

The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVII.—NO. 47.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1887.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
ONE YEAR, \$10.00
THREE MONTHS, \$3.00
Six months, \$5.00
LAWYERS IN ADVANCE. All arrears must be paid at the expiration of the month.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Per Line Per Week
First Column, \$1.00
Second Column, \$0.80
Third Column, \$0.60
Fourth Column, \$0.40
Fifth Column, \$0.30
Sixth Column, \$0.20

Advertisements, 2 cents per line for the first insertion, and 1 cent per line for each subsequent insertion. Cash. The number of lines required by the advertiser, measured by a solid square.

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted on Monday. Advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be made in the office by 10 a.m. on Monday, otherwise they will be left over until the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

THIS PAPER may be found on the 1st of Oct. in the Acton office. It is published by the Acton Free Press Co. and is published at the office of the printer.

Business Directory.

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

L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
Georgetown, Ontario.

A. C. MCKINLAY, L.D.S., Surgeon
Dentist, Georgetown, Ont., uses the new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (commonly called "Nitrous Gas") for extracting teeth without pain. Having been Demonstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, patients may depend upon receiving satisfaction in all operations performed. Will visit Acton every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Office—Agnew's Hotel.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, Toronto.
Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office in Kenney Bros. meat and shoe store—residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

JOHNSTON & MCLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. #1 Private Funds to Loan.
Office—Town Hall, Acton.
J. F. B. JOHNSTON. Wm. A. McLean.

J. A. MOWAT,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public.
Money to Loan.
Office Days—Tuesday and Saturday.
Office—Matthews Block, Acton, upstairs.

M. E. MITCHELL,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.
Office—First door west of the Chamberlain office, Main street, Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.
Toronto and Georgetown.
Office—Crescent Street, Georgetown, and 59 King Street East, Toronto.

BADGEROW & CARSON,
Barristers-at-Law, &c.
Ontario Hall, 50 Church Street, Toronto.

W. J. BELLEVER, J.P. JOHN CASPER, D.C.L. CO. CHAMBERS ATTORNEY.

PATENTS GRANTED FOR INVENTIONS.
HENRY SHIRRETT, OTTAWA, CANADA.
20 Years' Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

J. A. MURRAY,
LICENSED APPLICATOR
For the Counties of Halton and Wellington. Orders left at his residence, Main street, opposite the Church street, Acton, or addressed to Acton P.O., will receive strict attention. Terms reasonable. Notes discounted if desired.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED APPLICATOR and Halton. Orders left at the Face 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 favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and upwards.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT,
OFFICE—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

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

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good selection of hair-dressing shampoo, always given. Razors cleaned and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastefully cut.

J. P. WARDEN, Tonsorial Artist.

WEAVING.
MR. T. MITCHELL.
Desires to inform the people of Acton and surroundings that he is prepared to take orders for weaving all kinds of Fancy Rag Carpets, Flannel Sheetings, Shirting and Dress Goods, striped or plain, twill or plain, also Bed Blankets or Horse Blankets, two yards wide and over.

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

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED SECURITIES.

Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

Find the Puzzle.

There are several puzzles prepared for the public in the Acton office. The number of lines required by the advertiser, measured by a solid square.

Lumber, Lath, Staves, Headings, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood, Flour and Feed.

and anything in the line of farmers' household or contractors' necessities.

The puzzle is to find a better place than **THOMAS C. MOORE'S**

to buy anything in the above line, also to find out if you are indebted to him for anything purchased from him. His books say you are and he would like the money.

GUELPH—
BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

THE THIRD SCHOLASTIC YEAR begins September 1st. Patronage drawn from Ten States and Provinces. Young men and boys thoroughly prepared for business pursuits. Graduates eminently successful as Accountants, Business Managers, Storekeepers, Clerks, Salesmen, Travellers, etc., both in Canada and the United States. Moderate rates. Thorough, practical work and courteous treatment characterize the institution. Ladies admitted to all the advantages of the College.

Splendid facilities afforded for the acquisition of French and German.

For information address **M. MACORMICK,** Principal.

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.

The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has on hand and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock as well as other kinds of Lumber, also, First and Second class True Shingles & Lath.

Coal & Wood.

Having purchased the Coal business of McC. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Steam Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hardwood, Oak and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.

JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF THE COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.

HEAD OFFICE, GUELPH.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories, and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.

F. W. Stone, Chas. Davidson, President. Secretary.

JOHN TAYLOR AGENT.

HELLO!
Pause and Consider

That it will be to your own interest to patronize home trade. We would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Acton and surrounding country that we are again in full running order, and in a better position than before the fire to fill all orders entrusted to us. To streets building.

Lumber will be Dressed while you wait, and Moldings, etc., made with neatness and dispatch.

N. B.—We are also prepared to fill all orders for **PUMPS** on short notice, and from long experience in the business we feel confident that we can give satisfaction every time. So come on with your order and help to roll the ball along. Money makes the mare go, whether she has legs or no.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

Wall Papers

BORDERS.

CEILING DECORATIONS.

ALL NEW FOR 1887.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE,

GUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

Wellington Marble Works.
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.

John H. Hamilton, PROPRIETOR.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importer of all kinds of Granite and Marble.

Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite quarries, and having purchased the entire stock of gray and red granite monuments, headstones, crosses, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at low prices, I will, further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 7 ft. high, 6 ft. wide, 8 ft. deep, for \$100.00. All work well executed and delivered free of charge. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see my prices elsewhere as I guarantee my prices are from 20 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

CENTRAL—
Meat Market.

JOSEPH PATTON,

BUTCHER, has pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Acton, that he has purchased the butchering business of Mr. Wm. Rippeel, and is prepared to conduct the same in a straightforward business manner.

Having had large experience in the business, I feel that I can guarantee all customers will favor me with their patronage, perfect satisfaction.

All kinds of meat, fresh and good, and poultry, fish, etc., in season, will be found in stock.

I respectfully solicit your esteemed patronage.

JOSEPH PATTON, Acton, Nov. 8th, 1886.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Robert McPherson, Sr., DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to the provisions of Chap. 107, R.S.O. and 46 Vict. Ch. 9. (Ont. act) to all creditors and others having claims against the estate of Robert McPherson, Sr., late of the Township of Ewesing, in the County of Halton, gentleman, who died on or about the twentieth day of April, A. D. 1887, to deliver and sign their claims to the undersigned, on or before the first day of June, A. D. 1887, at the residence of the undersigned, who is the Administrator of the said estate and effects of the said deceased, and to the undersigned, who is the Administrator of the said estate and effects of the said deceased, and to the undersigned, who is the Administrator of the said estate and effects of the said deceased, and to the undersigned, who is the Administrator of the said estate and effects of the said deceased.

TO THE FRONT

Elegant and Substantial Goods.

Splendid in Quality! Complete in Assortment! Overflowing in Generous Bargains!

MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S

Boots and Shoes

BURGERS, OYSTER-SHOES, &c.

At prices that always lead to speedy sales

W. WILLIAMS, Mill Street, Acton.

The Acton Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 2, 1887.

POETRY.

MAKING CALLS.

(I hope she's out, the tireless thing!)
"Miss Jones at home to-day?"
"No! I'm sorry she's not in!"
"Give her my love, I pray."
"And here's my card, and ask her, please,
To call and see me soon."
"I'm sorry not to find her in
This lovely afternoon."

(Good luck for once!) I do declare
There goes the Widow Burr!
I'll just drop up and leave my card
And wash my hands of her.

And here to number "forty-six"
Have moved those queer folks!
These new is right across from ours;
Their children look like frights.

But pastor said I ought to call—
As if I'd time to waste.
Or strength to spend on any one
Who shows such horrid taste!
That's all he knows! I'll gently ring,
I hope they will not hear us;
And if they don't I'm very sure
My conscience will be clear.

"Just my luck! As true's I live
She's coming to the door!"
"Mrs. McNight, how do you do?"
"I mean to call before
Your lovely children are home,
And are they well to-day?"
"It quite refreshes me to see
Your paw across the way."

"I hope you'll call" — ("I hope she won't,
From such a shabby room!")
"She's not out yet, that's my pain."
"And here's my card, and ask her,
I've had a very lovely call."
(That last was all a lie.)
"Mrs. McNight, good afternoon,
You little dear, good-bye!"

I'd like to shake that horrid child;
I wish he'd not been born!
He crows up close to me,
I wish upon my own!

I'd like to shake such stupid folks!
Why didn't she tell them news?
Such news as this would drive me mad,
Or kill me with the blues!

Twelve calls I've made, and home at last
To find that some one's there!
Those hateful women talked so fast
I could not once be heard!

Why didn't she tell them news?
Such news as this would drive me mad,
Or kill me with the blues!

Forever making calls!
Good House-keeping.

OUR STORY.

Lilly Lintorne's Gratitude.

BY MARY KYLE DALLEN.

"I've done what I never did before, Mrs. Sour," said Madeline Plimsole to her old housekeeper. "I've hired a girl without a recommendation. You know Mademoiselle was gone, and we wanted some one to try on in the shoe-room. And this girl had such pretty shoulders! She put on that Turkish mantle, with the shaded fringe, who could have made any lady who was worth money enough to buy without looking at it. I think she'll be a treasure, but I don't know her from Eve. She says she has a sick mother, and needs work dreadfully, and only has an old clergyman in Canada to refer to. One can't go to him there; but—I've hired her; she's coming to-morrow."

"Very well, ma'am. I hope she won't go and turn out like Sararan," said Mrs. Sour. "Six aprons, and a salt-cellar, and my gold bracelet!"

"I'm sure I hope Sarah Ann is an exception, even amongst girls from a reformatory," said madame. "This girl is quite a lady in appearance," and proceeded to give directions for dinner, to which she expected some friends.

Everything was on an elegant scale in the establishment where madame was making a fortune out of flowers, feathers, and rare goods of all sorts, to say nothing of the vanity of other women.

Lilly Lintorne came next day. Her black silk dress, though very old, hung well and was worn well. You may wear the oldest frock "with a difference." She quite understood all that was needed, and had taste in the millinery line. Certainly she looked lady-like, and amiable as well as pretty; but the housekeeper was prejudiced against her, and at the noon-time lunch, which the employees took in a little room set apart for that purpose, she handed her tea with a cold air. "Sararan," who had required kindness and benevolence by going off with the spoons, had carried the milk of human kindness in Mrs. Sour's heart. She looked for some sign that Lilly was not all she could be, and soon she had it.

It was the third night of Lilly's engagement, as she was putting on her ulster to go home, that Mrs. Sour stole behind her, and whispering in her ear:—"Come this way, if you please," led her way into an empty room, and setting her back against the door, said:—"Miss Lintorne! It strikes me as rather singular that you should calculate on getting off without being found out! You've got your pockets stuffed full of provisions. I watched you when you went back to the lunch-room and helped yourself. Very few employees set a lunch for their young ladies, and I should think that you'd be enough without providing yourself with supper. I shall mention it to madame; but I thought I'd let you know what I was going to do first. I'm not an underhand person. Oh, dear, dear, how strange it is you can't trust anybody! It's all like Sararan."

"The girl, thus addressed, stared at her accuser with wide eyes for a moment, and then burst into tears. She looked so terrified and abashed, that Mrs. Sour felt an emotion of pity for her, and muttered:—"Well, now, I didn't mean to be hard; but it's my duty. Mademoiselle Plimsole is always being robbed. There was Hannah Rush used to pocket sewing silks, and Jasou

Burrals took yards and yards of lace, and some help themselves to pins and needles, and I've known the scissors to go. It's a dishonest world!"

Meanwhile, the girl took from the pocket of her ulster a bottle and a couple of paper packets. In one lay two buttered bannetons. In the other, a little slice of cold ham.

"You will excuse me!" she sobbed. "You will make me lose this little place of mine! Oh, what it is to be poor! I never knew—I never guessed—what it would be—everything, everybody, against one. But was it stealing? Was it really stealing, madam? See, in this bottle is only the cup of tea you poured out for me. Here are the biscuits and ham I had on my plate. It is the half of my own lunch. I came back and took it like a thief, it is true, for I was ashamed. But am I like the girls who stole the silk and lace, and the servant who took the spoons? Do you think that of me?"

"She burst into tears again, and sobbed with her head upon the table—such a young pretty, childish head, that the housekeeper softened."

"Well, no—no," she faltered. "I guess I have been hardy for once. But Sararan turned me into human nature—that's a fact. But why couldn't you eat your lunch at table, like a Christian child?"

"I took these things for my mother," sighed the girl. "I have not a penny to buy food with. I have fed her this way for three days. She would have starved if I hadn't. Oh, I wish we were both dead, if I can't be turned away just as I was carrying a little money. Oh, what a cruel world!"

But Mrs. Sour, who was by this time wiping her own eyes, went over to the girl where she sat weeping, and bending over her, smoothed back her hair from her wet eyes.

"Don't! Don't!" she said. "Don't cry so! How was I to know? You ought to have come and told me. I'll see to your tea this week. Eat your victuals comfortably to-morrow, and I wouldn't tell any one for untold gold. I'll help and not hinder you. I guess I can't even blame you, seeing 'twas your own lunch you took. You see, I did it now."

She coaxed the girl to calmness, and sent her home with a basket of comforts for her sick mother, and from that day the two were friends. Any one who had Mrs. Sour's good word was in madame's favor. Besides, the girl was very clever. She managed the business rapidly, soon earned a fine salary, and was beyond want, while Mademoiselle had every reason to rejoice that she had engaged a young girl without references, because of her grateful shoulders.

It was the busy time of Christmas. All the workmen at Mademoiselle Plimsole's establishment were very busy. On one particular night a request was made that every one would stay until four o'clock. Overwork was always well paid for there, and only a young widow, who had a child she could not yet leave, accused herself.

Needless work was finished and boxed up. Mademoiselle talked with the rest. Midnight passed; the small hours came. It was very hard for some of the girls to keep awake. Now and then the work rested in the lap, or the needle dropped from the unwearied fingers. The city streets were as silent as they ever are.

Suddenly this stillness was broken, and the stirrup gradually creeping over the work-room quite driven away by the sound of a club upon the pavement, and the loud cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" at the door below. Work dropped to the floor. The windows of the opposite houses reflected a red glare. Mademoiselle Plimsole's establishment was on fire!

The girls rushed headlong toward the street, casting their work to the winds. Mademoiselle scanned the contents of her desk and followed.

The employees were crowded in the street, looking upward; the neighbors had rushed out; the fire department was summoned; the roof seemed to be on fire. From the upper floor the servants made their escape wrapped in blankets, quilts, or sheets; they wrung their hands, and lamented the trunks that held their few possessions, forgetting that their lives had been saved.

The mistress counted them one by one—"Maggie, Bridget, Ann! are you all here?" Then she screamed aloud:—"Mrs. Sour—poor old Mrs. Sour! She is up there yet!"

As she spoke, a slight form darted from the throng of work-women, and flew into the burning house.

It was that of Lilly Lintorne. Amidst the screams of her companions, she made her way up the long staircase, fitfully lit by the flames that consumed the roof and walls of the upper floor. The smoke was thick and black; the air hot; but the girl had tremendous courage and good lungs. Happily Mrs. Sour had not locked her door. She had forgotten to do so, having retired quite heavy with sleep. Usually she was very careful of herself, her black silk dresses and the coupon books, which she kept beneath her pillow in a big black silk bag. She lay on her pillow amidst the smoke, clapped and incapable of moving. How Lilly dragged her to the door and managed at the same time to clutch the provision bag she never knew. But as the flames caught the bed and rushed over the floor she pushed and pulled the old woman into fresher air, which revived her sufficiently to give her power to help herself.

However, she had not left the room one moment too soon. Ere she reached the street its interior was a fiery furnace.

"She's saved my life and she's saved my savings!" said Mrs. Sour, in telling the story afterwards. "I'd made my will, and left her everything I had, and that isn't a bit too much, for she's not only saved my life, but restored the trust in human nature that I thought totally destroyed by Sararan."
—N. Y. Ledger.

COMMERCIAL UNION.

BY W. H. ROBBY.

The move in the direction of Commercial Union, by what is known as the Butterworth bill, having as its advocate Mr. Erasmus Wiman, and looking towards the control of Canadian commerce by the United States, I regard not only as impracticable, but adverse to every Canadian interest.

At this juncture of our national existence we cannot afford to trifle, or make experiments, especially when the surface indications are so evident as to preclude ultimate failure.

In this matter, which is ostensibly a move to settle the fishery dispute, it is very much like "baiting with a minnow to catch a shark." An ultimate design being annexation. Whatever hopes such political agitators as Mr. Wiman may hold out to the American people, towards its accomplishment, this country is sufficiently loyal to British institutions, and British connections, to maintain them at all hazards.

I submit that the fishery question should be treated on its merits. The fisheries are either ours, or they are not. If any reasonable doubt exists as to the right of this country to control them, it is sufficient to become a question of diplomacy, and should be forever settled by a joint commission of the two nations. We have no right, for expediency's sake, to sacrifice the interests of the Maritime Provinces by allowing the Americans free access to our fisheries under the guise of commercial union. We are not an unreasonable people, and are therefore open to an equitable adjustment of the fishery question. But we are not to be bullied into a humiliating servitude as to be bullied into a humiliating servitude as to be bullied into a humiliating servitude.

It is simply annexation, and that the United States does not want political union with Canada. Admitting this to be the case at present, would not the situation be materially changed, if the arrangement in years to come proved essential to American commerce and a continuation of it desirable. Let the advocates of this scheme put their case squarely in the shape of annexation, which is its true intent, and we do not fear the result.

The thinking population of this country have no sympathy with commercial union, so called. To superficial minds and view in the abstract, I admit, the question may have its advocates. But to sober-minded people, possessing ordinary political science, and to whom the future of this country is everything, this movement is regarded with distrust. Admit if you please that Great Britain would present to the world a spectacle, and we so inobjectionable to the scheme, are we not sensible to national feeling and pride as to abuse her liberality by discriminating against her for the benefit of the Americans? I am not a Free Trader, but if Free Trade be to be granted to the United States, by all means place Great Britain on the same basis. Do to otherwise would be unpatriotic, and I trust we yet retain some vestige of this sentiment so common to humanity.

We have no desire for any scheme which points to national extinction, and which would certainly eventuate were we to become a party to this one. We desire Canada for the Canadians. If Uncle Sam's children choose to cross the line and take up their abode with us we will welcome them, so long as they contribute to the support and development of the commonwealth.

The question forces itself upon us, What of the future? Is this country to be forever troubled with political agitators, whose purport seems to be the pulling down what loyal, patriotic spirits are trying to build up? Have we not sufficient internal agitation, the result of scheming politicians and designing demagogues, to claim our serious attention, without having this new one thrust upon us from abroad? Surely we have. I look upon commercial union as fraught with danger, and one that should be pronounced upon by our people without delay. Let it go unchallenged that reciprocity in manufactures is in the near future, and further enterprise on this side of the line will receive a check, which new industries now in contemplation will wait the course of events.

That this country has prospered since the abrogation of the former reciprocity treaty admits of no contradiction.

Since those days a National Policy has been given us. The construction of public works requisite to secure a consolidation of the Dominion have been carried out. The great North-West has been opened up by that work of startling magnitude, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and to which we look with hope as an outlet for our manufactures and commerce in years to come. I ask, is it just to the people of this country, who have borne the taxation quite to the development of it, now that we have contemplated our hopes, to allow a nation of sixty million people who have not contributed a cent, not only to share in the result of our labors but to deprive us of our patrimony? What we need at the present time is loyal, patriotic, true men; men who regard the capabilities of this country and its free institutions, as a boon to be prized and worth striving to retain.

To enumerate in detail the injury such a scheme would entail on our farmers, manufacturers, merchants and mechanics, and the various channels through which their interests would be affected, augments material for a volume. Suffice it to say we stand to-day a people as prosperous and free as any on earth's footstool, and we had better let well enough alone.

It is interesting against a lamp post waiting for officers to come along that is keeping so many young men poor.

JACOB SAM'S LOVE LETTER TO CANADA.

Canada, why be capricious?
Let me kiss that spot delicious.
Why, dear, be so coy and pettish,
And so fickle and coquetish?
Ah, those eyes could pierce the armor
Of an armory, my charmer!
But their cruel angry glances,
Tear my heart like deadly lances.

Canada, oh! hear my suing!
Why evade my fond pursuing?
I am rich in lands and money,
And in wine, and milk, and honey;
Well-to-do—good reputation,
Come and share my rank and station.
I will buy you lovely dresses,
And will shower you with caresses;

Don't look cross and call me "Mister,"
Don't want you for a Sister,
But for something closer, dearer,
A relationship that's nearer.
Oh, now tell me, lovely creature,
Shan't I go and call the preacher,
Shan't I go and call the preacher,
—American paper.

Watches Without Hands.

The construction of watches without hands has lately attracted some attention, the usual hands being replaced by figures denoting the hour and minute, which appear at openings in the dial plate; the mechanism is simple, and only a few more parts are required than in an ordinary watch.

Two wheels are used to denote the minutes—one, which moves forward once in a minute, being geared to a second one, marked with the minute figures, and every ten minutes a tooth on the first wheel engages with the teeth on the second, moving it forward one figure. Thus every minute of the hour is shown on the face of the watch, and, at its completion, both minute wheels show two ciphers, and ready to begin the round again; the hour is shown on a separate wheel, and an ordinary hand indicates the second of it. Of the advantages of this kind of watch, it is remarked that it saves the time of an ordinary watch, and, if the experiment is tried of glancing at the face in the usual manner, and then naming the time, it would be found that an error of half a minute to three minutes will be generally made. With the new watch it is claimed no error can possibly occur and there is the added advantage that, at the end of every minute, an audible click is sounded as the number changes, by which one can measure short intervals of time even at night.

A Prince's Affability.

I asked Wilder about his parlor entertainments in Europe and especially about his evenings with the Prince of Wales.

"I gave my invitation for him six times," said the little man. "The last time I saw him was at Mrs. Sloane Stanley's, and he kindly set me to his right at the table. All stand still before him, and he rises first at the end as a signal to the others. It is not etiquette to get up after he finishes, but he fires