tail dat hangs behind; but I cut it short toder day, and now it's not so long vat it was. He is shoed all round, but his behind shoes comed-off, and now he has got on shoes all before. He is not very old, and when he walks or runs his head goes first, and his dail stays behind, ony ven he gets mad and turns round, den his dail comes first. Voever vill bring him back shall pay five dollars reward; and if he bring back de tief dat stole him he shall pay twenty dollars and ax no questions."

NO CHANCE TO WRITE.

There are many poor correspondents who would doubtless like to make the excuse given by a boy who was spending his first year at a boarding school, says Youth's Companion. The first letter, anxiously awaited by his parents, was not received for more than a week; and then it was short and to the point. He wrote:

Dear People: I don't believe I shall be able to send you many letters while I'm here. You see, when things are happening, I haven't time; and when they aren't happening, I haven't anything to write. You'll understand how it is, won't you, father? And, mother, you just ask father to explain to you how it is. So now I will say good-by, with love to all. In haste.

GEORGE.

COMPELLED TO BE ABSTAINERS.

It is well known that on several of the railways in the United States and Canada the employes are compelled to be abstainers. The importance of this ought to be recognized everywhere. They are moving in this direction in France, and the Director of Government Railroads of France has written to say that all the Government roads have agreed to discharge all employees who persist in using wine and spirits while on duty and all who continue to drink will be dropped from the pension roll of the company and will not receive anything in case of accident. All restaurants on the road are forbidden to sell spirits to the workmen or to letter carriers.—Medical Temperance Review.

A sweet expression covers a multitude of freckles.

COMPENSATION.

The truest words we ever speak
Are words of cheer.
Life has its shade, its valleys deep;
But round our feet the shadows creep,
To prove the sunlight near.
Between the hills those valleys sleep—
The sun-crowned hills.
And down their sides will those who seek
With hopeful spirit, brave though meek,
Find gently flowing rills.
For every cloud's silvery light:
God wills it so.
For every vale's shining height;
A glorious morn for every night:
And birth for labor's throe;
For snow's white wing, a verdant field;
A grain for Jesus.
For buried seed, the harvest yield;
For pain's strength, a joy revealed,
A crown for every cross.

PANTS AND TROUSERS DEFINED.

Ex-President Gates, of Amherst College, was a man of three salient characteristics—belief in compulsory worship as a means of grace, nicety of language, and a fondness for bargain hunting that was almost feminine. As an illustration of the latter it is said that on a certain occasion Mr. Gates bought for $3 dollars a pair of trousers that had been marked at $6, and had them charged. The first of the month the bill came in:

"To one pr. pants, $3."

Mr. Gates crossed off the "pants" and substituted "trousers," then remailed the bill. The first of the next month another bill came in:

"To one pr. pants, $3."

This time the bill was returned, as before, but with the following legend: "Dear Mr. Thompson: I am always careful about the language I use, and like other people to be the same." The first of the third month Mr. Gates received a bill:

"To one pr. pants, $3."

This time he went in person to visit Mr. Thompson. He explained his position. Mr. Thompson looked at him a moment and then replied:

"President Gates, I've been in the clothing trade for twenty-five years. An' during them twenty-five years everything in my shop over $5 has been trousers and everything below $5 has been pants. It's pants you got, and egad, sir, it's pants you'll pay for."—New York Times.

COLLEGE MAN COULD SHOVEL.

A young Princeton man, who applied for a position not long ago through Hapgoods, the well known employment experts, proved that he liked hard work better than humble pie, when it came to choosing between them. He had left college in his sophomore year on account of some boyish escapade, and had quarreled with his father, a very rich man, as the result of the other trouble. He left home and was making his own way, when a good position, requiring bonds, was found for him.

While the bonds were in preparation, his employer for whom he had worked six months, learned that he was going to leave and discharged him. Instead of appealing to his father or to some of his wealthy friends he went to work with a shovel and earned his living as a laborer for two weeks, until the bonds were ready. His advance in his new position has been unusually rapid, as he is now assistant manager with strong probability of still further promotion.

LETTER FROM A WARM CLIMATE.

"Speaking of pulpit jokes," a churchgoer remarked, "I have yet to hear a better one than that on a reverend gentleman of a small congregation in the city. He is a fine preacher, a man along in years, loved and revered by his flock. His pulpit utterances never verge upon levity of any sort. He abhors a resort to humor in church.

One Sunday evening he was speaking to his congregation about Mrs. Jones, one of the prominent women of his church, who had gone south for her health. In his previous remarks he had, with feeling, referred to Mrs. Smith, who had recently left this world for a better one.

"He startled his hearers by saying: 'I have just received a letter from Mrs. Smith. She says it is very warm where she is now.'

Shocked at the audible titter in the staid congregation, the good man paused, looked blank and then gasped, 'I meant from Mrs. Jones,' and hastily announced the hymn."—New York Telegram.

ECONOMICAL MUSIC.

Pomp was an old South Carolina darkey who loved to talk about times "befo' de wah" to any one who would listen.

"Talk 'bout 'conomy an' saving," he said one day, "I reckon de Sout'n having 'nough of it nowdays, but de Norf is p'inted ahead ob it in dose ways, ya-as, sah. W'y dere's a rich man—rich as mud—dat's come down from de Norf an' built a house here for to lib in part ob de year; an' he's got two beaut'ful daughters—cold-looking, ya-as sah, but beaut'ful. An' w'at you s'pose my grau'daughter Sally dat washes for dose folks tole me? She say dat it's a truf fact, dat she's seen dose two beaut'ful young ladies practicing on one planer, at de same time! Ya-as, sah. Dat's a ting neber happened in Sout' Carlina befo' de wah!"—Youth's Companion.

One half of the insane were first crazy of their own free will through the use of drink.

Headache All Gone.

Mrs. Melbourne Parker, Torbrook, N. S., writes: "I have used Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders, and after taking one or two felt better at once, and was able to get up and go on with my work." Price 10c. and 25c., all dealers.

Someone has said, "Lunacy is saloonacy, and it is never the moon, but often the saloon, by which reason is dethroned."