The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press.

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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 treet Acton.

DR. SPRINGER,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Dr. McGarvin's house, corner Mill and Frederick streets.

C. E. STACEY,
M.D., C.M., F.T.M.C., M.C.P. & S.O.
396 College St., Toronto.
Telephone No. 2456.

J. F. HALSTED, M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.
RESIDENCE AND DRUG STORE—Mill Street, next door to Williams' boot and shoe store.

DR. ERNEST HALL,
ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, EDINBURGH. POLYCLINIC (Eye Department) PHILADELPHIA.
Late assistant in Central London, Eng., Throat and Ear Hospital.
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.
Will be at Wellington Hotel, Guelph, first and third Tuesday of each month, from 10 a.m., to 4 p.m.
OFFICE—89 Avenue Street, College Avenue, Toronto.

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

C. McKINLAY, L. D. S.,
SURGEON, DENTIST, GEORGETOWN.
Visits Acton at Armew's Hotel on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month.
Office in Georgetown, first door north of Baptist church.

McLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. 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 65 King street east, Toronto.
W. J. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

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 $500 and upwards.

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

FRANCIS NUNAN
(Successor to T. P. 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 as exhilarating as champoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonorial Artists.

Lumber and Shingles.

THE undersigned have on hand at their mills in Acton about 100,000 feet of pine lumber, and are prepared to supply farmers and others with any quantity of lumber for barns or other buildings at reasonable prices. A stock of pine and cedar shingles is also on hand.
TAYLOR BROTHERS.

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 in the above firm, I respectfully solicit the patronage to my friends and the public on their behalf.
J. H. HAMILTON

AGENTS WANTED
In every Township.
To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor."
The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address
E. N. MOYER, Publisher,
140 Yonge St., Toronto

WANTED.
SALESMEN to sell Nursery Stock. All Goods warranted first-class. Permanent pleasant, profitable positions for the right men. Good salaries and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. No previous experience necessary. Outfit free. Write for terms giving age.
CHARLES H. CHASE, Nurserymen,
Mention this paper. Rochester, N.Y

Lumber, Lath & Shingles.

SAYER'S Mill, Nassagaweya, has now in stock about a 1,000,000 feet of Lumber, including all kinds needed for building purposes. This mill has a well established reputation for first-class lumber and reasonable prices. Lath and Shingles on hand. We are prepared to supply every want in our line.
PETER SAYERS,
Nassagaweya, P.O.

Wellington Steam Laundry.
GUELPH.
SHIRTS 15c. COLLARS 5c. CUFFS 5c.
Family Washing without ironing 25c. per doz.
Family Washing with ironing 35c. per doz.
Gentlemen's Washing and Repairing 50c. per dozen.
All work guaranteed best in Canada.
Office and Works, 56 Quebec street.
Goods left with Kelly Bros., our agents at Acton, will be sent to the laundry and returned to their store free of charge, at above prices.
H. HACKNEY, Proprietor.

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
Instructions given by experts in
Book-keeping, Com'l Arithmetic,
Penmanship, Bus. Correspondence,
Bus. Practice, Political Economy,
Shorthand, Com'l Law,
Typewriting, French Language.
Rates moderate; satisfaction guaranteed. For terms, etc., address
M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

FRANK BURGESS,
House Painter, Paper Hanger, Sign Writer, Etc,
Is prepared to execute orders in any of the above lines in the best manner and at reasonable terms. Every job having my personal attention. I can assure customers complete satisfaction. Graining in all woods a specialty.
Orders left at my residence, Main St., Acton, will receive prompt attention.

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 Style Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made.
Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice.
Deep Wells a Special.
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

New Planing Mill
—AND—
Sash and Door Factory.
John Cameron, Contractor,
Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING.
—MAKE ALL STYLES OF—
Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber.
And keep a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
JOHN CAMERON.

MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.
F. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.
JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

Coal & Wood.
JAMES BROWN
Has on hand a large quantity of excellent coal which he will promptly deliver to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

Waters Bros.,
THE PICTURE GALLERY, - GUELPH.
FRAMES & PICTURES.
PICTURE MOULDINGS,
ROOM MOULDINGS,
CORNICE POLES from 35c.,
BRASS RODS,
BANNER RODS from 15c.,
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
Oil Colors, Water Colors, China Colors, Brushes, Etc., Etc. Ready Mixed Paints, Aspinwall's Enamels, Cords, Wires, Nails, Chains, Hooks, Etc.
WATERS BROS.,
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE.

WALL PAPER.
If you want your rooms to look nice with Borders and Ceiling Decorations of Fine Soft Colorings and blending, and proper shading,
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH,
is the place to buy, because Day has ten times the assortment. His papers are newer and better selected. Many of the best manufacturers sell only to him and therefore he has the exclusive sale of their Goods in Guelph. Doing almost the entire Paper trade of the city and paying cash for his goods, he can buy the quantity at the lowest inside price, enabling him to undersell all competitors. Day can give you better Paper, Borders, Ceiling Decorations, and Lower Prices than any other store in the City.
See his Papers and Price before parting with your money.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

Turnip Seed,
SWEEDE and GREY STONE.
A Special cash prize will be given at our Fall Show for the best dozen turnips grown from seed purchased from me.
J. V. KANNAWIN
MILL ST., ACTON.

—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 8.15 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

A Little Talk About
SHOES
Figures may lie and facts distorted be, But seeing is believing, come and see.
The Peek-a-Boo Boot and Shoe store is just now showing a number of new lines of Shoes and Slippers specially adapted for the season. These new goods are being sold at prices as low or lower than those asked for old styles and shop-worn goods elsewhere.
Everybody can be suited, for we have all sizes in
Gent's Wear,
Ladies' Wear,
Youth's Wear,
Children's Wear.
Baby's Wear.
Special Lines, Good Goods, Newest Style and best value for the money at
W. Williams', Acton.
Custom work and repairing given careful attention. Trunks and valises in variety.

SWEARING OFF
is Slang for
MAKING
—GOOD—
RESOLUTIONS
And this end of the year is the time generally chosen as being the most suitable and appropriate for
Turning Over a New Leaf.
During 1890 we have resolved
To Make More Photographs than we did in 1889.
To Make Better Photographs than we did in 1889.
To Please Everybody Better than we did in 1889.
We have the Facilities for
Photographing your Babies
—BY THE—
Instantaneous Process.
Bring the rosy little Cherubs to us and get a Charming picture—one that will be one of your dearest treasures in after days.
Pictures are as low as good work and a living profit will allow.
RAMSHAW,
Photo Artist, - Acton.

Poetry.

DEATHS OF ENGLISH KINGS.

William the First got a bruise from his horse,
A random shot arrow made Rufus a corpse;
Henry the clever, on fish too well fed,
Stephen of Blois died at ease in his bed;
Henry the Second of grief broke his heart,
Coeur de Lion was killed by a dart,
John, by the fever—and nobody sighed,
Henry of Winchester naturally died;
Edward the First died marching to fight,
Edward the Second was murdered at night;
The Warrior Edward passed calmly away,
Richard deposed, was starved out of the way;
Henry the Fourth died of fits to excess,
Henry the Fifth in the noon of success;
Henry the Sixth died of grief in the Tower,
'Twas lost brought Edward the Fourth his fast hour;
Edward the Fifth in the Tower, too, was killed
By Richard the Third—slain at Bosworth field;
Henry the Seventh owed death to the gout,
Disorders untold put his namesake to rout;
Edward the sixth died a natural death,
Mary, in quietness exhaled her last breath;
Queen Bess closed in anguish an ill-spent reign,
Scotch James the First passed away without pain;
The first King Charles died under the knife,
Charles, his son, passed off without strife;
His second son, James, died exiled from his throne,
William the Third broke his right collar bone;
Queen Anne very suddenly went to her doom,
Apoplectical fits sent King George to the tomb;
King George the Second turned out in a rage,
His long-reigned successor slipped off in old age;
The Fourth King George, and William his brother,
With an oseous heart left this life for another:
Victoria reigns—so good and so wise,
And she'll be greatly missed whenever she dies.

—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

Select Family Reading.

The Telephone Girl.

"Well," said Mr. Roland Wayne, when he came into his office, after several days' illness with neuralgia, which affected him whenever the east wind blew, "you got some one for the telephone—did you, Burns?"

"Yes, sir," the clerk replied, the young lady has been here since Tuesday."

"Young lady!" exclaimed Mr. Wayne, testily. Why did you get a woman? A broker's office is no place for a woman."

"Why, you see, sir," said Burns, with an obvious embarrassment and apprehensive glance toward a light oak partition, behind which the new operator sat in concealment, "you didn't say anything about that—only that Mr. Richards had his hands full with the wires, and there'd have to be some one to take charge of the telephone, so, so I—"

"That is just like you, Burns," said Mr. Wayne, stamping back into his private office. "Anyone else would have known better."

"Why, you see, sir," said Burns, defensively, as he followed him back, "I didn't think it would make much difference. The young lady is very capable, and she seems to want the place so badly. She is very poor, sir, and supports her mother. I know something about her, you see."

"Oh! Some flame of yours, I suppose, Burns! Very nice arrangement for you, no doubt."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Burns, in an offended manner. "I am a married man."

"By Jove! so you are!" said Roland Wayne, with a laugh. "I had forgotten that. Though," he added, humorously, "that doesn't always make a difference. Well, try her, anyhow. Where's the mail."

"I tell you what, Burns," one of the other clerks observed, when that individual finally emerged from Mr. Wayne's office, "the boss is in fly humor, isn't he?"

"He's all right," Burns answered warmly. "He has given me a ticket to Atlantic City and two days off."

The clerk whistled.

"Why I thought he was going to take your head off."

"You don't know him. I am sure it is no shame to a man whose nerves are always twinging with neuralgia if he loses his temper now and then."

Roland, meanwhile, had taken up his pen and was writing a lengthy account of Brisket's new deal in P. Y. & M.

"If the cat jumps this way," he said in conclusion, "the bears have got him sure. Danbury is on our side. He has given Brisket the cold shoulder, and, if I'm not mistaken, somebody will get woefully left. I don't intend that it shall be I. If everything goes as I think it will, I shall pocket about two hundred thousand dollars, and then I am going to get out of the brokerage business. It doesn't suit me, and my health is so poor that I must get away somewhere or I shall go to pieces."

"I beg pardon, sir," said a soft, tremulous voice at his elbow. "I am Miss Archer, Mr. Wayne."

Roland dropped his pen, and rose politely as he saw a slight, graceful figure in black standing before him.

"Be seated, Miss Archer," he said, with a smile which no man could have withheld when he saw the fairness of her young face; and that shy, sweet flush on her cheeks. "What can I do for you?"

"I am the telephone operator," she began, rapidly, and with a nervousness she could not conceal. "I—I could not help hearing what you said to Mr. Burns a little while ago, and I came to say that if you are not satisfied to have me stay in the office you need only say so."

"Not satisfied!" Roland echoed, in manifest confusion. "Well, really, you know, I have not given you a trial; and as to what I said a little while ago, I am sorry, Miss Archer. I am afraid you will have to set it down to neuralgia. I am quite willing to have you to stay, if you will."

"You are very kind," she said, lacing and unlacing her fingers in some confusion. "I should like to stay—indeed it is very important that I should have this position, or something else. But if what you say is true—if a broker's office is no place for a woman—I—think I would rather not stay."

How Roland Wayne abused himself when he thought of his careless words, and then marked how her lips quivered, how her eyelids drooped to keep back the unshed tears.

"I think I spoke too hastily, Miss Archer," he said. "A lady's place is where she makes it. We are not a lot of savages," he added, with a warm smile. "If you remain here, I think I can insure you courteous and considerate treatment on the part of everyone in this office. If such is not accorded you, you have only to inform me, and I will know the reason why."

"You are very kind," said Miss Archer, with a bright, fleeting smile. "I should like to stay. I really cannot afford to resign my position."

"Then stay, by all means," said Roland. And, to the edification of his clerks, he got up and opened the door for her when she went out.

After that, he often caught himself listening to the soft yet distinct voice in another room holding conversation over the 'phone.

When he was at home with one of his attacks of neuralgia, and had to communicate with the office by wire, he often remarked how well he could hear Miss Archer's voice, when all the others ebbed away into a babbel of sounds.

"Burns did a fine thing when he got that girl into the office," he mused, one day when he was kept a prisoner very inopportunely. "I don't know what we'd do without her—now especially. It's bad enough as it is. I couldn't have had this attack at a worse time—but I guess everything is all right. Danbury is good for any amount this side of a million. By Jove, though, it would be rough on me if anything went wrong with me now! It would clean me out completely."

He was walking up and down the room trying to express the nervous agitation which attacked him.

"Seven o'clock!" he said, glancing at the time. "The office is closed long ago. In another hour Brisket will sign over those bonds, and then—Hello! what's that?"

The shrill alarm of the telephone summoned him across the room.

"There is no one at the office," he thought, taking up the receiver. "I wonder what's up now? Hello! Wayne! Who are you?"

It is Helen Archer, Mr. Wayne," said a voice which he knew quite well.

"Why, what are you doing in the office at this time of night?" he exclaimed involuntarily.

"I am not at the office—that is, not at your office. I am at the Central station. Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"I have something important to tell you. Our wire got crossed with Mr. Brisket's to-day, and I could hear every word said over it. I could not understand what they were talking about, only Mr. Brisket was talking to a man named Danbury."

"Danbury!" exclaimed Wayne, in great excitement.

"They were talking about bonds, and said a lot of things I couldn't comprehend; but at last your name was mentioned. "This will put Wayne into a hole," Mr. Brisket said. "Yes," said Mr. Danbury, "it'll bury him alive. It is a good thing he's shelved to-night. There is no danger, I suppose, of his getting wind of this before 8 o'clock?" "No danger at all," said Brisket, if you don't go back on me. There will be a new deal all around, and boost the market over Wayne's head.' Do you hear what I say?", she interrupted.

"Yes, yes!" Wayne said excitedly. "What else?"

Nothing more than that could I understand, except that they were to meet at the Continental Hotel to-night at eight o'clock I came here because I was afraid to talk from the office. I thought some one might get on our wire, and I have you here direct. That's all. Good-bye!"

For Roland Wayne to dress and leave the house was a matter of a very short time after he had received the message from Helen Archer. His illness and the danger of exposure were quite forgotten.

He was present, very unexpectedly to Mr. Brisket and Mr. Danbury, at the evening conference at the hotel.

It was a stormy scene that ensued between Roland Wayne and these two men who had combined against him—a scene from which the young broker issued pale with exhaustion, but still triumphant.

What had passed no one knew, but the next day the street was electrified by the news that Wayne was closing up his affairs to go abroad.

"That will throw us all out," said Burns, gloomily; and Helen Archer heard the news with a sinking heart.

She was late that night in going home, having some small errands to attend to on her way; and moreover, her steps lagged with the consciousness that she had bad news to carry to her poor, ailing mother.

"You are late, Nelly," Mrs. Archer said, as she came in. "This gentleman has been waiting to see you for some time."

It was Roland Wayne, who rose and held out his hand warmly.

"Miss Archer," he said, "I have come to thank you for the service you did me last night. Thanks to you, I have saved my fortune from ruin most absolute. If it had not been for your foresight and prompt action, I should have been a beggar today."

"I—I had no idea that it so serious was as that," Helen said, hastily. "I am very glad I could do you such a service."

"I shall never forget it," Roland said, with a steadfast look into her soft gray eyes. "And I have learned a wholesome lesson. When I went into the brokerage business, I did not dream so much of my intercourse would be with men wholly devoid of conscience or principle. I am sick and disgusted. Last night I had expected to make two hundred thousand dollars by one transaction. To-day I find myself thanking heaven and you that I got out without losing any thing. I am tired of such chances. I do not feel that I can enter into contracts with men like Brisket and Danbury without compromising myself, and so I have decided to get out altogether."

"I understood that you were going out of business," said Helen, quietly.

"Yes, I am. I shall close up the office as soon as possible."

"I expected that; and—and I don't wish to trouble you, Mr. Wayne, but if you see an opening for me anywhere, would you be so kind as to recommend me?"

"I have just been talking to your mother," said Roland, bowing to Mrs. Archer. "I am going abroad. My health requires it; but I do not like the idea of going alone. I want you and your mother to accompany me. It will do you both good—indeed you need it as much as I—and I won't take a refusal."

This is how Helen Archer took her first trip to Europe. When she came home, Roland Wayne had given her a situation as—his wife.

A lady was urged by her friends to marry a widower, as an argument they spoke of his two beautiful children. "Children," replied the lady, "are like toothpicks—a person wants her own."

A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired: "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live anywhere now," replied the girl; "I am married."

AMONG THE VETERANS.

About 50 members of the Army and Navy Veterans' Society, under command of President John Nunn, were drawn up outside the Queen's Hotel in Toronto during his visit and the Duke of Connaught said he would like to have a look and a chat with the old boys. Then His Highness filed out into Front street and made straight for the veterans' column. He shook hands with every one of the 50 and asked many interesting questions. His Highness was as familiar with every medal, every ribbon, every clasp that adorned the breasts of the wearers as he was with the alphabet, and as he went from one to the other he readily called them off. "How long have you been in Canada and how are you doing?" he invariably asked each veteran. None of them could mention an incident in any of the great campaigns through which they had passed but that His Highness had heard of. His fund of information about every arm of the service and the numbers of the regiment seemed to be inexhaustible. He had a good word for each. Several of them assured His Highness that they remembered him as a mere boy at Woolwich; others had seen him at Aldershot, while others had fought under him.

But it remained till he reached Robert Hanks, of the noble 24th Regiment, that the height of his interest was reached. When Hanks mentioned the 24th the Duke said: "Then you must be one of the nine survivors of that gallant corps?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

"They were cut to pieces at——"

"Isandawana (Isandula). Your Highness," promptly replied Hanks. "Only nine of us got away and I had to cut down six Zulus to do it." Then Col. Cavaye stepped up and told Mr. Hanks that his brother, Capt. Cavaye had been killed at that awful butchery and that he commanded one of the companies of the 24th. This same regiment lost 700 men in 1845 at Chilla Walls. Mr. Hanks has been in Canada about three years. He is extremely modest. He keeps a provision store at Ontario and King streets.

This conversation was but one of many that passed between the Duke and the veterans.

His Highness was also introduced to Capt. Andrews, now stone blind, the saver of twodozen lives in Toronto bay, and after hearing his story promised the captain he would aid him in obtaining the Albert medal.

It was just 6 o'clock when this interesting scene with the veterans was over and the Duke filed into the hotel.—Toronto *World.*

A WONDERFUL CASE.

A British Columbian paper published at Victoria has the following:—A few days ago Dr. Copper was called to attend upon Miss Kelly, a young lady of this city, who was supposed to have broken her thigh bone by a sudden movement of the leg. Since childhood Miss Kelly has suffered from this leg, and for years has complained of a severe pain at the knee, but for which no reason could be assigned nor any remedy found. Not knowing the circumstances of the case, and supposing the bone had been broken Dr. Copper called on Dr. Hall to assist him in setting it. Together they went to Miss Kelly's home and made a thorough examination, which resulted in their discovering that the thigh was sound. Strange to say, the limb had the appearance of being broken, and a medium sized abcess had formed in the flesh. The doctors then tried to ascertain the history of the injury, but could learn nothing more than that Miss Kelly had had a fall from a rock some five years ago, and had bruised her hip. Then taking this fact to guide them, together with the painful symptoms, the medical gentlemen came to the conclusion that there was a disease of the hip bone, and that a splinter was causing the abscess and the excruciating pains. The abscess was poulticed for a few days to withdraw the inflammation, and yesterday Dr. Cooper and Dr. Hall prepared to remove the supposed splinter. In making the exploratory incision down to the bone they came across a hard substance, which proved to be a large-sized darning needle incrusted in the flesh surrounding the bone, the point of which had penetrated one and a quarter inches into the bone. After much trouble the needle was safely withdrawn, the decayed portions of the bone scraped, and the wound dressed. The case is one of the most wonderful that has ever come before the medical profession in this Province. It is supposed the needle penetrated Miss Kelly's foot when a child, and gradually worked up to the position in which it was found, and there is little doubt but the operation saved the young lady's life. Dr. Cooper feels confident Miss Kelly will be about again in a few days, completely restored to health and strength.

TIGERS IN ANAM.

The French officials in Anam have met with considerable difficulty in dealing with tigers, which are extremely numerous in that part of Indo China, nothwithstanding the large sums paid for their extirpation. Last year as much as 10,000 francs was paid to the slayers of this marauder. As payment is only made on the evidence of the skin and fangs is no room for. The *Temps* gives some interesting data about the depredations of the animal, and as evidence of his formidable character quotes the story of an official who requested a change of district because he was tired of administering in a territory which contained as many tigers as inhabitants. In other districts they are so numerous that no one would think of driving out after dark. The Anamese, in the hope of propitiating so formidable an enemy, have raised the tiger almost to the level of a divinity. Pagodas have been consecrated to him, titles of nobility have been conferred upon him, and he has been surrounded with a sort of religious cult. When they endeavor to take one, they only do so by means of elaborate stratagem, constructing deep pits and then then assailing the trapped animal when at a disadvantage. As there is very little game in Anam, the tiger has as much difficulty in finding food as man has in getting sport. The game of which he is fondest, and which also proves that he is something of a gourmet, is the wild peacock, so that the natives say "wherever there are peacocks there is sure to be a tiger."—London *Times.*

"Do you know," asked a gentleman at the bird show, "why robins are more intelligent than hens?" "No,' was the reply, "Because they are better posted in the higher branches."

Barbers always thrive where other men dye.

FLOWERS FOR MOTHER.

Those who live in crowded communities have no need to seek the pathetic in fiction. Real life is ever ready to draw tears from the eyes and help from the friendly hand. The Detroit *Free Press* says that a lady residing in that city one day answered a ring at her door bell and found a little girl shivering on the step.

"Please ma'am," said the waif, lifting her shy, beautiful eyes to the face above her, "will you give me a flower?"

The request was such an unusual one that the lady hesitated in surprise.

"Just one little flower!" pleaded the child, looking as if she were about to cry.

"Why of course you shall have a flower, child! Come in. You shall have a pretty red rose," and the good woman looked for her scissors and stepped to the window where the flowers grew. Before she had cut one a light touch fell on her arm.

"Not that one please; not a red one; that white one. Oh, won't it be just beautiful!" and the little girl pointed to a lily just unfolding its petals.

"That!" The mistress of the house shook her head. "I cannot cut that one, child. Why must you have a white one? Why won't any flower do?"

"Oh, because—because—because it's for poor mamma!" and the child burst into a violent fit of weeping. "Mamma is dead and I runned away to get her some flowers."

The next moment she was sobbing on the bosom of a new friend; and when she went away she carried the precious lily with other flowers to the home where death had been.

THE BRIGHTEST SPARKLES.

The largest perfect diamond in the world is now the Imperial, that was exhibited at the Paris Exposition last year, and which is valued at $1,000,000. This is the most valuable stone in the world, and is owned by a syndicate. The biggest and best ruby in existence is owned in London, and is valued at $50,000. It is related that the Duchess of Edinburg carried it all the way to St. Petersburg for the Czar to have a look at it. The finest private collection of pearls in the world is owned by Madame Dosne, sister-in-law of M. Thiers.

The biggest emerald in the world weighs 2,980 carats, and is in the Imperial Jewel Office, in Vienna. The largest and costliest cat's-eye in the world is owned by a Moorman of Ceylon, who dug it up himself from the mines. He has been offered as high as $9,000 for it, but declines to part with it at that figure, saying that if he liked, he could cut it up into 40 small pieces and sell each piece for about $5,000, aggregating pretty nearly $200,000.

CURIOUS FACTS RESPECTING MAN.

Every adult man has 1,400 square feet of lung surface; or, rather, the mucous membrane lining the air cells would, if spread on a smooth surface, cover an extent equal to the above figures.

A man breathes eighteen times a minute, and uses 3,000 cubic feet, or about 375 hogsheads of air per hour.

The weight of the heart in from eight to twelve ounces, and it beats 100,000 times every twenty-four hours.

The capacity of the stomach is about five pints; it daily produces nine pounds of gastric juice for the digestion of food.

An amount of blood equal to all the blood in the body passes through the heart every seven minutes.

The work performed by the heart is equivalent to raising its own weight 13,600 feet each hour, the strongest machine yet built by man can only raise its own weight to a perpendicular height of 2,700 feet per hour.

ELECTRICITY AND RATS.

There is no accounting for it, the men say, but somehow the electric light stations swarm with rats. Big rats and little ones gather in the dynamo rooms and boiler rooms alike, and have great larks playing about the floors until the men get a little leisure for scientific experiments. The simplest of these experiments is to so arrange metal plates that the rats, in scampering about the room, complete the circuit through their bodies. That ends the rat's larks instantly. The current is sometimes modified, however, so that it shocks without killing the brute. It is said that when one is shocked and let go the entire gang leaves the premises for a day or so, but either they forget about it and come back or a new lot takes their place, for the rat circus begins again within forty-eight hours.

The Rev. John McNeil, speaking of the necessity of laying hold of young men as early as possible, said he had on some occasion stated that if the new comer was not laid hold of during the first fortnight, he was lost. He had been corrected, and told he should have said forty-eight hours. The other Sabbath he was making his intimations, he looked up into the gallery, and and said, "There is a young man somewhere up there who has recently come up to London, and he has a letter of introduction to me which he has never delivered." During the course of that week two young men looking very sheepish, appeared in his study with introductions to him. One was a little ancient. If he had not said what he did these young men would have been lost probably that week.

MEMORY IN THE DOG.

Everyone knows that a dog has a good memory, but it would be hard to tell how far back its recollection of persons and things can go. Here is a touching story that throws some light on this point. A gentleman being unable to keep a dog in his London house gave it away when it was twelve-month old. Eight years afterward it was restored to its original master. At first it looked upon him simply as a stranger, and then began to walk round and round him, sniffing at him in a curious way, as much as to say, "There's something about you that is not perfectly strange to me. The creature grew more and more excited, but when he stopped and patted it and called it by its name, it gave what he described as a "scream of rapture," and jumped into his arms. From that moment it never left him. This is an instance of a dog nine years old remembering a person whom he had not seen for eight years."

SMALL EVILS.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not allowing trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones (alas!) are let on long leases!

For the Acton FREE PRESS.

THEN SAY, OH, SAY, YOU LOVE ME.

Say, oh say, you love me!
By the gloom that shades my heart,
When, fair girl, from thee I part;
By the deep impassioned sigh,
Half suppressed when thou art nigh;
By the heaving of my breast,
When thy hand by mine is pressed;
By these fervent sighs betrayed:
Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid?
Then say, oh say, you love me!

By the joy that thrills my frame,
To hear another praise thy name;
By my mingled dread the while,
Lest that one should woo thy smile;
By the blush that dyes my cheek,
Telling what I ne'er could speak;
By these fervent sighs betrayed,
Canst thou doubt my truth sweet maid?
Then say, oh say, you love me!

Heart and soul, more fond than mine,
Trust me, never can be thine;
Heart and soul, whose passion pure,
Long as life shall thus endure,
Take oh! take me, let me live,
On the hope thy smiles can give;
See me kneel before my throne:
Take oh! take me, for thine own,
And say, oh say, you love me!

C. E. A.

THE LARGEST GRAIN ELEVATOR.

The largest grain elevator in the world was built at Minneapolis Junction in 1886. The building is 336 feet long, 92 feet wide and 175 feet high. It has storing capacity for 2,000,000 bushels of grain within its walls. During its construction the carpenters and joiners used over 6,500,000 feet of lumber of all kinds, besides 32 car loads of nails, which, if packed, would make the enormous amount of 10,000 common kegs; the best calculators say that the actual number of nails used in the mighty building would fall but few, if any, under 20,000,000. The engine used is capable of handling 175,000 to 250,000 bushels of grain per day, or enough during the year to equal the combined productions of the State of Minnesota and the two Dakotas. Two hundred and fifty cars have often been loaded at this elevator in ten hours.—St. Louis *Republic.*

EDISON'S LITTLE JOKE.

"When the phonograph was a newer invention than it is at the present time Edison put one of the machines in a clock and placed it in a guest chamber. Being a great lover of a practical joke he also placed a friend in the guest chamber one night. Just as his friend was disrobing he heard a voice exclaim: 'Twelve o'clock; one hour more.' It is needless to say that slumber did not descend upon the eyelids of the visitor during that hour. At midnight the voice exclaimed: 'Twelve o'clock; prepare to die!' This was too much for the visitor, and he sprang from his bed and rushed to the library, where Edison and his friends were patiently expecting his appearance. The invention was soon explained and quiet restored."—Kansas City *Times.*

WHAT A CENT CAN DO.

The common copper cent, the insignificant tenth part of a dime, can render useless the vast propelling force of steam. Place a cent before one of the front wheels of an engine in such a manner that it rests firmly on the track and against the wheel. Then, though the engineer puts on the greatest possible head of steam his engine will not move. That little copper must first be taken away. This bit of knowledge will be of value to him who wishes to delay a train several minutes for a procrastinating companion.—Albany *Journal.*

Why ought the slander to be made chief of detectives? Because it is impossible to escape it.

Stocks and bonds are called "securities," but that does not always make them such.

Somnambulism is believed to be an unconscious trance action.

A hypocritical fellow in Paris inscribed over his door: "Let no evil enter here." Talleyrand wrote under: "By what door does the owner enter?"

Why is the feeblest mustache like the sickliest child? Because it gets the most fondling.

A lisping boy was out in the back yard pounding on a tin pan. The father came home tired and sullen, and being disturbed by the noise, cried out: "What is that turned loose in the back yard, a wild animal?" The little fellow answered, "Yeth, thir, it's a pan-thir."

"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late," said a pompous guest; to which the good-natured hostess cordially replied; "Oh, my dear sir, don't mention it; I am sure that you can never come too late."

"Do you know, Jake, dat dere is some truth even in de biggest lie?" "Why, Sam, how can dat be?" Well, you see, Jake, it is a fac' dat de lie am a lie, an' dat fac', you see, is de truth ob de matter."

A thief is thus photographed:

"A cautious look around he stole—
His bags of chink he chunk,
And many a wicked smile he smile,
And many a wink he wunk."

JUST THE MAN FOR THE JOB.

A Massachusetts avenue lady wanted a coachman, and one was recommended whom she interviewed.

"I want a very safe and careful driver," she said.

"That's me, mum," responded the applicant confidentially.

"I'm nervous about horses, and I don't want to drive fast, and I don't want to go 'round the corners with a whirl."

"I know, mum, just what you wants. Them was my orders before, mum."

"Where were you engaged last?"

"Drivin' a hearse mum."

He got the place, and he is giving excellent satisfaction."

The Third page of the Toronto *Daily Mail* is noted for "Want" advertisements If you want to buy or sell anything. If you want a situation, a mechanic, a business, machinery, lodgings, if you have lost or found anything, or if you want to find out where anyone is, advertise in the Toronto *Daily Mail* and read the advertisements on the Third page of that paper The charge is Two Cents a word each insertion. Address *The Mail*, Toronto, Canada.

—Field corn, and turnip seed, all varieties to be had from T. H. HARRIS, Grocer.

—Maps and full information concerning rates, etc., over any route to Manitoba, the North West or the Western States may be had at the Grand Trunk Station, Acton.