The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXV.---NO. 38. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1910. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

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, 15 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 4 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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

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

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

Accounts payable monthly.

English office, 10 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. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. Edinburgh.
L. L. P. & S. Glasgow.
Member British Medical Association Mtg.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

R. E. HOLMES, M. D. (Lond.) M. B. T. S. O.
Late House Surgeon to St. Joseph's Hospital, Late Chief House Physician to the Victoria Hospital, Surgeon to The Meredith Memorial Maternity Hospital.
Office at residence, on Willow Street,—between Merchant's Bank and Town Hall.
Phone No. 20.
ACTON ONT.

LEGAL.

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

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

DENTAL.

DR. J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
Dentist,
Acton.
Office at Residence, Corner Mill and Frederick streets.
Honor Graduate of Toronto University.
The latest anæsthetic used if desired.
At Rockwood Tuesdays.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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, rebound neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
E. E. MOORE
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

R. MILLIGAN
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Halton and Peel.
All sales attended to promptly. Farm stock a specialty. Moderate charges.
Apply at store opposite Lehman's Hotel, Acton, or Box 417, Georgetown.

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.

R. J. KERR
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Wellington, Halton and Dufferin.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Mimico P. O., telephone to Mimico or Cooksings, or left at Free Press office or with W. J. Gordon, Harness Maker, Acton, will receive immediate attention. Special attention to sales in Acton and vicinity.

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 276, Guelph, or Residence—17 Hydesham St., Guelph, Ont. Telephone 187, Guelph.
Sales may be arranged at Free Press office, Acton.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL, $195,000.00
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any business entrusted will be promptly attended to.
W. H. DENNY, Agent, Young St., Acton.
Also Agent for The Union Insurance Co. England.

AT ONCE!
A Good Reliable Local Salesman wanted to represent
Canada's Oldest and Greatest Nurseries
In ACTON and adjoining country.
The demand for Nursery Stock is increasing yearly, and if you become one of our salesmen you will realize there is good money in the business for you.
Write at once for particulars.
Pay weekly. Free Outfit
Stone & Wellington
Foothill Nurseries, 850 Acres
Toronto - - Ont.

RUNNING ON SAVAGE TIME

Our workmen do the cleaning, repairing and adjusting of all the Grand Trunk Watches at this end of the line, and they are very particular.

We give your Watch the same personal attention at the price of ordinary work.

SAVAGE & CO.
G. T. R. Watch Inspectors
GUELPH - ONT.

Seasonable Articles

SKATES SLEIGHS
HOCKEY PUCKS
Assortment of mechanical and other TOYS at Half Price.
FLAT CUTLERY
POCKET KNIVES
New designs in SILVER TRAYS
A line of Tools, any one of which would make the eyes of a boy of a mechanical turn of mind sparkle.
CARVING SETS, ETC.

C. C. Speight
Mill St. - Acton

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

Milligan & Coxon

Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Etc.

We wish to thank our many customers for their past patronage, and beg to state that there's no truth in the rumor that we intend closing this store. We are here to stay, to supply finest quality goods at lowest possible prices.

We wish to advise farmers that we pay highest prices for Hides, Fowl, Butter, Eggs, etc.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

MILLIGAN & COXON
BUTCHERS
Agnew's Block - Acton

Another Bale

Arrived From Russia This Week

These fine glossy curl Persian Lamb Skins will be sold at the old price but you may expect to pay a big advance on the next lot. Come now and select, you can save 35 per cent. at least on these choice skins. We will make them up reasonably now and guarantee prompt delivery. Special discount to the trade, at

Lafontaines' Fur Establishment
95-97 Quebec St.
GUELPH ONT.

There will be a lot of Building done this year

Before You Build

Be sure to get our prices on nails, latches, glass, cement and all other hardware required.

You Will Find That
Our Prices are right, our Delivery is right and our Care is right

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - GUELPH

HOW WRINKLES COME

Many a young woman in this town is wearing a permanently old look through defective eyesight.

Defective Vision is the Cause

When reading is an effort, and the brows pucker it is time to come to us before the wrinkles become permanent. The right glasses will make reading a pleasure and smooth out many a wrinkle.

A. D. SAVAGE
Optometrist & Optician
MOVING:—About March 25th.
"RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE"
Cor. Wyndham & Douglas St.
GUELPH - ONT.

WONDERLAND
MOVING Picture Show
Open every night 7 to 10 o'clock.
The Best Films Procurable
(Changed Nightly)
Patronized by the leading citizens.
One Admission - - 5c
Acton Amusement Co.

The confidence felt by farmers and gardeners in Ferry's Seeds to-day would have been impossible to feet in any seeds two score of years ago. We have made a science of seed growing.
FERRY'S SEEDS
always do exactly what you expect of them. For sale everywhere. FERRY'S 1910 SEED ANNUAL Free on request.
D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

ACTON PUMP AND TILE WORKS
C. B. EBBAGE, - Proprietor
Our premises are now fully equipped with all the latest machinery and appliances for manufacturing—
Pumps and Pump Supplies
Tile for wells, cisterns, culverts, etc
Steam Pipe Fitting Tools and Pipe Supplies.
Orders promptly filled.
MAIN STREET, ACTON

Reliable Footwear!

With the whole market before us it is good shoes only that we consider—such as we can thoroughly recommend for style and quality and service. The success of our trade is

FIRST-CLASS SHOES

is encouragement enough to give them still larger prominence this year, based on the absolute certainty of good value. We want you to come and let the new styles do their own talking.

W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street Acton.

Poetry.

ARE YOU ON?

The callers to our cottage
Have been numerous of late;
And mother walks around the house
Like any queen of state.
The grocer's got his back bill paid,
The landlord's got his dues,
For father's on the "Indian" list,
And brother's quit the booze.
Chorus
Are you on? Stay right on,
Saving up your little bit of grist.
The world it seems much brighter,
The load is getting lighter,
Since father's been put on the "Indian" list.

My sister's got a fellow,
Which she didn't have before.
She's always been ashamed to go
Outside the kitchen door.
But now she's got a costume
And a pair of "Oxford" shoes,
Since father's on the "Indian" list
And brother's quit the booze.
Cho.: Are you on? Etc.

We got a brother Johnny,
Who's away up in his class;
He wants to go to college—
Just as soon as he can pass.
At first it seemed impossible,
But now no time he'll lose,
Since father's on the "Indian" list,
And brother's quit the booze.
Cho.: Are you on? Etc.

My mother's face it wears a smile,
No tear-drops linger there;
Her courting days have come again
To soothe her lines of care.
She says, that since the scenes have changed
No better could she choose,
Since father's on the "Indian" list,
And brother's quit the booze.
Cho.: Are you on? Etc.

I hope the time is coming,
Perhaps it isn't very far,
When every home and household
Will never know the bar.
Then the purse will have its dollar,
The mill will get its grist,
And everybody for a change
Be on the "Indian" list.
Cho.: Are you on? Etc.

—By Ernest Hesketh.

Select Family Reading

Miss Mattie's Birthday Gift

THE Third Class was going up to the well in Miss Mattie's yard for a pail of water. Not that it needed the whole ten of the Third Class to do this; Teddy, Raglan and Bobby Foster, who were the only boys in it, carried the pail and headed the procession, and behind them came four pairs of little girls, arm in arm, and each little girl wore a gay print sunbonnet and had bare plump feet.

The Third Class was always glad of an excuse to go over to Miss Mattie's; Miss Mattie lived in a little brown house just across the road from the schoolhouse. It looked like nothing so much as the bird's nest, a little larger than common, among its apple trees and lilac bushes.

When the Third Class was re-crossing the yard after its visit to the well, Miss Mattie came to her gate and called to it. She had two jolly cookies for each member of it, and, besides, she gave each of the little girls a bunch of lilies of the valley from the bed under the lilac bushes.

"Isn't Miss Mattie lovely?" said Rosella Brown, as they went down the lane.

"I wish we could do something real nice for her to show her how much we like her," said Tessie Baker.

Everyone looked at Nannie Millar. They were sure Nannie would have an idea if anyone would. Nannie was famous in the school for her ideas.

Nannie felt that the occasion called for reflection. She thought very hard all the way back to the schoolhouse, and the others were careful not to disturb her.

During the afternoon she continued thinking hard to the neglect of her fractions and spelling. She lost five marks in dictation, but she had her reward elsewhere. By the time the school was out Nannie had her idea, and the Third Class, understanding this by reason of her triumphant expression, surrounded her on the playground.

"Let us make Miss Mattie a jar of potpourri," said Nannie.

"What on earth is that?" said Teddy.

"I know," said Rosella, nodding sagaciously; "it's a rose jar."

"Yes," said Nannie, "and this is my plan," and Nannie. "You know Miss Mattie is always so good to us. Well, every time she gives one of us anything, or does anything nice for one of us, let that one give a big handful of rose leaves for the jar as long as the roses last. Then, when her birthday comes in November, we can give it to her and tell her it's just all the nice things she did for us coming back to her in a rose jar."

The Third Class beamed. Nannie had sustained her reputation. Little Ruth Clark sighed privately with relief. She had been so afraid that Nannie's plan might call for some money, and she was so very very poor. She was all right now. There were over so many big pink cabbage rose bushes in the Clark yard.

"Of course, we must keep it a dead secret until the time comes to give it to Miss Mattie," warned Tessie.

It was agreed that the jar should be in Nannie's charge because she lived in a central place. Mothers and sisters being told of the plan approved of it. Mrs. Brown said she would give them a jar, and she sent one over to Nannie, a quaint, dainty, old-fashioned one of blue and gold. And Nannie's big sister, Jessie, said she would give the necessary spices and oils, and attend to the curing of the rose leaves as they were gathered.

The roses were just beginning to bloom when the rose jar started, and from that time for the next two months scarcely a day passed that a chubby little fistful of rose leaves, rich red, or creamy white, or pale pink, or yellow as sunshine, was not dropped into the blue and gold jar on the Millar sitting-room table.

Little Ruth Clark put in the very first one, because Miss Mattie had helped her learn lessons at noon one day when she was just ready to cry because of the big, hopeless words. And two months later, Teddy Raglan dropped in the last one on the day that Miss Mattie sewed up a big rent in his jacket, torn in climbing a tree behind the schoolhouse. Teddy had hard work to find his rose leaves, for the season was almost over. He tramped all over the village Saturday afternoon, looking for them, and at last found just one pale white rose in Aunt Melinda Moore's garden. And Aunt Melinda let him have it with a right good will when she was told what it was for.

Then Jessie Millar took the rose jar in charge and put in dear knows what delightful things and the lid was shut down and the jar put away to ripen for two months.

Miss Mattie's birthday came on the first of November. It was very cold and bleak, and the flowers in her garden were all dead. Miss Mattie sat in her little kitchen and sighed. There was nobody to remember her birthday, she thought. She could not keep the tears out of her soft brown eyes.

Just then a step came to the door. Miss Mattie opened it and there stood the whole Third Class looking more important than ever a Third Class had looked before.

Nannie Millar stood in front carrying a big blue and gold jar.

"We've brought you a birthday present, Miss Mattie," and we wish you many happy returns of the day."

Nannie felt relieved when she had got her little speech off. She had rehearsed it a great many times, but she had been afraid she would forget it at the critical moment.

"Deary me!" said Miss Mattie.

She opened the little note on the top of the rose jar and read it. Miss Wright, the teacher, had written it.

"Dear Miss Mattie," ran the note, "you have been so good to the girls and boys of the Third Class that they wish to show their gratitude by giving you this jar of potpourri. For every kindness you showed one of them a handful of roses went into the jar. The idea was their own, and I think it a very sweet one, and I am sure every breath of perfume that comes from it will speak to you of the affection and gratitude of your little friends."

"Deary me!" said Miss Mattie again. She lifted the lid of the jar and it seemed as if the room were filled with the sweetness of a hundred summers. Miss Mattie had tears in her eyes again, but they were tears of happiness. She felt lonely and sad no longer.

She made the members of the Third Class come in and treated them to cake and raspberry shrub in honor of her birthday. When they had gone she read the note again and took a long, deep sniff of her rose jar.

"The dear little souls," she said very lovingly.

TRUE TO HER PARTS

The thought of the influence which our acts may have on others, even when they seem to concern only ourselves, should make us careful. And especially is this true where others are plainly concerned. An illustration of this occurred not long ago.

A young lady bought a winter coat at a large city store. It had to be altered, and she was told to come in again for a fitting. The day and the hour were set, and the fitter made a memorandum of the appointment. When the day came, the young lady was urged by a friend to go with her to a fine art exhibition being held in the city.

"But I have an appointment to be fitted at half-past three," she said. "If I go with you, I can't get to the store before a quarter after or half-past four."

"Well, what of it?" her friend said. "The chances are that you will have to wait almost that long if you go there on time. They won't be particular to keep the appointment with you."

"That doesn't make any difference," the other replied. "I promised to be there, and it is my business to fulfil my part of the contract. Of course I'm not responsible for them, but I am for myself. I don't mean to be the one to break the engagement."

She was at the store promptly, but, as her friend had predicted, she was kept waiting. It was four o'clock when the fitter was ready for her.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," she said. "We're about half an hour behind time this afternoon. Somebody who had an appointment at half-past one did not get here until two, and so everybody since has had to wait."

The fitting took but a few moments, and the young lady was ready to go at a quarter past four.

"Well," the fitter said, with a sigh of relief, "we've made up a quarter of an hour. The four o'clock lady can come in now."

We are are not responsible for other people, and cannot make them live up to their part of a contract. But we are responsible for ourselves. If we are faithful to what we have undertaken and are honorable in keeping our engagements, we shall exert an influence that cannot fail to be helpful to others.

A GOOD THING

"Here," said the veteran husband, "that Parisian advices indicate that women's hats will be much smaller next summer."

The other man looked pleased.

"That's good," he said. "The women can cut their big hats down."

For he was a very young husband, you understand, and knew little about the ways of women—and millinery.

THE CHIRKY LITTLE BLOUSE GIRL

The day was hot, very hot, and I was cross, very cross. To begin with, Cousin Cynthy and those three unruly children of hers, had been at our house for a whole ten days, and I tell you it's just no fun to be cooking and stewing in a hot kitchen, when all your friends are either at the lake shore or cooling off on their own verandas.

Of course it wasn't hospitable of me, but when mother asked Cousin Cynthy for Easter, why did she have to come in August? and, when mother suggested that she bring the baby, why did Harold and Nellie have to come, too? Then we had Martha at Easter, and she was fine for washing dishes and preparing vegetables, but, of course, she had to go back to the farm in June, to help with the summer work, and, no sooner had she taken her departure, than our Nell got sick, and the doctor sent her out West, so that meant that mother and I were the sole survivors of the domestic situation.

On this particular day, when I was so very criss-cross, the thermometer on our back porch stood at eighty-seven, but I had to go down town just the same. There was a bargain on in colored blouses at Ripley's, and mother said that when Cousin Cynthy wanted one so badly, and the baby was top fretful to be left, I really ought to offer to shop for her. So of course I offered, but I guess you know by this time how sunshiny I looked, and I didn't feel even as happy as I looked.

"Well, when I got to Ripley's, there was an awful jam, and you would have thought there was a regular famine of colored blouses in the land the way people crushed about that table. I quickly selected a nice blue and gray for Cousin Cynthy, and no sooner had the girl sent it off to the parcel office than I began to think the blue would never wash. It was that pretty, bright uncertain kind. And so, somewhat timorously I asked if I might change my mind, and—would you believe it?—that poor, tired girl fairly beamed on me!

"Oh, yes," she said, "I'm sure I can catch that parcel if I hurry!" And away she ran, returning in a moment, all ready to help me choose another blouse.

Just as she got my second choice on her arm and was turning away, I saw a whole table of colored waists that I had never noticed before, and oh, they were so pretty! I suppose my face looked what my tongue hadn't the courage to say, for the girl stopped and asked just as cheerfully as you please, whether I'd rather have one of these.

"They're a specially nice-fitting waist," she said, "and only $2.25, reduced from $3.00."

I was sure Cousin Cynthy would never have hesitated, and pretty soon I had selected a beauty. But, to tell the truth, I was doing more straight thinking about the cheerfulness of this girl than I was even about my satisfactory purchase. If it was eighty-seven on our breezy back porch, it must have been ninety in Ripley's blouse section, and yet this tired-looking girl never seemed a bit put out over my slowness. However did she manage to keep so sweet?

When she handed me my change I plucked up courage to say, "You've taken a lot of trouble for me."

"Oh," she said, in quite a surprised fashion, "that's nothing!"

"It would be something if I did it," I said, with my conscience pricking me over my cloudy morning.

"But, you see, it's my talent."

"Your talent," I repeated, in surprise. "Won't you please tell me what you mean?"

The girl gave a quick little glance about, and, seeing a moment's lull in the blouse business, turned to me.

"If you'd really like to know. I was such an ugly youngster, and not smart, either, and granny used to talk awfully straight to me. She told me, over and over, if I didn't learn to be pleasant, I'd never have any friends. She said I might make my willingness to oblige a sort of talent. And so I've tried to be pleasant and do some extras. It's only a common-place talent," she added, "but it wouldn't have done to bury it, would it?"

I couldn't think of a thing to say, but just then a lady impatiently demanded, "a brown stripe, size 36," and my girl, with a cheery "Good-morning," turned spryly away.

All the way home I was thinking so hard about this 'common-place talent' that I nearly left Cousin Cynthy's blouse in the car, but I don't mind telling you that I got dinner with the thermometer still at eighty-seven, and never one cross word did I say.

Later on, when I told mother about my chirky little blouse girl, she said, quietly:

"A fine, healthy outlook on life that girl surely had."

"But what staggered me," I said, "was to hear her calling it 'a common-place talent.' I should say it was one of the most uncommon."

"Yes, but everybody who will can make it more blessedly common."

And something in the way mother said this made me resolve that this talent of being pleasant and obliging, should become really common round our house.

HE KNEW A GOOD TIME

Little Herbert, aged four, and several of his little friends, were being given a party by his parents. About four o'clock, before the lunch was served, Herbert's father took them all for a sleigh ride to whet their appetites for the dainty feast to follow. His father, noticing that his little son was very silent, asked: "Well, Herbert, what's the matter, aren't you having a good time?" With a very sober expression he answered, "Why, we haven't begun to eat yet."—The Delineator.

Few men have courage enough to be timid and admit it.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

A Brief Budget From the Free Press Columns of March 20th, 1890

Rough roads the past week.

Dr. Halsted preached at the Brick Church on Sunday.

Mr. Albert Lamb has opened a grocery store in the old glove factory block.

W. H. Storey & Son contemplate another addition to their buckskin tannery.

—Rev. R. Haddow, of Milton, preached the preparatory sermon in Knox Church on Friday evening.

Rev. James Walker, of Rockwood, preached an earnest and acceptable sermon in the Methodist Church on Sunday morning.

The Tilsonburg Liberal of last week published a sermon, preached the previous Sunday by Rev. R. Hobbs, on "The Evils of the Modern Pleasure Dance." It occupies over four columns of space.

Kelly Bros. are painting their store inside and out; W. Williams is doing the same. Geo. Hynds has added about three feet to his, while other merchants are making more or less improvements.

On Monday Speight and McLean shipped a fine, well-finished, 3-seated market waggon to Mr. James Harvey, Indian Head, N. W. T., and next week Mr. Wm. Waldie will take with him to the North-West a first-class lumber waggon with full outfitting.

A farmers' mutual insurance company was finally organized in the town hall on Saturday. Great interest was taken in the scheme, and applications for $16,000 of insurance have already been preferred. It will be known as Halton Union Fire Insurance Company, and will, we understand, confine its operations to farm property, with Acton as headquarters. The officers are: President—John Ramsay; Vice-Pres.—John Warren; Sec.-Treas.—Colin Cameron. Directors—James Kirkwood, Geo. Ellington, Paul Kennedy, Wm. Dredge.

A splendid concert was given in the town hall on Friday evening, under the auspices of the Baptist Church by McMaster Glee Club, Toronto. The selections were of a high order, and a beautiful Christian sentiment ran throughout.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Waldie, who with their family, are removing to the North-West, were visited by a number of their friends on Tuesday evening, and were presented with an address and a valuable watch and chain for Mr. Waldie, and a cruet for Mrs. Waldie. The address was signed by Geo. Havill, John Harvey, J. B. Pearson, W. J. King, Committee, and 30 others. Mr. W. thanked his friends heartily in a few words, and Mr. D. Henderson spoke for Mrs. Waldie.

The committee of the newly-acquired municipal park have arranged for considerable improvements. Mr. J. B. Pearson has charge of the fences; Mr. John Harvey has kindly granted part of his water privilege to make room for improvements, and Mr. Thomas Cameron has generously supplied the filling material for the gap. These men deserve hearty thanks.

MARRIED—At Beamsville, on Feb. 19th, by Rev. T. W. Jackson, Mr. John Stephenson, third son of Mr. William Stephenson, Morris, Man., to Miss Sarah Wismer, of Beamsville.

DIED—In Flint, Mich., on March 10th, Orlando Thurston, brother of the late P. Thurston, of Acton, aged 51 years.

THE LACK IN WOMEN'S LIVES

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly agrees with the general opinion that the masculine half of man has considerably the best of life, but adds that the question, which of woman's alleged disadvantages has operated the most seriously against her? is one of individual opinion.

For myself, she writes, living as I have done in a village of small size and few diversions the thing I have resented most, has been, and is now, that it is not possible, for me to hie me with my men-folk to the village store, or to the whoemaker's shop, or to the calling of the old creek bridge, every evening of my life and talk.

Take these men-folk of mine! In the pauses of gossip and of yarns, they have more or less thoroughly exploited, take it the year round, every event of importance that has occurred on the face of the earth during their entire lives; and echoes of the past and portents of the future have not been lacking.

Here they have forged their beliefs, and here they have nerved themselves to action. No wonder I have envied them! Nothing like it ever came into the life of any woman since the world began.

It couldn't, you know; there has not been time. Things at home had to be looked after even if the men-folk did become patriots and heroes.

The babies had to be born and reared and fed; the food had to be prepared, the dishes washed, the clothes made and mended, the house looked after, and all other jobs done that nobody wanted to do. This, you will admit, has taken time, lots of time, all the time of nineteen-twentieths of all the women who have ever lived, some one says. And although I am the last to suggest that it has turned out so badly, either for the woman or for the race she has reared, I must yet insist that, as a rule, it has been dull for the woman.

THE BEST PLACE

In the course of a lesson on the subject of domestic economy and hygiene, a mistress got a singularly smart and apt answer from a girl.

Speaking of milk and its importance as a food, the lady asked:

"What is the best place wherein to keep milk perfectly nice and fresh during, say, a hot summer day?"

And one girl, evidently thinking it was an easy one, promptly answered:

"Please teacher, in the cow."

WHY NOT?

Why not believe the best?
Why be so swift to blame?
Why let a mist of bitterness
Gather around a name?
Why should not you be advocate
In the cold court of men?
And plead a brother's, sister's cause,
To weaken first again?

Why not expect the best?
Why dread the coming years?
And why not welcome the unseen
With smiles instead of tears?
To-morrow's sun may shine for you,
Its friendships make you glad,
Why not make ready for the joy
And not expect the sad?

Why not a helper be?
Why not encourage men?
The strength'ned heart is filled with hope,
The lonely sinks again;
There's a Father over all,
His love is full and free,
For His dear sake be good and glad,—
Why not His Christian be?

—Marianne Farningham.

SPARKLES

"Sir, your son has just joined a college fraternity. These college fraternities—"

"Never mind about breaking it gently. What hospital is he at?"

"Well after finishing my sermon I sat down with the consciousness of a task well done, but I was soon to be rebuffed. The song they sang was, 'Sometime We'll Understand.'"

"Why can't that prima-donna sing more than twice a week?"

"I don't know," answered the impresario, "unless it's because she tires her vocal cords out arguing with me about salary."

"Givin' some mon advice," said Uncle Eben, "reminds me of tryin' to discipline my ol' mule wif a four-rail. It tires out de giver and hurts de receiver, but don't make no real difference."

A lad was standing with his donkey and barrow selling vegetables in London one day, when a smartly dressed young man came up and asked:

"I say boy, would you like to drive me to the Mansion House?"

The boy thought for a moment and then replied:

"Yes, gov'nor; but I don't think the 'arness would fit yer."—Exchange.

"Madam, could you spare a hand-out or cold bite? I was wit de man dat discovered de Pole."

"Where's your proofs?"

"De proper thing, mum, is to provide de banquet, and don ask for de proofs."

What is a baby? The prince of wails; an inhabitant of Lapland; the morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler; the only precious possession that never excites envy; a key that opens the hearts of all classes, the rich and poor alike, in all countries; a stranger with unspeakable cheek who enters a house without a stitch to his back and is received with open arms by every one.

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE

People seem to forget that to prevent disease is half the battle. They live about any old way, and later call the doctor to mend results of ignorance in a minute, which have been years in the making. When the doctor inquires as to their habits, and suggests reformation along that line, they sometimes call another doctor who gives them a dose, which temporarily relieves them, and does not remove the cause of their trouble, which of course appears again in a more severe form—but they simply say they are "sick again." How little sense most people possess after all! Did you ever think of it? It is really amazing. Nature is making them walk, barefooted, on the rocks of experience, but most of them learn very slowly, and many never.—Physical Culture.

LET US HOPE SO

My baby sister who was just learning to talk, was sitting on the floor one day where she had succeeded in catching the pet kitten. With the scissors, an article which she knew we never allowed her to have, she was busily trying to cut the fur from the kitten. Upon being discovered, and with a feeling that what she was doing was not just right, she looked up in a very wise manner and said, "Never mind, Tortie will fesure (feather) out again."—The Delineator.

TREATED BADLY

"Yaas, she tweated me very badly." "How so, Algy?" "Accepted me, rehearsed the wedding sixteen times, and then married a fellah who came on from California. I think it was a plot."

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquillizing the nerves induces to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, assisting functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.