The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXV.---NO. 53. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1910. 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,
MILL 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.

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 oftener 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, 20 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.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L.R.C.P. EDINBURGH.
L.R.F.P.&S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION ETC.
Office—Frederick Street. Acton, Ont.

R. E. HOLMES, M. D. (Lond.)
M. P. S. O.
Late House Surgeon to St. Joseph's Hospital, Late Chief House Physician to the Victoria Hospital, Surgeon to The Redcliffe Memorial Maternity Hospital, London.
Office at residence, on Willow Street,—between Mitchell's Bank and Town Hall.
Phone No. 90.
ACTON - - ONT.

LEGAL.

A. J. MacKINNON
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street, in Hovels' Block.

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 anaesthetic 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 neatly 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

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. REID
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington, Halton and Dufferin.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Milton P.O., telephone to Milton or Georgetown, 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 376, GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 147, Guelph.
RESIDENCE—17 Hyndman St., GUELPH, Ont.
Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL, $125,000.00
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. 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
Fonthill Nurseries, 850 Acres
Toronto - - Ont.

Watch Competition Is Keen

There's a rivalry between makers as to the merit of their goods.

Mechanical skill has advanced to a marvellous degree in watch-making.

If you can think of an advantage that can be incorporated into a watch to make it a more reliable or more durable timepiece — something new—you can sell your idea for a fortune.

This rivalry is good for you—it lets you possess the most accurate watches that can be made at the lowest possible prices.

We can demonstrate this for you any day. Our stock is large. We carry all the leading makes. We lay them down here, costing us and you the smallest price. We are always glad to talk watches with you.

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

ENGLISH LIQUID
House Paints
C. C. SPEIGHT
Has received the sole agency for this famous paint, manufactured by Brandram - Henderson, Ltd. It is the purest paint sold. Popular Colors.
English Pure Floor Paints
Anchor Carriage Gloss Paints and Varnishes
Separator Oil. Etc. Etc.
Paint Brushes of all kinds
C. C. Speight
Mill St. - Acton

The Berlin Steam Granite and Marble Works
CASPER BRAUN Proprietor
Designers and Builders of Station, Mausoleums, Monuments Markers and Headstones, and all kinds of
Artistic Cemetery Work
William Hemstreet
Agent, 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

ACTON PUMP AND TILE WORKS
O. B. EBBAGE, Proprietor
Acton and Georgetown
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

GUELPH Business College
Masonic Block, Upper Wyndham St. Guelph, Ont.
BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE of ambition, energy and character who take our course of training, are assured of good positions. Recent calls for such were from cities and towns in Ontario, Alberta, Indiana, Michigan and Vermont.
FINE CONDITIONS are being offered our trained young men and women, in the business offices of the large manufacturing, merchandising, insurance, banking, mining, railway and other concerns.
NOW IS THE TIME to enter for a thorough course in our famous system of actual business training, including mercantile and corporation book-keeping, commercial law, stenography, typewriting, etc.
COME DIRECT to the College Office, 137 Upper Wyndham Street, or address,
Malcolm McCormick, B. A.
Principal.

Just Try Us
FOR ANYTHING NAMED IN LIST BELOW AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU.

Refrigerators	Washing Machines
Gas Stoves	Screen Goods
Linoleum	Granite Ware
Hose	Garbage Cans
Netting	Lawn Mowers
Paint	Building Hardware
Mortar Color	Ready Roofing
Cement	Etc.

EVERYTHING IN HARDWARE
BUY IT AT BOND'S.
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - GUELPH

THE HOME OF GOOD GLASSES
SAVAGE Optical Establishment Guelph
Eyes Scientifically Examined
"SIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE"

WONDERLAND
MOVING PICTURE SHOW
Open Every Night—7 to 10 o'clock.
BEST FILMS PROCURABLE
(Changed Nightly)
Patronized by the leading citizens
Admission - - 5c
Acton Amusement Co.

OLD D. A. BROWN'S ACTON CHEMIST & STATIONER EST. 1874
Perfumes
BEELY'S BELLEVUE
ROSE OF ALGERIA
Two of the latest and sweetest of perfumes.
Ask for a Free Sample.
Toilet Preparations
Florida Water.
Cream of Violets.
Cream of Almonds and Roses.
Etc.
In Talcum Powder we keep all the best on the market.
SPECIAL—American Beauty of Roses Talcum, made by The Druggists Corporation of Canada.
A. T. BROWN
Druggist and Stationer
Mill St. - ACTON

BINDER TWINE
YOUR CHOICE OF THE VERY BEST
Plymouth Gold Medal
650 feet
Brantford Gilt Edge
650 feet
LOWEST GUARANTEED PRICES
LEAVE YOUR ORDER TO DAY
ACTON FLOUR & FEED STORE
R. NOBLE, Prop.

The EXCELSIOR BAKERY
Having recently installed some of the latest improved machinery for bread making, is now in a better position than ever to supply our customers with Bread, Cakes, etc., of first-class quality.
We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.
Ice Cream, and all kinds of Fruit in season.
T. Statham & Son
Main St., Acton

Poetry.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE

The bravest battle that ever was fought;—
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not:—
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or spike pen:
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,—
A woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave.
But, O, these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in her endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

—Joaquin Miller.

Select Family Reading

How Ben Turned the Laugh

By Alonzo McMillan

THE trolley car, bound for Westland was waiting on the track just below the siding till the Clayton Mills car should pass. The reason for the location was obvious, for the short stretch of side track stood out in the blazing sun, while the waiting car was under the shade of tall trees. When the car bound for Clayton Mills should make its appearance, the conductor and motorman would rise from the log where they had been having a lengthy chat, and, without undue haste, would set the switch and move out of the way of the newcomer. Then, after an exchange of greetings, the cars would pass, the one to climb the mountain, the other to continue its descent to the valley.

It was a new thing, this trolley line that climbed the steep sides of Bald Mountain, from the little mill town at the base to Westland, perched on its shoulder. Ben never failed to stop and stare when a car passed him, carried along by the force of gravity if making the descent, or, if climbing, pushed upward by the mighty, mysterious giant we call electricity.

He drew rein now at the sight of the car waiting on the track, hedged about by trees and underbrush till it seemed cut off from all the world. There was a flash of golden-rod along the track, and the smell of sweet fern was in the air. Ben looked and listened. The car was fuller than usual. There was a row of little girls in bright dresses, and the boy was vaguely reminded of gardens he knew where phlox and marigolds and bachelor's buttons grew side by side, one color emphasizing those contrasted with it. A little girl turned and looked with curiosity at the clumsy wagon and old horse and the awkward boy in the driver's seat, the lines hanging limp in his hands and his lips parted as he stared.—

"Say, what happened to your other suspender?"

Ben started and turned his head. The conductor and motorman had as usual left the car to its own devices, and were sitting on a mossy log in the shade. On the rear steps of the car stood a boy in a light suit, his hat pushed to the back of his head, his impertinent mouth stretched in a broad grin. It was from him that the question had come.

Ben eyed him in sullen wrath. He had a feeling of being taken at an unfair advantage. He was well aware that, judged by any of the conventional boyish standards, he was vastly superior to the grinning lad on the rear steps of the trolley car. "I could handle him with one hand," thought Ben, his fingers tightening on the lines. Nor was that all. Why, he had done almost a man's work since he was twelve years old, and it was more than likely that the boy in the light suit had his spending money given him, as if he were no more than a baby.

"Looks like the mice had been at your hat!" exclaimed Ben's tormentor.

Again a flaming blush drowned Ben's freckles. What was the matter with his hat? It was a big coarse straw, somewhat saw-toothed along the edge, to be sure, but with plenty of wear in it yet. He looked down at his shabby trousers, short enough to give a full view of his big clumsy boots; at his faded shirt the original color of which had been lost in many washings. He realized that the flower-bed of little girls was in motion, like a bed of real flowers, swayed by the wind. They were craning their necks to look at him. A sudden panic seized him. He doubled the end of the lines into a loop, and with it lashed old Jake across the flanks.

The lank old horse jumped with surprise and started ahead jerkily—slowly, too, for the mountain road was hard to travel. Ben heard a shrill voice raised in a last mocking shout, "Say, don't hurry your horse. He wants to lie down."

A moment later and a bend in the road had taken him out of sight of the occupants of the waiting trolley car, and when he felt himself safe from observation, he let the lines dangle again, and his head drooped upon his breast. He wondered if they were still laughing at him, those little girls in their pretty white frocks and the boy on the steps of the trolley, his hat on the back of his head and his hands in his pockets. A sudden rage against the boy possessed him—a rage that dried his throat and quickened his heart beats, and set his hands to trembling.

That was what people thought about, then—the kind of clothes a fellow wore and the sort of horse he drove. He might be manly and plucky, fighting against odds, earning his own living at an age when other boys were being tucked into bed every night by their mothers, taking hard knocks with philosophy, doing his best and trying always to make that best better. Who cared for that, as long as his hat was notched on the edge like the blade of a saw and his shabby trousers were held in place by a single suspender? A boy who couldn't afford decent clothes had no chance. He was a laughing-stock.

He looked at old Jake, shambling onward through the dust, his head hanging. The y laughed at Jake, too, after his long years of patient service. "It's no use," choked the boy. "Not a bit of use trying."

A moment later a sound above him diverted his thoughts. He looked up quickly. The trolley track, like the carriage road, ascended the mountain in a leisurely zigzag. Except for the tall trees which cut off the view, one could have stood at Clayton Mills and watched the car from Westland, cross and recross the side of Bald Mountain.

There was a clearing above the stretch of road where old Jake jogged along, the heavy wagon rattling behind him. Ben, staring upward, saw the trolley car flash past, and his face, brown from long exposure to wind and weather, flushed just now with mortified pride, was ghostly in its pallor.

It was an abandoned car he had seen flying along the stretch of track above him; a runaway car shooting down the mountain at a reckless speed which threatened at any moment to carry it off the track. Swiftly as it moved the boy's thoughts outran it. They sped before it down the track to the other car waiting in the shade, so screened by trees that its occupants could not know the peril on its way.

Something had gone wrong. Perhaps the car had broken away and started on its mad downward race, undiscovered till it was too late to check it. Perhaps the brakes had refused to work, and the occupants had jumped for their lives. Unless it left the track at one of the curves, it would crash into the car waiting below. The rumble of its coming would give no warning of what was about to happen. The conductor and motorman would rise to their usual deliberate fashion from their log, still absorbed in the confidences they had been exchanging, almost before they could look up the thing would have happened. Like some fierce beast of prey, the car would have flung itself upon its waiting victims, the little girls in their bright dresses and the boy who taunted Ben with his shabby clothes.

Oddly enough, it was the thought of the boy which roused Ben from his trance of fright. He recoiled in horror from the hate and bitterness which had been in his heart only a few moments before. In his first frenzy of self-reproach it almost seemed to him that he had planned this revenge, hurling itself downward like a thunderbolt. At any risk, at any cost, he must check it, and make atonement for what he had thought in the past few moments, which already seemed a lifetime gone by.

Ben lashed the old horse till he leaped ahead, some of the spirit of his long-past youth returning. The heavy wagon creaked and rattled as it went rocking down the road, an unconscious martyr, going to meet its fate. Ahead of him Ben saw the gleam of the curving track, over which the runaway must soon pass. A rumble gave him warning that the time was near. Again he lashed Jake, whose speed was flagging, and only halted when the wagon was squarely across the track.

His knife was out of his pocket, the keen blade flashing in the sun. It was no part of his plan to sacrifice the faithful Jake. He severed the straps by slashing cuts, and with a kick in the flank and a shout, sent the old horse galloping down the road. Then, and not till then, did Ben jump, and he felt a confused wonder whether the momentum which carried him into the bushes at the side of the road was due to his own spring or partly to an outforce voiding itself in a thunderous roar, as the car came into collision with the obstruction in its way and hurled itself from the track, overturning and rolling down the slope, mowing down the trees like grass.

When Ben opened his eyes there was a little group about him. He sat up, feeling dizzy and choking back a cry of pain as he tried to move his left arm. Then he saw a portion of the demolished wagon laying beside him, where it had been flung after the collision, and realized that he was fortunate to escape with a broken arm.

"Are you hurt bad, boy?" It was the conductor who was speaking, a pale-faced conductor with an unsteady voice. "We can't seem to make out what happened. Was there anybody on that car?"

Ben shook his head. "I saw her first on the track above," he said pointing with his uninjured arm. "She was going as if she was crazy, and I figured it out that she'd run into you down below."

"And so she would have," cried the motorman whose face had no more color than that of the conductor, "if she hadn't jumped the track."

"And so I drove across the track," continued Ben, his voice faint and unlike his own; "and I cut my horse loose—"

"There! I told you those straps were cut!" cried the motorman triumphantly.

"And then I jumped. I guess that piece of the wagon must have hit me next. I don't remembering anything after jumping. I don't know what Mr. Blake—"

Ben paused, and his chin quivered, much to his disgust. He almost feared he was weak enough to give way to tears.

"What's that about Silas Blake?" demanded a red-faced little man who formed one of the waiting circle.

"I work for him," Ben replied dejectedly. "And that was his wagon. I don't know what he'll say to my smashing it."

The red-faced man coughed violently before he spoke.

"Look here, boy!" he exclaimed, "don't you worry about that wagon, nor the broken arm either. There'll be plenty of men who'll be glad to stand by you. Why, boy," he burst out enthusiastically, "you don't seem to understand that you've done something out of the common! You're a hero that's what you are!"

"Someone slipped under the arm of the speaker and came close to Ben. It was a boy in a light suit, with his hat on the back of his head.

"See here," he began breathlessly, "I'm Jack Dunning. My father's manager of the mills. I'm going to tell him about you, and he'll do something for you. If father takes a fellow up, he doesn't need to worry, I can tell you."

But it was not that promise, encouraging as it seemed, nor the assurances of the red-faced man, which made Ben feel that his broken arm was a trifle hardly worth consideration. He had convinced Jack Dunning, which was something, and had convinced himself, which was vastly more, that in spite of shabby clothes and general hard luck, a boy can prove his manhood and the respect of those who have mocked him. He had turned the laugh of ridicule into admiration and honor.

THE KAISER'S RULES OF LIFE

The London Outlook publishes the following translations from a German paper of sentences that hang in the workroom of the Kaiser, so arranged that his Majesty has them always before him when sitting at his desk. They have been published before, but are of considerable interest:

Be strong in pain.

To wish for anything that is unattainable is worthless.

Be content with the day as it is; look for the good in everything.

Rejoice in nature and people, and take them as they are.

For a thousand bitter hours, console yourself with one that is beautiful.

Give from your heart and mind always the best, even if you do not receive thanks. He who can learn and practice this is indeed a happy, free, and proud one; his life will always be beautiful. He who is mistrusting wrongs others and harms himself.

It is our duty to believe everyone to be good as long as we have not the proof to the contrary; the world is so large and we ourselves so small that everything cannot revolve around us.

If something damages us, hurts us, who can tell if that is not necessary to the welfare of creation?

In everything of this world, whether dead or alive, lives the mighty, wise will of the Almighty and All-knowing Creator; we little people only lack the reason to comprehend it.

As everything is, so it has to be in this world, and, however it may be, should always seem good to the mind of the creature.

A CURE FOR TALKING BIG

The beam in one's own eyes is less noticed than the mote in another person's eye.

A family, while at the breakfast table one morning, pledged to observe the strictest veracity for that day. A member of the family tells the consequence.

As a first fruit of the resolve, we asked the one who suggested it:

"What made you so late at breakfast this morning?"

She hesitated, began with "Because I couldn't—" and then, true to her compact, said, "The truth is, I was lazy and didn't hurry, or I might have been down long ago."

Presently one of them remarked that she had been very cold, adding, "I never was so cold."

An inquiring look caused the last speaker to modify her statement with, "Oh, I don't think I was so cold, after all."

A third remark to the effect that Miss So-and-So was the homeliest girl in the city was recalled as soon as made, the speaker being compelled to own that Miss So-and-So was only rather plain, instead of being excessively homely. So it went on throughout the day, causing much merriment, which was good-naturedly accepted by the subjects, and giving rise to constant correction in the interest of truth.

TELL THEM OF IT

Love your friends, and do not put them from you. Tell them of your love, not once, but often; and do not merely tell it, but prove your words to them and repeat the proof. Open your heart and love them kingly-wise. Make merry for them; make them happy; give them brightness; make your home cheery for them. The lost opportunities we must regret were opportunities for loving.—Selected.

ROLLED CELERY SANDWICHES

"Here is a new sandwich which is simple, inexpensive and delicious," says Woman's Home Companion.

"Take a loaf of fresh bread, cut off the crusts and spread before slicing with a generous layer of creamed butter; dust with salt and roll tightly around two or three small stalks of celery. The celery should be crisp and tender and cut in small strips of suitable length and dusted with fine salt while damp. This makes an excellent sandwich for school luncheons and is especially dainty for receptions when tied with baby ribbon to match the color-scheme of the table."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes From the Free Press of July 3rd, 1890

The new band stand on the site so kindly tendered by Mr. W. H. Storey was opened by an enjoyable concert on Friday evening. Bower Avenue sidewalk was crowded with spectators while on the square within which the stand is situated hundreds of children disported themselves with glee.

Mrs. Jacob Swackhamer, whose death we recently recorded, was one of the earliest settlers, having come with her husband to Esquesing in 1820 settling on 100 acres allotted him for service in the Royalist ranks during the war of Independence and notably at the battle of Lundy's Lane in 1812. In 1836 Rev. Hiram Denny organized a church at Swackhamer's Hill, since called Churchill, and Mrs. Swackhamer's name was one of the first recorded, and remained until her death. Her name will be fragrant in the memory of children, grandchildren and neighbors for years to come. She died in her 90th year.

Bishop Dowling of Hamilton Diocese made a visit to St. Joseph's Church, Acton, on Dominion Day. The members had made considerable preparation for his visit, having an arch at the entrance and the church decorated. Confirmation services were held after the Bishop had explained the rites of baptism, penance and confirmation. The parents were exhorted to educate their children in righteousness and to see that they kept out of bad company and from bad books. A pledge of abstinence from intoxicating liquors until twenty-one years of age was also enjoined.

Paul Godfrey, the chimney sweep, from Palmerston, on Saturday morning ascended the town hall tower, then the 18-foot flagpole, removed the bed rope from the pulley and inserted the new one. The pulley is about 120 feet from the ground. It was a dangerous undertaking, but the $10 bill at the top gave the necessary nerve.

Mr. Wm. Cook, of Hamilton, and Mr. E. K. Cook and family, of Palermo, visited their father, Rev. R. B. Cook, on Dominion Day.

Misses Bonis and Cleveland, teachers, have left for their homes.

Rev. C. A. Cook and son, of Bloomfield, N. Y., are at Rev. R. B. Cook's.

Miss Mary Brown has been visiting friends at Berlin and St. Marys.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Speight, of Berlin, spent several days in their old home.

Misses Lena and Emma Boomer, of Berlin, made Acton friends a short visit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Matthews, of Brantford, came on Monday evening to spend a day with friends here.

TONGUE TWISTERS

Repeat these sentences rapidly—the quicker the better.

The bleak breezes blighted the bright bloom blossoms.

Two toads totally tied tried to trot to Tedbury.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

Susan shineth shoes and socks. Socks and shoes shines Susan. She cleaneth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

A haddock, a haddock, a black spotted haddock; a haddock spot on the black back of a black spotted haddock.

Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and an oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster, where are the owl and the oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?

THE OUTGOINGS OF THE MORNING

That phrase in one of the loveliest of Psalms shows fine courage and faith in David. The outgoings of the evening are always pleasant, and in a quiet way rejoice everywhere. There is no more perfect picture of peace on earth than a mountain-shadowed lake at sunset. The only other scene that comes near equaling it is a valley of farms when milking is done.

A WOMAN'S BEST COMPLIMENTS

The finest compliment we have ever heard told to a woman was by her husband, who said in speaking of her: "We always think of her as a morning glory, because she looks so bright and cheery and pretty at the breakfast table." How many breakfast tables are presided over by women who make an effort to be dainty? And there are a great number who are at once untidy and even unclean to look at.

The claim that household duties keep women from looking well in the morning is easily disproved, for in many a household where the lady gives a helping hand in the kitchen a big apron will thoroughly protect her dress; and then, too, cooking, unless one makes it so, is never dirty.

That woman commits an error who looks unsared for and badly dressed in the morning.

The other woman, who wears any old thing to the breakfast table, is also making a mistake; for that is the time when the men of the household ought to see a woman at her best and not specially rely on her appearance in the evening, when the soft and charitable light will hide many defects.—Selected.

A TIMELY HINT

Children who suffer from swelling of the glands should have an abundance of fresh air, both day and night, and a complete change of air as often as possible. Plenty of good nourishing food should be given them, and cod liver oil or emulsion is also helping in putting things right.

WHY THE BABY WAS CRYING

"Why is the baby crying?
You must have scared or hit him."
"No, grandpa, I was trying
If your false teeth would fit him."

THE SEA QUEEN

Shall her great power go under,
Her ancient might decline?
This centuried Queen of the thunder
And surge of the billowy brine!
No! Back from the storms that rocked her,
From the line to the frozen floe,
Out of his great gray vastness,
Old Ocean thunders, No!
No! No! No! No!
Old Ocean thunders, No!
By her keels that lift
On his far-flung drift
Old Ocean thunders, No!

Shall she who bred great Alfred,
Whose navies sounds the Dane,
Whose valiant, bold sea-captains
Made mock of haughty Spain:—
Shall she of Nelson, Rodney,
Strike sail to any foe,
And out of its hero-splendours,
Her great past answers, No!
No! No! No! No!
Her great past answers, No!
By her valiant dead,
Her sons who bled,
Her great past answers, No!

Shall she whose might is world-wide;
Whose children dwell afar,
One with the wise old mother
By western, Orient star;
Whose fleets are freedom's bulwarks;
To sloth and cowardice grow?
And out from its utmost confines,
The Empire answers, No!
No! No! No! No!
The Empire answers, No!
O'er ocean's sweep,
Her vast and deep
World-loyalty thunders, No!

—Wilfred Campbell, in the Canadian Magazine.

THE MAN WHO WAS MISSING THE POINT

It was on the Lake Shore Railroad. The time was midnight. The train was pulling out of Cleveland depot when a man of about five and thirty looked up from his book and after a time engaged me in conversation. "What business are you in? You act like a commercial traveller, but your talk and the subjects you speak of are more like a lecturer."

"Well," I replied, "I do lecture some."

"On what subject?"

"Home missions."

"Home missions?" he said with a slight tone of sarcasm.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, well! I used to be a professor. I was converted in the old-fashioned way and joined the Baptist Church; but now I don't believe anything. I don't believe there is God or a hereafter. In fact, I have lost all faith in anything of that nature; but there is one thing that troubles me. I have a little girl of three, and I don't know what to do with her. I can't teach her, 'Now I lay me down to sleep' and that humbug, 'don't you know;' but what to do with her puzzles me. You seem to be a man that has read a good deal. Perhaps you can tell me. Give me your advice."

"Let her go to the devil," I rejoined. The man stared at me with a questioning look in his eyes. I went on: "I suppose you know that a child with a father that believes in neither God nor a hereafter has a good chance of going to the bad. Does your wife share your views?"

"No; my wife is a good woman, but slow to see a point. Why, only the other day I told her of a farmer who saw a dromedary for the first time, and he stayed so long staring at it that all the people had gone into the circus; but as he turned away an employee heard him say: 'Shucks! there ain't no such animal.' Well, sir my wife did not see the point for minutes."

"Now, look here, my son. Your wife is not the only one to miss the point. I was a skeptic before you were born. I lived on Infidel Street, and all the houses are unfurnished apartments."

Said the man: "I have lost all faith."

I said: "Are you in business?"

"Yes, and a good one."

"Well, you must have faith to run that. Nothing is ever accomplished without faith."

"Well, but what do you mean about my not seeing the point?"

"Why you live in a land of free schools and hospitals and fresh-air funds for the poor and aid given to the needy, and, like the man with the dromedary, you say: 'Shucks! there ain't no Christianity.'"

He was a little taken back at this, and then I went on: "An old prophet once said, 'A little child shall lead them,' and it may be your little child will help you."

"If I could only believe anything!"

"You believe there was once a man born whose name was Jesus?"

"Yes."

"Well, you believe he was a good man? Did you ever read or know of a better?"

"No."

"Well, why not begin by believing in him?"

"I can't believe the miracles."

"Man, Man! I am not talking of miracles. If you believed all the miracles ever recorded, it would not bring you a step nearer God. Now listen. You and I may never meet again. Take my advice and get acquainted with Christ and try to follow his counsels; try to walk after his pattern for the sake of your little girl. Tell her of Jesus and his love. Never mind the hard parts; for you will find if you once get acquainted with Jesus Christ, that all things will become plain; 'for if ye do his will, ye shall know of his doctrine.'"

The train was slowing up as the man grasped my hand. He said: "I am glad I met you. You have done me good, and I thank you for it. Good-by."

He was gone, and my train plunged forward into the darkness; but I felt that God would lead my fellow-passenger into the light.—Congregationalist.

Boasting of their strong points is a weakness with some people.

"To the hypocrite the man's religion is another man's revenue.