The Acton Free Press.

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All accounts collected monthly.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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Member British Medical Association Etc.
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Paper Hanging of every description neatly done.
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Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening.
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WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Bowlstone work. We sell direct to cemetery owners at whole sale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanical in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have tried law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not solicit or peddle customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

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Cor. Norfolk and Wellington Sts., GUELPH

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DOUBLE TRACK ALL THE WAY
TORONTO-CHICAGO
TORONTO-MONTREAL
Unexcelled Train Service
Highest Class of Equipment

WINTER TOURS TO CALIFORNIA
Florida and Sunny South
Fast Trains—Choice of Routes
Low Fares now in Effect

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The old and Reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers

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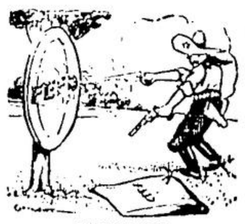

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Flour and Feed Store
—FOR—

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41 Wyndham Street
Phone 350

Our Sincerest Wishes
TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS FOR A
Happy New Year

WE THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR GENEROUS PATRONAGE DURING THE YEAR AND ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT DURING 1915 WE WILL BE IN A BETTER POSITION THAN EVER TO SATISFACTORILY SUPPLY THE SHOE NEEDS OF ALL.

Kinney Bros.
Main St. Acton

EXCELSIOR BAKERY
George Statham
Church St. - Acton
The bakery business of T. Statham & Son in Acton, which has been conducted for the past thirty years, has been purchased by George Statham and will be conducted in the same first-class manner as in the past.
All kinds of Bread, Cakes, Pastry, Wedding Cakes and Christmas Cakes will be supplied to the satisfaction of all customers.
GEO. STATHAM
Acton Ontario

Dollar Day
TO-DAY
In Guelph

In our Store a Discount of from 10 per cent. to One-third off Everything except certain restricted lines.
You can save money in Guelph to-day by catching that up train Thursday, January 21st, 1915
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Phone 10-12 Ten-Twelve) GUELPH

Our Headache Curing Record
Hundreds have been freed from persistent headaches by our scientifically fitted glasses.
When we undertake to cure headache we do so or refund the money.
ALL LENSES GROUND ON THE PREMISES
A. D. SAVAGE
OPTOMETRIST & MFG. OPTICIAN
"Right at the Post Office"
Phone 637X GUELPH

C. C. Speight
—FOR—
New Years Goods
Silverware in Tableware—Fine Variety
Also Fine Cutlery
Hardware, Tinware, and Graniteware—in Variety
Pandora Stoves and Ranges
Famous Heaters
Small Stoves. Oil Stoves
Many Articles Suitable for New Years Gifts
C. C. Speight
Mill Street, Acton

J. L. JONES ENGRAVING Co
16 ADELAIDE ST WEST TORONTO CANADA

The Bell Piano
A Piano—not only with a reputation, but with all the qualities to back—is
MADE IN GUELPH
By the largest manufacturers under the British flag and by the most skilled workmen known and is
SOLD IN ACTON
Purely on its merits, because it has given hundreds of people perfect satisfaction, because it possesses the sweetest tone and it stays in tune the longest.
C. W. Kelly & Son
133 Upper Wyndham St.
GUELPH - ONT.

SELLING OFF
Pringle's Jewellery Stock
Auction Each Day at 2.30 and 7.30
A discount on all Private Sales
33⅓ to 50
Per cent. Discount
The Sale is now on and will continue until the entire stock is sold. Come and get goods at your own prices.
G. D. Pringle
Jeweller
Wyndham St. - Guelph

Poetry.

WHY IS IT?

It is strange to me, and I never could see
Just why the people should say,
That an owl in a tree is he who as can be
When he mopes and sleeps all day,
And never a word from him is heard
But just his "Who? Who? Who?"
While he sits and winks and shivers and blinks
With nothing that's nice to do.

I'm sure if I were only to try,
To ask you a question or two,
I could puzzle you more with my three or four
Than this old owl with his "Who?"
For I'd say "Why?" And I would try
To find out "How?" and "When?"
I'd beat the owl, with his wise old scowl,
And puzzle the wisest men.

But now, instead of nodding her head,
And saying, "The child is wise,"
Mother looks down, with a bit of a frown,
And says, with sweet surprise,
"My dear, you know you will older grow,
And then learn how, why, when,
You can't know all till you're strong and tall,
Don't ask those things again."

Now I don't see why an owl in a tree
Is wise when he asks, "Who?"
When a boy like me, with his questions three,
Is a stupid child. Do you?

BUSINESS MAN'S CREED

Receive your thoughts as guests but treat your desires as children.

Select Family Reading

A WHITE DAY

All night Hilda Crewe was troubled in her sleep by the noises of the storm. When morning came raw and gray to her window she sat up in her bed and looked forth. The snow was still coming down thinly, languidly; the wind had quieted. Across the lower panes a high drift peered blue and cold. Hilda knew then what had happened.

She got up and dressed, attended to the stove and went to the windows. As far as she could see the fields were choked with snow. Fences and roads and growing things were buried. The trees were laden on every stark, brown limb. The gray farmhouse seemed to crouch low for warmth and security. It was the only house in all that expanse save one—the house of the strangers afar in the distance.

From this second house the smoke of a morning fire seemed to bear greeting to Hilda. She had never seen the people whom that fire was warming, but she thought of them as neighbors. And she felt comfort by the thought of their presence. The mere fact that they lived there in sight of their own door took the edge off her awful loneliness.

They had come while the winter was yet young and gentle to the big white farmhouse. But never had their way led past her door. So she had not seen them. As for going to pay them a neighborly visit—that was a thing she dared not take the time to do. Suppose Felix should come back in her absence. Ah, she must be at home when Felix came.

After four months of waiting Hilda still believed that Felix would come back. She had never dreamed that fall day when he went away that he would be so long gone. She was facing her first country winter and there was novelty and charm in the prospect. They had come to the little farm very early the previous spring. It had been Felix's idea. He could not get the kind of work he liked in the city, and "back to the soil" had been his cry. Hilda had given up her work in the store and had drawn all her savings to help Felix buy this little place.

Though she was four years younger than her brother still she had always felt that much older. She had been born with a maturity of judgment that Felix never would be able to acquire. Hilda had been happy that spring. She had worked in the fields like a boy. Her city pallor had fled before the sun. She grew brown and sturdy and tough handed. It was not long before Felix began to grumble. She cheered and encouraged him.

"It's too late to turn back now," she said a hundred times. "We must go on."

The crops did fairly well. After their own stores were gathered they had produce to sell. Felix gave her some of the money to be for her very own. She saved it carefully. She never asked him what he did with his. Then came that day when Felix had never seemed so restless, so sullen, so dissatisfied. He said he was going to town and took the horse and went. That night he did not return. A week later Hilda received a letter which said:

"I got a chance to sell the rig and I sold it. I've got to go up to the city for a day or two. Don't look for me back till I come."

That was all. Nevertheless Hilda had looked and was still looking.

It had never occurred to her that Felix did not intend to come back at all. Being the soul of honor herself she did not suspect dishonor in others. In the meantime she found life difficult and inexpressibly dreary. She had no horse and it was too far to walk to town. Yet once she had done it because she must, and had carried back her own packages of tea and sugar. Other times she depended on the rural postman, who was a kindly old cheap with daughters of his own.

In the locality where she lived there were great tracts of abandoned land and few families. Rural folk are a long time in getting acquainted. Hilda knew no body. She was alone and lonely and she fought that in all the ways she knew. If only Felix had left to her, old Major, the horse. Horses can almost talk. At least she could have talked to Major. As it was she had only the hens. She did talk to them but hens do not make laughing companions. Out of her slender means Felix had subscribed for a newspaper and a couple of household journals. Their coming made holiday for her. She read them pointless. Her few books too she read and re-read. Oh, the silence of those four months of waiting!

So far nature had been kind to her. The winter had been so mild that she could get out of doors each day. Now nature too had turned against her and buried her in snow. She was imprisoned. She might indeed be dead for days before anyone sought her out.

The thought choked her and she turned from the window. Hurriedly she poured her last measure of coffee into the pot. There was a piece of corn bread on the shelf; there were eggs in the basket. In the cellar were potatoes and cabbages, and carrots and apples and the fruit she had canned with such hope in her work. Oh, she had plenty to eat. It was not her body that starved.

She ate from a sense of duty, not because she liked the taste of the food. Then she made her rooms tidy. After this she wrapped herself up and waded forth to feed her hens. Even out of doors the stillness seemed to be that of a vacuum. She was glad to hear the clucking of the hens. There were some fresh eggs in the nest and she gathered them, feeling a faint pleasure at the sight and touch of them. Then she started to wade back to the house.

She had reached the door when a great black animal floundered around the corner of the house, jaws open, red tongue showing. At sight of her he gave a bark of welcome and wallowed nearer. Hilda stood staring at him. A dog! And such a big, friendly, neighborly dog to come all the way through the drifts to her. She swayed toward him holding out both hands, tears of joy in her eyes. The dog struggled to her, snow and all. His tongue touched her cheek.

At that moment a man came round the corner of the house. He had snowshoes upon his feet and a knitted cap upon his head. He was big, ruddy, wholesome to see, and he smiled at Hilda with a frank, openhearted friendliness.

"Hello, neighbor," he cried. "How goes it with you this morning?" At the sound of his voice the dog left Hilda. "Beat me after all didn't you, Sable?" he said patting the dog. "It's tired you, though. Your stout old heart is going like a trip-hammer."

He turned to Hilda. "Well, neighbor, I came from the next house. And my name is John Ottis. My mother sent me to see if there was anything we could do for you."

"Your mother and you are very kind," Hilda replied. "And I thank you."

"You have wood enough? Yes, I see you have. And food?" he questioned keenly. "We thought you might be all alone here."

Hilda hung her head. "I am all alone, but I am expecting my brother. Not today exactly, but I know he won't stay away much longer. You see, he's been gone four months."

"What!" exclaimed the man. "You don't mean to say that you've lived here alone four months, a girl like you?"

Hilda's lips quivered. "It hasn't been so awful until lately, until the heavy snows began. And even then I'd have been able to endure it if I'd had enough to read or anyone to speak to occasionally."

"My God!" cried the man. "And we never suspected this."

Hilda smiled wanly. "It's all right now that I've found out that I've got some neighbors," she said.

"John Ottis looked at her. "Yes, you've got neighbors," he said, "and good ones too, you'll find. You poor, little deserted thing. I'd take you home with me if I could, but you'd never be able to get through the deep snow. As soon as you shall go to my mother. And I want to say right here my mother's the best woman that ever lived. She'll stand by you. She has stood by me all my life even when I took a fool notion to turn farmer. Now go in where it's warm. I'm going back home but I'll leave Sable here to take care of you. He's too old and tired to make another trip this morning. Good-bye, little neighbor. Keep a good fire and hang on to your courage."

He stripped his dark head of its knitted cap. He opened the door for her and held it while she stepped within. "Go with her, Sable," he said, "and take good care of her till I come back."

Light and life and color came to Hilda's wistful face. "Oh, are you coming back?" she whispered.

He smiled. "Sure, I'm coming back," he said. "I'm going to bring you some magazines and some other things. You just watch for me, will you?"

"Yes," said Hilda, "I'll watch for you."

She stood at the window and saw him go, driving forward on his snowshoes. The old dog watched knowingly. Hilda laid her hand on his head. His presence comforted her. But the assurance in her own heart comforted her still more.

"He'll come back," she said. "Oh, I feel somehow that he means happiness for me. He is a good man, better than Felix. His eyes and mouth say so. And his mother sent him. They're my neighbors. Yes, he'll come back. Won't he, Sable?"

And Sable barked joyously: "Sure! Sure!"

THE BEST WORK

In discussing the "age of efficiency" a Detroit paper locates it beyond the half-century mark. It calls attention to the fact that Columbus was fifty-six when he discovered America; many, if not all, of the famous scientists and leaders did their greatest and best work when far past the fifty mark, and that some have persisted in great accomplishments until seventy or more years of age.

This argument won't help the man who is aged and broken and tottering at fifty. But it will hearten the man of forty or more who has been careful of his resources, to think that to him achievement is still a possibility—and it may find him the opportunity to achieve by convincing some master of opportunity that years does not always spell senility or loss of virility.

The young man may reflect that he has the opportunity to run a long race—and he may catch sight of the fact that the man now fifty is not necessarily a "back number" merely because of his half century.

When the wife is the boss it is usually because the family needs one.

Sometimes business "picks up" but more often it waits to be picked up.

SHE WAS A "DEAR"

Mr. Robert Fraser, while pleasantly engaged in drinking his morning coffee, glancing over his morning mail, and listening to his wife's chatter, suddenly remembered.

"Why, it's to day that Bess comes, isn't it?" he exclaimed. "What time does she get in?"

"Three o'clock," Mrs. Fraser answered.

Now Mr. Robert Fraser, although a mere man, loved his wife. Something—a tone in her voice, or the chill brevity of her reply—warned him that there was trouble somewhere. He charged it with masculine directness.

"Surely you're not worrying over Bess! Why, she won't be any bother, Kathie. She'll be helping all over the place inside of twenty-four hours."

Mrs. Fraser had it on the tip of her tongue to say that that was exactly it—she did not want help "all over the place." If only Bess would be company—nice, tactful, keep-out-of-the-way-at-busy-times company! But checked by her husband's puzzled face, she smiled bravely instead.

"I'm not worrying," she retorted. "Didn't I fall in love with Bess at first sight? You are a goose, Bob Fraser!"

And Mr. Robert Fraser went into town with the comfortable feeling that Kathie was a bit nervous, but that he had set everything right.

Meantime his wife cleaned and polished and cooked and set the guest-room in order, and at three o'clock went to meet her sister-in-law, Bess, who with her frank, friendly ways, was charming, and Mrs. Robert began to feel that her fears were foolish. As the two women rode up from the station they chatted gaily, and they chatted still more gaily as they went over the new house. Then Mrs. Fraser left Bess to rest while she ran down-stairs to prepare dinner. In three minutes Bess had followed her.

"As if I were going to be made company of!" she cried. "I'm going to help. Where's an apron—oh, here! Now give me that egg-beater."

Mrs. Fraser whisked as she saw Bess carelessly tie on her prettiest apron, which she never used when cooking, and surrendered the egg-beater with a sinking heart; it was going to be as she feared.

In the week that followed, Bess burned two new gingham aprons by opening the oven door with them, overrun Kathie's carefully worked-out allowance by insisting on making several expensive desserts, broke a piece of wedding cut glass, and hopelessly scratched some of the new silver by using it to scrape dishes. When she finally left, her sister-in-law hid herself in the linen-closet for a good cry. Bess was a dear—loyal, affectionate and unselfish; yet—

At night her husband looked across at her with deep satisfaction. "Didn't I tell you Bess was a brick?" he said. "I knew you wouldn't mind her after she'd been here five minutes."

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Fraser answered. "Why, if I haven't forgotten the celery salt!" She ran to the kitchen for it, and when she returned, her eyes were steady. "She is a dear," she repeated.

MARIAN'S SHOPPING

Marian started upon her shopping trip immediately after luncheon. It was a fine afternoon but Marian, in her fresh white linen, looked delightfully cool. The clerks were limp and indifferent; the hot spell had lasted ten days, and they worn on duty from eight till five, standing nearly all the time. Still, it was their work, and Marian did not believe in humoring people in the doing of their duty. So she disregarded Celia Frame's statement that she could not match her linen samples, and made her take down piece after piece from the shelves.

Then she went to the lace counter. She unrolled a great many pieces in her search for exactly the effect she wanted. The narrow laces became tangled before she was through, but that was the clerk's affair, not hers.

It was not a good shopping day; even Marian's serenity became ruffled. At a quarter of five she had not found the silk she wanted, and was prepared to deal sharply with indifference. Nannie Bryce was certainly indifferent; but her head had ached savagely all day. She had just cleared her counter for the night when Marian appeared.

Marian had really determined upon coral silk, but the girl needed a lesson, she said to herself; so she made her take down more than a dozen shades before she decided upon the first one. The doors were closing as she left.

On the way home she stopped at a friend's to discuss a petition for Saturday half-holidays in the shops.

"I was in favor of it," she said. "But when you meet such utter indifference, almost insolence, as I did to-day, it's enough to chill your sympathy."

At that moment a white-faced girl, who had been lifting heavy pieces of linen all day, and had taken down fourteen pieces needlessly for Marian, was dragging wearily home, unable to pay car fare, even in the heat. Another girl was sputtering to a friend, "It took me fifteen minutes by the clock to straighten out the laces that one girl tangled up, and she looking as cool as a cucumber! I wish we could change places for a day! I reckon she'd learn some things she'd never forget!"

As for Nannie Bryce, she received a reprimand because her counter was not in order at five o'clock. She only scowled. It was useless to explain.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, January 24th, 1895

Thousands of loads of wood, saw logs, hemlock bark, hay, grain, etc., have been teamed into town this past week.

Lorne School Board: Joseph Lusby, H. Watkins, James Quantie.

Capt. T. H. Adams, of Toronto, preached to his old congregation at Churchill on Sunday.

Dr. Webster, Reeve of Esquesing, is Warden of Halton for 1895. Mr. John Warren, Deputy Reeve of the same township, was County Warden last year.

On Monday evening a horse belonging to Samuel McGibbon, of the Clark House, ran away on Mill Street, east of the G. T. R., down town over Cheyne Bros' dam, across the pond, and by a circuitous route to the home of Nathan Moore, Scotch Block. The only damage was a broken whiffletree. The robes and the cushions were all in the cutter when it reached Mr. Moore's at 5 o'clock next morning.

Mr. Geo. Hynds has been elected Chairman of the School Board for the third time during his membership.

On Thursday afternoon last, as Hilton Jeans, the seven year-old son of ex Councillor Jeans, was returning from school he was amusing himself jumping on passing sleighs. Opposite the new Knox Church he fell off and under the from bob of a farmer's sleigh, with his head under the runner. The driver stopped immediately, and willing hands lifted the weight off the poor little head. His jaw was fractured, also his left collar bone; a couple of teeth knocked out and his left side and face considerably bruised. The little fellow bore the pain of reducing the fractures like a hero, and is doing very well.

On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Swackhamer, at Churchill, were surprised by a visit from between eighty and one hundred members of the church there and presented with an address and two beautifully upholstered easy chairs. A very pleasant social time followed. The presentation was made by Alexander Russell, Albert Smith, and Harry Gibbons. Mr. Swackhamer thanked his friends warmly and stated that after taking care of the church for over fifty years, and Mrs. Swackhamer being treasurer for about twelve years, they felt the time had come for them to retire from those positions.

Mr. M. Cobban is now on the staff of the Government Printing Bureau at Ottawa.

Messrs. L. G. Matthews, and W. R. Kenney were appointed auditors of the municipal accounts.

RUSSIAN PROHIBITION COMES TO STAY

In view of the benefits from the temporary prohibition of vodka proclaimed at the outbreak of war, the Russian Government has extended this ruling to cover all alcoholic liquors, and indicates its purpose to continue the policy indefinitely.

Writing in regard to this, the London Spectator recently said:

Looking at the matter from the point of view of the nation rather than from the point of view of the government, the advantages are enormous.

"The objections to a large national consumption of alcohol are two-fold. First, there is the absorption of a large part of the resources of the country in a very temporary enjoyment; secondly, there is the absolute economic loss which leads to drunkenness.

"As regards the first point, the question is, of course, one of balance. Much of our expenditure must necessarily be on temporary pleasures. But, in a country where a very large proportion of the population are hideously poor, it is obviously desirable that as far as possible economic resources should be directed toward building up permanent comforts and luxuries rather than toward the satisfaction of temporary enjoyments. What the Russian people will now save on vodka will help to buy them better clothing and better houses.

"The second point needs no argument. It is notorious in Russia and all over the world that the drunkard is normally an inefficient worker, and to the worst cases costs the community far more than he gives to it.

"When these two factors are taken into account, one may fairly argue that the gain of the Russian people by the cessation or great diminution in the consumption of alcohol will so increase Russia's wealth that from some source or other the government's loss of revenue will be made good."

Fast or slow, I'll reach the top!
Birds that cannot Fly can Hop.

UNIQUE AID TO CIVILITY

"Henry Ward Beecher was never a conspicuous example of a preacher and pastor combined," a New York clergyman recently said to a Sun writer. "He made the preaching end of the work his chief concern, and left the flock to be pastorized by his assistants."

But once in a while he would decide that he owed it to his parishioners to make a round of calls. He himself told the following story of an incident which had occurred on one of those expeditions.

He had made out a list of names, had got the addresses from the church directory—perhaps an old one—and was taking them in their most convenient order. This brought him to a house in which, according to his list he ought to find a certain Mrs. B.

It was a very modest house and when Mr. Beecher rang the bell he had to wait some time for a response, and when it came it was a very irritated one in the person of a woman, who was evidently just from the wash-tub.

"Is Mrs. B. at home?" asked Mr. Beecher in his best manner.

"Don't live here," snapped the woman and slammed the door in his face.

Mr. Beecher waited quietly on the door step until the woman had certainly time to go back to the basement and to resume her washing. Then he rang the bell again. After a while the door was again opened by the sudsy female.

"Who said she did?" exclaimed Beecher and went down the steps and off up the street.

"THEY ALSO SERVE"

They also serve who only stand and wait,
Close bound with chains of circumstance by Fate,
Forbidden in the race to prove how fleet
Toward victory might win their eager feet,
With hearts that hunger for the stress of life,
Only afar they hear its stir and strife.
Faint souls, like swords of heroes dead, that must,
Forgotten in their scabbards, slowly rust;
Or like those blades for subtler service meant
In baser uses soon be dulled and bent,
Ah! with what breaking hearts, early and late,
They also serve who only stand and wait!

—Mildred Howells.

ON THE DEATH OF POE.

They have laid thee down to slumber where the sorrows that encumber
Such a wild and wayward heart as thine can never reach thee more.
For the radiant light of gladness never alternates with sadness,
Stinging gifted souls to madness, on that bright and blessed shore
Safely moored from Sorrow's tempest on the distant Aidan shore.
Rest thee, lost one, evermore.

* * * * * *

From the earth a star has faded and the shrine of song has shaded,
And the muses veil their faces, weeping sorrowful and sore.
But the harp, all rent and broken, left us many a thrilling token—
We shall hear its numbers spoken and repeated o'er and o'er.
'Till our heart shall cease to tremble, we shall hear them sounding o'er.
Sounding over, evermore

Sarah T. Bolton

PARTICULAR

"I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle," said the bride on her first trip to market.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the butcher. "I would suggest that you take an egg."

BE OBSERVANT

A girl entered the study of Meeceo, the celebrated historian, and asked him for a coal of fire.

"But you haven't brought a shovel," he said.

"I don't need any," was the reply.

And then, very much to his astonishment, she filled her hand with ashes and put the live coal on top. No doubt the learned man knew that ashes are a bad conductor of heat, but he had never seen the fact verified in such a practical manner.

Two boys of my acquaintance one morning took a walk with a naturalist.

"Do you notice anything peculiar in the movement of those wasps?" he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the middle of the road.

"Nothing except they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys.

The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

"I notice that they fly away in pairs," said. "One has a little pellet of mud," the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps as among bees?"

"As regards the first point, the question is, of course, one of balance. Much of our expenditure must necessarily be on temporary pleasures. But, in a country where a very large proportion of the population are hideously poor, it is obviously desirable that as far as possible economic resources should be directed toward building up permanent comforts and luxuries rather than toward the satisfaction of temporary enjoyments. What the Russian people will now save on vodka will help to buy them better clothing and better houses.

"The second point needs no argument. It is notorious in Russia and all over the world that the drunkard is normally an inefficient worker, and to the worst cases costs the community far more than he gives to it.

"When these two factors are taken into account, one may fairly argue that the gain of the Russian people by the cessation or great diminution in the consumption of alcohol will so increase Russia's wealth that from some source or other the government's loss of revenue will be made good."

Fast or slow, I'll reach the top!
Birds that cannot Fly can Hop.

UNIQUE AID TO CIVILITY

"Henry Ward Beecher was never a conspicuous example of a preacher and pastor combined," a New York clergyman recently said to a Sun writer. "He made the preaching end of the work his chief concern, and left the flock to be pastorized by his assistants."

But once in a while he would decide that he owed it to his parishioners to make a round of calls. He himself told the following story of an incident which had occurred on one of those expeditions.

He had made out a list of names, had got the addresses from the church directory—perhaps an old one—and was taking them in their most convenient order. This brought him to a house in which, according to his list he ought to find a certain Mrs. B.

It was a very modest house and when Mr. Beecher rang the bell he had to wait some time for a response, and when it came it was a very irritated one in the person of a woman, who was evidently just from the wash-tub.

"Is Mrs. B. at home?" asked Mr. Beecher in his best manner.

"Don't live here," snapped the woman and slammed the door in his face.

Mr. Beecher waited quietly on the door step until the woman had certainly time to go back to the basement and to resume her washing. Then he rang the bell again. After a while the door was again opened by the sudsy female.

"Who said she did?" exclaimed Beecher and went down the steps and off up the street.

"THEY ALSO SERVE"

They also serve who only stand and wait,
Close bound with chains of circumstance by Fate,
Forbidden in the race to prove how fleet
Toward victory might win their eager feet,
With hearts that hunger for the stress of life,
Only afar they hear its stir and strife.
Faint souls, like swords of heroes dead, that must,
Forgotten in their scabbards, slowly rust;
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"Both were alike busy and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist. "The one you thought a 'do nothing' had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellet of mud and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. Then they pellet it upon the nest and fly away for more material."

You see, one boy observed a little and the other a good deal more, while the naturalist had something to tell them that surprised them very much.

Boys, be observant. Cultivate the faculty. Hear sharply. Look keenly. Glance at a shop window as you pass it and then try how many things you can recall that you noticed in it.—Exchange.

ANCESTRY

He who boasts of his ancestry boast of that which he owes to others.

He is no great heir that inherits not his ancestor's virtues.

What can the virtues of our ancestors profit us if we do not imitate them.

He that boasteth of his ancestry confesseth he hath no virtue of his own.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

"If you keep on, Willie, you will soon know as much as the teacher," said the minister patronizingly.

"Huh," exclaimed Willie. "I'd know as much now if I looked at the book all the time like she does."

NO FIT COMPANION

Mother—Johnny, stop using such doleful language.

Johnny—Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it.

Mother—Then don't play with him; he's no fit companion for you.

An Oil for All Men.—The sailor, the soldier, the fisherman, the lumberman, the out-door laborer and all who are exposed to injury and the elements will find in Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil a true and faithful friend. To ease pain, relieve colds, dress wounds, subdue lumbago and overcome rheumatism, it has no equal. Therefore, it should have a place in all home medicines and those taken on a journey.

They Cleanse While They Cure.—The vegetable compounds of which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are composed, mainly dandelion and mandrake, clear the stomach and intestines of deleterious matter and restore the deranged organs to healthful action. Hence they are the best remedy for indigestion available to-day. A trial of them will establish the truth of this assertion and do more to convince the ailing than anything that can be written of these pills.