

THE BOOK DIVINE

"Like a star of the morning in its beauty. Like the sun in the hills of love and shining clear on the path of love and duty. As I hunted on my journey to the goal. It is a light in the wilderness of sorrow. And a lamp to the weary pilgrim's way. And it guides to the bright eternal morning. Shining more and more into the perfect day. It is the voice of a friend that's ever near me. In the trials and the burdens here. As I walk through the valley it will cheer me. Till the glory of His Kingdom I shall know. It shall stand in its beauty and its glory. When the earth and the heavens pass away. Over telling the blessed wonderful story. Of the loving Lord, the Only Living Way." —Edw. Laitau.

A HALLOWEEN ORACLE PARTY

The "Oracle evening" arranged by a couple of bright high school girls last October was an agreeable variation upon the rather stereotyped conception of the average Halloween party. It could be copied by any entertainer in search of a bright idea for the feast of fate this year. The oracle being extremely varied, required some little advance preparation, but a little expenditure of "hard cash" to the entertainer need fear to undertake the party for reasons of expense. The soothsaying "oracle" the feature of the evening, came first on the programme, and proved a source of great amusement. For this a curtain of jet-black paper muslin decorated with gilt stars was stretched perfectly taut across the double doorway by which the parlor opened into the study. The folding doors were pushed back and the curtain fastened carefully in place with the smallest of tacks. In the curtain was a small, round hole about the size of a dollar. Arriving guests found the library rendered inaccessible by means of the curtain, although the two rooms were thrown into one when the soothsaying was over. When all had arrived lights were turned down and a lively neighbor, who had been initiated as an accomplice by the young hostess, took up her position in the dimly lighted library. Presently low rumblings of thunder (produced by shaking a long piece of sheet tin) began to occur behind the curtain. They were accompanied by weird flashes (emanating from a dark lantern). Pennies and paper were distributed and each guest was invited to propound to the oracle a single question concerning some matter of destiny. A speedy answer was promised.

One by one the questions, written on slips of paper, were passed in through the aperture in the curtain. A moment or two afterward the slip with the fatal answer written on the reverse side was returned through the mysterious opening. The oracle was apparently equal to those who sought to unravel the future too completely, and shouts of laughter greeted the disconnected questioner. Thus one inquired if there was a lot to know the name of his future spouse. The seer, recognizing the handwriting of one of the young ladies, Thomas Jones, made answer simply "Mrs. Thomas Jones," greatly to the chagrin of the fate-seeker. When all had questioned and received answers the curtain was removed, and library, absolutely without spiritualistic apparatus of any kind, revealed.

The girls and young men were then invited to take part in a game of fate by which the initials of the future life-mate would be revealed. A handful of the little letter crackers, of the kind that can be bought for a few cents a pound, had been hidden in boxes around the two rooms that space offered. These were the letters for which the course was searched, beginning the hunt at a signal from the hostess. The letter first discovered by a man or girl represented the first character of the Christian name in which he or she was married. The man who was interested, the woman who was interested, stood for the surname of the future mate. After finding two letters the search ceased. Those who failed to find any characters were destined to single blessedness, unless this sign should be changed by the luckier omens in the succeeding frolic. Another good way to arrange the initial divination is to place a tin of water, thrown into it a tablespoonful of soap paste in the form of letters and in each man or girl dip up a spoonful. For this, each one must be blindfolded and furnished with an old-fashioned long-handled ladle. If one letter is dipped up this stands for the first of the Christian name; two letters include the Christian and surname, three may be interpreted as a middle name or one of the three may be counted out. If nothing is caught in the dipper the fate-seeker is in danger of becoming an old maid or bachelor.

Another feature simple in preparation but good fun was picture fortune-telling. For this the hostess prepared a large basket filled with pictures cut from advertisements, newspaper illustrations, holiday cards, the half-tones of back numbers of magazines. The pictures were all arranged face down on a table. The picture drawn by the hostess, who had in her possession a typewritten alphabetically arranged list by which the exact meaning of each picture could be immediately determined. The entertainer who desires to copy the idea can either make a list of questions to fit her pictures, or she can clip a set of pictures to fit, this the original list.

Rhyming (For a girl) You will marry a navy man. (For a man) You will marry a foreigner. Moneybags—You will marry wealth. Goose or Dunkey—Beware of the fascination of a foolish person of the opposite sex. Star—You will achieve fame. Can of Beans—You will shortly fall in love with a Bostonian. Small House—You are destined for love in a cottage. Violet—Your life-mate will be a very retiring disposition. Not—Beware of an approaching onslaught.

REALLY SIMPLE RECIPES

An old colored mammy was asked by a white neighbor and she made such wonderful gingerbread, and gave the following recipe: "Oh, I just put in a few handfuls of flour in a bowl, then add a pinch of salt, plenty of 'oligs, little bit of baking powder, some sugar, a lot of ginger and a splash of cold water. A little lard, a lump o' butter and four cups of molasses." "Whimper" was the surprised retort. "What in the world is a gump?" "Why, you know, when you pour molasses outta a jug, it goes 'gump, gump." Well, in making this gingerbread you take a gump four times."

the old Grand Trunk Bridge. The fatal tragedy of over fifty years ago at this place came to me again with great vividness. It was here that Mr. McMaister and his wife were both killed by a passenger train as they were crossing this subway bridge. Mr. McMaister was blind, but a good walker when accompanied by his wife. They had started to walk to Acton down the track from the crossing, and had gotten on to the bridge before Mrs. McMaister noticed a train coming down the grade. She tried to get her husband off the bridge, but the engine caught them before she succeeded. Both were instantly killed, and a number of children were also orphaned. These were adopted by kind-hearted neighbors and friends. One of them lived in Acton for a number of years. This was the end of my walk, and with remembrances of this last sad event in my mind I slowly wended my way back home down the new highway.

I have had the "Young Fellow on the Hank Steps" much on my mind lately. I'm glad he took to the advice I gave him last week, and I may possibly have a thought or two to contribute, just to encourage him, you know. Here's a stanza for him now, which I came across this week:

THE THINGS WE DO
It isn't the job we intended to do,
Or the labor we've just attempted,
That puts us right on the ledger-sheet,
It's the work we've already done.
Our credit is built upon things we do,
Our debt on things we shirk;
The man who totals the biggest plus
Is the man who completes his work.

Not here a careless youth to spend;
She drew in self-reliance with her
Knew nature as a close familiar
friend,
And knew, alas! the face of death.

My Grandmother
I have of spirit of an early day,
Schooled in the thrifty arts that
made a home,
Witty and to some though often hard
the way—
The thought of her like fragrance
comes!

Time brings us all a truer sight;
My eyes were still too young when
she was here;
I could not see her wisdom; now the
light
Of heaven has made her goodness
clear.

She knows, and sometimes in the night
She lays upon my arm a gentle hand
And seems to say, her kindly eyes
"Ah, child, I see you understand!"
—Eunice Mitchell Lehner.

A FEW MORE THOUGHTS INDUCED BY MY HIGHWAY RAMBLE

When I left the scene of the old apple tree at the side of the railway at the Lasby farm crossing, I meandered up the new and easy grade of the new highway. From that point, as I looked over the beautiful hardwood groves, on the old Hill and Lasby farms, in their splendid dress of autumn tints, it took me back sixty years to early maple sugar days. It was no difficulty to recall the sugar camps among the maples on these two farms. I remembered also when the core of two or three acres at the crossing was covered with sugar maples, and the two woods on the north side of the track where William Moore lived and John's brother, Thomas, also farmed there for a time. Samuel Moore made maple syrup and sugar in the grove plot, and William to his grove. The Lasby boys had great times making the family store of sugar and molasses that their output was greater than that of any of their neighbors. In Ag's Hall, some of the Cameron girls, and of course, a few of the boys from neighboring farms and from the village. One kettle of the three boiling over the fire of hardwood coals, was reserved for maple taffy. When it was about ready to turn out there was a scurrying about to the shady spots in the woods, where a few last year's maple sap had seeped the rays of the spring sunshine, for pans of snow upon which to cool the taffy. The sweet product was done to a turn and there was great fun over it. Some of the boys had "brownies" which they had "baked" from the nuts in their home barns. These were boiled in the boiling jug, and with the leaves of the sweet maple brought by the girls, the maple syrup and the taffy, all present thought the primitive feast was fit for a king. Those were the good old days. Talk about the fun the young people have to-day, it doesn't seem to me that there were any days when we were young, back in the sixties and seventies.

Well, as I stood at the crossing at the old line and saw the dozens of farmers teaming gravel and broken stone from the crusher in West Mary's field near the Canadian National Railway track, it took me back to the days when the G. T. N. was built through here. The farmers were especially glad then—back about 1866 and '67—to get jobs of teaming illustrations to the right of the highway. Some parents were unwell for their boys to work there, because in those days whiskey was cheap and flowed freely. The contractors and their men were never without the brown jug, well replenished, and as a result there were frequently prolonged spree and an occasional fight. I remember one family, at least, in the vicinity, none of whose half dozen boys ever worked with the railway gang. They spent their spare time on the farm, and it improved rapidly in consequence. The members of this family, years afterward, were leaders in the temperance cause in the community.

As I meandered leisurely up the new highway toward the Corners, I passed the wild strawberry patch on the north side of the highway banks, where the blueberries were so plentiful in the strawberry time, long long ago. And then I passed the trout brook which has its source back on Robert Johnson's on the second line, and which runs through to the first and round across the Andrew Murray farm, and thence over to Morgan Crewson's, and down James Gamble's, and under the railway, and now under the highway, and through the corner of John Damsper farm, and down into the Grand River, near the Blue Spring. What fishing we used to do in that little creek between fifty and sixty years ago. I believe there were trout in this stream yet, though I have fished it for over forty years. They tell me, though, that Heave Barber, of Acton, still fishes through the stream, and that he's about the only successful fisherman who goes there now.

What the third tragic event of my highway stroll was to me I reached the first line and saw the subway at

THEIR SECRET
A minister of a rural parish, motor-ing home one day after a round of visits, overtook a girl pushing along a country road, carrying a heavy basket of provisions. Recognizing her as a servant employed by a farmer living near his parish, he pulled up and offered her a lift. When he came to the lane leading to the farm, he stopped to let her get down, and she said, "Oh, thank you, sir."
"Don't mention it," replied the minister.
The girl blushed prettily, hung her head, then looked up archly. "All right," she said, "mum's the word."

ONLY HER HUSBAND
Suspicious Mistress: "Jennie, didn't I hear you talking with somebody?"
Cook: "Yes, ma'am, I did."
Mistress: "Haven't I told you repeatedly, Jennie, that you must never have any of your gentleman friends call here?"
Cook: "Yes, ma'am, indeed. How he will hit when he hears that! For 'blame you, dat wasn't no gentleman friend. Dat was just 'malt whiffers, no-mount husband—'everybody's' Magazine."

WHAT FETCHED HIM
If he professed and was accepted, both sat in silence, probably not knowing what to say.
"What is there in me that you took such a liking to?" she at last ventured to ask.
"Was it my fluffy hair or sparkling eyes?"
"Neither," he answered, "but to your blooming cheek."

APPEAL TO AN EXPERT
The golfer had an excellent opinion of himself, and after making a fairly good drive, he turned to his caddy.
"I suppose," he said, "you have been round the links with worse players than me, eh?"
The caddy took no notice.
"I say," said the golfer, loudly, "I suppose you have been round the links with worse players than me, eh?"
"I heard you, thy first time," replied the caddy calmly. "I'm just thinking about it."

A RECIPE NOT RECOMMENDED
Take one reckless, natural born fool; two or three big drinks of bad liquor; a fast, high-powered motor car; swank the fool well in the liquor, place in the car, and let him go. After due time, remove from wreckage, parcel in black satin-lined box, and garnish with flowers.

THE OLD MAN
The first three men in the world were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazer; and if any object to the second of these was a murderer, I desire him to consider that as soon as he was so, he killed out of season, and turned builder—Cowley.

THE SINCERITY WHICH ATTENUATES AND EVEN nullifies the importance of truth cannot be the same as the sincerity which is meant to find the truth.—Dr. Enoch Mallor.

Prudy clothes! What indignation, puffy complexions, irritable tempers, pneumonia, discomfit, premature wrinkles and actual misery are caused in their name.

The self-conceit of the young is the great source of those dangers to which they are exposed.—Blair.

There are no crown-wearers in heaven, and that we must crown-beards have below.—Spurgeon.

Statistics—I can prove anything by statistics—except the truth.—George Canning.

Hundreds would never have known what if they had not at first known waste.—Spurgeon.

Vices are contagious, and there is no trusting the wolf and sick together.—Seneca.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sir Philip Sidney.

These mouth-made vows which break themselves in swearing.—Shakespeare.

Sweeping assertions are liable to raise clouds of misunderstanding.

A politician—one that would circumvent God.—Shakespeare.

Truth provokes those it does not convert.—Wilson.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.—Jefferson.

WANTED WIND
Giving advice to a fool is like pouring water into a sieve. You might as well try to get a nail into a rock as force into the brain of some idiot. A lawyer remarked the other day that he had a man come to him with a trivial cause against his neighbor. An attorney was personally acquainted with both parties to the dispute he advised his client to go home and try and settle the matter amicably. He got roundly abused for his pains and the irate client went to another lawyer and had his suit entered. He carried it to the Court of Appeal and from there to the Supreme Court. It ended adversely and he lost him so much money that he was bankrupt.

The lawyer says the next fool that comes along with a case of this kind he will let him have his own way and keep his advice to himself. There are men, who, when advised along a certain line, are almost certain to take an opposite course. Someone has said "never give advice; if the object of it is a wise man he will not accept it; if he is a fool he will not follow it." There is no doubt that much mischief is wasted in the endeavor to keep fools in the right track. At the same time a man clears his own conscience when he devotes a little time towards trying to prevent fool from running their heads against stone walls.—Solomon in Shoo and Leather Journal.

DIVIDED ENERGY
The florist frequently out of a number of blossoms on a plant in order that the few that are left may be large and fine, and that procedure illustrates what it is necessary for everyone of us to do in order to make a success. The trouble with most of us is, not that we are not sufficient in talent, but that we have too many. There are too many things we can do reasonably well, and so we scatter our energies, trying to do them all, and make only a modest success of any.

The colleague who goes in for athletics and is in the gym club, and one of the editors of the cottage paper, and so on, is not likely to make a distinguished success of his studies. And neither is he likely to make a distinguished success in any of his outside interests. It has been said that everybody should have a vocation and an avocation. That is to say, he should have an addition to his regular work, some interest which will direct his thoughts and keep him from getting narrow, a hobby if you wish to call it so. But two such interests are all that anyone can manage, as a rule. The more profusely a plant flowers the less fine the individual blossoms. If your energy is divided up among a number of undertakings, it is not likely to be equal to making a real success of any.

JUST IN TIME
A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning started a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door and fell into the middle of the street. A passerby rushed to his assistance and, after helping him to arise, inquired if he was injured.

The little German gased at his place of business, which was now burning quite brightly, and said:
"No, I ain't hurt. But I got out about in time. Eh?"

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