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H. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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Night calls answered from residence, Frederick Street.
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Office at residence, on Willow Street,—between Merchant's Bank and Town Hall.
Phone No. 20.
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The latest anaesthetic used if desired.
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ADVERTISING CONTRACTORS AND NEWS CORRESPONDENTS.
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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. F. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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Orders left with the FREE PRESS, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

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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 the Messrs. Hargreaves—Cor. Metcalfe St. and Eramosa Road, GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 187, Guelph. Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Mimosa P. O., telephone to Mimosa or Cheltenham, or left at FREE PRESS office, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

Nassagaweya Lumber Mills

Lumber, Lath and Shingles always on hand, cheap.
Bill stuff cut to order.

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Eyesight Specialist of Toronto

Visits Acton every month. For date of next visit enquire at Brown's Drug Store.

Your chopping will be done quickly and well, on either plates or stones, if taken to the—

ROCKWOOD Chopping Mills

Flour - Oatmeal
Bran - Shorts
The best at lowest prices.

HARRIS & CO.
Limited

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STATION HOTEL STABLES,
Mill St., Acton.
Stylish Rigs, double or single, supplied on shortest notice
COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ORDERS given special attention.
HENRY ARNOLD - - Proprietor

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
Waggoner

Extension Ladders

NEW WAY OLD WAY

Buy a Waggoner Extension Ladder and save fruit.

Best on earth for all ladder purposes. Write for price list and discounts or call on

The Waggoner Ladder Co.
Limited
405 York St., London, Ont.

NICE TURNOUTS

To have a nice Turnout in the spring when the roads are good you should send your Buggies to

O'NEILL'S CARRIAGE WORKS,

Georgetown, and have them painted now, when you do not need them. You can leave them here until the roads are good.

SLEIGHS AND CUTTERS

A few set of Pleasure Sleighs on hand yet. Also a few good second-hand Cutters and heavy Bob Sleighs. Will sell cheap to clear.

J. N. O'NEILL'S
CARRIAGE WORKS.
GEORGETOWN ONT.

A Poor Mechanic May Use A Poor Tool, It Is Certain A Good Mechanic Will Not.

We have tools for all, but we specially desire to serve the particular man. We keep such celebrated tools as Starrett, Standard Stanley, Armstrong, Jankes and Goodall-Pratt. Special tools procured. Call and see us, as we make a specialty of good tools. Our prices are always right.

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 GUELPH

"Shur-On" EYE-GLASSES

My Specialty

The scientific examination of the eyes and the furnishing of proper glasses is my business exclusively.

The constantly increasing list of satisfied Eyeglass wearers is positive proof that my system of examination is Right.

Here is operated the only lense grinding plant in the city.

A. D. Savage

Guelph's Exclusive Optician.
Phone 571 - - - Guelph.

SPRING TERM

From April 5th merges into our Summer Term from July 5th. Enter now and be ready for a good situation in the early autumn. New catalogue free. Write for it.

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Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto.
W. H. SHAW, Principal.

Old Iron, Rags and Rubbers

WANTED

Good Prices paid.
Second hand stoves and repairs for farm machinery supplied.
MORRIS SAXE,
Box 430, Acton, Ont.

Excelsior Bakery

We are headquarters in Acton for Bread, akes, Pastry, etc., of first-class quality.
We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.

T. Statham & Son
Mill Street, Acton

GEORGETOWN FLORAL CO., Limited,

GEORGETOWN.

CUT FLOWER GROWERS
Funeral and Wedding Orders a Specialty.

All orders placed with Mr E. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton, will receive prompt attention.

TO THE MUSKOKAS
NEXT SUMMER by the Lake Shore Expresses of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway. Begin your arrangements now by writing to C. Price Green, Passenger Agent, C.N.O., Toronto.

INTENDING IN THE WEST SETTLERS

Will find the best homesteads and purchasable lands along the three thousand miles of the Canadian Northern Railway in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This spring the homesteads of the great Saskatchewan Plain will be made accessible by Goose Lake branch from Sasketoon.

Inquiries about lands—The Land Department, C.N.R., Toronto.

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Poetry.

TRUE AND UNTRUE.

He was a dog;
But he stayed at home
And guarded the family night and day.
He was a dog
That didn't roam.
He lay on the porch or chased the stray—
The tramps, the burglar, the hen away;
For a dog's true heart for that household beat.
At morning and evening, in cold and heat,
He was a dog.
He was a man,
And didn't stay
To cherish his wife and his children fair.
He was a man;
And every day
His heart grew callous, its love beats rare.
He thought of himself at the close of the day,
And, cigar in his fingers, hurried away
To the club, the lodge, the store, the show.
But he had a right to go, you know—
He was a man.

—The Advance.

Select Family Reading

Judy.

BY MARTHA GRACE POPE

"HI, there, Judy!"

"Helping mamma, Judy?"

"That's a good girl, Judy!"

These taunts were flung in at an open kitchen window, where a slim boy of thirteen was busily engaged in washing the supper dishes. He turned quickly. No one was to be seen, but the sound of half suppressed giggling just beneath the window told him that the boys had surprised him at his feminine occupation and had merely dropped out of sight.

He wrung out his dish-cloth endeavoring to assume an indifference he was far from feeling. To be caught washing dishes! At that moment he verily believed he had rather be caught stealing. The flush of shame dyed his delicate, refined looking face scarlet.

"Judy! Judy! Judy!"

"What a good little girl it is!"

"Nice little Judy!"

Scampering feet outside the window told that his tormentors were departing in haste, but the young dishwasher was quick, and the three fleeing figures received a liberal sprinkling of dishwater as they ran, which greatly accelerated their speed.

"Judy!" The obnoxious word was flung back to him from the street outside.

"Judy!" And his name was Benjamin Rutherford Hastings.

Father, mother and brothers were seated around the table in the living room when he entered, the red still staining his smooth cheek. His brother John obligingly made way for him and he dropped quietly into the vacant place, opening his arithmetic at compound proportion.

Now, Benjamin led his class in mathematics, but when he had worked for some time and found that the number of men required to build a stupendous wall in a given number of hours and minutes per day, was eleven and two sevenths, he knew his calculations must be at fault.

No wonder. It takes concentration of mind to be successful with figures, and just now Benjamin Hastings' thoughts were continually straying to the "discovery" made by his schoolmates that evening. For it was a discovery so far as they were concerned.

Ever since he was a tiny toddler in skirts, the boy had helped his frail, gentle mother with her household tasks. Why, he was far more capable in the kitchen than many a girl of his age. Times without number had he cooked and served appetizing meats to the family when Mrs. Hastings was not able to leave her bed.

But, "the fellows" had not known. To be sure, his two brothers knew, but loyalty to Benjamin, and "family pride" doubtless, had kept them from telling. Now, everyone would know. Would know that he—full thirteen years old and almost ready for the high school—actually did housework just like a girl!

"Judy! Judy!"

The name greeted him from all sides when he reached school the following morning.

"Pretty little Judy!"

At the noon recess the school poet was heard from:

To wash the supper dishes, scrub the floor and bake,
Little Judy Hastings allways takes the cake!

Benjamin did not allow the hated name to be thrust upon him without a struggle, in fact, he was very liberal in his offers to "thrash" all offenders—the surest way, as every schoolboy knows, to fasten a nickname upon one.

That night the usual sunny tempered boy startled the family at supper-times with the announcement:

"I don't want ever to help with any more housework! Never as long as I live! I hate it!"

Little Leslie stared at him in blank astonishment. His brother John laughed so heartily he almost choked. Mr. Hastings looked sharply at the boy.

"What's the matter, Ben, he demanded. "Going on strike?"

"It's a woman's work!" the boy answered angrily. "That's what it is! I ain't no sissy!"

"Two negatives," observed John, slowly; but Benjamin interrupted him.

"The boys call me Judy!" he explained, his blue eyes flashing.

"Judy? And what is so bad about that?" inquired his father, gravely.

"Are you the only boy in the school who has a nickname?"

"Why, no sir."

"What do they call theother boys?"

"Well," Benjamin answered, hesitatingly, "Joe Field is 'Fatty,' and Walter James is 'Skinny,' and the Ball boys are 'Monkey and Nubs,' and Pink Scott is 'Grumps,' and—"

"I think 'Judy' compares very favorably with those," observed his father, dryly. "When I went to school a boy without a nickname was thought to be something of a 'softy'."

"What did they give you for a nickname?" asked Leslie, quickly. "Did you have one, papa?"

"Oh, yes; I wasn't in the 'softy' class. The boys called me 'Noisy' on account of my very small nose." What do you think of that?"

"But you cured, father?" said Benjamin.

"Not a rap!" answered his father, with emphasis, smiling at the memory of those days.

"Well, I won't be called 'Judy' anyway," said the boy. "And I don't want to do any more housework."

"That's all right, son. You'll not have to. There is really nothing unmanly about it; but, if you feel that way, we will not require it of you. You surely have done your share, and have saved your mother many a hard day's work. You needn't feel ashamed of it. You may well feel proud of it, for you will never do anything in all your life that will be more to your credit. Your mother wouldn't be as well as she is now but for you. You boys all understand, of course, that, with the home to pay for, I have not been able to hire help."

The meal was finished in silence. Only once did Benjamin glance at the sweet, pale face of his mother. She was looking full at him, her calm blue eyes—real mother eyes they were—filled with unspeakable tenderness and love.

Supper over, she rose at once and began removing the tea things to the kitchen, talking cheerfully meanwhile, and making no reference to the revolt of her second son. Little, awkward Leslie helped her, and distinguished himself by letting one of the plates fall to the floor, where it broke into a dozen pieces.

"I don't believe Ben ever broke a dish in all his life," observed John, quietly, as he picked up the pieces; but Benjamin did not speak. He brought out his books and sat about preparing his lessons, his young face gloomy and troubled.

"Let the dishwashing go for the present, Ella. I want to read you this editorial," Mr. Hastings said, when the table was cleared. "Sit right down. You'll enjoy it. It's a capital article."

When Benjamin Hastings reached his room that night it was late, but he did not go to bed at once. Instead, he stood for a long time in the centre of the tiny room, thinking, thinking. And, as a result of this "thinking spell," he slipped quietly down stairs again, and made his way to the kitchen. For this time he would wash the dishes, first taking the precaution to pull down all the shades, lest prying eyes again witness his performance of degrading household tasks.

But, when the kitchen was reached, his mother, sitting in a high chair by the table, was washing dishes, and his father, standing beside her, was drying them, while both were talking and laughing as though they thoroughly enjoyed the work. And somehow, his father did not look unmanly at all. Ben stole softly back to his room above stairs, glad that they had not seen him.

But—he was going to continue helping his mother. There had been a baby sister—dead so many years now—he it was of the three sons who had done most to take the daughter's place. The thought filled his heart with gladness. A new feeling took possession of him, born that moment—the strength, the chivalry, the courage of the man. Why, he felt that he could have helped his frail little mother before a regiment of jeering school boys. Indeed, he would have gloried in so doing. But he was just a little like a girl, too, for he could not help shedding a few tears.

The following evening, when he began clearing away the supper things without a word, John stared in astonishment.

"Ah, ha! I thought you weren't going to do girls work any more?" said Leslie, equally surprised. "What's up?"

"I've changed my mind," returned Benjamin, quietly, walking off with a little pile of teacups and saucers.

Leslie whistled. "How about Judy?" he demanded, when his brother came after another pile of dishes.

"Judy or no Judy," replied Benjamin, stoutly, "strike off!"

John jumped up and gave him a tremendous brotherly slap on the shoulder.

"Good for you, Ben!" he shouted. "You always were the brick of this family."

"Call me Judy, if you want to," said Ben.

"No, thank you," said John; "Ben's good enough for me."

"Son, I said you didn't have to do things you disliked you know," remarked Mr. Hastings quietly.

Ben tried not to look embarrassed. "I know, father. I can't exactly say I like this, but I'm going to keep on doing it." Then he laughed at his mother's surprised face. "I'll continue to be you right hand man, mother," he said.

The gentle, blue eyes were misty with unshed tears. "I know that, dear," was all she could say.

"You've been mother's right-hand man a long time, Ben," said his father. "And you'll find that your knowledge of household tasks will be useful to you yet. Cooking especially often helps a man. I once knew a man whose grandfather made him commit so much poetry to memory that, as a boy, he used to feel like a book of poems," he said. He always thought the poetry stored up in his mind was of no use whatever, until he was once lost in a cave with a party of tourists and entertained them until help arrived. After that he said one could find use for anything."

Things prospered for the Hastings family, and, during Ben's last year, a competent German girl had charge of the kitchen. But the name Judy was not allowed to drop. In time Ben grew to like it. After all, nicknames are as natural to boys as are football and marbles.

But it was Ben's knowledge of cooking that led indirectly to his entering college. It so chanced that a few days before Commencement, the principal of the high school was telling some of his pupils of success that himself and three of his friends still in college were going camping for the summer, "roughing it."

"We're all ready, except a fifth man, and we want someone who can cook a little for us. We're a green set ourselves. But if we can get one who can cook meat, fish and bread, we'll pay all his expenses and help him, too," he said.

"Cook for you?" asked one of the boys. "What's the matter with Judy Hastings, Mr. Gray? He's a regular old woman about such things!"

"And the class valedictorian, and a fine, manly young fellow," said Mr. Gray, with a smile.

So Judy spent the most delightful summer of his life among the beautiful Canadian lakes. He entered college in the fall, for, through the efforts of his new friends, a position as college bookkeeper was secured for him which enabled him to pay his own expenses.

He is still known among his friends as Judy, but he says he has grown very proud of the name.

PLEASURE IN GIVING.

The three Carey sisters were objects of envy in the school. Each of them had a somewhat large allowance of money, which was intended to cover her personal expenses. It was the first year in which the allowance had been made, and at the close each of the girls found herself with a little sum in hand.

"We can do what we please with it!" exclaimed May. She ran for her hat, and hurrying to the candy shop, laid in a supply of dainty confections with which she treated all the girls in the school.

Jane said nothing, but she spent no money in candy. A day or two later a quaint old Japanese bronze appeared on her desk.

"What are you going to do with your spare money?" she asked of Sophy, the youngest of the sisters.

Sophy grew red, but did not answer. May laughed.

"Sophy has an ambition to do good in the world," she said. "She intends to spend her money for a half-dozen instructive books, which she is going to lend to the poor boys in the alley."

"If I could make them good men it would be better than candy or bric-a-brac," said Sophy, earnestly.

She bought the books, gave them to the boys, and went to their houses several times to explain and talk to them about the stories and pictures. One day, when the sisters were together, Jane asked:

"What became of the books, Sophy?"

Sophy shook her head. "The boys got tired of them in a week, and took no notice of them afterward."

"I have my bronze still," said Jane, triumphantly. "It is a pleasure to me whenever I see it. Your candy did not last long," she said to May, significantly.

"It made us all happy while it did last," said May laughing.

Sophy sat thinking when she was left alone. Her little effort seemed to have been wasted. The good books have made the boys no better. It had been useless as water spilled upon the ground. Why not buy candy next month with her spare money, or a pretty bronze?

And yet—

She loved those bad little fellows so much since she had tried to help them! And they ran after her now to speak to her—to shake hands!

Her color rose, and the tears came into her eyes. "I will keep on my own way. I like it better than bronzes or candy," she whispered to herself.

STICKING ON AND STICKING IN.

His mother was proud of him, and with reason. He had just won a prize in Sunday School, and his teacher in the Public School had reported him the best boy in her class. Consequently Mrs. Buggins felt a moral joy in discussing with him that evening at supper the evil character of the other boys of the neighborhood.

"And I wouldn't go about any more with Charlie Binks if I were you, Tommy," she concluded. "I was told this morning that he was seen sticking pins into his little sister's pug dog. But, of course, I know you wouldn't do such a thing."

"Tommy's virtuous eyes shone with the calm realization of his ethical superiority to the Binks boy.

"No, mother," he answered, "of course I wouldn't."

"But," broke in his father, "I heard that you were there at the time Charlie was sticking in the pins. You should have struck him, my lad."

For a moment Tommy's face fell, but he soon justified himself.

"I couldn't stop him, father," he explained. "You see, I was holding the dog."—London Scraps.

THE EXACTING EMPLOYER.

Business life is a school. Every day's work does something towards educating the worker, and just as the teacher who refuses to allow slipshod work is the best friend to his pupils, so the exacting employer deserves the gratitude of those who enter his employ. If you are held to a high standard in the opening of your career, that is worth infinitely more to you than the salary you are earning.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Spring was at Hand, and Things were doing some, as Indicated by Our Issue of April 11, 1888.

The Milton Sun.—On all hands we hear encomiums passed upon Mr. D. Henderson, the new M. P. He has evinced an aptitude for gaining a favorable hearing from the ministers, and in attending to his constituents' interests he does not neglect to inform them as to the result of their inquiries and his candid opinion of them.

In the Commons, Mr. Ives making a remark about loyalty, Mr. Somerville, of the Dundas Banner, referred to Dr. Johnson's saying that loyalty was the last refuge of scoundrels. The Speaker called for a withdrawal of the expression. Mr. Somerville said it was Dr. Johnson's expression, not his, but as Dr. Johnson was outside Mr. Speaker's jurisdiction, Mr. Somerville had to "cave in."

The inevitable April showers have come.

Local sports are falling into line.

The temperance hall at Crawson's Corners is offered for sale by tender.

Brampton has a real live Chinese laundry.

Rev. A. F. Kirkpatrick has resigned his charge of the Anti-Burgher Church, Scotch Block.

Mrs. Geo. Matthews, of Toronto, has sold her property on Main St., to R. B. Johnson, for $700.

About enough snow left to cool maple taffy at "sugar pulls."

Mr. W. Hemstreet has purchased the property, Cor. Main and River Sts. from the James Conley estate.

On his 69th birthday, Mr. Jas. White, con. 1, Nassagaweya, chopped, split and piled one cord of cordwood in four hours.

The Acton FREE PRESS has added to their already well-equipped office a new power press and new type. The FREE PRESS is the brightest and best local journal on our exchange list.—Mitchell Advocate.

The published election expenses are: Mr. Henderson, $374.33; Mr. McLeod, $393.67.

A "stickful" from the Hamilton Spectator is headed "Only cowards will shoot rabbits."

Results of W. E. Smith's sale of lots: East side Park Ave.—No. 22, John Pletsch, $75; 23, John Carr, $100; 24, Jas. McTavish, $90; 25, Thos. Easton, $98. West side.—10, H. H. Worden, $84; 20, J. P. Worden, $86; 21, John Harvey, $71. Lake Ave.—1, Wm. Logie, $91; 2 and 3, Thos. Easton, $80 and $77. Building operations will be begun at once.

The Georgetown Herald gave Rev. J. W. Rae great praise for a temperance address in connection with the Sons of Temperance there.

Mr. W. P. Byers, formerly of the Milton Sun, but now of the Methodist Observer, Calcutta, India, writes re Rev. F. W. Warne, an old Erin boy, who recently went to Calcutta, "Have no fears for your friend, Bro. Warne. He comes to the best and most spiritual church in India. He has created a very favorable impression, and I am sure we shall all love him dearly. His wife is also much beloved."

The Lighthouse correspondent is indignant over the crowds of young people that throng Acton station. Girls, between 12 and 15, will occupy the seats, allowing old men and women to stand.

Mrs. J. W. Rae, Mrs. D. Henderson, Mrs. C. S. Smith, Mrs. L. Lambert, Mrs. Jas. Calahan and Miss Anderson, were delegates to the W. F. M. Convention at Guelph. About 500 were present.

Two men at Georgetown have been fined $1 and costs each for disturbing the Salvation Army.—Herald.

Mrs. Abram Matthews, and Mrs. M. A. Christie, who have been for a year or so visiting friends in Nebraska, Illinois, Missouri and Minnesota, returned home last week.

Mrs. B. W. Nicklin has given up housekeeping, rented her residence, and is now residing with her mother at Maple Grove Farm.

Promotion examinations in the various departments, Acton P. S. 2nd to 1st.—Lewis Orr, Dianna Kennedy, Beaty Perkins, Minnie Marton, Milton Henderson, Maggie McLeod, Clara Moore, Flossie Campbell, Bertha Ryder. 3rd to 2nd.—Sarah McClure, Jennie Kennedy, Fred Smith, Arthur Pearson, Herbie Phillips, Freddie Hunter, John McGill, Willie Hay, Tossie Phillips, Maggie Ramsay, Annie Foulkes, Robt. Bennett, Austin Kelly, Willie Gurney, Allie Henderson, Allie Brown, Willie Lowry, Charlie Lowry, Agusta Bell, Edna Thurston. 4th to 3rd.—Roy McIntosh, Arthur Moore, Eddie Lowrys, Rollie Perryman, Maggie Fyfe, Mabel Cook, Octavia Lowens, Edna Miller, Ettie Laird, Annie Wallace, Gordon Henderson, Charlie Dean, Allan Campbell, Geo. Hildenbrand, Nellie McPherson, Jennie Lambert, Annie Hynde, Nellie Campbell, Maggie Wallace.

To lectures, "To and Fro in London," and "Hits and Misses," by Jno. R. Clarke, the eloquent orator, are announced for May 1 and 2, in the Methodist Church.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

"It pays to advertise," said Mark Twain, at an advertisement writers' banquet.

"When I was editing the Virginia City Enterprise, writing copy one day and mining the next, I tried to force this truth home in many ways.

"A superstitious subscriber once wrote and said he had found a spider in his paper. Was this good or bad luck? I replied to him in our 'Answers to Correspondents' column as follows:

"'Old Subscriber.—The finding of a spider in your copy of the Enterprise was neither good luck nor bad. The spider was merely looking over our pages to find out what business man was not advertising, so that it could spin its web across his door, and lead a free and undisturbed existence forever after.'"

APRIL.

The gray hawk wheels in sunny sheen;
The new sap throbs through trunk and bough;
Earth wears a diadem of green
Upon her brow.

The quick blood fills each swelling vein,
Yearning to rush with wind and brook;
It knows the sign of pool-starred plain
And building rook.

What of the past?—Its woes are naught;
The future days—dear flimy dreams,
The sunlight's mesh of yellow caught
By running streams.

—S. A. White, in the Canadian Magazine.

THE ABUNDANCE UNDERGROUND

"The windmills are very picturesque, I know they were plentiful in Holland, but I didn't know there were so many of them anywhere in this country. I suppose they are useful, as well as ornamental."

The big, brown rancher, looked at his questioner with a little smile, as if he fancied she were joking. Then, meeting the serious gravity of her look, he checked his smile.

"Well, yes'm. They're pretty useful. I reckon that's the part we're especially interested in. You see, we haven't had any rain this winter, but we've got to have the water."

The stranger looked around her with new interest. The luxuriant green of the fruit trees charmed her eyes, and, beyond, long rows of thrifty vegetable stretched until they seemed almost to meet. "But doesn't the supply of underground water ever run out?" she questioned. "Do your windmills always pump what you need?"

"Always," the other said, confidently. "Up on the surface we have our dry years. If we trust to the rain we're more than likely to be disappointed. But there's plenty of water underground."

That California dialogue was recalled long after, when a young girl complained of the heartlessness of the world. "Nobody cares what happens to anybody else!" she declared accusingly. "We all want good times ourselves, and we don't care how much suffering and unhappiness there is, if it doesn't come near us."

Her words were interrupted by a bit of startling news. A warehouse near the water's edge had collapsed. Most of the workmen were out of it at the time, and one or two who had lingered behind their mates had already been rescued. But a boy employed about the place was missing, and was thought to be buried in the debris.

All night the crowd stood about the ruins while the search went on. After a time a faint sound was heard, as if someone had knocked feebly against a piece of metal. The crowd went wild with excitement as the word was passed along, and then hushed to listen for another sound. The rescuers were working wildly. The boy was alive. They must reach him in time.

By and by they had removed enough of the debris so that they could speak to him. They found he was injured, suffering and frightened. Then they took turns in cheering him. Brawny men bent over the pile of rubbish, calling down tender, encouraging words. A young man with a sweet tenor voice began to sing the hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and many voices in the crowd took up the refrain softly, and, in the darkness of the night, tears ran from eyes not used to weeping.

It was dawn when they took him out, a frail, limp, pathetic little figure. It was only the life of an untaught, hard-working boy that had been saved, but the crowd went wild again. Cheer on cheer rent the air. Men who had passed a sleepless night went home with a sense of elation that drowned out all thought of weariness for the boy who was safe.

"It's wonderful!" said the girl who had condemned the world as heartless. "People really do care. It seems as if they were altogether selfish and indifferent, but things like this show that can't be true."

"The selfishness is superficial," said her older friend, and the picture of the California windmills rose suddenly before her. "When you get below the surface—down to the real heart of humanity—you find sympathy and kindness in abundance."

It's too bad that some people can't buy sense with their dollars.

BAKED POTATOES THAT TEMPT THE APPETITE.

The secret of a good baked potato is first a sound structure, then a smooth surface, a well-scrubbed skin, and a hot, but not too hot oven; if baked too quickly the part nearest the skin churs, but when just right the thin outer skin will peel off easily, leaving a mass of snowy meat inside. Bake from thirty to forty minutes and when soft on pressure remove and serve at once.—The Delineator.

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