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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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R. 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.

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

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Dentist.
Will be at Clark's Hotel every Friday

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Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN.

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Money to Loan.
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Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
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HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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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.

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(Successor to T. F. Chapman)
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

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

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INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
R. P. MOORE,
FREE PRESS Office, Acton

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

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Hard wood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.

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Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents,
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Halton, Peel, Wellington, Simcoe, York and Ontario.

Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.

Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.

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EXPRESS WAGON

24 x 12 Inches,

PRICE 50 CENTS.

BABY CARRIAGES. LAWN CROQUET.

Day has the Best Stock and lowest prices.

DAY + SELLS + CHEAP.

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CAPITAL - $12,000,000
REST - 6,000,000

A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
JAS. H. FINLAY,
Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

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.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings,

IVORY OAK **FRAMES** SILVER GILT

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, &c.
6 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 20c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.

Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city

WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1871.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, - GUELPH.

Guelph Business College.

GUELPH, ONTARIO,

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN educated for successful business, taught how to earn a living, make money and become enterprising, useful citizens.
ACTUAL BUSINESS, both in theory and practice, giving daily experience in Merchandising, Banking and Office Work, a feature of our course of training.
SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING—the best field for educated young ladies. Students wishing to become shorthand writers are thoroughly drilled in Business Correspondence. Those wishing to become general verbatim reporters are given special advantages afforded by no other school in this country.
PENMANSHIP for business, drawing and ornamental work, taught by two expert penmen, of long teaching experience.
THE FRENCH LANGUAGE is taught by the latest development of the "Natural Method," and with remarkable results.
For circulars and terms, address
M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

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.

—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 8:8 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Wellington Mutual
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.
P. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.
JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

Hamilton's Marble Works.

HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the corner, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.

JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor,

Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 15 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.

N.B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days.

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 and satisfactory workmen complete satisfaction. Staining in all woods a specialty.
Orders left at my residence, Main St., Acton will receive prompt attention.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED.....$1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP.....600,000
REST.....35,000

GUELPH BRANCH,
Corner of Wyndham and Quebec Streets.

Advances made to farmers on their own notes.

Advances made to farmers on the security of sales notes.

Sales notes collected and no charge made for collecting.

Deposits of $1 and upwards received in the Saving's Bank Department and 4 per cent. paid.

A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.
Guelph, December, 1890.

GRINDELL'S
MACHINE & REPAIR SHOP

In addition to machinery repairing I am now prepared to do

HORSE SHOEING & General Blacksmithing,

In a most satisfactory manner. Woodwork, repairs also made.

Careful attention given to all work brought in.

Any machine or implement by whomsoever manufactured will be repaired in a work manlike manner.

Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand.

HENRY GRINDELL.

SEASON---1891

WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past, we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of

Sash, Doors, Etc.

and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.

Frames of All Kinds

made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.

Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1 50 per M.

PUMPS

Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.

Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

IRELAND'S
Desiccated Wheat

For Dyspeptics and anyone with weak digestion.

TRY IT.

THE IRELAND NATIONAL FOOD CO., (Ltd.)
TORONTO.

THIRD YEAR IN CANADA FOR
Cline's Portable Foot Heater.

Over 500,000 in use in Canada and the United States.

Ten Hours Solid Comfort for 2c.

Invaluable for use in all sorts of vehicles, in the household, and in stores and offices.
Now is the time to send in your orders. Write for samples and prices to

The Cline Manufacturing Co
28 FRONT ST. WEST TORONTO.
AGENTS WANTED.

GENTLEMEN

Order now your

Fall Suit And Overcoat

New Goods Specially Imported for my Trade.

Choice Patterns.

Fit, Style and Workmanship the Best.

Prices the Lowest.

My Specialty, Perfect-Fitting

$4 Pants to Order.

R. E. NELSON,

Fashionable Clothier,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.

J. C. NELSON

WANTS

TO SEE

YOU

For he has what will suit you

—IN—

DRY GOODS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

AND GROCERIES.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

Poetry.

HOW TO HARMONIZE CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The contentions between labor and capital might all be harmonized if the opposing forces could be pervaded and governed by the spirit of the old fable which we give below. What is needed by both sides is mutual assistance. Here is the way of the old fable:—

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

A mild, very lame
Was a little to blame
To stray far from his humble abode;
Hot, thirsty, benighted,
And heartily tired,
He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined,
A man who was blind
Came by and entreated his aid;
"Deprived of my sight,
Unassisted to-night,
I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give
Of the place where you live,"
Said the cripple; "perhaps I may know it;
In my road it may be,
And if you'll carry me,
It will give me much pleasure to show it.

Great strength you have got,
While, alas! I have not,
In my legs so fatigued every nerve is;
For the use of your back,
For the eyes which you lack,
My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the other poor man:
"What an excellent plan!
Pray, get on my shoulders, good brother;
I see all mankind,
If they're not inclined,
May constantly help one another."

Select Family Reading.

Constant and True.

BY CARL BRICKETT.

"What an industrious little thing you are, Thalia. I for one, fear that if mamma relied for her three quarts of berries upon me she would have to do without."

So saying, handsome Ida Minturn leans her head upon her white hand while she watches languidly her cousin's busy movements. It is a sweet, arch face that Thalia lifts to her as she smilingly answers:

"Tired already? Ida, I do believe you were born to be a drone in the hive—everything seems to weary you except going to parties and——"

"Flirting, I suppose you would finish with. Well, you are not far wrong, and, by the by, Thalia, I have found a new and delightful subject upon which to try my powers of fascination. Pa should have thought twice before he engaged such a handsome overseer. To be sure, he is cold and distant, but you'll see yet how expressive I can make his dark eyes look."

"A delicate pink rushes to the younger girl's fair face as she springs to her feet, almost dropping her pail of berries.

"Ida Minturn, I am ashamed of you! Indeed I was going to finish my sentence in no such way. I detest the very word flirtation, and I do not believe Mr. Holmes would stoop to such a thing."

"Thalia, child, how seriously you do take things. If you could see how dramatic you look—fiery, outstretched hand and all! But here comes Mr. Holmes himself. I believe I will tell him of your enthusiastic defence. I doubt not but it would amuse him."

"Oh, Ida, please don't!" and Thalia's cheeks grew to the deepest rose as she pleads. But there is no need for fear, as with merely a grave, courteous lift of his straw hat Mr. Holmes passes on to where in a distant part of the field, some men are engaged at their work.

The golden summer months flit gently by, and it is not long before it is plainly evident to all eyes but Mrs. Minturn's how affairs are tending between the handsome young overseer of the farm and the gentle girl, who, for the past three years, has made her home with her aunt.

"I think he is perfectly splendid," Ida says, candidly, as with many blushes Thalia confesses the fact of her engagement, "but mamma will never consent, and I myself think you're very foolish, Thalia. Love is all well enough, but I, for one, have too much ambition to throw myself away on a poor young man. I look for a coronet at the very least, and you, with your pretty face, might certainly do better."

"Better! Ah, no!" And Thalia's face is more than pretty—beautiful—as she speaks. "My Harry is noble and good. What could be better than that? And if he is poor, I am too, but I count myself rich in his love!"

Ida is right in prognosticating her mother's disapproval.

"Engaged! And to a man not worth a penny, and of whose family one knows nothing about! Thalia, I am shocked. I have seen that you were very friendly, but I had no idea of this, for we have all treated Mr. Holmes with more consideration than his position calls for. And what will your uncle say? Just what I do—that the affair must be stopped at once. I am your guardian, Thalia, and until you are of age you can contract no marriage without my consent. You know that, and I say that this engagement must be broken."

And all Thalia's tears and pleadings are of no avail. Mrs. Minturn is firm. In two weeks' time they will go to the city, and she decides in her own mind that she shall then see that her niece is plunged into the very vortex of that fashionable life from which as yet her tender years have kept her.

It is a cruel blow to Harry Holmes, for relying on his employer's evident friendliness, he has suffered himself to build high hopes.

"Three years! Oh, Thalia, your love will never survive such a test."

"Have no fear, Harry," Thalia answers, resolutely, "for neither time, place, nor surroundings can alter my heart, and when our time of probation is over, and I am my own mistress, you have only to come and demand your own—for I shall be yours then as now."

In the belt that clasps her slight waist nestles a cluster of daisies. Stooping, Harry disentangles them from their fastening.

"I will keep them, Thalia, as a remembrance of your words. And now I have something to tell you. Since your uncle told me the other day that, after this week, my services would no longer be needed, I have received a communication from England which has decided me to go there at once. It is a letter from an uncle of whose existence until now I have been ignorant. My mother never mentioned her family—not even when she felt the approach of death. But you can understand better to read for yourself."

This is what Thalia reads:

"Mr. Henry Holmes—My dear nephew: I have only just learned of your mother's death, and that my sister left a son, and that he and you are one and the same. This letter will undoubtedly be a surprise to you, as, from my sister's solemn vow made to me as she left her home, I know that you can never have heard my name. Let me explain: At an early age your mother and myself were left orphans. The time went by, and your mother met and became attached to one whom beyond all others I disliked, and for just cause.

They were engaged and married in spite of my vehement protestations. I refused to sanction to marriage, or to be present at the ceremony. Margaret had to the full the impetuous character of our family. On the eve of her departure for her future home in America she came to me and said: 'Stephen, henceforth do not ever expect to hear aught of me or mine. You have chosen to wound me in the tenderest feelings of my nature, and to insult him who is now my husband. I shall never forgive you. Never again to my dying day shall your name, or any allusion to you, pass my lips. I sever the connection between us. Should I have children they shall grow up in ignorance of any relatives save those on their father's side. I have pledged my husband to a like vow, and it shall be kept.' Before I could recover from the surprise her implacable words had caused, she had gone. That was the last time I ever saw her.

Now my nephew, your mother's vow was wrong, and I have no doubt that ere she died she would have gladly recalled it. I am old and alone in the world, and in sad need. You are young and strong, and to you I turn. I implore you as the last of my family, the only one living upon whom I have any claim, to come to my succor if it be possible for you to so.

Your uncle, STEPHEN HARTLEY.

"I am glad you are going, Harry," Thalia said, as she finished reading. "Poor old man, all alone in the world and needing aid—his is a hard lot."

"I know you would feel just so, my darling," Harry answers; and then, the letter forgotten, they talk as lovers delight to do, until the moments flying by, bring at last the dreaded time of departing.

"Who is drone now, Thalia Rivers, I should like to be informed!" exclaims Ida, one evening, coming into her cousin's room fully arrayed in an exquisite ball costume. "It is almost time to be going, and here you sit with that everlasting picture in your hand! Thalia! Thalia! haven't you forgotten that nonsense yet?"

No, Thalia has not forgotten, although the past three years have been a bewildering time to the girl's shrinking, retiring nature. She is growing more accustomed now to the thousand demands and forms of society, but they weary her infinitely.

Not one word since their parting had she heard from her lover, but, as she had truly told him, "neither time nor place can change her heart," and deep down in its pure recesses is still enshrined one handsome, dark face with grave brow and speaking eyes.

"What do you think Renie Andrews told me this morning?" Ida says a month later.

"I'm sure I do not know," Thalia replies, looking up from the book she is reading.

"Well, what would you say if my coronated destiny were even now on his way, America-ward? Renie tells me that her cousin from England is to arrive in time for her fete, and that with him is to come a veritable Crœsus and heir to a prospective title. Renie says that he is handsome, too, for she has seen his picture. I tell you what, Thalia, I feel it in my bones—as nurse used to say—this young stranger will not return to his ancestral acres as he comes. Some American girl will certainly captivate him; and why should it not be your humble servant?"

By the time her cousin is through, Thalia's face is full of the amusement she cannot repress: but Ida is too much engrossed with her pleasant fancies to notice or be offended. The same afternoon the postman brings a letter to Thalia, addressed in bold, manly characters. She has never seen Harry's writing, and yet her fingers tremble, and her soft cheek flushes, as she opens the envelope; for something tells her whose hand penned her name. Inside are only a few lines:—

"DARLING THALIA—If I may still call you so—this day in which I write brings you your twenty-first birthday, and the end of the period of our probation. If you remember, and still adhere to, the words you said as we parted, send to me a cluster of flowers like to those I took from you as a remembrance, and which I have worn ever since close to the heart that beats now as fervently for you, and you only, as it did then, three years ago. HARRY."

An address follows, and the outgoing mail bears with it Thalia's answer. What it is the reader may surmise.

The weeks glide by, and at length, to Ida's great delight, the day of the looked-forward-to garden fete dawns. As the cousins enter her room for her criticism and approbation, Mrs. Minturn may be pardoned for the proud glance she bestows upon her daughter, for seldom before had Ida looked more regally handsome than she does to-day in the rich costume skillfully fashioned to display every perfection of her superb figure. But there might be some whose eyes would wander and rest, with even more pleasure, upon the dainty loveliness of the graceful form by her side. Thalia is all in white—as she frequently chooses to be—with knots here and there of her favorite golden-hearted daisies for her only adornment. But the quaint simplicity of her dress suits the girlish style well. The afternoon is waning, and as yet no distinguished stranger has made his appearance.

It is warm, and a little tired by a game of lawn-tennis in which she has been on the defeated side, Thalia leaves her companions and strolls off by herself to where, beneath the shadow of a great tree, a rustic seat woos her to rest. Throwing aside her hat, she leans her head upon her hand, and for a while loses herself in a happy day-dream. Suddenly a step approaches, and a hand takes hers in its clasp, while a well-remembered voice speaks her name.

With blue, startled eyes Thalia springs to her feet to find herself drawn to a warmly-beating heart.

"Do you know me, Thalia?"

"Yes," she whispered; "it is my lover come back to me."

He laughs—a joyous laugh.

"My constant darling!" he murmured. "And you still are ready and willing to leave your luxurious home and become a poor man's wife?"

"We will not be poor, Harry, for we shall be rich in love, and that is God's best gift."

A look of almost adoring affection fills the young man's earnest eyes as they rest upon the sweet, downcast face.

"I have something to tell you, little one, he says, "that will surprise you. I went to England expecting to find a relative, old, poor, and needy; I found an uncle, titled, and the sole representative of a rich and powerful family. His letter had been worded thus, to try me. He was in need, he said, of affection. I found him waiting and longing for [illegible] love I had dared to win, and [illegible] to-day his heir, waiting [illegible] wife

Forgiveness.

Of all human virtues, none is so difficult to compass as that of full frank forgiveness. No word is so often said, and nothing is more seldom done, and no gap between the word and the thing is more carefully concealed. Friends fall out, and "I forgive you" ends the sorry drama; but the assurance is rarely solid—the sound strikes the ear, but the echoes die away before they reach the heart, and the breach thickly covered for show not service. "I forgive, but I cannot forget," is also a favorite phrase with those who try to serve two masters. But not to forget is not to forgive, in the true sense. When we thoroughly forgive, we do not remember, nor do we wish to remember, the wrong done.

Singleness of Pursuit.

Absolute singleness of pursuit almost means a mind always in one attitude, an eye that regards every object, however many sided from one point of view, an intellectual dietary beginning and ending with one article. Exclusiveness of this kind is apt to produce serious evils. It disposes each man to exaggerate the force and value of his own particular attainments, and perhaps thereby with his own importance. It deprives the mind of the refreshment which is healthfully afforded by alternation of labor, and of the strength as well as the activity to be gained by allowing varied interests to evolve and put in exercise its wonderfully varied powers.

who loved me when poor and obscure, and who, I trust, will care for me just as much in my changed circumstances."

"You are a lucky little thing!" Ida says, when the truth is made known to her, "and I think that your case proves that it pays to be constant and true.

And much to her worldly mother's chagrin, a year later, instead of waiting for the often talked of coronet, Ida gives her handsome self, indifferently, and listlessly left behind, to a poor young bank clerk whose only claim to consideration is an honest, loving heart.

HOW PEOPLE SLEEP.

Though it is true, as the author of a school composition once asserted, that "Sleeping is a universal practice among all nations," it is also true that there is a great diversity in the methods of sleeping among people of different nations, and different ways of life. The things which one person needs to make him sleep are precisely the things which would keep another awake all night. Even the sedative medicines which put one person immediately into a heavy slumber excite another into a condition of nervous restlessness.

The European or American in order to sleep well, ordinarily requires a downy pillow under his head: but the Japanese, stretching himself upon a rush-mat on the floor, puts a hard, square block of wood under his head, and does not sleep well if he does not have it.

The Chinaman makes great account of his bed, which is very low indeed,—scarcely rising from the floor,—but is often carved exquisitely of wood; but it never occurs to him to make it any softer than rush mats will render it.

While the people of Northern countries cannot sleep unless they have plenty of room to stretch out their legs, the inhabitants of the tropics often curl themselves up like monkeys at the lower angle of a suspended hammock, and sleep soundly in that position.

The robust American often covers himself with a pile of blankets and throws his window wide open to the air, even in the winter time, and he does not complain if he finds a little drift of snow across the top of his bed in the morning.

The Russian on the contrary, likes no sleeping place so well as at the top of the big soapstone stove in his domicile. Crawling out of this blistering bed in the morning, he likes to take a plunge in a cold stream, even if he has to break through the ice to get into it.

The Esplander crawls, head and all, into a bag made of reindeer skin, and sleeps, warm and comfortable, within it. The East Indian, at the other end, also has a sleeping bag, but it is more porous than the Esplander's. Its purpose is to keep out mosquitoes more than to keep the sleeper warm.

While the American still clings to his feather pillow, he is steadily discarding his old-fashioned feather-bed in favor of the hair or straw mattress. The feather-bed is relegated to the country, and many people who slept upon it all through their childhood find themselves uncomfortable upon it in their maturity.

The Germans not only sleep upon a feather bed, but underneath one. The feather covering used in Germany, however, is not as large or thick as the one which is used as a mattress, and the foreigner who undertakes to sleep beneath it often finds his feet suffering from cold, while his shoulders are suffering from heat.—*Youth's Companion.*

AN OLD CANADIAN LADY'S LIFE.

To-day Mrs. John Winer enters upon the ninety-first year of her life. She was born on a farm near Niagara Falls, on the Canadian side of the river, Aug. 28th, 1801. Most of her life has been spent in Hamilton, for in the bloom of young womanhood she married her husband, the late John Winer, of this city, who died only four years ago. Both Mr. and Mrs. Winer, have been among the most highly and generally esteemed residents of Hamilton, and a host of friends will to-day wish for the venerable lady an extension of years sufficient to enable her to see the dawn of another century of life.

Mrs. Winer is physically feeble, but her mental faculties are still keen and vigorous, and she is quite able to transact the details of business. In honor of the anniversary she came downstairs to-day for the first time in six weeks.

All through her long life Mrs. Winer has been remarkable for energy and courage. In her girlhood Sarah Ryan (Mr. Winer's maiden name) was famed throughout the whole countryside for her fearlessness and daring. One exploit of hers when she was only twelve years of age, deserves to be recorded in history. The war of 1812-15 had been in progress for a year, and as her father's farm was near the frontier the child had become familiar with the sounds of battle and the sight of soldiers. She was intensely patriotic, and longed to do something to help the Canadian cause. Her opportunity came. A large American force had landed on the Canadian side, and cut off communication between a small Canadian force and the main British army. The Canadian officer in command wished to communicate with his superior officer without delay, but the difficulty was how to get the dispatches through the enemy's lines. In his dilemma he thought of little Sarah Ryan, whose fearless character and daring horsemanship he had often heard of. He asked the child whether she would carry the dispatches. She eagerly undertook the task and the papers were entrusted to her. The child accomplished her mission successfully, riding straight through the enemy's lines and never pausing in her long ride until she had placed the precious papers in the hands of the British commander. It was a deed scarcely less daring and heroic than the famous walk of Laura Secord.

Mrs. Winer enjoys the quiet evening of her life at her luxurious home on Main street east with her daughters Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Bregg. Another daughter Mrs. Dr. Cooke, mother of Rev. G. B. Cooke, Acton, lives in Chicago.—Hamilton *Spectator.*

In good company you need not ask who is the master of the feast. The man who sits in the lowest place, and who is always industrious in helping every one, is certainly the man.

The peculiar enervating effect of summer weather is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which "makes the weak strong."

THAT TELEPHONE GIRL.

The *Indicator* says that someone has written an operetta entitled The Telephone Girl. The operetta is said to be amusing and the *Indicator* is glad that someone has found someone amusing about a telephone girl." The *Indicator* never did and considers her, under ordinary circumstances, a "nuisance." Now, we like the *Indicator* real well we think the *Indicator* says a great many nice things, a great many fine things, and a great many things. But the *Indicator* is a little astray on the telephone subject. Yes. We "just love" the telephone girl. Excepting the wife of the poor clergyman with the large family, she is the most patient person in the world. And how her head aches sometimes, and how sore her brain gets and how monotonous are the days!

Ring to left of her,
Ring to right of her,
Ring in front of her
Volley'd and thunder'd.

Still she smiles. Yes, we know she does for when we ring up "Central" the smile slips along the wire to us, and we feel happier right away! Then we give our number and she repeats it so gently, the sound of the last named figure dying away like the refrain of a song. Now she has connected us, and we wait, and wait and wait; and she waits, and waits, and waits, dear soul! How can she know our embarrassment? But she does know, for soon a soft and sweet "Hello" comes over the wires, and there is something about that rising inflection in the last syllable that makes us feel so comfortable; it brings thoughts of home and mother and a bright fire and singing tea-kettle and warm hands and warmer hearts. We have nearly forgotten where we are, when she asks, as slowly and gently as ever, "Did you get 567,432,591?" No, we didn't, and before we know it she has helped us out of our difficulty, and we are telling that ice we bought yesterday, or ordering a ton of coal or a box of berries. O yes, there is a great deal that is very nice about the telephone girl, and we suggest that the *Indicator* call her up again, in his most musical voice. Let him put a little tenderness and sympathy in his tone, and we will wager our new gold pencil that her reply will sound to him like a song of home in a far country.

HINTS IN HANDLING GUNS.

A Boston correspondent of Forest and Stream writes:—

"Having been asked by friends frequently for advice for their boys in handling guns, I send you a digest of same. Perhaps, as the shooting season will now be on soon, you might think them worth publication:

"1. Empty or loaded, never point a gun toward yourself or any other person.

2. When afield carry your gun at the halfcock. If in cover let your hand shield the hammers from whipping twigs.

3. When riding from one shooting ground to another, or whenever you have your gun in any conveyance, remove the cartridges, if a breechloader; it being so easy to replace them. If a muzzleloader, remove the cap, brush off the nipple, letting down the hammers on wads—simply removing caps sometimes leaves a little fulminate on the nipple, and a blow on the hammer when down, discharges it.

4. Never draw a gun toward you by the barrels.

5. More care is necessary in the use of a gun in a boat than elsewhere; the limited space, confined action and uncertain motion making it dangerous at the best. If possible, no more than two persons should occupy a boat. Hammerless guns are a constant danger to persons boating.

6. Always clean your gun thoroughly as soon as you return from a day's sport, no matter how tired you feel. The consequence of its always being ready for service is ample return for the few minutes of extra labor."

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

A distinguished Englishman, returning to his own country after a careful study of American institutions, on being asked what he had seen that was most unlike England, answered: "The wireless dinner table of the great middle class."

Every saloon in North Dakota is closed, the result of the Supreme Court decision that liquor in original packages cannot be sold in that State.

Kansas, with 100,000 more people than Texas, has only one penitentiary with 400 prisoners, under prohibition. Texas, with less population and a liquor traffic, has two penitentiaries with 3,000 convicts.

There are now five Free Churches in Glasgow which refuse admission to membership to anyone engaged in the liquor traffic.

Of the 80,000 criminals in German prisons, 14,000 were arrested for crimes made under the influence of intoxicating drinks. And yet it is continually asserted that beer and wine do not degrade the Germans!

Coffee-houses have been established in England by business men on business principles. Sixty-five such restaurants are successfully operated along the docks in Liverpool. More than 80,000 men visit these houses daily, to the justified detriment of the ever-open saloon. The receipts amounts to $150,000 a year, paying 10 per cent. dividend to the stockholders.

And Still the Road Keeps on.

The man who stops his paper because something has appeared in its columns of which he does not approve, and does it with an air of regret that it is necessary to drive the publishers into bankruptcy, reminds us of the train dispatcher who requested an increase of salary, and threatened to quit if he didn't get it. The superintendent replied to his request by relating a story:

"When I was a young man," said he, "I once did as you are doing—I told the superintendent of the road what you have told me. He refused my demand, and I quit; and, would you believe it—that darn road is running yet!

Could Stand it if Sam Could.

They are telling this story on Sam Jones. Recently he was addressing a crowded audience and said: "I want everybody in this congregation who wants to go to Heaven to stand up." Of course almost everybody rose. Then he said: "Now, I want everybody who wants to go to the other place to stand up." At first no one stood up, but finally a long, lank and skinny individual in the back seats, about as fat as an umbrella, arose and said: "I don't exactly want to go to the other place, but I am willing to stand up rather than let the preacher stand all alone."

LESSONS IN ZOOLOGY.

A little brown bird sat on the limb of a tree
A swinging and singing as glad as could be,
And shaking his tail and smoothing his dress,
And having such fun as you never could guess.

And when he had finished his gay little song,
He flew down to the street and went hopping along,
This way and that way with both little feet,
While his sharp little eyes looked for something to eat.

A little boy said to him: "Little bird, stop!
And tell me the reason why you go with a hop;
Why don't you walk as boys do and men,
One foot at a time like a duck or a hen?"

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop,
And he laughed and he laughed as he never would stop.
And he said: "Little boy, there are some birds that talk,
And some birds that hop, and some birds that walk.

"Use your eyes little boy, watch closely and see
What little birds hop with both feet just like me;
And what little birds walk like the duck and the hen;
And when you know that, you'll know more than some men."

"Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk;
Every bird that has claws to scratch with can walk;
One foot at a time that is the way that they walk.

"But most little birds that can sing you a song
Are so small that their legs are not very strong
To scratch with, to wade with, or catch things.
That's why
They hop with both feet. They all know how to fly.

"I've many relations and each one of them sing
We're called Warblers and Feathers, and other fine things.
And whenever you meet them while out at your play
You'll see what I told you is true. Little boy,
good-day."

—*The Kindergarten.*

THANK THE CHIDREN.

They run our errands, up stairs for our books or slippers, our thimbles, our new magazines; down stairs to tell the servants this thing or that; over the way to carry our messages; to the post office with our letters and parcels.

They leave their play or their work a dozen times to oblige us, who are grown up bigger, stronger, and apt to be less absorbingly occupied than they.

No game of politics or business in later life will ever be so important to the man as ball and top to the little lad; and no future enjoyment of the little girl will ever be greater in degree and in kind than her present interest in her dolls and her playhouse. Let Johnnie and Jennie fly at our bidding, arresting themselves in mid-career of the play which is their present work, and also, half the time we quite overlook our own obligation to be grateful.

We do not say, "I thank you." And because we do not say it we make it difficult for our children to be as polite, as simply courteous, as otherwise they would be by nature and the imitation which is second nature to all children.

Dogs Help Each Other to a Drink.

The fountain on the Clark street side of the county building was the scene of a very funny incident the other afternoon. Two dogs, water spaniels, were trotting north when they came to this place and stopped for a drink. They were both thirsty, but neither was tall enough to reach the trough and they talked the matter over as dogs will, and wondered why they had not been treated with as much consideration as had the horses. Presently they solved the problem.

One of them ranged himself under the edge of the trough, and the other, resting his fore feet upon his companion's back, was able to reach into the pool and slake his thirst. When he had finished he hopped down, seemed to say the water was good, and then in turn ranged himself under the edge of the fountain and the other reached up for the drink he had earned. When he was satisfied they trotted away together, as well contented as any man could be who had met a problem and vanquished it.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE FRENCH MARRIED MAN.

When a man marries in France he becomes legally responsible not alone for the support of his wife, but for the support of her parents should they become destitute. This law is older than the divorce law, and there seems to be some defect in the provisions of the latter. A few weeks ago a young husband who had been divorced some time previously received a demand from his ex-mother-in-law for the usual instalment of alimony which he had allowed her. He naturally demurred, contending that as he was rid of his wife the law would surely not continue to saddle his mother-in-law upon him. But the Paris courts, where the mother-in-law carried the case, told the young man that he could not be unmistakable and he would have to continue to support his ex-wife's mother. He appealed to another court, which last week reversed the judgment of the lower court.