The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST. ACTON. Office at Residence, Main St. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. VISITING DAYS—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood. The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

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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 $300 and upwards.

VALUABLE Farm Property For Sale! Farm, Esquesing Township, Halton Co.; 100 acres, about 80 clear, balance good bush; well fenced, and watered by spring creek. Good comfortable house; two barns and silo; orchard. The property is 1½ miles from Limehouse, 3½ to flourishing Village of Acton on G.T.R. For terms apply to JOHN HIAW, on premises, or address Acton P.O., Ont. 1m

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

ACTON Machine and Repair Shops HENRY GRINDLE, Proprietor. AM well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Have no doubt satisfy.

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

School Books

—at—

DAY'S

All the new and up to date 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.

Day's Bookstore GUELPH.

"Day — Sells — 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.

A. H. DEVITT, Manager.

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.

"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.

FOOTWEAR

WM. WILLIAMS Mill St. ACTON

Eden Mills Flour

Fine Quality of this flour The well-known. It is now for sale in Acton by—

W. MOSIER —AT— ACTON MILLS

The businesses will be continued at Everton and Eden Mills, and Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., will be for sale at either of these places.

Chopping done and Oats rolled for horses every day at both Mills.

Cash for wheat and Oats.

HENRY HORTOP, PROPRIETOR

R. W. PHILLIPS.

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.

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 Portland Cement

THE FAMEFAMED 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.

DUNLOP

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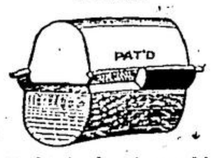

The latest and most successful Carriage Tire on the market. Constructed with cross bars every three-quarters of an inch. Vulcanized in rubber and an actual part of it. Retained in channels by wires at the outer edge, resting upon the shoulder formed by these cross bars. Absolutely solid. Positively no movement. Write for particulars and price list.

The Dunlop Tire Co., Limited, Toronto.

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

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE

Traders' Bank Building, Guelph, Ont.

The ONLY BUSINESS COLLEGE in Canada giving full, up-to-date commercial, stenographic, pen-art, English, French, German and Spanish course.

Full Information sent free to any address.

M. MacCORMICK, B.A., Principal

W. BARBER & BROS.

Paper Makers

Georgetown Ontario.

BOOK. NEWS. COLORED PAPERS

JOHN R. BARBER

Poetry.

A MOTHER'S LULLABY.

The winds kiss the tree-tops and murmur "good-night,"
Sleep, little one, sleep;
The sun bathes the mountain in warm, mellow light,
Sleep, little one, sleep;
The birds hush their songs, the lambs cease their play,
The darkness of night steals the fast-fading day,
And fairy lamps twinkle in skies far away,
Sleep, little one, sleep.

The tired eyes close with their lashes so long,
Sleep, little one, sleep;
While mother sits rocking and crooning her song,
Sleep, little one, sleep;
The little hand loosens its hold from the toy,
And now for the land of sweet slumber and joy,
Where angels keep watch o'er my bright, bonny boy,
Sleep, little one, sleep.

—Thomas H. Wilson.

Select Family Reading.

When a Man's Lazy

By Snowden King.

"P-r-o-v-i-d-e-n-c-e!"

When the train stopped, a girl came up the steps, a tall, bright-faced, young woman, with an alert air that stamped her instantly as one of the world's workers.

A man at one of the smoker windows threw out a freshly lighted cigar and made his way into the back coach. "I wonder," he mused, "Why it is she always knows just what to wear and how to wear it—black skirt, not too long, blue waist, sailor hat?"

"Allow me." Before she was aware of his presence he had raised the window she was tugging at.

"You?" she interrogated.

"None other," he laughed. "And what do you mean by stepping into my car so unceremoniously? I thought you were in Boston, working as only you can work."

"Mother and I have been taking a much needed vacation two miles out of Providence with Aunt Ruth Armsly, mother's sister. You don't know what a time we have had—fried chicken, fresh milk and eggs, the finest scenery and the dearest aunt in the world."

"Oh, but I do know," he interrupted, "for I have been enjoying the same, minus the aunt, a few miles down the bay! I didn't feel like going the regular rounds this summer, so I took my vacation late and in my own way."

"Your vacation!" And Bessie Stuart laughed soft and low. "From what, please? Confess you have never done a day's work in your life."

"And you," he answered softly, "have done too many of them."

"No," she said quickly. She was afraid when this man's voice and eyes took on their present tone—of herself, perhaps, more than anything else. "Since I have taken up illustrating I have to use the minutes as well as the hours, to keep up my reporting."

"Are you going to do reporting this winter? It is such hard, grinding work for a woman, Bessie, I hate to see you do it, and with all my heart wish I had the power to say you shall not."

She looked at him steadily. "Do you know that sometimes you are almost impudent? Yes, I must do reporting this winter. It will be a year at least before I can give it up for more congenial employment. Illustrating does not pay quite well enough yet to take care of the Stuarts financially. I suppose your work will be the same," and her lips curled a little scornfully, "cigars, club dinners, the theater and the usual round of social functions?"

He glanced through the window at the falling leaves, a strange look on his handsome face. "Yes, Bessie; my work will be the same, will always be the same until life is put away."

"Oh, Jack," she exclaimed, "you were made for something better than an idle, useless life!"

He laughed and the spell was broken. But Jack Hammond knew by the way his heart thumped that it was dangerously sweet to hear Bessie Stuart say "Jack" in that soft, appealing way.

The friends of handsome Jack Hammond would, one and all, have told you he was an idler, but his father was one of the wealthiest men in Boston. From a mansion in Beacon street to a little three roomed house in one of the basest portions of the city is quite a distance, both socially and financially, but Jack had done away with it easily in his acquaintance with Bessie Stuart. They had met at a ball a year ago at Mrs. Ostrander's, Bessie's aunt, a wealthy society woman, who, when Mr. Stuart died, opened her doors to his widow and daughter.

Bessie had stoutly refused. "No, aunt, I cannot," she had said, "even though you are papa's sister. Mamma and I will live alone, and you will see that I shall take care of her beautifully."

Mrs. Ostrander secretly admired the proud independence of her favorite niece and was always devising plans to have her with her as often as possible.

There was silence between Jack and Bessie for some time. He broke it by saying:

"Are you going to be present at your aunt's dinner Wednesday evening?"

"Yes; that is what I am going home for now. Mamma will stay with Aunt Ruth for another week, but I promised Aunt Ostrander I would spend the last days of my vacation with her. I had a letter from her yesterday in regard to the dinner. She writes me I am to wear an elegant gown and go down with John Leigh, author. Don't you think that is glory enough for one young woman in one evening?"

"I should think so. And you are to meet your idol at last, are you? Beside, has it ever occurred to you that perhaps you may be disappointed in him?"

"I shall like him." And the girl's voice had a very positive note. "I have read everything he has written for four years, and since I have been working for the C. magazine I have illustrated several of his stories. I can even tell you what he looks like, though I have never seen him. He is dark for one thing and has a strong, thoughtful countenance. I wonder what he is coming to Boston for?"

The quizzical smile deepened in Jack's blue eyes. "Where does he live when he is at home?"

Beside brow's drew together in a thoughtful frown. "Well, I don't believe I ever really heard. Somehow I have always thought of him as living in New York city."

Just then the train stopped at a small station and picked up a man, a Bostonian, every inch. There was nothing in his appearance to cause Jack to start as though he were guilty of a crime and this man the avenger, but he did. For the first time in all his life, he did not want to see Matthew Hilton, for he had told him only a few days ago that a secret which had been a secret for five long years of close companionship need be one no longer.

"There's Mr. Hilton the publisher," Bessie exclaimed. "Whoever would have thought of seeing him down here?"

"Bessie"—Jack whispered hurriedly; he hadn't much time, for his Nemesis was coming toward them with a bright smile on his face—"could you forgive me for deliberately deceiving you?"

"Good morning, Miss Stuart. I see by his happy face that you have forgiven the boy." And Hilton's hand was laid caressingly on Jack's shoulder for a moment. "I want to thank you for it, for the fear that you would not has been the shadow of John Leigh Hammond's sunshine for months. Please let him enjoy his laurels, for he has won them royally."

Mr. Hilton proceeded to make himself comfortable by turning a seat to face his friends, but at that moment a door changed and a man he must see passed into the smoker. "Never mind," he smiled as he left them; "I'll join you later."

Jack Hammond had grown very white. He turned to Bessie, his eyes desperate. He never quite realized till this moment just what this girl's real displeasure would mean to him.

"It is as bad as it seems, Bessie. I have allowed you to idealize a name, and you have found that he is only a plain, common man after all. Are you going to even try to forgive me?"

"Oh, Jack, I was not thinking of that at all, but of how cruelly unjust I have been to you. I believe I have even called you lazy, and all the time you were doing such an immense lot of work. It makes me feel dizzy to think of it."

"None of that matters now." And Jack's hand closed tightly over hers. "In it for life, sweetheart?" For a moment the steady blue eyes held the brown eyes fast; then the brown ones drooped, and the answer, was, "Forever and forever!"

A SAND TABLE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

For the indoor amusements of the little folks get a sand table, such as is used in the kindergarten. It is six feet long, thirty inches wide and twenty-four inches high. The tray, which is four inches deep, is painted and varnished inside. It holds a quantity of moist sand which can be moulded into different shapes and used in a variety of ways, as, for instance, to represent a garden, a range of hills, the course of a river, etc.—May Ladies' Home Journal.

The most striking sermon is usually the one that hits the man who is not there.

VARIETIES.

A lady was anxiously looking for her husband and inquired of the housemaid: "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?" "I'm not sure, mum, but I think they are in the wash," said the careful domestic.

Ah, what a pity we cannot decide our fate in every phase of life. In which case I would elect, to be a beautiful woman between 20 and 30; a brilliant officer from 30 to 40; a celebrated painter from 40 to 50; a famous poet or novelist from 50 to 60; Prime Minister of England or President of the United States from 60 to 70, and a cardinal for the rest of my life.—Max O'Rell.

The Outlook crowds an unusual amount of practical wisdom and good sense into the following paragraph: "Zeal without knowledge, often condemned, is more valuable than knowledge without zeal, often commended; for zeal without knowledge inspires life, and life acquires knowledge; but knowledge without zeal sits in its study, plays with its books, and does nothing. All the greatest things in life have been accomplished by enthusiasts whose zeal was greater than their knowledge."

That tired feeling is a burden you need not carry. Hood's Sarsaparilla will rid you of it and renew your courage.

NEW ONTARIO'S ATTRACTIONS.

Members of the Canadian Press Association See and Judge of the Temiscaming District for Themselves.

FOUND A LAND OF PROMISE ATTRACTIVE TO SETTLERS.

On the 21st September about forty members of the Canadian Press Association set out on a trip to see for themselves and their readers that part of Ontario known as the Temiscaming District, spoken of so flatteringly in Government and immigration reports. The trip covered over a thousand miles and the members returned home early last week. Unanimously the members of the press party declare that the country was a revelation to them, that its possibilities are very great, and that the visit and experiences while in this new territory had the effect of dispelling many prejudices they heretofore held respecting it. They found a magnificent stretch of country at the head of Lake Temiscaming, comprising more than a score and a half of townships, well watered, well wooded, easily cleared, adapted to the purposes of farming and dairying, and giving evidences of unusual fertility. They also found many hundreds of settlers doing well in their new homes, well satisfied with their prospects and full of confidence as to the future of this new and recently discovered section of our resourceful province.

The trip through the older settled counties of York and Simcoe, and the picturesque districts of Muskoka, Parry Sound and Nipissing are always interesting to the traveller, and their diversified and constantly changing scenery command his attention. The North Bay G. T. R. train arrived at its destination at 10 o'clock on Monday evening and left the press party comfortably quartered for the night in the pullman "Sacramento." At seven next morning the party was augmented by a score or so of North Bay's leading citizens, including Mayor McKenzie, Sheriff Vavin and Editor Phelps, and with a special train proceeded to take a run over the completed section of the new Temiscaming and Northern Ontario Railway, the Government line which is to run from North Bay to New Liskeard, a distance of 118 miles. The newspaper men had the advantage of the presence of expert railroad men, including Mr. W. B. Russell, resident engineer of the T. & N. O. Railway, who had charge of the party at that stage; Messrs. Geo. Ham and A. H. Notman, Canadian Pacific; J. D. McDonald and H. Charlton, Grand Trunk. The four last named remained with party throughout.

The rails are laid north for a distance of 35 miles, and the work is going on at the rate of a mile a day. Before the men quit work for the winter, about sixty miles, or over half the distance to New Liskeard, will be completed. Next July New Liskeard will be getting its mail by rail. The roadbed for the first fifteen miles is completed and is excellent in all respects. The locomotive-driver declared he could with safety, if necessary, run 50 miles an hour over the 80-lb. steel rails on that section. It will be interesting to sportsmen to know that moose, the original inhabitants of the country along the 35 miles of track, have not yet ceded or given up possession of the land for this pioneer railroad. Every morning fresh footprints of moose may be seen in the loose ballast along the sides of the railway. Partridge in the forests and ducks and other waterfowl on the numerous lakes are very plentiful.

The party went as far as Moose Lake, where the construction gang were at work. Here lunch was served in the workmen's dining car. The novelty of the spread, with its extensive menu of wholesome edibles, from pork and beans to plum pudding, did not deter the quill drivers from giving free rein to their voracious appetites.

The country traversed by the railway is rough and rocky in many places, but there is much good land and abundance of fine timber, including pine, cedar, hardwood and pulpwood.

Returning to North Bay in the evening there was opportunity to explore this enterprising and prosperous town. Since the permanency of the C. P. R. works has become assured the town has experienced a veritable boom—not of a speculative character, but the legitimate result of hard-headed foresight and loyal interest on the part of business men and citizens generally. The cheaper buildings of earlier days are rapidly being replaced with substantial business blocks of brick and stone. And the same spirit is apparent in connection with the private residences, churches, etc. The C.P.R. is erecting a magnificent new stone depot.

A banquet was tendered the pressmen by the Board of Trade and this enjoyable function was utilized to impress the newspaper representatives with the importance of North Bay; its relation to the great new country to the north, and the great advantages to accrue to the country at large by the development of the Lake Nipissing and French River waterway, which is so enthusiastically exploited here as a solution for facilitating cheapened transportation from the grain fields of west to the tidal waters of the east. The affair was very enjoyable and this evidence of North Bay's hospitality was fully appreciated by the visitors.

Wednesday morning we ran east by C. P. R. as far as Mattawa, to take the branch line there for Temiscaming. The run to Lake Temiscaming along the Quebec side of the Ottawa River from Mattawa is delightful. The Laurentian range on the right is high and rugged in places, at others covered with rich autumn-tinted foliage. The Ottawa River is on the left, with its numerous rapids, paralleled by the old-fashioned wooden jimjams, and the roadbed lies along a seat of a shelf hewn out of the rock. The line has many curves, some very sharp and short, so that one might almost imagine in places the possibility of a person with a long arm standing on the rear platform and shaking hands with the engine driver. It is a trick of nature to place steep mountains at one side of railway lines and serpentine rivers on the other. Before reaching the terminus the railway parallels for some distance the famous Long Sault rapids. Temiscaming is a delightful resort and the tourist would be inclined to linger there and dine on delicious moose steak unless allured north by the lake scenery. At Temiskaming, which in Indian means "Deep and Shallow Water," we embarked on the the palace steamer "Meteor," of the Lumsden line. Mr. Lumsden, Jr., accompanied the party and his interesting description of the various points of interest; the Indian legends concerning them; the experiences of the voyageurs of a couple of centuries ago on those waters and their shores was charming. It is no exaggeration to say that this trip, for grandeur of scenery, is unexcelled in America. For miles along the sides of the narrow lake stretch almost impenetrable forests of poplar, white and black spruce, and cedar, and the foliage, now richly steeped in autumn hues, shades of red, yellow, green, with here and there a scattering of pine or tamarack, made a gorgeous, ever-changing picture along the whole of the seventy-five miles of the steamer route.

Haileybury, a new town competing for settlers with its larger neighbor six miles away, was sighted about six o'clock and half an hour later the boat ran into port at New Liskeard, the capital of this new promised land.

New Liskeard, which has had a settled name for less than a year, is a stirring town of 1500 inhabitants, with a Mayor and town Council. Its growth has been marvellous. It has 15 to 20 stores, two commodious hotels, a library, two doctors, two lawyers, a newspaper, The Temiscaming Gazette, a steamboat wharf and what is popularly known as a "dredge," though Dan McGillicuddy says his is a dredge. The dredge has deepened the channel, so that boats can now go right into the heart of the town up the River Wabie. Two boats ply daily northward to Tom's Town, a point on the Blanche River. The town has one large public school occupied and another in course of construction, four churches — Methodist, Presbyterian, Church of England and Baptist. The Presbyterians are just completing a handsome new brick church and expect to open it this month. The brick and lime for the edifice were both manufactured at New Liskeard. The town has a saw mill, planing factory, hardware stores superior to any in the County of Halton, jewelry stores, laundry, and wonderful to relate respecting a country supposed to be in the "frozen north," four ice cream parlors.

A great advantage to the settlers, and a state of affairs entirely unknown when the older sections of Ontario were being settled, is the facility with which supplies of all kinds can be secured. Saw mills are running in all directions and lumber is readily obtained; nails sell at $2.15 at New Liskeard, and other building hardware at similarly reasonable prices. Ogilvy's No. 1 flour sold at $2.40 when we were there; granulated sugar 22 pounds for a dollar. There are dealers handling agricultural implements, waggons, sleighs, pumps, windmills, sewing-machines—yes, and there is a piano warerooom. The old story told by pioneers of this section of carrying flour from Oakville and groceries from Toronto and Hamilton will never be related by Temiscaming settlers. The boats run for forty miles north up the Blanche River and the daily stages on the Government roads call at Hudson, Highland, Milberta and intervening points, so that supplies are always within reach.

(Continued on page 2).

JACKSTONES.

Most girls and some boys have played in their time the game of dibs or knucklebones or jackstones, but few of them know that the game has existed since the third century B. C. and is probably older. How it was played in ancient days no one can tell, but the ankle joint bones of sheep, ox deer and pig were used, and the game was called "astragal," from the Latin word for the ankle joint. In Scotland pebbles are often employed, whence the name "chuckies." Even precious stones, gold and bronze "stones" have been used, and in some countries the bones were marked with numbers and colored to represent kings, queens, knaves and pawns.

MEANINGLESS LIVES.

The late Bishop Phillips Brooks urged that men ought to "mean to be something with all of their might." It is doubtless true that there is altogether too much of not meaning to be something. A thousand times in a year men say in some course, which has been called in question: "I did not mean anything by it." This is often associated with another and very similar thought expressed in this way: "I did not mean anything bad by it." This is less than half of what men ought to be thinking or be doing. The thought in the mind which governs the conduct should be positive, never negative; it should not be without meaning, but full of meaning. Men should never say "I did not mean anything," but they should "mean something with all their might." When anyone says, "I did not mean to," as excusing himself for doing wrong, we feel like saying to him that he ought rather to say: "I meant not to do the wrong.

THE SABBATH.

How calm the Sabbath morn!
How soft its halo sun!
In every heart sweet peace is born—
Anew the race for heaven begun.
Lord, give me strength to run.

The sweet bells ring their call,
The echoes float away;
In pulsing cadences say to all,
"Will worship Him to-day?"
Lord, help me that I may.

O, sacred skies and bells!
O singing saints of light!
What rapture's news thy story tells
Of hopes and home so bright.
Lord, lead me through the night.

—J. A. Burrow, in Midland Methodist.

IF YOU ARE IN EARNEST.

Are you looking for an opportunity of doing good? If you are, take to heart these words of William Burleigh's: "There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before and never can be done again."

These are true words. You can prove them if you will. It is often true that those who talk most about wanting to do good "if they could" have no perception of the opportunities given them every day of their lives. The real worker in Christ's earthly kingdom does not wait for opportunities; he creates them. If you are in earnest, you will never be idle for lack of opportunity.

NAME FOUND AT LAST.

A Scotch crofter meeting a friend whom he had not seen for some time, said, "Hullon, Archie, whaur hae ye been this while back?"

"Man," replied Archie, "did ye no ken I was laid doon wi' that trouble they ca' influenza?"

"No; I didna hear ye were ill," said the crofter, "An' what kind o' trouble is that?"

"Weel, I can hardly explain," replied Archie, "but efter yer gettin' better ye feel very lazy—in fact, ye dinna feel inclined tae dae anything a' day long."

"Man, man," said the crofter, "dae ye tell me that? I've been troubled that way this last twenty years, and canna find a name for it.

A CLEAN MOUTH.

A clean heart and a dirty mouth are no more compatible than the effluvium of the sewer can be the outcome of a limpid spring. Back of the strange oath and the dirty story is a reservoir of filth that gives them to the world. The man who plays light with his Maker's name will not split hairs when it comes to his neighbor's property. The man whose breath reeks of the pit, no matter who vouches for his character, is a menace to innocence and chastity. Put it down that the man whose language is that of a bar room and whose thoughts are those of a brothel, is not fit to be a guest in a respectable home, and must only be tolerated in business. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." A well-dressed, gentlemanly looking man of about forty-five sat down in a railway train the other day. He opened his mouth presently and spoke the language of a street loafer, and as the conversation continued, it was made apparent that to an ungodly mind was added an unscrupulous heart. The conversation overheard convicted him as a scoundrel. This unjailed thug had every appearance of a gentleman until he opened his mouth.—Baker and Confectioner.

KNEW ALL HIS SYMPTOMS.

One of the anecdotes related by Dr. S. Weir Mitchel, in his story, "Doctor North and His Friends," might well be a personal experience of the author. The hero, Doctor North, was travelling from Harrisburg by the night train, which was crowded. In one of the cars he found a man stretched across two seats, fast asleep. He awakened him, begged pardon for disturbing him, and asked for a seat. After a little time the two entered into conversation.

At length the man asked, "Do you know Dr. Owen North?"

Rather astonished, I said, "Yes."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Oh, a very good fellow."

"He is like all them high-up doctors. Gets big fees, doesn't he? I want to know."

"No," said I. "That is always exaggerated. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I've had a lot of doctors, and I ain't no better, and now I haven't much money left."

Upon this, my friend confided to me all his physical woes in detail. We parted before daybreak. It was too dark in the car for either of us to see plainly the face of the other. About ten the next day the man entered my consulting room. As I should not have known him except for a rather peculiar voice, I, too, remained unidentified. I could not resist so excellent an opportunity. Looking at him, I said:

"Sit down. You have a pain in your back."

"That's queer! I have."

"And you are blind in the left eye, and your digestion is bad," and so I went on.

At last he said, "I never saw a doctor like you! It scares a man 'most. Can you cure me?"

I said "Yes" and wrote out directions. It was really a simple case. When he produced a well-worn wallet I declined to take a fee and said:

"I owe you for the seat and the good sleep I disturbed last night."

"Well I declare! I see, now! You were the man. But law! why did you give it away! I'd have sent you the whole township."—Youth's Companion.