The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXI.---NO. 30. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 24, 1907. 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,
HILL 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 Nonpareil 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 specified periods:

Space.	1 Yr	6 Mo	3 Mo	1 Mo
10 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	4.50
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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Advertisements will be changed once each month, if desired. For changes oftener than above mentioned the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

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Accounts payable monthly.

English office, 30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us news subscriptions and advertisements, and where our readers can, free of charge, see our paper when in England.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

ARTHUR L. HORE, M. D.,
University of Toronto
Specialism in Dis. Joints Mac. in Satin.
Office and residence Corner Mill and John Streets. Calls promptly attended to.
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. R. C. S. Glasgow.
Member British Medical Association Etc.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

E. D. AULT, M. D. C. M.
Successor to Dr. Lois M. MacDonald.
Office and residence formerly occupied by the Doctor, Frederick St.
Office Hours—8 to 10 a.m.; 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p.m.
ACTON - - ONT.

DR. DRYDEN,
Eye, Ear, Throat and Nose.
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets,
GUELPH.
Office Hours—10 a.m. to p.m. and 3 to 6 p.m.
Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

LEGAL.

A. J. MacKINNON
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office—Mill Street in Matthews' Block, Acton.
Georgetown Branch—Main street, open Wednesdays and Saturdays.

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
Georgetown, Ontario

J. H. 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.

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
Office—Perry's Block
ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. AND J. HARDY & CO.,
Advertising Contractors and News Correspondents,
30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., England.
A File of this Paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given if required.

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 $500 and upwards.

W. HULL,
Licensed Auctioneer
Erin, Ontario
Orders left with the Free Press, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

JAMES McDONALD
Licensed Auctioneer
For the counties of Wellington, Halton, Waterloo, Wentworth and the City of Guelph.
Sales conducted on reasonable terms and satisfaction guaranteed in every case.
For terms, dates, etc., apply to Box 376, Rockwood—Cor. McTaggart St. and Elora Road, GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 147. Guelph. Sales may be arranged at Free Press office, Acton.

R. J. KERR
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Mimico P. O., telephone to Mimico or Cooksville, or left at Free Press office, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

Acton Hand Laundry

CHARLIE SUEY

Work done by hand, no machinery; no acids nor chloride of lime used, which destroy the clothes. Care is always used with the work, and to make clothes clean and pure.

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and Vests a specialty. Ladies' work given the best care and done at lowest prices.

Laundry dried outside.

Orders washed every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and ironed and dried every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

If you want first-class work, and entirely satisfactory, go to CHARLIE SUEY'S HAND LAUNDRY

Willow St. Acton, near Henderson & Co

ATTEND THE BEST!

It has paid others It will pay you.

ELLIOTT Business College
LONDON, ONT.

Has now the largest attendance in its history. We have room for more. Enter now. Circulars free. Graduates always successful.

Corner Yonge and Alexander Sts.
W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal

GUELPH Business College

Masonic Block, Upper Wyndham St. Guelph, Ont.

Get the Best business education by attending this far famed institution. A young man lying Four Thousand miles away has just signified his intention to take a course at the Guelph Business College.

A Continuous procession of educated young men and women is moving forward from Principal MacCormick's classes to occupy remunerative positions of trust and responsibility. One of our young men has just accepted a responsible position at Twelve Hundred Dollars a year.

Now is the time for ambitious young men and women to get the education and training that qualify for marked success.

Come Direct to the College Office, Masonic Block, Upper Wyndham Street, or address

M. MacCORMICK, B.A.
Principal.

New Pictures at Waters Bros.

New ideas in Framing..... Artists' Supplies... ....Oil and Water Colors ..... Always fresh and of the best quality.

WATERS BROS. GUELPH
ART STORE.

SAYERS SAW MILLS
NASSAGAWEYA

Four-foot Slabs for Sale
Hemlock and Pine Lumber
3000 Cedar Fence Posts. Telephon Poles, or Cedar for any purpose up to 40 feet long.
Bill Stuff cut to order.
Lath and Shingles constantly on hand.

P. SAYERS & SONS
NASSAGAWEYA P. O.

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 a train 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

Let US Handle the Flour for YOU.

We supply to scores of satisfied customers every week their Bread and Pastry Flour, as well as their Meal for breakfast.

ACTON FLOUR AND FEED STORE.

ROBT. NOBLE, Proprietor
N. F. MOORE, Manager

Excelsior Bakery

We are headquarters in Acton for Bread, Cakes, Pastry, etc., of first-class quality.

We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.

T. Statham & Son
Mill Street, Acton

THE BIG HARDWARE STORE

WASH DAY Necessaries

Tubs
Pails
Wash Machines
Washboards
Wringers
Boilers
Kettles
Granite Kettles
Clothes Baskets
Clothes Racks
Rope and Wire
Reel Heads
Cotton Mitts.

WE DON'T SELL SOAP.

The Big Hardware Store carries a large quantity of Household Hardware.

"Our Prices are always right."

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Phones 97, 198 Limited, GUELPH

A Fine Club of Young Men and Women will invade the halls and class rooms of the Central Business College, Toronto, and become members on Jan. 2nd next. Plan to be one of them. You will get good care and win fine results. Write at once and let us help you to decide. Address, W. H. Shaw, Principal.

Arnold's Livery

JOHN ST., ACTON

Stylish Rigs, Double or Single, Supplied on Shortest Notice
COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ORDERS
Given Special Attention.

HENRY ARNOLD - - Proprietor

The Old and Reliable Granite and Marble Dealers

We are manufacturers and direct imported of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to stand law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or pester customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and competition.

HAMILTON & SONS
Cor. Norfolk and Wardwick Sts., GUELPH

Is It Footwear

You Are Looking For?

If that's the case go to

Williams' Shoe Store

I carry a full line of boots, shoes, rubbers, etc., for people of all ages and sizes.

Fall and winter stock now ready for your inspection.

Wm. Williams
The Shoe Man
Mill Street - - Acton

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS

***

The Best Quality of

Manitoba

Family and Pastry

Flour

For sale at lowest prices
Our Own Make.

***

Chopping Done and Oats Rolled every day.

Feed for sale.

Cash for Wheat and Oats.

***

HENRY HORTOP

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.

INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any insurance required will be promptly attended to.

W. H. DENNY, Agent,
Young St., Acton.

Also agent for The Union Insurance Co., of England.

Poetry.

THE SPICE OF DANGER.

There ain't no fun in slidin' on a common sort o' hill
No matter if it's steep as it kin be
Just goin' fast is nothin'. I'd rather wait until
I find a chanst for steerin' 'round a tree,
A track o' glessnin' ice
That curves, say, once or twice,
An' makes you watch for fear o' gettin' slumps—
It just about all Night.
—An' it is out-o-sight
If it have two or three tremenjous bumps.

Sleighriddin' isn't nothin' if you go it by yourself
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I like to have a ride
Upon the kind o' slide
Where girls is scared to come—the little chumps,
By jings, ain't it gay
To have your Racer sleigh
A-leapin' over some tremenjous bumps?

I know a dandy place about a half-a-mile away
Where, Teacher says it's suicide to go.
Tom Willis got his collar bone broke off the other day,
But he can't steer a sleigh at all, you know.
You got to go between
Two trees of evergreen
Just after you have curved around a rock.
By jing, you'd be a sight!
Be busted up all right,
If you went into one of 'em kerchunk.

But after you have passed the trees, there's lots o trouble yet,
You got to jump a great big maple log.
There's lots o' common coaster sleighs are busted there, you bet.
I'm glad my Racer never cuts up dog.
Then further down the hill
There's somethin' comin' still,
A three-foot precipice with icy lumps.
It jars your teeth, all right,
But say, it's out o' sight,
To have a hill with such tremenjous bumps.

Select Family Reading

THE DONATION PARTY AT HUSTLER'S CAMP

HUSTLER'S Camp was somewhat exercised over the newcomer who, in truth, did not look as if he belonged there. A number of men paused in their work and looked after the figure in rusty black as it ascended the rugged path on the hillside—a figure slender and slightly stooped, with gray showing plainly in the fringe of hair beneath the well-worn hat.

"He's come to a poor market," said a brawny fellow named Sam.

Little Jim leaned on his pick and looked wistfully after the retreating form. Jim was only a boy who had drifted into the camp, nobody quite knew how or from where, and they had all fallen into the way of calling him "Little Jim," though he undertook a man's work with a courage and determination which showed that he intended to ask no favor.

"Ye can track that fellow all over the diggin's by these," grumbled Dirk, holding up a tract. "It's all the job I want to scrate along in this world, and I hain't time to 'tend to no other. It's getting monot'nous, and I wish he'd git out of this."

"He won't till he has starved out; but that ought to be 'fore long," declared Sam. "He's gittin thinner'n more bent over on' bleached lookin', and his black coat shinier every day. If he hasn't got sense enough to know when he's struck a place that won't pay, 'twould be a mercy to give him a hint."

"A good h'istin' one, that would skip him out lively," interposed another voice.

The irritable wish and rough jest were bandied about until they gradually changed to a purpose—a plan born of the moment's caprice; the irresponsible mood of a crowd.

"The next time we git sight o' him anywheres we'll lay down the law, an' give him twelve hours to skip out of this."

Little Jim listened uneasily.

"You don't have to wait to git sight of him; I can tell you where to find him," he said, with sudden resolution; he lives in that little old cabin round the turn, 'cross the gully."

"Ho! Come to stay, has he, an' got his nest all fixed? It's likely he'll change his mind. We'll go up there to-night."

Home missionary dwellings are not usually sumptuous int heir furnishings, and the little cabin on the hillside had no soft hangings to shut out the gathering darkness. When the night fell and the self-appointed committee of five drew near, the light from the small window shone out bravely and the interior was plainly revealed. Such a picture as that was. No lone man bending over a tract or a bible, but a neat room, plain almost to bareness, indeed, but wondrously bright and homelike to those eyes which had seen nothing like a home for so long. There was a strip of rag carpet on the freshly-scrubbed floor, a print framed in twisted branches on the wall; a home-made lounge with a pale-faced woman reclining upon it while a little girl, with grave, housewifely air, was brushing up the hearth.

Involuntarily the men drew nearer to the window and gazed. Their next movement might have been a silent retreat, but the little girl turning caught sight of some one and eagerly threw open the door.

"Papa, is it you?"

"Sissy, is you pa in?" asked Dirk, lamely enough, as they found themselves discovered.

"Not yet, but we're looking for him. Won't you come in?" answered the small hostess, a trifle dismayed, but bravely rallying her hospitality.

The five filed solemnly into the cabin. There was a limited supply of chairs but with a rude bench and a little crowding they were all seated. The invalid on the lounge attempted to speak to them but the weak voice failed to make itself understood by any one but the watchful young nurse.

"You, mamma she wants to tell you" turning to the visitors, "that papa'll be home soon, but she can't talk much yet, cause she's been sick. I guess it was the way the roof leaked made her take cold but papa patched it, and I'm keeping house now so she'll get restful and strong. I can do it pretty well."

"Course, sissy; you do it first rate," declared Sam, as emphatically as if he had made a study of housekeeping.

She was only a plain, brown-faced little maiden, enveloped in a coarse check dress, but she and her surroundings seemed to have a wonderful fascination for these strange guests. When she attempted to replenish the fire Dirk proffered his assistance.

"My hands is bigger'n yours, sissy; see how much bigger," and he gazed at the small fingers as if the child's hand were a marvel.

When for a few minutes she was silent, one of the men nudged Sam and asked in a whisper if he couldn't "set her again agin."

It was easy enough. She was a sociable little body, and the few awkward questions drew ready replies—an artless story which unconsciously gave glimpses of many a hardship and privation. The pale-faced mother only listened and smiled.

That the master of the house was surprised when he beheld his callers cannot be doubted. His face betrayed it, though he greeted them pleasantly. As for the guests thus suddenly recalled to a remembrance of their errand they glanced furtively at each other and were silent for a moment.

"Parson," burst forth Dirk, desperately, "we've come—we've comin to—that is to say, I s'pose we'll pint 'a preachin' down to the camp we'll all be there, an' a lot more o' the fellers." He concluded with a savage glance at his companions which challenged them to dispute him at their peril but no one offered the slightest opposition. They drew a long breath of relief, indeed, as the astonished preacher made his appointment and then quickly took their departure. Halfway down the winding path a figure dodging behind the trees was anxiously awaiting their approach. Sam espied and pounced upon it, dragging little Jim out into the moonlight.

"You young rascal, did you know there was a woman—a sick woman an' a little gal up there?"

Jim under the shaking chattered something that might have been an affirmative.

"Then why didn't ye say so?"

"Cause I wanted ye to go an' see," ventured Jim, feeling that, after all, the hand on his collar was not a very angry one.

There was an unusually quiet session around the camp fire that evening.

"When I was a youngster, 'way back East, they uster have donation parties, or somethin' for the parson—carried him slathers of things."

"That's the talk," said Dick, with a sudden lighting of his dark face. "Go up to Hard Licks to-morrow an' scoop the store."

The proposition was carried by acclamation. Hard Licks was a big town but it had a high opinion of its own importance and its shop windows were gorgeous. These latter furnished the chief suggestions concerning what would be useful in a poor missionary's family and the buyers were lavish, so that it is safe to say that such a donation party was never made before. More critical people might have objected that a crimson silk dressing gown for the invalid and gay sashes for the sober little maiden did not harmonize with their surroundings, but the committee from Hustler's Camp was not critical, and indulged its eye for color regardless of expense. Useful articles by the quantity went with the finery, however, and the little cabin on the hillside was fairly inundated with comforts and luxuries.

"Our parson shall live like other folks parsons," said Sam, voicing the sentiment of the camp.

And the patient, persevering missionary? He looked on with eyes grown dim and whispered to the One beyond the clouds:

"Dear Lord, I wanted to win these souls for Thee and Thou hast opened wide the door."—The Independent.

SCOTCH LAD GOT EVEN.

An American tourist on a visit to Glasgow, on emerging from the railway station, was accosted by a lad with the familiar shout of "Carry your bag, sir?"

The gentleman handed the boy the bag and requested to be shown through Glasgow.

Crossing George's Square, they came opposite to Sir Walter Scott's monument, and the boy said proudly:

"That is one of the largest monuments in Scotland."

"Oh," said the Yankee, with an air of indifference, "we have threepenny cigars as big as that in America."

They got onto a tram car going east, and just as they alighted at the terminus, a long circular piece of iron on a lorry drawn by twelve horses came up the street.

The American, in surprise, asked the boy what that for. The boy, remembering what the Yankee had said about the cigars, and with a resolve to be even with him, replied:

"Oh, a new hotel has just been built in the Toongate, and that is the kitchen poker."

TRUE TO HIS PROMISE.

An elderly country doctor was talking about his professional experiences, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press, when something called to his mind a strange occurrence of many years before, one of those romantic events which perhaps are not so rare as most people would suppose in the lives of practising physicians.

"One night," said the doctor, "I received a call from a distant farmhouse, and upon answering it, found a lad about eighteen with a bullet-wound in his shoulder. I dressed the wound, and then the lad, with much anxiety, observed:

"'You won't say anything about this, doctor?'

"'Why not, my lad?' I pitied him, for his eyes had a hunted look, and he appeared half famished and half dead.

"'Because I received this wound in escaping from the sheriff.'

"'I must. I couldn't get work, sir, and not able to resist temptation, I stole. It was for the first time. I thought you might speak of dressing a wound, and then they would know where to find me. If you say nothing, I may be able to leave the country. You have been kind to me, doctor.

"'Do this and—'

"'On one condition, my lad.'

"'And that is?'

"'You will not steal again.'

"'You wouldn't believe a—a thief?

"'I will believe you.'

"'I promise.'

"Many years afterward I received a box of good things for Christmas from California. The next year another box came and so on for many years. The only clue I had to the sender was a few words in the first box: 'I have kept the promise I made you, doctor.'"

"LOOK INDIAN."

"When you drop a small object on the floor 'look Indian' and you are sure to find it," says the Philadelphia Ledger, which thus describes the method:

Somebody dropped a stickpin in a hall the other day and had hard work to find it. She hunted high and low, and on her hands and knees, and with a candle, but it was no use. The pin was very tiny, its value being due to association rather than to size or brilliancy. The somebody after a final shake of the rugs, was about to give it up forever, when one of the children chanced to come along.

"Why don't you look 'Indian' for it?" he asked. Before the somebody realized what was meant down dropped the youngster on the floor, his head and his whole body lying sideways and just as close to the dead level as possible. In this position his eyes roved rapidly over the floor. "I have it! he shouted, and sure enough, right in the middle of the floor in so plain a place that it had escaped notice, was the missing stickpin.

The youngster then explained that "looking Indian" meant putting the head to the ground in order to catch sight of the smallest object between one's self and the horizon. "They do it on the plains all the time," he said, that's why they can always tell who's coming. But it works in houses as on plains. Why, we never lose anything in the nursery nowadays; we just 'look Indian' and find it right off."

THE LOST FAMILY.

A great crowd gathered to witness the closing exercises of the village school. It was ten o'clock at night when they finished, and everybody started for home. Then suddenly some one shouted aloud "Little Paul Chilton is lost!" Now Paul was only four and a half years old.

The minister hurried alone down the path to the spring, hoping the little one might have taken the familiar walk. Ah, sure enough, a tiny figure was coming with brave little steps up the sloping path!

"Oh, Paul," cried the minister running towards him, "how did you come to be lost?"

"I don't fink I's losted," answered the little fellow, a quaver of relief in his voice as the big man gathered him in his arms. Then he went on in a tired tone, "But the rest of the family must be losted, for I can't find 'em anywhere"

CAUTIOUS PROPHET.

In these days, when people are wont to complain of any mistake made in the prognostications sent out from the weather bureau, it is amusing to read of the complaisant manner in which Clough, in his "New England Almanack" for the year 1702 and later, predicted the weather.

"Perhaps," he says, from the fifteen to the twenty-third of January, "It will be very Cold Weather if it freze by the fireside or on the Sunny side of a Fence at noon."

In April he says, "Perhaps wet weather if it Rains." "Now fair weather if the Sun shines." "Windy or calm."

And in July—he writes pleasantly: "If now the Weather do prove fair, People to Cambridge do repair."

It appears that Mr. Samuel Clough knew how to secure himself against criticism.

Dangers of a Cold and How to Avoid Them.

More fatalities have their origin in or result from a cold than from any other cause. This fact alone should make people more careful as there is no danger whatever from a cold when it is properly treated in the beginning. For many years Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been recognized as the most prompt and effectual medicine in use for this disease. It acts on nature's plan, loosens the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Sold by all druggists.

GREATLY FRIGHTENED.

A young lady who lately journeyed from Wimbledon to London had a very uncomfortable adventure. She reached the station just as the train was starting, and had only time to jump into the first compartment, where she dropped upon a seat. Not until the train was in motion did she notice that she had a single fellow-passenger, a man, young, well-dressed, but of a somewhat forbidding aspect.

The young lady unfolded a newspaper and began to read, but as the first station was passed she chanced to glance again toward the other end of the carriage. The man was there, but his face was no longer serene. He appeared to be greatly agitated, and was gazing intently in the directions of the young lady.

A sudden, overwhelming fear took possession of her. All the wild stories of railway murders to which she had ever listened rushed through her mind. She felt herself doomed: She thought of shrieking for help, but her tongue refused to move.

The monster—for so he seemed to her—looked anxiously about him, apparently to assure himself that the time was ripe for his murderous design. Then he advanced to the other end of the carriage, came quite close to his fellow-passenger, and put his right hand in his overcoat pocket. Was he feeling for a knife, or a revolver? Springing to her feet, the frightened traveller faced him in despair.

"What do you mean?" she cried, half fainting with fear.

He bent toward her, smiled grimly, and said:

"Excuse me, madam. I offer you ten thousand apologies if I have alarmed you. Such a thing was farthest from my thoughts, but the fact is, I have to alight at the next station, and since you entered the train you have been sitting on my hat."

The revulsion of feeling on the lady's part can be better imagined than described. Blushes took the place of panic. Fortunately the hat was a soft one.

MIGHT HAVE FOUND IT SOONER.

One of the trials of life in a bank is the remaining after business hours to settle accounts, especially when some error, more or less serious, has been made during the day and must be discovered before the books will balance. Generally, says Harper's Round Table, a quarter of an hour will bring the mistake to light, but sometimes the hunt is kept up till late into the night. Of one such prolonged search the Round Table tells an amusing story:

Forty-five cents were missing. At six o'clock not a trace of the errant sum had been discovered. Dinner was sent in for the whole force from an adjoining restaurant and after half an hour's rest the search was again taken up. Midnight came, but still no clue, so sandwiches and coffee were served.

"Hello!" said a clerk. "The Blank National people are working to-night, too. Guess they're in the same box."

Sure enough, the windows of the bank across the street were brilliantly lighted. The incident was soon forgotten when that wearying hunt after that forty-five cents was resumed. Shortly after one o'clock in the morning, as they were about to give up for the night, a loud rapping was heard at the front door of the bank.

"Hello! What's the matter?" the cashier called through the keyhole.

"Matter, you chumps? Why we've got your blamed old forty-five cents. Come along home to bed."

Outside stood the crowd of clerks from the neighboring bank. It appeared that, in making a cash transaction one of the banks had paid the other forty-five cents too much. As a result half a hundred men had worked for nine hours and the search was only ended then because a bright clerk, noticing the light opposite, shrewdly guessed the cause, hunted up the cash slip and discovered the error.

BUSY HOUR.

The Chicago Chronicle gives an instance where a witness, by a simple statement of the household duties which occupied her for one morning hour, aroused consternation in the mind of a lawyer.

"Please state to the court exactly what you did between eight and nine o'clock on Wednesday morning," said the lawyer to a delicate-looking little woman on the witness-stand.

"Well," she said after a moment's reflection, "I washed my two children and got them ready for school and sewed a button on Johnny's coat and mended a rent in Nellie's dress. Then I tidied up my sitting room and made two beds and watered my house plants and glanced over the morning paper.

"Then I dusted my parlor and set things to rights in it, and washed some lamp chimneys, and combed my baby's hair and sewed a button on one of her little shoes; and then I swept out my front entry and brushed and put away the children's Sunday clothes, and wrote a note to Johnny's teacher asking her to excuse him for not being at school on Friday.

"Then I fed my canary-bird and gave the groceryman an order and swept off the back porch—and then I sat down and rested a few minutes before the clock struck nine. That's all."

"All!" said the dazed lawyer. "Excuse me, judge, I must get my breath before I call the next witness."

NOT MUCH OF A SCHOLAR.

It is quite true, as Aunt Maria suggests, that great scholars are sometimes wanting in practical ability.

Helen—The professor is such a learned man! I understand that he speaks no less than ten languages.

Aunt Maria—And what does that amount to? I saw him try to stop a car by whistling on his fingers, and do you know he couldn't do it! Talk about learning!

THE RETURN.

He sought the old scenes with eager feet—
The scenes he had known as a boy.
"Oh, for a draft of those fountains sweet
And a taste of that vanished joy!"
He ramed the fields, he mused by the streams
He treaded the paths and lanes:
On the hills he sought his youthful dreams,
In the woods to forget his pains.
Oh, sad, sad Lilly! Oh cold, cold hearth!
In sorrow he learned the truth—
One may go back to the place of his birth
But cannot go back to his youth.

HUMOROUS.

Ingenuous Maiden—"Some one told me that the eighth day of the month was the unluckiest to be married on."

Womanhater—"Then you were deceived, my child. The eight day of the week is the luckiest."

"Do you think you would like nursing?" the head nurse asked.

"Oh, yes," the young woman answered.

"Have you had any experience at all?"

"Rather! Two of my brothers play football and father has an automobile."

Jennie—did you hear of the awful fright Jack got on his wedding day?

Olive—Yes, indeed—I was there and saw him!

Artist—Tell me, Guacomo, you are a man of resource, how shall I manage to get a model to depict profound astonishment?

Nothing easier; go and tell one of your creditors that you have come to pay his bill.

A countryman meeting a very pretty peasant woman leading a donkey, said, in passing: "Good day, mother of the donkeys."

"Good day, my most beloved son, was the instant reply.

I don't suppose you'd like to have a fool come in here and try to tell you how to conduct your business?"

"Oh, I don't mind a little thing like that; were you going to suggest something?"

He—No, the governor doesn't pay me more than I'm worth.

She—How in the world do you manage to live on it?

CONFIDENCE AND DOLLARS.

Sambo have you got confidence enoughin me to lend me a dollar?" asked a pale colored brother of another.

"Plenty ob confidence, but no dollar," was the reply.

There are thousands of Sambos, those who have "plenty of confidence but no dollar, and with every one of them there is something radically wrong for dollars are as sure to follow the right kind of confidence as day is to come after night.

Among the numberless good things said by St. Paul, nothing is more significant than the declaration that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence, which is the subject of things hoped for, that is something practical and usable from which things are evolved if proper conditions are complied with.

Know for a certainty that nothing of value is evolved for one, or added to one, unless from the centre of her being, by her aspirations, her resolves, her understanding of and covenant with her inmost self, her kingdom of heaven, she evolves and draws it unto her. It is disastrous to depend upon anything outside oneself for happiness and prosperity as it would be to depend upon another to breathe for one

THE POWER OF FLATTERY.

"Really, Jane," said Mrs. Simperton to her maid, who was not consumed with an overwhelming desire to work hard, "you are the laziest girl I ever knew! You can't even do what you're told. I don't think you have one redeeming quality. You must leave on the first of next month."

"Law, mum," said Jane, who knew that her mistress was not proof against flattery, "ow can I do me work when I 'ear you a-singing and a-playin' on the piano that beautiful that I simply can't 'elp stoppin' to listen to you? It ain't my fault that I love good music!"

"That will do, Jane! You may stay!"

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

A lady went to look at an apartment, and finding that it suited said to the porter: "Well, I'll take the house."

"Have you children, madam?"

"Yes, two."

"Then I cannot let you have the apartment."

"But my children are grown up, married and live in Turin."

"That makes no difference. My orders were implicit—give the apartment to no one with children.

CHILDHOOD AILMENTS.

As a remedy for all the ills of childhood arising from derangements of the stomach or bowels Baby's Own Tablets have no equal. You do not have to coax or threaten your little ones to take them—children like them. The ease with which they can be given as compared with liquid medicines will appeal to every mother. None is spilled or wasted—you know just how big a dose has reached the little stomach. And above all mothers have an absolute guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. They always do good, they cannot possibly do harm. Mrs. Edward Donovon, St. Agatha, Que., says: "I am delighted with Baby's Own Tablets. I know of no medicine that can equal them in curing the ills of young children." You can get the Tablets from any druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.