

The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XI--NO. 10.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1885.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.
FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,
ACTON, ONTARIO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
ONE YEAR \$1.00 SIX MONTHS .50 CTS.
THREE MONTHS .25 CTS.
Invariably in advance. If not paid in advance
at 15 per cent will be charged. No paper dis-
counted till all arrears are paid, except at the
option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.
SPACE 10 LINES 10 CENTS 100 LINES 1.00
ONE COLUMN 100 LINES 1.00 200 LINES 2.00
HALF COLUMN 100 LINES .50 200 LINES 1.00
QUARTER COLUMN 100 LINES .25 200 LINES .50
ONE LINE 100 LINES .10 200 LINES .20

Casual advertisements, a cent per line for the first
insertion, and half cent per line for each sub-
sequent insertion, cash. The number of lines
required by the space occupied, measured by a
scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements, without specific directions,
will be inserted till ordered to stop, and ac-
counting transitory advertisements must be paid
in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be
sent to the office by 9 a.m. on Mondays, otherwise
they will be left over until the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S.,
Graduate of Trinity College, Mem-
ber of College of Physicians and Surgeons,
Office and residence--At the head of
Frederick Street, Acton.

H. E. WEBSTER, M. D., C. M., Member
of the College of Physicians and Surgeons,
Acton, Ontario--Physician, Surgeon,
Accoucher.
Office: Mill Street, Residence--Avenue's
Hotel, Acton.
N. B.--Special attention given to the dis-
eases of women and children.

L. B. BENNETT, DENTIST,
Georgetown, Ontario.

A. C. MCINLAY, L. D. S., Surgeon
Dentist, Georgetown, Ont., uses the
new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (com-
monly called "Vitalized Air") for extracting
teeth without pain. Having been Demo-
nstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal
College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, pa-
tients may depend upon receiving satisfaction
in any operations performed. Will visit
Acton the second and fourth Wednesday of
each month. Office--Agnew's Hotel.

PAINLESS DENTAL OPERATIONS.
Vitalized Air, or Nitrous Oxide Gas,
for Painless Dental Operations, at the
office of
C. B. HAYES, L. D. S.,
Tovell's Block, Guelph, Ont.
Upper Wyndham Street.

DIGGS & IVORY, DENTISTS, South
East Corner King and Yonge streets,
Toronto, Ontario. Finish and best set
Teeth, \$5 to \$8. Gold Filling, one-third
less. Leave order for teeth in the morn-
ing, can have them the same day. We
have been administering Hard's Vitalized
Air for the past several years, and have
the past year, regardless of what others
may say.

**JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ON-
TARIO Veterinary College, Toronto,**
Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office
in Keny's Block, and also store--residence
in the rear. Horses examined as to
soundness, and certificates given.
All calls, night or day, promptly attend-
ed to. Terms easy.

MOWAT & McLEAN,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Convey-
ancers, etc. 47 Meade's Lane,
Office--Town Hall, Acton.
J. A. MEYER. W. A. McLEAN.

C. S. GOODWILLIE,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, etc.
Georgetown & Acton.
Georgetown & Acton.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT,
Office--Queen's Hotel Block, Market
Square.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.,
BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS.
OFFICES--Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wel-
lington Street East; Entrance, Exchange
Alley, Toronto.

JOHN BAY, C. C. C. A. MASTERS,
WILLIAM LAIDLAW, GEORGE KATZEL.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS.
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
20 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

FRANCIS NUNAN,
(Successor to T. F. Chapman,
BOOKBINDER,
St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario.
Account Books of all kinds made to order.
Periodicals of every description carefully
bound. Binding neatly and promptly done.

W. M. 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.

MONEY TO LOAN.
Also money to loan on the most favor-
able terms, and at the lowest rates of in-
terest, in sums of \$500 and upwards.

JOHN J. DALEY,
(Successor to Thompson & Jackson.)
Money to Loan on Real Property at 6
per cent. Mortgages purchased. Money
loaned for parties in Foreign and other
security. Conveyancing in all its branches
properly and neatly done, charges low.
Farms and City property for sale. List
with farms for sale sent to all parts of the
Dominion to intending purchasers, and cir-
culated in Europe. European capitalists
wanting farms in Ontario will be sent di-
rections through our European agencies.
Farms wanted for our clients. Corre-
spondence invited. Office near the Post Office
Guelph, Ont.

HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
J. P. WORDEN
Has opened a Barber Shop in the building
opposite Storey's old Glove Factory,
Mill Street, Acton, and solicits the patron-
age of the public in this vicinity. Every
department of the business will be conducted
in first-class style. Give us a call.
J. P. WORDEN.

ACTON BANKING CO'Y.,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
--BANKERS--
Acton, Ontario.

**A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.**

**MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED
NOTES.**

Notes Discounted and Interest
Allowed on Deposits.

**J. E. MCGARVIN'S
SPECIAL AGENCY,**
Acton - Ont.

Bell Telephone Company
Messages received and transmitted at
lower rates than telegraphing.

ALLAN LINE STEAMSHIPS
Tickets issued to all points of Great
Britain and the Continent at very
lowest rates. Buy the tickets
here if sending for friends.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R. R.
The Cheapest and Best route to all
points East and West. See Time
Tables.

**Money Saved by Dealing With
J. E. MCGARVIN,**
ACTON, ONTARIO.

COX & CO.,
STOCK BROKERS,
TORONTO.

Members Toronto Stock Exchange,
Have independent direct wire, by which
New York continuous Stock quotations are
received more rapidly than by any other
source.
Buy and sell on commission, for cash, or
on margin, all securities dealt in on the
Toronto, Montreal & New York
Stock Exchanges.

Also execute orders in Grain and Provis-
ions on the Chicago Board of Trade, and
Daily cable quotations of Hudson's Bay
and other Stock.

26 TORONTO STREET.

Wellington Marble Works,
QUEBEC ST. GUELPH.

John H. Hamilton,
PROPRIETOR,
(Formerly McQuillan & Hamilton)

Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything
pertaining to Cemetery work.
Received first prizes at Provincial Ex-
hibition Guelph, the Western Fair and all
local exhibitions for excellence of material
and superiority of workmanship. Your
orders are solicited.

**Lumber, Shingles,
AND LATH.**

The undersigned desires to inform the public
that in his new and well kept stock of
Lumber, Pine and Hemlock, as well as
other kinds of Lumber, also, First and Second
class Pine Shingles & Lath.

Coal & Wood.

Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C.
Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of
Stove Coal, I have also a large stock of
Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Spruce, at reason-
able prices. Wood split and delivered.
JAMES BROWN

BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

OFFERS YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN
the best facilities for acquiring a com-
plete training for business pursuits.
Book-keeping, Commercial Arithmetic,
Banking, Actial Business Practice, Busi-
ness Correspondence, Penmanship, Com-
mercial Law, Telegraphy, Shorthand and
Graphy or Type Writing, French, Hygiene
and Physiology are taught by the most
practical and interesting methods. The
staff comprises six experienced teachers
and lecturers. The various departments
are elegantly fitted up with the latest
and best apparatus for Business College work.
Students may enter at any time.
For a copy of the Annual College
Circular, address
M. McCORMICK,
Principal.

PLANING MILL.

HAVING made arrangements with
Messrs. W. H. Storey & Son for the
continuance of the Planing Mill in the build-
ing formerly occupied by the Acton Flour
Company, we would inform the public that
we are prepared to take

CONTRACTS FOR BUILDING
--ALSO--
**DRESSING FLOORING, SHEETING
MOULDING, &c.**
WITH SEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Kindly soliciting a share of public pa-
trons, we are respectfully yours

THOS. ERBAGE, Manager

Fonthill Nurseries, (over
400
ACRES.) LARGEST IN THE DOMINION (ACRES
OVER 1000)

Salesmen Wanted.

To begin canvassing at once on fall sales.
Steady employment for successful men.
Good agents are earning from \$40 to \$75
per month and expenses. Terms and out-
fit free. Address
**THOS. C. WELLDUNSTON,
ROBERTSON ST.,
TORONTO, ONT.**

**ART
PAPER
HANGINGS**
--WITH--
Borders to Match,
--FOR--
Parlors, Dining Rooms, Chambers
and Halls.

The Newest and Best Stock in it

DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
GUELPH.

The Acton people can see samples of my
Papers and Borders at

**Mr. George Hynds' Fancy
Goods Store, Acton.**
Mr. Hynds will sell at my price.

**T. J. DAY,
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.**

New Goods.

**BRACELETS
BRACELETS
BRACELETS**
(New Stock, Beautiful Patterns.)

**WATCHES
WATCHES
WATCHES**
Waltham and Elgin, in Gold and Silver
cases.

**GOLD RINGS
& LOCKETS
ETC., ETC.**
(Just Opened.)

B. SAVAGE,
Near Petrie's New Drug Store,
GUELPH.

**HILL'S
Tin & Stove Depot.**

GOOD ASSORTMENT OF STOVES
CHEAP FOR CASH.

TINWARE OF ALL KINDS AT
BOTTOM PRICES.

Eavtoughing a Specialty,
AND PUT UP ON SHORTEST
NOTICE.

FIRST CLASS MATERIAL ONLY
USED.

A CALL SOLICITED.

J. C. HILL, MIII ST.

**CARRIAGE
PAINTING.**

C. C. SPEIGHT.

**PARTIES DESIRING THEIR
BUGGIES,
WAGGONS,
CUTTERS,
ETC.,**

Repainted or rewaxed and made equal
to new, on shortest possible notice, and at
lowest prices, should leave their orders at
once with Mr. J. A. SPEIGHT Under-
taker and Carriage Builder, or with
C. C. SPEIGHT.

SHINGLES AND WOOD.

THE undersigned has for sale superior stock
of First-Class Shingles, No. 1 Cedar, 2 1/2
per square. No. 1 Pine, 1 1/2 per square. No. 2
Cedar, 2 1/2 per square. Also a large quantity of
wood of all kinds, from 1 1/2 to 4 1/2
cords, prime short. Staves & 1/2 heading to be
traded at bottom prices.

THOS. C. MOORE,
FACTORY--Main St., west, Acton.

The Acton Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1885.

POETRY.

THERE'S BLUE SKY OVERHEAD.
BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

The earth is dark and drear,
There are perils in the way;
A thousand little trials
To conquer every day;
But though full of gray and gloom
The path our feet may tread,
Look up, traveller,
There's blue sky overhead!

We journey to the right,
And we journey to the left,
And strive to find the treasure
Of which we are bereft;
When hope has ceased to smile,
And the heart is filled with dread,
Look up, traveller,
There's blue sky overhead!

The shadows dark may lie
All round us like a pall;
And on sad and sombre scenes
May our level glances fall;
But above the things of earth
Is Love's sun, certain spread,
Look up, traveller,
There's blue sky overhead!

The summer days go by,
With sweet memories in their train,
The autumn days draw nigh,
And the earth is drenched with rain;
But when dear delights are past,
And the joys of life seem fled,
Look up, traveller,
There's blue sky overhead!

Though underfoot the thorns
And briars may abound,
Though death and desolation
Encircle us around,
Though all the springs run dry
That once our pleasures fed,
Look up, traveller,
There's blue sky overhead!

OUR STORY.

Mr. Wilton's Office Boy.

It was time for the office to close, but
Robert Harvey, the office boy, still lingered,
though the bookkeeper told him he could go
home.

"You don't seem in any hurry this after-
noon," said the bookkeeper.

"What's your errand?" asked the book-
keeper curiously.

"I thought he had been a year to-
day, he might be willing to raise my
salary."

"I advise you not to ask," said the book-
keeper, shrugging his shoulders. "Busi-
ness is only so-so, and you are fortunate
not to be out of doors."

But Robert had a special reason for pre-
ferring his request. His little sister was
sick, and his mother, who derived some in-
come from making vests for a city tailor,
was unable to do so much as usual, and the
result was that they were hard pressed for
money to buy absolute necessities. Then
again, in a week the monthly rent came
due. It was but six dollars, but that seem-
ed a large sum to Robert and his mother.

Mr. Wilton sat in the counting-room
writing when Robert entered.

"What can I do for you, Robert?" he
asked.

"Mr. Wilton, it is a year to-day since I
entered your service."

The merchant began to frown. Already
he anticipated what was coming. He had
just been figuring up his profits for the year.
They exceeded twenty thousand dollars, but
still they were two thousand behind the
profits of the previous year. This annoyed
him, for he had confidently expected to do
better.

"What then?" he asked curtly.

"I thought you might be willing to pay
me a little more salary."

"How much do I pay you now?"

"Three dollars and a half a week."

"A very fair salary for these times, Robert.
The fact is, business has fallen off,
and I have not done as well this year as
a couple of thousand dollars as I did last
year."

"Then you can't raise me," asked Robert,
in a tone of disappointment.

"Certainly not. Most men are cutting
down wages. I won't do that, but I can't
advance you. In another year, if things
are favorable, I will pay you something
more."

Another year! It was a long time to
wait when money was needed so much.
Robert felt that there was no more to be
said, and he turned away slowly, his face
clouded with sadness. Mr. Wilton watched
him as he went out, and felt a little twinge
of regret.

"It wouldn't have cost me much to pay
him a dollar a week more--only fifty-two
dollars," he thought. "Still I must con-
sider the principle of the thing. Why
should he receive more when I am getting
less?"

Mr. Wilton might have considered that
to him a small diminution of his large in-
come meant no loss of comfort, or even
luxury, while with Robert it was very dif-
ferent. He was not a hard-hearted man,
but he was disposed to take a selfish view
of whatever affected his own interests. The
sight of poverty and privation made him
uncomfortable, and he therefore made it a
practice of shutting his eyes and ignoring
them. It did occur to him that Robert's
family were probably poor, and he knew
that three dollars and a half would not go
very far; but, "of course," he said to him-
self, "it isn't my job to worry myself about
how other people manage. I should have
my hands full if I went into that business."

Robert went home slowly. He would
have hurried if he had had good news to
report, but his application had been fruit-
less. At last he reached the humble dwell-
ing in the outskirts of the city in which his
mother and sister lived. His mother open-
ed the door to him. She noticed the sadness
of his look.

"You failed in your application?" she
said anxiously.

"Yes, mother. Mr. Wilton said business
was not as good as a year ago, and I must
wait another year. If he had only added
a dollar a week to my pay, it would have
almost paid the rent."

"Well," she said, "there is no help for
it. He will recover her health soon, but at present
she takes up a great deal of my time."

"How is she, mother?"

"She feels a little better. She has been
asking for oranges, but I had not a cent to
spare, and the poor child must go without."

"Mother," said Robert, decidedly, "it is
very evident that I must earn more money.
After supper I will go out and see if I can't
pick up a little money for extra work."

"What extra work can you find to do, my
son?"

"I don't know; but I can look about."

Robert did as he proposed, but returned
home after two hours unsuccessul.

"Never mind, mother," he said. "I'll try
it again to-morrow. If my employer won't
raise my pay I will see if in one way or
another I can't make up from fifty cents to
a dollar a week."

"But it will be too hard for you, Robert."

"I'll risk it, mother."

The next day was Saturday. According
to custom some of the business men in the
place closed their stores or offices at four
o'clock in the afternoon, to allow their clerks
a little space for recreation.

It was in the winter season, and the boys
congregated in large numbers at a pond not
far from Robert's home, where they had
been skating. It occurred to Robert
that he might pick up a little money by
putting on skates for youngsters or inex-
perienced skaters. By four o'clock he had
earned ten cents in that way, and there
seemed to be little chance of doing anything
more in that line.

"Why are you not skating, Robert?"
said Charlie Davis, as he was taking off his
skates.

"Because I have no skates."

"You may use mine while I am gone
home to supper."

"Thank you, Charlie, I shall enjoy it."

"I think my skates will fit you."

"Yes, our feet are about of a size."

Most of the boys enjoyed their skating so
much that they deferred going home to
supper, so that Robert had plenty of com-
pany when on Charlie's skates he sped
swiftly over the ice.

"We shall have skating much longer,
Rob," said Fred Lathrop. "It is begin-
ning to melt already."

"You are right. I think this will be the
last chance for the present unless the
weather gets colder."

The ice was quite thin over on the east
side of the pond, but still the boys there.
Do you see that little fellow with the seal-
skin cap?"

"Yes; what of him?"

"It is the son of your employer, Clarence
Wilton. He is an only child, I believe.
His parents idolize him, I am told."

"He seems a bright little fellow. I never
saw any of Mr. Wilton's family before."

Clarence Wilton was one of the imprudent
boys who ventured out on the thin ice. He
was rash and thoughtless, and only laughed
when told he was running a risk.

"I only weigh eighty pounds," he said.
"I guess the ice will bear me."

All at once Robert heard a loud cry.
"The ice is cracking!"

A crowd of excited boys and girls were
looking on when the ominous sound was
heard. All except in safety except ones,
who were farthest away from the strong ice
than any other.

"Clarence Wilton isn't!" shouted a dozen
voices.

It was quite true. The treacherous ice
had given away, and the little boy, after an
ineffectual struggle, had broken through.
The boys looked on as if paralyzed, and ap-
peared not to know what to do. All except
one. Robert had his own danger, but he
thought he knew his own danger, and he
started swiftly for the dangerous spot.

"You'll be drowned!" exclaimed his com-
panions. Robert uttered not a word, but
kept on.

"Bring a rail, quick!" he shouted.

There was a rail on the ice not far away
as he knew. Half a dozen boys seized it
and pushed it towards the imperilled boy.
Not without a powerful effort Robert man-
aged to pull himself and Clarence out of the
icy waters. Both were shivering from their
terrible bath. Poor little Clarence was
crying with the cold.

They got off the ice as quick as they
could. Near the pond was a hack.

"Get in, Clarence," said Robert. "I will
take you home."

"Where do you live, Clarence?"

The little boy named the street and
number.

"Drive on as fast as you can," said Robert.
"You will be well paid."

There was great alarm at the house of
Mr. Wilton when the two boys arrived.
Mr. Wilton himself admitted them.

Robert hurriedly told the story to his
employer.

"Now," he said, "I will get Mr. Irwin
to take me home."

"No," said the merchant, "it is dan-
gerous for you any longer to keep on your
wet clothes. You must come in and go to
bed, as well as Clarence, and I will send for
the doctor."

"But my mother will be anxious."

"I will send a message to tell her where
you are."

It was a week before Robert was able to
go back to his work. He was moved the
next day to his own home, but he had been
thoroughly chilled, and a fever cold had
settled upon him, and it was necessary for
him to remain indoors.

On the day of his return to work he was
summoned to the merchant's counting-
room.

"How is Clarence?" he asked.

"Getting well rapidly," answered Mr.
Wilton. Then with a voice full of emotion
he added: "We owe his life to you; how
can we repay you?"

"I am sufficiently repaid, Mr. Wilton, by
the knowledge that he is doing well."

"That may be enough for you, but not
for me. Do you remember asking to have
your salary raised? How much increase
did you expect?"

"If you would give me a dollar a week
more it would make me very happy."

Mr. Wilton smiled.

"How will ten dollars a week suit you?"
he asked.

"Ten dollars! It is much more than my
services are worth!" exclaimed Robert.

"Perhaps so; but I propose to pay you
at that rate. You must remember that
your service of the other day far outweighs
all I can do for you."

"How delighted mother will be!" said
Robert, his face glowing with happiness.

"That is not all. I shall to-morrow de-
posit in the savings bank one thousand
dollars to your credit, as the gift of Claren-
ce. But I advise you to let it accumulate.
When you are of age it may be of service in
promoting any business plan you may
have."

"From that time Clarence's fortunes changed,
and all went well with Robert. He was
rapidly promoted, and became a trusted
and important clerk in the house of Mr.
Wilton. He and Clarence are intimate
friends, and the merchant encourages the
intimacy. He feels that Robert's influence
over the younger boy will be beneficial, and
as one in his employ he is so much a favorite
with him as the one who started as an office
boy.

He Spanked the Boy.

How an Old Man Quieted a Naughty
Youngster.

All the adult passengers in the waiting-
room had their attention attracted by the
youthful antics. He wanted candy, and he
wanted to see the river, and he wanted to
go aboard the train, and he wanted more
than any city child of Toronto could
possibly furnish free gratia. His mother
hushed him up the best she could, and
several times she slapped her face and back-
ed her chin and got off without even a
pinch. By-and-by an old man who sat
near her, and whose feet the boy had walk-
ed on several times, began to get nervous,
and, turning to his right hand neighbor,
said: "Land o' massy! but I've either got
to get out here or spank that boy!" He
just aches for it!" growled the other. "He
deserves it. He puts me in mind of my Wil-
liam. I've seen William when nothing but
a good spanking would put good nature
into him." "I say I will go!" shouted the
boy at this moment. "Please, Johnny be
good," entreated the mother. "I won't!"
"Oh, do! See how they are all looking at
us!" "I don't care if they are!" With
that he walked up to the old man and made
a kick, and then the curtain went up on
the play. With one twist and two motions
he was seated on the seat next to the old
man and before he could speak once the spank-
ing machine began its work. If ever a boy
of seven was neatly wound up and the only
taken out of him inside of sixty seconds,
the work was no more complete than in
this case. "There!" said the spanker, as
he uncoiled the child and placed him on
his feet. "You'll feel better--a heap better.
Hated to do it, you know, but saw that you
was suffering for it. Beg your mother's
pardon for interfering in family matters,
but you straighten 'em till the train is ready!"
The boy "set," and such a calm and solid
peace stole over the crowd that the yells of
the hackmen outdoors gave everybody a
pain.

Dogs That Live in Clover.

Owners of pugs pay \$3 a week board for
them in some White Mountain hotels.

A Newfoundland dog still lives with a goat
at School's Mountains, and they are driven
tandem by a little girl to a pretty wagon.

The largest dog on Long Island is in all
probability the St. Bernard at the Canoe
Place Inn. He is a tremendous fellow, but
very gentle.

A shepherd dog belonging to Mr. Schalk,
of Monmouth Junction, N. S., plays ball. He
never "muffs," no matter how the ball is
thrown.

A lady from Newark has her Skyre terrier
with her at the Hotel Katerskill and her regu-
lar board paid for him. The animal cost
in England \$3,000.

Puck, the beautiful pug of Mrs. A. L.
Eakin, of Halifax, has his dainty meals
prepared for him as regularly as his mistress
has hers. His early lamb, Punch, was too
pious, and if he is called by it he cries.

Zip, the famous Scotch terrier of Mrs.
George W. Childs, has his meals brought
to him on a dished tray, drives out with
Mrs. Childs behind a dashing team, and
takes his ocean bath at Long Branch regu-
larly.

At an Asbury Park hotel a lady's pet dog
sleeps upon a silken pillow at her feet. He
proved useful as well as ornament of a
living notice recently of the presence of a thief
who was about to seize the lady's diamonds.

She Got the Gift.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Brown?"
said a dry-goods dealer to a country woman.
"Why, I loved it come in, and get a gift.
I learn that you've been a greatin' some."
"You've been wrongly informed," replied
the merchant. "We buy our goods, and
cannot afford to give them away." "Well,
you treated Mrs. Smith and I don't see why
you can't treat me. I'm a better customer
than she is." "There's a mistake some-
where. What did she say we gave her?"
"Why, she said you treated her with com-
pliments, and I loved as how you would
give me a look of it, too." She got it.
Nesman Independent.

THE DYING WIFE.

Come nearer to me, husband dear,
My hands of life will soon be run;
I feel that death is drawing near,
The heavenly message soon will come.
I would faintly say, "I love thee."
With my faintest, latest breath,
Thou, my earthly friend and trust,
And the dearest one in death.

Farewell, farewell, I am dying,
Thank and praise the blessed Saviour
Ere the shining ones of heaven
Bear me from thy mortal grasp.

Thou hast soothed me in affliction,
Known my weariness and pain,
And when in my grave I slumber,
Oh, never with me back again.
When the closing scene is o'er,
Oh, I would not have thee weep;
Thank and praise the blessed Saviour
That he gave the weary sleep.

Passing through the shadowed valley
I fear not the turbid stream,
Shining angels wait to bear me
Safe to the other shore,
Soon I'll close within my bosom
On two darlings gone before.

I know you will be sad and lonely,
When my vacant place you see,
But remember that my spirit
Ever will hover near to thee.
When your labors here are ended,
And this mortal life is o'er,
I will be the first to greet you
On the bright eternal shore.

Farewell, farewell, I am dying,
Let me feel thy loving clasps,
Ere the shining ones of heaven
Bear me from thy mortal grasp.

He Resembled His Mother.

An old gentleman with a philanthropic
look entered a train-car, and cast a wistful
glance at the crowded seats. A young man
rose directly, and proffered the old man a
seat. "Ah," exclaimed he, "I knew I
should not have stood long? Thank you,
my young friend," he continued, as he
placed his hands on the shoulder of the
polite passenger; "when I see a young man
so kind to the aged, I can always tell
which of my nephews he resembles most." "That's
interesting," observed the other, feeling it
incumbent upon him to make some reply.
"Now don't you look like your mother?"
asked the old man cheerfully. "Perhaps,"
was the laconic reply. "Ah, I knew it!"
exclaimed the grateful passenger delightedly.
"I think the resemblance is so striking that
I feel sure I should recognize your dear
mother if I met her. Then the young man
left the train. "My gracious!" the old
gentleman was heard to remark in a few
minutes; "I have lost my watch!" "Per-
haps the young man who looks like his
mother took it," suggested a youth with
a bundle. "But I don't know him," observed
the aged party sadly. "You might know
his mother," piped up a little woman.
"Both her name and his mother!" re-
stated the victim, as he related incident.

Principle and Principal.

"I am for principle rather than policy,"
thundered an orator. "Hold on," cried a
man in the audience, "what did you say?"
"I am here for principle. We have come
to this era in the course of government
when principle must be ours if it costs us
blood." "All right, squint," exclaimed
the man who had interrupted the speaker,
"I'm for principle myself, and if you'll be
so kind as to hand over that little sum
you have been owing me for the last four-
teen years I'll knock off the interest for
you." The speaker could find no hole
small enough to escape him.

The Necessity of Sleep.

When business becomes so absorbing as
to result in insomnia it is time to stop busi-
ness, or business may stop you. No sleep,
no brain; no sleep, no vigor. Sleep means
a filling up of body with new strength.
Sleep is food as much as bread. There is
a time to stop turning a subject over and over
again until it gains complete possession of
you, and you turn and toss and can't lie
still out of very weariness. That is one of
the habitually steps to the mad-house.
Sleep is money. Sound night's rest will
give you a clearer head for scheming, plan-
ning and getting the best of your fellow-men.

Whistle It Back!

A short time ago a gentleman took his
little son on a railway excursion. The
little fellow was looking out of the window,
when the father slipped the hat off the boy's
head. The latter was much grieved at his
unhappy loss, when papa consoled him by
saying that he would "whistle it back."
A little later he whistled and the hat had
appeared. Not long after the little lad
found the hat out of the window, shouting,
"Now, papa, whistle it back again!" A
row of laughter in the carriage served to
enhance the confusion of perplexed papa.

Holloway's Pills are strongly recom-
mended to all persons who are much reduced in
power and condition, whose stomachs are
weak, and whose nerves are shattered.
The beneficial effects of the Pills will be
perceptible after a few days' trial, though
a more extended course may be required to
establish perfect health. Holloway's
medicines act on the organs of digestion,
and induce complete regularity in the
stomach, liver, pancreas, and kidneys.
This treatment is both safe and certain in
result, and is thoroughly consistent with
observation, experience, and common
sense. The purification of the blood, the
removal of all noxious matter from the
system, and the restoration of gentle
action in the bowels, are the sources of the
curative powers of Holloway's Pills.

Freeman's Worm Powders are safe, sure
and speedy to remove worms from children
or adults.

Dr. Lewis' Pleasant Worm Syrup is a
safe and reliable worm remedy for all
worms afflicting children or adults.