The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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1 inch	8.00	5.50	2.00	1.00

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the royal College of Dental Surgeons
None but first class operations performed
OFFICE Over the Drug store, ACTON

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

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—Kannawin's Block, Acton, up-stairs

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court, County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent Money to loan, etc
OFFICE—Matthews Block,
ACTON ONT

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE. H. E. STONE.

W. S. JACKSON,
Conveyancer, Notary Public Real Estate Loan and Insurance Agent
Money to loan at lowest rates
Office Day's Block, Georgetown

MARRIAGE LICENSES
J. L. CHARLES,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office Charles & Co's Grocery,
Mill Street.

JAMES HUTCHEON
Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer
Office, adjoining J. A. Mowat's Meadowbank street, Guelph

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT,
GUELPH ONT
OFFICE.—Wyndham Street.

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OTTAWA, CANADA
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention etc
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks Send for pamphlet. Thirty two years experience

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

HANNAH NUNAN
BOOKBINDER
Wyndham St. Guelph Ontario
(Over Williams Store)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound in fine neatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP
MILL STREET ACTON
No easy shave, a stylish hair cut a good one, an exhilirating shampoo, always a given. Razors honed and put in first class condition Ladies and children's hair tastily cut
J. & H. WORDEN Tonsorial Artists

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 726, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON's Block (formerly Hatch's Block) the gore, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor,
The only direct importer in Guelph of Swedish, American and other superior Granites Lithoxine and Marble A large stock to select from and none but superior workmen employed

Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand
Telephone communication

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash, Doors, Frames, Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING
MATCHING,
and MOULDING
to order on shortest notice.
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

Rushing the Season
Some people think we are rather early with our baby carriages, but they are always in season. We have nice new goods, a splendid assortment and right prices. And if we don't do the trade of the town in BABY CARRIAGES it won't be our fault, we intend to do it cheap enough anyway.
Call and see them at
DAY'S BOOK STORE,
GUELPH.

Bank of Montreal
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.

THE WATERLOO MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Company.
ESTABLISHED IN 1863
HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO ONT.
Cash assets over $360,000 00
The aggregate amount insured in Western Ontario is over $17,000,000 00.
Ample assets for all liabilities.
All honest losses honorably adjusted and promptly paid.
OFFICERS
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GEORGE RANDALL, Vice-President.
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A. C. BIGGS, Agent,
BURLINGTON P O

ACTON
MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.
GRINDELL & WRIGHT.
Are well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to
MACHINERY,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
And to do all kinds of
STEAM FITTING
HORSE SHOEING and
GENERAL BLACKSMITHING
And woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner We can repair any machine or implement of any make Saw gumming and filing done
AGENTS FOR
FLEURY'S IMPLEMENTS AND REPAIRS
GOWDY'S CELEBRATED LAWN MOWER, high wheel, high speed
Grindell & Wright.

NEW
SPRING
HATS.
EXCLUSIVE
STYLE
ALL THE
NEWEST
COLORINGS
REALLY
CHOICE
GOODS.
CLOSE
PRICES
FOR CASH
R. E. NEW
Hat Tailor and Hatter
90 Upper Wyndham

Guelph Business College
Stands head and shoulders above all rivals It is not 200 miles to any other College, the fields of its influence extending from Great Britain in the East to British Columbia and California on the West, but it has also developed into a great
College of Language.
Being at present the only practical Business College in Canada that does not employ agents to canvass for students, it can do so much for its patrons that other such favorable terms. The ambitious, wide awake business student will attend no other
For a copy of the illustrated Circular containing full particulars, address,
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont.

SEASON---1894
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
Acton

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 687,400
Rest 75,000
GUELPH BRANCH
4 per cent. paid on sums of $1 and upwards deposited in the Savings Bank department and paid or compounded every six months
Deposit Receipts issued.
Farmers notes discounted.
The collection of sales notes a specialty.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. E. H. JONES,
Manager

When
You
Want
Hardware
at
Hard-pan prices
it is not
Hard for you to get
but it is
Hard for us to keep
so much
Come in and see us
and we will try
Hard to please you
at
BOND'S
Hardware Store,
GUELPH.

New Arrivals
OF SPRING SHOES.
See the Novelties
in Footwear, at
THE
LEADING
SHOE
STORE
W. McLaren & Co
GUELPH.

OUR
PRICES
TALK
We don't spread out our advertising over a whole page, but our prices talk loud enough for the whole paper.
P. SPRAGGE.
The People's Popular Furniture Store
Upper Wyndham St
Guelph

30 First-class Bicycles To Choose From
W. BARBER & BROS
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
AND
A HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills
WM BARBER & BROS

It is Money
We want.
Ten Per Cent discount for cash for a few days off
Pictures, Frames, Fancy Goods, Cornice Poles, Artists Materials, Wall Papers.
WATERS BROS.
The Picture Gallery,
St. George's Square, Guelph.

—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 trains between 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. Careful attention given to everyone
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS

Poetry.

WISHING THE WINTER WAD GANG.

I'm wishin' the winter wad gang, wad gang,
Wad tak' a bit thochtie an' gang,
And tak' his cauld breath
That works sorrow an' skaith
Awa' frae amang us oo lang.

I've never been richt ain' he cam', he cam',
I've never been strauchtin' his cam',
I've a steek in my back,
An' a creak in my neck,
An' a face like a sorrowfu' psalm.

I've ha'en a'the ach-es yer could name, could name,
A' the hert-breakin' pains ye could name;
Frae my tae to my crown,
I've been raxed up an' doon,
An I'm sure for them a' fo's to blame.

The birdies are chitterin' sair, sae sair,
Are shiv'rin an' shakin' fu' sair,
Wi' the frost an' the sleet,
An' mair nae thing tae eat,
I'm fearin' they'll whustle nae mair

I mun me no' yers lang syne, lang syne
It's may be some twa'ree year syne,
When s'ey cauld breath
Wiana laden wi' death,
An'I liket his blusterip' fine.

Fegs, the claith that's a makin' the noo, the noo,
Is no' the ralgauld fashioned no,
An' the least fluff o' win'
Gars ye shake in yer shune,
The way it comes whustlin' thro'

Oh, I m'wishin' the winter wad gang, or lang,
Wad tak' a bit thochtie an' gang
For I'm langin' to see
The roots launch on the lea,
An' to hearken the birdie's lilt sang

Select Family Reading.

Golden Idols

A COUNTRY STORY

Squire Freshwater replied a hand to his wa'mus pocket and jumped up so suddenly that the little family of Plymouth Rocks gathered about his feet fled shrieking to their mother who was prospecting contentedly in Black Prince's manger. "I clean forget that letter, now that's the naked truth. Dee-clare! I didn't mean to forgit the gal that way. Most likely she's out in the spring house; it's churnin' day. So I'll take it out there; she'll want to read it right off."

A minute later he tiptoed away from the springhouse, silent and unseen "Good Lord!" he said, taking great strides down the orchard "Good Lord! I never'd a believed it"

Something seemed to ail the squire that day His wife noticed it Hattie, too, caught him looking hard at her at the dinner table. "Well, father," she asked good naturedly, "is my hair done wrong?"

"Your hair? No, 'taint your hair, my gal, 'taint your hair"

Mattie startled a little at this, but forgot it a minute later

That night, after the rest had gone up to bed, he went over and shut the stair door carefully

"I say, Marthy," he began, running his brown fingers through his hurricane of white hair, "did you ever think did you ever notice anything wrong about our Mattie?"

It was out now, and he whacked at and and faced her desperately She looked up at him through her silver bowed glasses with a gentle stare of amazement

"Mattie?" she said, "anything the matter with her! What do you mean?"

"I mean this, I there's something the matter with her soul I'm afraid she's an infidel a heathen that's it"

A shade of alarm crept over his wife's face

"You see," he went on, "I got a letter for her last night and clean forgot to give it to her till the middle of the afternoon, an' then knowing she'd be in the spring house, I took it out to her, that is, I went to the door, an' now I'm a-tellin' the naked truth our gal were a standing there by the table She'd made an idol, mother, a little idol out o the butter, an' she were a standing there before it a washupin' it It just minded me of the Israelites an' their golden calf But, good Lord! is it a thing to laugh at, woman? Are you turned heathen, too?"

She choked down her laughter in a minute, and sat up in her chair "I do declare Nate, I never heard anything so funny in all my born days"

"Funny!" he began with a sudden alertness in his tone

"But 'twant an idol" she interrupted "that's what's funny It's your mistake You see, Nate, when Mattie was down to Elmwood to the high school, she took a great fancy to wood carving and sculpture and such things, and so once in a while she tries her hand at it the while she works over the butter"

The squire put both feet squarely on the floor and laid his hands carefully on his knees, inspecting them attentively to see that each was properly placed, and square in the middle Squire Freshwater abhorred anything crooked or out of plumb

"Marthy," he said, presently "I'm a big fool Let's go to bed"

Out in the fragrance and coolness of the spring house, Mattie sang and worked in the fresh spring mornings The spring bubbled up crystal clear it its dark slate stone basin in the corner and then slipped away under the wall, and with a happy gurgle at being free again, it ran off singing and sparkling through bird haunted orch, and and meadow Outside the door, the apple blossoms swung in all their pink and white loveliness, and among them Robin had himself, and sent out drifts of song through the fragrant air

Round and round went the handle of the yellow churn, "chu-dung, chu-dung and by and by, after a few satisfied peeps and dashes of cold water, the golden lumps were lifted out into a big wooden bowl

Down in the south patch, her father caught pow and then, snatches of her singing, and leaned on his toe to listen.

"Dee clare" he said with a satisfied smile "It makes me feel a powerful sight better, now that s the naked truth, to know she's all right, I thought sure she was a washpin' that butter figger, like them Israelites

By and by the song was hushed Over and over, and round and round, she worked the yellow mass, then with a skilful touch and pat it began to shape, and she stood before it, rapt and eager, changing and shaping till the little model was perfect and complete.

A month before, young Dr. Brook had told her that he loved her. After the first startled heart-throb, she had said that she thought every girl ought to know how to earn a living, and that she had never proved that she could.

"But can't you trust yourself to me?" he had asked, and then went on to tell her how he had waited till he could get a little home, and a little store laid by, to begin on and now that it was accomplished, he wanted her and wanted her very soon.

The young lady had some very decided opinions, and this was a pet theory of hers and one that she had much advocated of late, so she shut her red lips very tightly, and said that she wouldn't marry him until she had proved that she could be independent, if necessity demanded.

"But I've waited so long," he said, with his eyes shining even in the dark, "and now you say I must wait again. I'm afraid I believe I have heard it said that women are false, but I thought I had found a true one."

Mattie drew away from him, a little haughtily. "Am I less a true woman because of this?" she asked with a sudden flash in her eyes.

"But you know how lonely I am, how comfortless my life is, and you will not come to me. You don't care for me!"

"Oh, I do! I do!" she cried

And then he had gone back to the very beginning, with arguments and persuasions and coaxing words. The end of it was, she wouldn't. That is, she would only give the very uncertain promise of "Sometime, perhaps, when she had proved certain things," and with that he had to be content.

His boarding house at Elmwood had never seemed so dingy and comfortless as it seemed in the months that followed, nor his room so dark and dreary

Mattie had gone to work in earnest. She drew her fifty dollars from the city bank and bought another cow, not a full blooded Jersey because her father thought they "wan't likely to be as healthy nor do as well as part Jersey" The red cow, Cherry, belonged to her, also little spot, that she had begged from her father, when in its calf hood it had gone lame and been condemned to death Careful nursing had brought the little creature through, and now she was as "pert a creature as there was on the place."

She made some chicken coops for her big plymouth Rocks to go to housekeeping in, and gave a dozen more of them nests full of big brown eggs to brood over.

One Saturday she had harnessed Black Prince to the buggy and gone to the city on a secret errand, with a mysterious looking box on the seat beside her. In the box was a roll of the new little Jersey's butter, hard and yellow, wrapped in a snowy cloth and lying in a nest of fresh green grass, and on the roll was the prettiest of apple blossom sprays, carved that morning in the spring house They were delighted with it at the Women's Exchange, and promised to take all she would bring, so, when she turned homeward, there was a little triumphant sparkle in her eyes

In due time, the little dwellings in the orchard were filled with peeping, downy families, and she was busy as a bee, too busy to see Dr Brook when he rode by and bowed to her

Hosts of new ideas came flocking down to her in the spring house, and one day she carried out a new one, and when the last little touch was done there were twelve little golden lions on individual butter plates It was never warm in the spring house so they kept firm and hard

Next day she drove to the city in the early morning There happened to be a young woman at the Exchange looking for some of this very butter the "Freshwater butter" having already made itself a name at the Exchange, and when she saw Mattie's box, she spoke quickly and said she was very sure her mistress would buy the little lions, because she was going to have her friend to tea. Thus Mattie disposed of her little family of lions

Summer went by The chickens lost their first fluffy prettiness, and got themselves cunning little gay wings A thieving hawk captured two or three, but the rest grew up happy and cheerful, playing "hide and seek" and hunt the grasshopper all day in the long, lush grass, and at night creeping under their mother's wings with sleepy little "chee-p, chee-p," which the mother answered with a soft, deep voiced crooning note like a lullaby

The little new cow proved a regular daisy, and Mattie christened her "Daisy" Daisy was the pet of the farm

When the county fair time came Mattie was fuller of mysteries than ever, only she took her father into her confidence, and he brought home mysterious somethings in his wagon wrapped in old carpets and packed in boxes, and on Tuesday he drove off to the fair with a great wooden box on the wagon The rest were all curious but Mattie only shook her head

One of the prettiest exhibits of the Farm Products department was the display of butter It was in a small glass show case, that had been paved with crystal blocks of ice, and on this crystal foundation was a castle built of solid golden butter, towers and turret and battlemented wall, all complete with two tiny sleeping lions on either side of the entrance The card had on it Mattie Freshwater's name, and late that afternoon a gay red card was tied on the corner

The chickens flourished, the cattle throve and the little golden lions grew in great demand Four months later, when she cast up her accounts, she found that she had an even two hundred dollars besides the cows and the thirty lions, and she announced the fact with a gleam of triumph in her eyes

Dr Brook fared badly the next time he saw her She had grown so very independent that she had almost decided not to marry any man Women who didn't marry were better off nowadays anyhow But when a few minutes later she stood at the sitting room window, and heard his horse's hoofs go leaping down the frozen road, she turned and ran up stairs and never stopped till she was in her own room, with the door locked When the clattering of the hoofs had died wholly away in the distance, she turned and threw herself on the bed and neither moved nor spoke for an hour

With the coming of winter days, the spring house had been deserted, and the butter had to be made in the wide, shining, farmhouse kitchen When next churning day came, there was no singing, no linger ing over the task, no toying with the golden mass, but a sober substance fill it was done and put out of sight. Golden idols had lost their charm

The March night was shutting down, cold and gloomy. There was no sunset, but a swift, down swooping darkness that blotted out the world with a sudden night. The Squire had been having a "touch of fever," and Dr Brook had stopped to see him. Before he was ready to go, the evil promise of the day had been fulfilled, and they forbade his venturing forth. So he sat down again to wait till the fury of the wind and storm should spend itself.

But the downpour was continuous, the steady rush and roar of waters did not cease. Great thunderous gusts of wind, in grand crescendo, swept up from the far reaches of field and meadow, and hurled themselves against the house until it shook and trembled. The great maples outside writhed and twisted in the gale; the rain dashed heavily against the window and caught the firelight's glimmer as it streamed down the glass. But within was peace. The pleasant firelight flickered and did merry battle with the soft brown shadows; there were friendly voices; a face in a shadowy corner half revealed; and in and out, through roar of incoming winds and soft rain-like silences, the words of an old song sung themselves over and over in his brain.

"And her face is the fairest
That ever the sun shone on,
That ever the sun shone on,
And deep blue is her eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die."

But time came and the storm still raged. Squire Freshwater, after a brief survey of the windswept outer world, came back remarking that 'twas "the worst okinokahul storm he ever seen." When he opened the big family Bible for prayers, he happened to choose the fourth chapter of Hosea Slowly his brown finger crept down the page and his deep voice followed it. Dr. Brook listened idly, with his eyes on the shadowy face.

"Ephraim is joined to his idols," read the Squire, "let him alone."

Dr. Brook saw a sudden light sweep over the downcast face, and her eyes met his, full of tears. Then she slipped noiselessly from her seat and vanished through the open kitchen door Some way, after prayers he found his way out to her, where she stood faintly outlined against the pitchy blackness of the window And there and there, in the soft gloom and shadow, sweet and humble, she gave her hand into his, and the golden idols were dethroned.

When morning broke, clear and shining, with blue skies, and jubilant song of birds, Mattie peeped into the pantry where her mother was at work

"I can't keep chickens and cows in Elmwood, mother, what am I going to do about it?"

Her mother looked up with a quick, pleased glance.

So you are going to marry to Dr Brook!"

IN AN ARSENIC MINE.

How the Deadly Drug is Produced A Healthy Occupation.

Many points of interest are brought out in a description in a technical journal of the way in which arsenic is obtained from one of the most famous mines in England, the Devon Great Consols. The mine was originally worked for copper alone, and would have been abandoned but for the discovery that the waste thrown out as worthless when copper was sought proved rich in arsenic Although copper is still raised it is in small quantities, and the mine has been resolved into an arsenic works The arsenical pyrites consists of 25 to 30 per cent. of iron, 12½ to 14 per cent of arsenic and the rest of earthy matter After being crushed, this is sorted by girls of from 13 to 16 years of age. It is then washed and "jigged" or sifted, and passed on to the first calciner, where it is burnt with low class coal, and produces "arsenic soot" that is, arsenic so mixed with smoke soot from the coalers, to be a grey color The arsenic and soot, deposited in combination in the chimney or condenser, are scraped out and taken to the second calciner for purification These calciners consists of revolving iron drums, through which a fire of anthracite coal is carried on rotating iron furnaces kept red hot. As the arsenical soot is subjected to the influence of this heat the arsenic is sublimed and condensed. This operation has to be carefully watched, and if the workmen burn the arsenic badly they have to pay for it. Three men in four weeks will make 100 tons of arsenic The chimney in which the arsenic is condensed is a mile long It is carried to an incline up a hill, with iron doors in the side As the hot blast passes upwards it deposits a crust of arsenic crystals on the brickwork all around to a depth of from two to three inches, and a minute dust of crystals falls to the floor The smoke has then to pass into an upright chimney, 125 feet high, but just before doing so it has to traverse a shower of water, which catches what remains of the arsenic, nothing but sulphurous acid being allowed to escape The arsenic is liable to produce sores if permitted to lodge in wrinkles and folds of the flesh, or about the mouth and nostrils As a rule, however, this only happens when there is carelessness as to personal cleanliness, and the arsenic workers simply have to wash themselves that oughly every day on returning from work Otherwise the work is considered healthy It prevents all eczema, and the fumes of sulphuric acid, as well as the arsenical dust, are fatal to germs of the disease Most workmen remain at the works for a number of years without suffering, but occasionally the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, loss of appetite, nausea, frontal headache and anaemia declare themselves When this takes place the work has to be given up entirely The greatest danger to which the workmen are exposed is met when it is necessary for any purpose to enter the upright shaft The effect on the eyes is most painful, and a further curious evidence of the virulence of the pervading atmosphere becomes manifest The men wear linen garments, lined with flannel, and the sulphuric acid fumes completely destroy the linen in a few moments, leaving the flannel intact, so that the men go into the shaft in linen and come out clad in wool Fortunately, it is seldom necessary to enter the shaft, or great loss of sight would ensue

Before His Own Eyes, Too

An old farmer and his wife, who were taking a few days' holiday in London, and who had never been beyond their own village before, were standing in the bustle and flurry of one of the main thoroughfares wondering, hopelessly, how to get to the other side, when a policeman, seeing their distress, kindly took the old lady by the arm and led her safely to the other side.

Not knowing the ways of the Metropolis, the old man stood gazing after them, and exclaimed.

"I always said as how everybody took a fancy to her, but I never saw such a check as that, and before my own eyes, too!"

The marvelous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is based upon the corner stone of absolute merit. Take Hood's throughout the Spring months.

WHAT A LITTLE CROWDING DID

CHARLES N. LINNETT.

"Your coat looks soiled, as though you had been pushing against some one rather rudely."

That was what mother said to Bert when he came home from school and was getting ready to do the chores.

"I did crowd against Harry Roach, just a little. But he hit me first and didn't mind what I did the least bit."

And away Bert went, whistling, to the woodshed, as though he had fully convinced his mother that he had not done anything wrong.

When he came in at last he seemed in a great hurry, as one of the boys had come for him to go and play with him awhile. He looked quite impatient when he saw his mother quite a ways down the street and remembered she was going to make several calls.

"Hab won't care if I go off awhile with Nate," he said to himself. "I'll just write a note and pin it on the door, so she'll know where I'm gone, and she can call me if she wants anything."

He had been gone but a short time with Nate when his grandfather drove up to the door in his new, shining buggy.

"I don'ksee Bertie anywhere," thought he. "But I'll go in and see if he isn't at home, for he always likes to ride with me when I have the new horse and buggy."

And then grandpa spied the note which Bert had pinned to the door He read it as well as he could through his spectacles, and then said: "It sounds queer, but I guess I've read it right!" Then he drove away down street.

When Bert came home that evening, his mother said to him "Your grandfather was over to-day, and was quite disappointed that you could not go to ride with him."

"Why didn't he ask me? I was right close by where he could call me," said Bert in a troubled tone of voice.

"You left a note on the door and grandpa read it 'Gone 9 days,' and so he thought it was no use to look around for you."

Mother spoke very quietly, as she pointed to Bert's notice, which lay on the corner of the supper table.

"I wrote it 'gone to N Day's,' the boy answered, with rather a hot flush in his cheeks, "and I'm sure it was plain enough for anybody to read."

"Does look some like what grandpa read it, though," he was forced to admit when he looked closely at the paper. "But you see I was in a little hurry to go to Nate's, and so and so"

Crowded the letters up together a little, his mother added, as she glanced knowingly into his face.

"Yes, a small amount of crowding makes a difference, after all," the boy said honestly, as though he didn't mean to push any of his schoolmates on the way home from school the next day

IN A MINUTE

"Come in, Will, and get ready for school. It's nearly time for the last bell, and unless you come quickly you will be tardy."

"Yes, sir in a minute

When Will was called by his father he was tinkering a sled, but its needs were beyond his present capabilities, and his work would need revision by a better mechanic, so that it amounted to nothing, and besides being disobedient to a direct command he was wasting time in aimless diversion.

His father saw the situation and did not call again, concluding that his boy's fault of dilatoriness in many things must be mended if possible. Will did not intend to disobey, neither did he intend to be literally true to his promise He had an idea of obeying, but not in a minute, and that he would get to school in time, but the fulfilment of this in the circumstances was as reasonable as to suppose that the sun would stand still for his accommodation

He should have started promptly without presuming on the leeway of even an other minute

Certainly Will does not comprehend the importance of a minute. During this time that ray of morning sunshine now shining in his face has travelled eleven million two hundred and eighty thousand miles that it might reach him, and the earth has carried him eleven hundred miles in his journey around the sun

When Will was finally ready his father called him in to the library and informed him that he was writing an excuse as it would be necessary for him to have one, and asked what reason should be given Will dropped his head and made no reply "Come, I am waiting and every minute is important The boy began to realize it now, and also that it was necessary to give some reason for his tardiness The father, with a heavier heart than was throbbing in the breast of his boy before him wrote this

Mr. Will My son is late this morning on account of disobedience to his father I commit him to the regulations of your school Signed.

With this scrap of paper in his hand, a tear in his eye, and an unhappy heart within his breast, the boy made quick steps to school, but had time to read over the paper several times There was but one thing to do and that was give it to his teacher He would now give anything he possessed if he could be set back ten minutes

The teacher read the slip The explanation was decidedly unique and seemingly as frank. She saw the issue in the eyes of her pupil, comprehended the situation, and concluded he had received enough punishment for this transgression The lesson had the desired effect

Played out Now

"Now, said the intrepid explorer, after he had shown the guileless native the inside workings of the brass watch, and had watched his naive wonder at the mysteries of the mechanism, "I will let you have one of these for two tusks, then you can be the envy of the whole tribe."

The native gentleman yawned "I traded a second hand war club for a bushel of those things when I was at the World's Fair last summer," said he, "and not one of them ran for over a week

SIX OF ONE AND HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

Collector "Mr. Hardup'in?"

Mrs. Hardup "No, he's out collecting."

C. "That's what you told me the last time I was here."

Mrs. H. "Yes."

C. (sarcastically). "He don't seem to have much success."

Mrs. H. (as she slams the door in his face) "Seems to have as much success as you have."

GOOD INTENTIONS.

The wonderful things we have planned, Love,
The beautiful things we have done,
The fields we have tilled, the gifts we have willed,
In the light of another year's sun.
When we think of it all we are baffled,
Things so much that never comes true,
Because, Love, instead of our doing,
We're always just meaning to do

The friends we are wanting to help, Love,
They struggle alone and forlorn,
By trial and suffering vanished,
Perchance by temptation o'ercome;
But the lift and the touch and the greeting
That well might have aided through
The perilous strait of ill fortune,
They miss; we're but meaning to do.

We dream of a fountain of kindness,
We loiter along on its brink,
And toy with the crystalline waters
Forever just meaning to drink.
Night falls, and our tasks are unfinished
Too late our lost chances we rue
Dear Love, while our comrades were doing,
We, only were meaning to do

MARGARET E SANGSTER

MAGGIE'S DISMISSAL.

We had been very much troubled with our servants.

As a last hope my mother had gone to a Home for Training Destitute Girls, where she heard the following story from the matron:

"Maggie McFarlane came to me some time ago, homeless and friendless After a good deal of perseverance she at last was fit for service, and I got her a place in a well to do trades man's family I heard from her mistress that she was doing well, and was therefore all the more surprised when she suddenly appeared one night at half past eleven I of course took her in, but could get no idea of what had happened, except that she had not runaway but had been dismissed The next day I set out for Mrs Smith's, as the tradesman's wife was called After a little difficulty I found the house, and rang the bell several times before getting any reply At last the door was opened by a rather untidy woman who, upon my enquiring if Mrs. Smith were at home, had no enter, which I did After waiting some time a lady clad in rustling silks, and bedecked with pearls, but bearing a strong resemblance to the individual who had opened the door, entered

"I have come I want to inquire about Maggie McFarlane"

"Well, sit ye down," replied Mrs Smith with a strong Scotch accent "and I'll tell ye a' about it"

"For the first week or so Maggie did that weel, that I ga'ed her some claes, an then, says I to my man, says I, 'Could na we gie a wee bit party' and my man he says, 'Aye' Well, a' was ready we had tarts, and buns, and a things, and turkey and goose, and all things The company had come, and a friend was playin the piennay, and my daughter, who's a bonny lass, the I says it as should na, was standin' up with her young man as was paym attentions to her and a' was going reel weel when all of a suddint the door burst open and in stumps Maggie in her clean kep and apron 'Mrs Smith' she ken ye him'na had out the bawbee for the skum milk in the mornin' I turned fair blue I staggert tae the door and there I says 'Maggie McFarlane there s the door Go Au' now, mum, had ye hin in the place wi ye no ha done the same"

THE HONORARY MEMBER

From Harper's Weekly.

The recent action of the Society of California pioneers in expelling one of their honorary members, Hubert Howe Bancroft the historical writer, suggests that some eminent legal person should give the world a treatise on the rights and wrongs of honorary members of societies and clubs It would appear that the position of the honorary member is an anomalous one. Generally speaking, this person is one who, for some alleged merit or service of his own, has been chosen (without his knowledge or consent) a member of a grateful or appreciative organization society club or what not. This honor for he is an honorary member does not carry with it any active duty of participation in the doings of the organization, or any responsibility for the payment of dues or similar obligations But, as we have seen in the case of the California pioneers the member chosen to honor may be dismissed in dishonor Ought these things so to be and the laws of logic and common sense stand invalidated?

The California society is composed of men who arrived on the California coast prior to January 1, 1850, and the purposes of the organization are chiefly confined to the collection and preservation of records of the early occupation of the country by Americans The main posterity of the pioneers is a direct heir are eligible to membership, otherwise the society would ultimately become extinct It would appear that Mr Bancroft was chosen honorary member of the California Pioneers in recognition of his labors as a historian of California and its early settlement He has been expelled on account of alleged slanders of the Argonauts contained in said historical writings Specifically, it is stated that Mr Bancroft in his history slandered Commodore Stockton General John C Fremont John A Sutter and other men famed in song and story, as the builders and dockers of the State Did the Pioneer elect Mr Bancroft on account of his books, and then expel him on account of what these books contained? Did they elect him first and read his books afterward? It would appear so

ACTING BY DEAF MUTES

Philadelphia always was a great town but a recent theatrical performance there rather broke the round for lack of noise It was a presentation of "The Merchant of Venice," enacted entirely by deaf mutes before an audience, or more properly speaking, spectators, composed almost entirely of deaf mutes, even to the ushers Although there was an entire absence of applause, the appreciation of the spectators was outlooking, as was evidenced by their smiling countenances and nimble fingers at the conclusion of each scene So far as acting was concerned the players showed commendable ability, and far excelled the average amateur performer. In spite of the scenes the facial expression was a study in itself, and when Portia came to the lines "the quality of mercy is not strained," the scene was intensely dramatic. Although not a sound was uttered, the flying fingers of the players and their eloquent gestures were sufficient to interpret the lines even to the few spectators who were not in the secret of the mystic language

The tomato is a native of South America and takes its name from a Portuguese word.