The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIV.—NO. 45. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1889. PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,

ACTON, ONTARIO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ONE YEAR.....$1.00 SIX MONTHS.....50 CTS.
THREE MONTHS.....25 CT

favorably in advance. If not paid in advance $1.25 per year will be charged. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
30 inches	$65.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	4.50
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	5.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Casual advertisements, 5 cents per line for the first insertion and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion, cash. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Tuesdays, 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, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence:—At the head of Frederick street Acton.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto—Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office:—In Kenby Bros. boot and shoe store,—residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness and certificates given. All calls, night or day promptly attended to. Terms cash.

L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

JOHNSTON & McLEAN, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan. Office:—Town Hall, Acton. E. 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, up-stairs

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN. Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 85 King street east, Toronto. E. F. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BADGEROW, CARSON & CO., BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES, Court Chambers, Cor. Church and Adelaide Sts., Toronto, Canada. Telephone No. 1278. Cable Address: Badgerow. C. W. BADGEROW, JOHN CARSON, B.C.L. CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

JOHN DAVIS, P.L.S. & C.E. ENGINEER FOR G. J. Ry. Co. All orders for surveys will receive prompt personal attention. OFFICE:—81 Perth St., Guelph. In writing please state character of Survey.

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

WM. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 and upwards.

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

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. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP, MILL STREET, ACTON. An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam to exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut. J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

SALESMEN WANTED.

PERMANENT positions guaranteed with salary and expenses paid. Any determined man can succeed with us. Peculiar advantages to beginners. Stock complete, including many fast-selling specialties. Outfit free. Name this paper. Address at once. BROWN BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

Guelph Business College.

GUELPH, ONTARIO.

FIFTH Scholastic Year. Its graduates are now employed as book-keepers, business managers, stenographers, etc., by many of the largest business houses in Canada and the United States. Young men and women desiring a thorough business education will consult their own welfare by attending the "Guelph Business College." For terms and particulars, address

M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

Wellington Marble Works.

QUEBEC STREET, GUELPH.

CLARK & CARTER, DIRECT Importers of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all shades and from the newest designs. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wishing to purchase, will please give us a call and inspect our stock and prices, as we are confident we can compete with any establishment in Ontario.

Having sold out my interest to the above firm, I respectfully solicit the patronage to my friends and the public on their behalf.

J. H. HAMILTON

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.

The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has now 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 Pine Shingles & Lath.

Coal & Wood.

Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. G. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.

JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

—OF THE—

COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.

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

P. W. Swan, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.

JOHN TAYLOR Agent.

Acton Banking Company,

STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO. —BANKERS,— Acton, Ontario.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.

Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

W. BARBER & BROS.

PAPER MAKERS,

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Machine Finished Book Papers

—AND—

HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.

WM. BARBER & BROS.

—ACTON—

PUMP FACTORY

—AND—

PLANING MILL

THOS. EBBAGE, Man.

I have resumed the management of the pump business in Acton and would respectfully inform all parties in want of pumps that we are now prepared to supply them from

The old St le Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made.

Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice.

Deep Wells a Specialt.

PRICES RIGHT EVERY TIME.

Our Planing Mill

Lumber dressed while you wait. Mouldings &c., made to order. We have also a quantity of Lumber for sale, suitable for building purposes. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention.

Shop at foot of River Street.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

NEVER LEAVE ACTON

When you can get as good an article and as cheap at

J. H. Matthews'

HARNESS SHOP.

Call and see if he is not giving the best bargains in

Light and Heavy Harness, Blankets, Bells, Curry Combs, Brushes, Whips, &c

I have come to Acton to stay and will endeavor to give the best satisfaction to those who favor me with their patronage. I have small expenses and can afford to sell cheap.

Collars Warranted Not to Hurt.

J. H. Matthews, Acton.

Removed to shop next Kelly Bros.

BUSINESS CHANGE

Having purchased the business formerly carried on by McNab & Co., I take this opportunity of inviting a share of public patronage and feel confident that every customer will be satisfied with the manner in which I will fill his order.

—New Spring Goods—

I have just put in a very fine assortment of English, Irish and Scotch Suitings in the latest patterns.

Spring Overcoatings in Variety.

Our garments are all well made under my personal supervision. A call invited.

WM. J. LEE, Acton.

PICTURE FRAMES

—AT—

WATERS BROTHERS

PICTURES

—AT—

WATERS BROTHERS

Cornice Poles, Banner Rods, Mouldings, Cords, Nails, Glass, Bevelled Mirrors, ARTIST'S MATERIALS Winsor & Newtons

—AT—

WATERS BROTHERS, 25 WYNDHAM STREET GUELPH

—THE ACTON—

Free Press

—THE LEADING—

LOCAL NEWSPAPER

Of Halton County.

Is Published every Thursday morning at

—ACTON, ONT—

Subscription Price Only $1.00 in Advance.

Try it for Three Months for 25 Cents

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 Sheeting, Shirting and Dress Goods, striped or plaid, twill or plain, also Bed Blankets and Horse Blankets, two yards wide and over.

And I will guarantee that I will give good satisfaction to all farmers and others who will favor me with their patronage.

T. MITCHELL.

WANTED.

GOOD, reliable men can find permanent employment for Maple Grove Nurseries of Waterloo, N. Y. Good Salary and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. Outfit free. Previous experience not required. Established over 10 years. All goods first-class. Write at once for terms. Address, J. W. McKay, Gen. Manager, St. Thomas, Ont. (Mention this Paper.)

We have opened out during the week large quantities of new

Paper Hangings

BORDERS

—AND—

Ceiling Decorations

Very Choice Stock and extra Low Prices

—AT—

DAY'S BOOKSTORE,

GUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

THE MERCHANTS'

Protective and Collecting

ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.

Head Office,—Hamilton, Ontario.

(Established 1864)

Is an Association of business and professional men, having for its object the

Collection of Debts;

And to prevent its members from making bad debts by furnishing them with lists of parties who do not pay. Merchants and others having accounts to collect will find it to their advantage to become members—as hundreds of accounts are being collected through it that could not be collected in any other way. Many an account that has been sued and then returned by the bailiff as no good, after putting the merchant to great expense, has been collected through this association. Merchants wishing to become members, by remitting $10.00 to our Managers, at Hamilton, will receive by return mail full particulars, certificate of membership, etc. Testimonials sent.

J. B. Mills & Co., Managers

—ACTON—

LIVERY

—AND—

BUS LINE.

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured.

At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a.m. and 6:8 p.m. Careful attention given to every order The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

H. G. STONE,

GEORGETOWN,

INTERIOR DECORATOR

—AND—

PAINTER.

House, Sign and Ornamental Painting

in the Latest Styles.

LESSONS IN OIL PAINTING.

Classes Wednesday Evening, Thursday and Saturday Afternoons.

Orders left at Free Press Office, Acton, or addressed to Box 16, Georgetown will receive prompt attention.

H. G. STONE.

Fancy Goods

IN GREAT VARIETY

I desire to inform my numerous Customers that I have purchased a fine variety of Goods for the Xmas Trade, comprising a splendid lot of toilet articles in

Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes,

The Finest Perfumes in the Market.

I have also the finest stock in

Ladies' Satchels

Ever shown in Acton

For Xmas Presents I have a beautiful selection of

Albums, Booklets, &c.

We also keep all the Authorized School Books and School Supplies. Hymn Books, Pens, Pencils, Slates, Ink, Etc.

We keep a large selection of Spectacles to suit all sights.

Give us a call before purchasing. Don't forget the place,

McGARVIN'S DRUG STORE.

Poetry.

LINES IN MEMORY OF MOTHER.

And art thou gone, my mother dear,
From this dark vale of tears,
And hast thou left us, to employ
Thy powers in higher spheres.

In yon bright land of peace and joy,
Where sorrow is unknown;
Where pain and grief no more annoy,
And God is loved alone.

Yes, thou art gone; we mourn thy loss—
Thou sleepest in the tomb;
God give us grace to bear this loss,
And look to Him alone.

We miss thee in the early morn:
We hear thy voice no more;
We miss thee through the live-long day,
And we thy loss deplore.

We miss thee at the hour of prayer,
For thou didst sing thy Saviour's praise,
And celebrate His love.

Thy beaming eyes, alas are dark;
Thy lovely bloom has fled;
Vanished is the vital spark,
For thou art with the dead.

But, oh, thy spirit is with the blest:
Thy sufferings now are o'er;
Thou dost in Jesus' bosom rest,
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

We'll meet thee in that happy place,
Where saints shall weep no more;
We'll meet thee through our Saviour's grace,
The triune God adore.

We sang on earth, we'll sing in Heaven,
The songs before the Throne,
And there the powers of death defy,
Through Jesus' blood alone.

Select Family Reading.

Georgia Belmont.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Though Miss Dunlap was at the head of one of the most elegant of young ladies' seminaries, she was not above attending to her own marketing.

This is how going into the fresh, sweet-smelling, little shop, over the door of which swung a sign bearing the words *Schaeffer's Dairy*, to taste the butter herself before it was sent home, she surprised the rosy matron who presided behind the counter indulging in a flood of tears, and made the remark:

"Dear me! Mrs. Schaeffer, I hope your baby is not sick!"

"Oh, no, Mees Dunlap," replied the rosy German woman, drying her eyes; "but dere is such dreadful droubles in mice house up stairs, and dot young girl I am so sorry for. De pretty lady mit de gonsumption, my lodcher, goes dead, und is buried, und now dot young girl she has not von dollar in dis world, und she says all de dime, 'Oh, mine mutter! How do I live mitout mine mutter!" Und I dinks if I die my Minna would cry like dot. It breaks my heart!".

Miss Dunlap considered for a moment, and then said she would go up and talk to the poor girl.

And the dairy woman led the way to a bare little room in the second floor, where, cast across the bed, with her face hidden in the pillow lay the figure of a young girl. The hair coiled at the back of the head was of a particularly light and beautiful brown. The fingers, interlaced at the back of the neck, were white, soft and tapering. She was weeping violently, and now and then uttered a little moan.

Mrs. Schaeffer stooped over her and said:

"My dear, here comes a good lady to see you. You talk mit her a leedle, eh!"

The girl was on her feet in a moment, confused, startled, evidently annoyed. She straightened her dress, wiped her eyes and said, in a tone of rather cold reproof:

"Mrs. Schaeffer, I had no idea any one was in the room. I did not hear you knock."

The girl spoke and looked like a princess, and evidently felt that she had been inexcusably intruded upon. In fact, as the girl waited for some explanation of her call, Miss Dunlap grew more and more uncomfortable. A little angry, a little flushed, she drew herself up and said, hurriedly:

"It was not my fault that I came in so abruptly. I followed Mrs. Schaeffer."

"I quite understand," said the girl, politely. "Mrs. Schaeffer has been very kind to me since mamma's death,"—here the tears started to her eyes once more—"and if it is to look at the room, it is very nice and convenient; prettily furnished. I think you would like it very much. You can see that the little gardens are very charming, and it is so near the park. It would be very pleasant in summer."

"I did not come to look at the room," said Miss Dunlap. "I came to speak to you, though I do not know what to call you my dear."

"My name is Georgia Belmont," said the girl. "Pray be seated."

"No, thank you, Miss Belmont," said Miss Dunlap, finding her manner of preceptress once more returning to her. "Mrs. Schaeffer, with whom I have dealt for many years, has told me that you have lost your mother lately, and it occurred to me that you might perhaps need the advice of an older woman in this emergency. I understand that you are without relatives in this city. If I am mistaken, pardon me. I wish you to feel that I intended to be kind. I am always interested in young people. If you wish my advice, there is my card. I will be at home after three o'clock this afternoon."

Thus, after having regained the position, Miss Dunlap slightly bowed, as an elderly lady might to a young one, and left the room.

"She vill come, madame," said Mrs. Schaeffer, as she accompanied her through the store. "I vill see she comes at you at doze times you mention; and egscuse dat fery bad manners, because her heart is joost broken mit her troubles, Minna, you remember about dem pot cheese for Mees Doonlap, Saturday effning."

"Of course; I've put it on the slate," said Minna, in the most business like manner, though she stood on an empty butter tub to look over the counter.

Miss Dunlap went home, and entered the school-room as usual; but the young ladies noticed that her manner was peculiar. A sensation of having called upon a queen, uninvited, and of having been properly snubbed, lingered with Miss Dunlap all day. She had intended to offer help—money, if necessary,—to some common little girl in great need, and she had received a shock. She scarcely thought the girl would come to her at all. However, she was mistaken.

At half past three, precisely, a servant entered, and handed her a card, on which was, very elegantly written, the name—Georgia Belmont."

When the interview was over, Miss Dunlap had done something which she was conscious was not extremely discreet. She had arranged that Georgia should come to her next day and pay in certain services for the completion of an education already well begun.

The girl was to attend to the studies of the junior class when out of school, see to their wardrobe and take them out to walk. There was to be a little salary, sufficient for a modest wardrobe. Georgia had been admitted to the innermost of that exclusive young ladies' reminary on her own representation of herself, without reference of any sort. She had, she declared, not a friend on earth.

What would the parents say?" asked Miss Dunlap.

Yet, she was sure that she had not been deceived. She hoped that the girl would be useful and creditable to her.

When Georgia was fairly established in the house, there seemed to be no doubt of this. In her plain, black dress, she went about her duties with that quiet self-possession that commands respect, and soon won the love of many of the household.

Especially of one girl, whom we must particularly mention—Mildred, the daughter of an English lady of title.

There was nothing of the "cad" about Miss Dunlap, but she knew that when she said to many parents who called to inquire about the school that she had "the daughter of Lady Virginia B. amongst her pupils," they instantly found themselves delighted with the establishment. There was a charm about the name of a member of the English nobility in these republican ears that was quite unaccountable Lady Virginia herself was a dignified woman, of simple manners and plain dress. She had come to "the States," she told Miss Dunlap, to find a member of her family who had not been treated justly, and she had not yet succeeded in her effort. Her only daughter was with her, and she had placed her at school, but visited her very often. Other mothers had been introduced to her in the reception-room, and spoke of her as "lovely."

There was a little flutter amongst the girls when Lady Virginia entered the house. She always came to the school-room, and she sometimes offered prizes for composition, music or drawing—little golden medals or handsome books. Mildred, her daughter, was shy, sweet, and not particularly bright, but very much liked by every one for her kindness and civility of manner. She had taken a great fancy to Georgia, and the elder girl returned it with interest. In fact, the pupil teacher was soon the chosen intimate of the "great card" of Miss Dunlap's school, and seemed not at all conscious that this was an honor in the eyes of the other girls.

Miss Dunlap, in her heart of hearts, was pleased that when Georgia entered the school, Lady Virginia was away from the city. She remained absent much longer than usual, and, when she returned, she seemed to Miss Dunlap rather depressed, and by no means as well as usual.

"I have failed in my object in coming here," she said. "I have spent some time in your miraculous Washington City, and I find my health unpaired. It is useless for me to stay here much longer. I shall put the matter into a lawyer's hands and go home, but before I go I want to offer the dear girls another prize. It shall be a locket this time, I think, with a likeness of our Queen Victoria in it. And I'll talk to them about it, if you please. It shall be for German."

Of course, Miss Dunlap was pleased. She ushered Lady Virginia into the large school room, and the lady made a little speech sitting on the platform beside Miss Dunlap's desk. After this she had a little writing to do, and sat at the desk, taking off a heavy gold link bracelet she wore—one that had no mate on the other arm—while she used the pen. Then she gathered the girls about her, showed them the Queen's miniature, and more than usually charmed them with her motherly and gracious manner.

At last she arose to go, drew on her gloves, and looked about the desk.

"Mildred," she said to her daughter, "come here, my dear, and look for my bracelet; it must have fallen to the floor, and I cannot see it."

Mildred began the search, but the bracelet was not to be found. A moment before this Georgia Belmont had been standing with her hand upon the desk, and the girl who stood nearest to her, Eugenia Merril by name, had seen her put her hand hastily into a little silk bag she wore. Eugenia had failed to win little Mildred's friendship or Lady Virginia's special notice, and hated the pupil teacher in consequence of the preference bestowed upon her. She was ready to think ill of her, and glad to think it.

While the other girls were searching, Eugenia, with her eye on Georgia, walked quietly to the great door of egress and set her back against it. Her conjectures were correct. In a few moments Georgia approached the door, and laid her hand upon it.

"Permit me to pass, Miss Merril?" said Georgia, seeing that Eugenia did not move.

"Excuse me, Miss Belmont," said Eugenia, "until that bracelet is found I stand here."

"You are very insolent, I think," said Georgia.

"You may think what you please," said Eugenia, "but I shall not open this door."

Georgia retired a few paces, and stood motionless, watching those who continued the search for the lost bracelet. It was quite unavailing. Lady Virginia sank into a large chair and looked at her daughter.

"It is very mysterious, mamma," said Mildred. "I saw you take it off."

"So did I," said Miss Dunlap, who was overlooking the little ribbon-bedecked waste paper basket.

At this moment Eugenia spoke, without moving from the door.

"Miss Dunlap, will you have us searched? You may begin with me."

A chorus of groans went up from the young ladies.

"Search us!" cried one shrill young voice, "Shame, shame!"

"More shame that one of this room should have stolen Lady Virginia's bracelet," said Eugenia. "I know what I say to be true. To bring the truth to light, all should be willing to be searched."

A cry arose this time. Every girl sprang to her feet.

"How can you, Eugenia!" cried Mildred.

"Girls, girls!" exclaimed their offending comrade, holding out her arms, "I know who has the bracelet."

"Speak, then," said Miss Dunlap. "I will not insult all these young ladies. You must be responsible for this mistake—not I. It is assuredly a mistake—assuredly."

"Georgia Belmont has the bracelet," replied Eugenia, speaking very distinctly.

"It is false," cried Georgia, in tones that filled the room. "False! false! false! Eugenia Merril."

Poor Miss Dunlap! She was a kind woman at heart, but it seemed to her much better that the accusation should fall upon a pupil-teacher to whom she had, in a certain sense, extended her charity, than on one of the "young ladies."

"Georgia is quite incapable of such a deed, I know," she said, chimly, "but she will be sensible enough to clear herself from the charge by allowing me to search her in a private room."

The words were hardly out of Miss Dunlap's mouth, when Georgia answered indignantly:

"*Never!* How dare you propose to search *me*, Miss Dunlap! I shall not permit it. Would you allow yourself to be searched for stolen goods? It would be no worse."

Miss Dunlap could only murmur that, "It would be best for Georgia herself," and the girl made her way to the door.

There Eugenia, tall, strong and flushed with determination, barred her passage, and there was a sort of struggle.

In its midst, Eugenia plunged her hand into a little beaded bag that Georgia wore at her belt, and drew out a small silk handkerchief, wrapped closely about some hard object.

"The bracelet is here," she said.

It was Lady Virginia herself who took it from her hand, and the next moment a bracelet was revealed to view.

All the girls recognized the closely-knit links of gold, with the claw-shaped clasp, and they began to shrink from Georgia as though she had been a leper.

"A thief! A thief! That girl! Who could have believed it!" one whispered to the other.

Indeed, looking at her, fair, pale and queenly, as she stood, who could have believed it!

But she, calmer than before, turned her sad but unterrified eyes upon Lady Virginia and said:

"The bracelet is mine, as you will see if you look at the name upon the inside of the clasp, Lady Virginia."

Eugenia burst into a mocking laugh, but, to the surprise of all, Lady Virginia, having glanced at the clasp, uttered a low cry, and seizing the girl by the arm, hurried out of the room, followed by Mildred clapping her little hands in glee.

Soon Miss Dunlap was summoned from the room.

What did it all mean? Would Georgia be arrested? Or was the bracelet really hers? What could it mean?

The girls asked each other a thousand questions for more than an hour. Finally Miss Dunlap returned.

"Young ladies," she said, "a very strange thing has happened. I begin by telling you that Lady Virginia has found the bracelet in the fold of her overskirt. There are two bracelets exactly alike. Clasped together, they make a collar. It was the collar of an order now extinct; and, twenty years ago, the Earl of B. divided it, and gave one half each to his twin girls, who were his only children. The eldest—Lady Virginia—you know. The youngest—Lady Edith—made a match of which her father did not approve—of which, in fact, no parent could approve—and was disinherited. She came to this country, was deserted by her husband, and suffered great poverty, but never parted with the bracelet. She was Georgia's mother.

"You will be surprised to know that Georgia knew her relationship to Lady Virginia all the while, but was too proud to reveal her identity to relatives who, as she thought, had been unkind to her mother. Now that she knows that Lady Virginia came to this country simply to find her sister, her feeling has changed. They are very happy, I assure you. And this is another of these instances that prove fact to be stranger than fiction. Now, young ladies, we will return to our studies."

A week after this, the young ladies had a delightful holiday. They went on board of the great ocean steamer in which Lady Virginia, Georgia and Mildred were to sail, to bid them good-bye, and had refreshments there. Miss Eugenia Merril, however, was not with them. She had left the school.

GETTING RICH BY SMALL INVENTIONS.

The New Jersey man who hit upon the idea of attaching the rubber erasing tip to the end of lead pencils is worth $300,000.

The miner who invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of coat and trousers pockets, to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore and heavy tools, has made more money from his letters patent than he would have made had he struck a good vein of gold-bearing quartz.

Every one has seen the metal plates that are used to protect the heels and soles of rough shoes, but every one doesn't know that within ten years the man who hit upon the idea has made $250,000.

As large a sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the Yankee who invented the inverted glass bell to hang over gas jets to protect ceilings from being blackened by smoke.

The inventor of the roller skate has made $1,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that his patent had nearly expired before the value of it was ascertained in the craze for roller skating that spread over the country a few years ago.

The gimlet-pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver mines, and the Connecticut man who first thought of putting copper tips on the toes of children's shoes is as well off as if he had inherited $1,000,000, for that's the amount his idea has realized for him in cold, clammy coin.

The common needle threader, which every one has seen for sale, and which every woman owns, was a boon to needle users. The man who invented it has an income of $10,000 a year from his invention.

A minister in England made $50,000 by inventing an odd toy that danced by winding it with a string.

The man who invented the return ball, an ordinary wooden ball, with a rubber string attached to pull it back, made $1,000,000 from it.

The person who invented the most recent popular toy, "Fox in Clover," will be rich before the leaves turn this autumn. He was poor last November.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

FAITHFUL IN DEATH.

A French merchant was riding home on horseback one day. He had a large bag of gold with him, which was tied to the saddle in front of him, and was accompanied by a faithful dog. He alighted from the horse and sat down under a shady tree, taking the bag of gold and laying it down by his side. On mounting his horse again he forgot to take his bag of gold with him. The dog saw the mistake his master had made and tried to take the bag with him; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. Then he ran after his master, and tried by barking to remind him of his mistake. But the merchant did not understand what the dog meant. Then the dog went in front of his master, and kept jumping up before the horse and barking loudly. The merchant called to him to be quiet and stop that jumping.

But the dog wouldn't stop. Then his master was alarmed. He began to think the dog was going mad. And as the dog went on barking and jumping with increased violence, the merchant was sure he was right. He said to himself: "He may bite me or somebody else. The only safe thing is to kill him."

Then he took a pistol from his pocket, and pointing it to the dog, fired at him.

The poor dog fell weltering in his blood, and his master unable to bear the sight, put spurs to his horse and went on. "I am very unfortunate," he said to himself. "I would rather have lost my bag of money than my good dog." Then he felt for his bag but it was not there.

In a moment he saw what it all meant.

The dog had seen that he had left his bag of money behind him, and was trying the best he could to get him to go back for it when he shot him! How sorry he felt!

Then he turned his horse and rode back to the place where he had left his money.

On reaching the spot he found the dog there. He had crawled back, all bleeding as he was, and had lain down beside his master's money to protect it. This brought tears into the merchant's eyes.

He kneeled down by his dog, petted him and spoke kindly to him. The dog looked lovingly in his face, licked his hand and then turned over and died.

The merchant had the body of the dog brought home and buried in his garden; and over its grave he had a stone slab set up with these words engraved on it.

"In Memory of a Faithful Dog."

JAPANESE BABIES.

"In our country, very young babies are apt to put everything in their mouths; a button, or a pin, or anything goes straight to the little, wide-open lips. But in Japan they put the small babies right down in the sand by the door of the house or on the floor, and I never saw them attempt to put anything in their mouths, and no one seemed anxious about them.

"When little boys or girls in Japan are naughty they must be punished; but the punishment is strange. There are very small pieces of rice paper called moxa, and these are lighted with a match, and then put upon the finger, or hand, or arm of the naughty child, and they burn a spot on the tender skin that hurts very much. The child screams with pain, and the red-hot moxa sticks to the skin for a moment or two and then goes out, but the smarting burn reminds the little child of his fault."—*St. Nicholas.*

THE MINISTER'S TURKEY.

A popular minister in Pittsfield, in the good old times, used at Christmas-time to be inundated with hampers filled with good things. On one occasion an enormous turkey was sent to him by the thoughtful kindness of a neighboring farmer, but as the minister's family had already provided for the Christmas dinner, the bird was sent to the market and sold.

A passer-by, seeing this fine specimen of poultry, said, "What a splendid turkey! Just the thing for the minister's Christmas dinner!" To the minister it was again sent. The prudent wife sent it a second time to the market, and sold it again for a handsome sum.

Another friend similarly struck with the magnificent proportions of the turkey, purchased it, and also sent it to the minister. Not wishing to fly in the face of Providence, the good man said at last, "It is the clear Lord means us to have this turkey," and, with the entire approbation of the family, it formed a part of the Christmas dinner.

EIGHT DEATHS FROM POISONING.

Our readers are doubtless all familiar with the Robinson poisoning cases, which have recently come to light in Somerville, Mass., a suburb of Boston.

It seems that eight deaths have occurred from arsenical poisoning, seven in one family, and within five years. It is doubtful if the murderers would have been brought to justice had not an organization in which the victims were insured began an investigation as to why so many persons had suddenly died in one family.

But the sensation from a medical point of view connected with the case, took place in Boston at a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Medico-Legal Society, when it was stated by Dr. Holt that there was general ignorance of the symptoms of arsenical poisoning and because of such ignorance the Robinson poisoning cases had gone on without arousing the suspicion of medical men. The Robinson cases were all treated by regular physicians, with correct diplomas, men supposed to know what they were doctoring for, and to know the effect of drugs on certain diseases. Yet in the five deaths from arsenical poisoning of which we speak, certificates of death were given for pneumonia, typhoid fever, meningitis, bowel disease, and Bright's Disease.

Is it any wonder that patients are losing faith in their doctors?

In the very same manner thousands of patients are being treated this day for pneumonia, heart trouble, dropsy, incipent consumption, etc., when these are but symptoms of advanced kidney disease, which is but another name for Bright's disease. The doctors do not strike at the seat of the disease—the kidneys, and if they did nine times out of ten they would fail—as they are on record as saying they can not cure Bright's disease of the kidneys. Rather than use Warner's Safe Cure, a well-known specific for this and all other forms of kidney disease they would let their patients die, and then give a death certificate that death was caused by pericarditis, apoplexy, pathisis or cardiac affection.

Is this not the honest truth? Do you not know in your own personal history very many instances where physicians doctored the wrong disease, and caused untold suffering, and many times, death?

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

That baby's a puzzle to me,
With his "queer little snubby nose;"
His clothes are put on, I can see,
As thickly as leaves on a rose;
They don't seem to fit
The least little bit,
Yet he has such an air of repose!

They turn him around, upside down,
And dandle him high in the air;
He's the loveliest baby in town,
The sweetest, in fact, anywhere.
They say "Baby's King,"
And then shake the poor thing
It's a wonder to me how they dare.

Of what earthly use to be king
When all of your subjects are mad,
And imagine a wild Highland fling
Can alone make your majesty glad—
Or fancy a joke
In the chin is a joke
Your highness delights in when said?

Oh! yes, you're a puzzle to me,
You solemn-eyed, infantile king;
A bishop might climb up a tree
And you wouldn't say anything.
Though he sat on a bough
And whistled till now,
"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring."

And yet you will smile at a wink,
Or chuckle aloud at a sneeze,
Though your life is made up, I should think
Of things more amusing than these;
As when, half the night long,
Your mamma sings a song
But allows you to sound the high C.

Perhaps, in the far Baby-land,
The joking is finer than here,
Perhaps we can't quite understand
The pre-mundane funny idea.
Perhaps if we knew
What most amused you,
We'd feel very foolish and queer.

MAKING HASTE TO BE RICH.

"The little place will only give us a living, mother. I want more than that, and you deserve more. Morse & Co. offer me a position where I can rise. Mr. Morse himself, began as a clerk, said his mother, who was a poor widow, lives with him now in a palace, just as you ought to live and as I mean you shall."

John Anson meant all that he said. He was young, strong, and intelligent, and he loved his mother much more than himself. Mr. Morse knew that he was without bad habits, and that he would make a successful business man, so he made him a much better offer than he would have made to any other young man whom he knew. The mother saw the probable advantages of that position, but she knew also, that her son had met few temptations, and that the few he had resisted were those that came to her knowledge and about which she might counsel him. She was grieved to be separated from her only child, but it was impossible for her to go with him to the city, so she at last gave her consent that he should accept Mr. Morse's offer.

"I have one fear, my son," she said, as she bade him good-bye. "You are in haste to be rich."

"Yes, mother," he said, laughing; "but that ought to inspire you with courage and not fear. The man who intends to get rich will not spend his money in dissipation."

"I do not fear that you will dissipate," said the justly-proud mother. "I cannot tell you exactly what I fear, but remember, 'He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house; but he that hateth gifts shall live.'" "Small danger that I shall be corrupted by gifts in a closely managed business-house, mother."

"I do not distrust you, my son. I cannot name my fear. Your danger may come through your love for me. Remember, love never makes wrong to be right. Be content. Do not work over hours. Make your Sabbath a day of rest from week-day care as well as labor. We are not suffering because we are poor, and no poverty is so great as poverty of soul. Be content with regular earnings. Remember, 'He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.' Good-bye."

Six months from that day John Anson fled from the city back to his mother's home broken in spirit and filled with shame.

"I shall never, never ask for a position in the city again, mother. Mr. Morse was over-severe. I had bought lottery tickets with my own money, not his; a friend gave me the first and it drew only a small sum. I took that money to buy the others, and lost, but that was nothing. 'Morse & Co. will not employ men who buy lottery tickets, who indulge in any sort of gambling,' Mr. Morse said. 'I am not a gambler,' he said fiercely. 'Mr. Morse had no right to say it and he should not give me a fair recommendation. He was only willing to say that I was an efficient salesman, but not word of my honesty or of my reliability.'"

"I am glad you have come back to stay, my son. You are my wealth. I trust you now more perfectly than before. Though I could not define my fear, something like this temptation I did fear for you. Mr. Morse is harsh, but not wrong. He has given you the best lesson of your life. There is only one sure trust: it is not of men, much less of chance; it is of God."

Under his mother's judicious counsel John Anson soon conquered his shame. In a few weeks a friend lent Mrs. Anson a sum of money sufficient to stock a small store; and soon she and her son as partners were sharing a thriving business. It was years afterward that John learned that Mr. Morse not only lent his mother the capital on which they began business, but that he insisted on making the loan; and no man is now more emphatic as a business man against every sort of gambling than John Anson, merchant prince.—*M. L. Sherman.*

IS IT 17,000 YEARS OLD.

In boring a well on a farm some five miles south of Colusa, Cal., J. C. Frazier struck a piece of wood at a depth of 170 feet. The wood brought up by the auger was in an excellent state of preservation, and was pronounced oak. The place is only fifty feet above the sea level, so that the wood is 120 feet below the ocean's surface. If it was sunk there when this valley was a lake or an arm of the bay, it was in pretty deep water. How long since this piece of wood was in a growing tree? The valley, of course, has grown, but without some convulsion of nature the growth has been slow, not, perhaps, over one foot per century. Then has it been 17,000 years since this oak tree grew?

If you want to buy or sell a Farm, advertise in the Toronto *Weekly Mail*. That paper reaches 100,000 Farmers' homes every week, and your advertisement should meet the eye of someone who wants to purchase. Advertisements of this class are inserted in the Toronto *Weekly Mail* for Five Cents a word each insertion, or Twenty Cents a word for five insertions. Address The Mail, Toronto, Canada.