The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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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
Open every day from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

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—Kennawin'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, Guelph Ont

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
J. T. CHARLES,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office, Charles & Son Grocery,
Mill Street, Acton

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

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

HENRY GRIST,
IAWA, 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,
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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.

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

THE PALACE BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET ACTON
H. H. WORDEN, Proprietor.
In easy shave a stylish hair cut call on us. Bath consists of an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut

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, Scotch, American and other superior Granites, Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from, and none but superior workmen employed

Guelph Business College.
Stands head and shoulders above all its rivals. Is not only a famous Business College, the range of its patronage extending from Great Britain on the East to British Columbia and California on the West, but it has also developed into a great
College of Language.
Being at present engaged in giving practical instruction in six languages. No other Business College in Canada can do so much for its patrons nor offer such favorable terms. The ambitious, wide awake, business student will attend no other.
For a copy of the Illustrated Circular, mailed free, address,
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont.

SAVE
All you can when you're young. The time will come when you'll need your
MONEY,
Day saves you money when you buy your Wall Paper from him, as he escaped the duty. We admit you
LOSE
A lot of valuable time when getting your goods from Day. He has such a large stock and such nice artistic effects you want to see them all, and forget all about
TIME.
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
CHAS HENDRY, President.
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BURLINGTON P O

Novelties.
IN GENTLEMEN'S
WEAR
New Suitings,
New Spring
Overcoatings.
Fine New
Trowserings
Correct Styles, First-class Workmanship, Perfect Fit and reasonable Prices. Upon these features we solicit your patronage.
You will find the very latest styles in Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishings at lowest prices at
R. E. NELSON,
Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher,
90 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph

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
Iron pumps cheaper than heretofore. Wooden pumps (other wood or iron pumps) complete. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere
THOS. EBBAGE Manager
Acton

Valuable Property in Acton
FOR SALE OR TO RENT
THE undersigned offers the whole of his property in Acton for sale as follows
The splendid and commodious brick dwelling on lot 8 block 21 eight rooms hard and soft water splendid young orchard.
The brick house and stable adjoining on lot 10 in the same block. This is also a comfortable house and has orchard and water
A number of the finest building lots in Acton. Corner lot No 2 on Church and Guelph streets and lots 5 and 7 on Guelph Street also lots 14 13 and 16 on corner Mill and Young Streets in Young's Survey.
The store and dwelling on Mill Street, at present occupied. A first class stand
For particulars as to terms, etc., apply to John S. Kelly, Acton, or to
PATRICK KELLY
81 West Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

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

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 also 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.

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.

If
You
Intend
To
Build
Let us figure on the
Hardware
You'll require.
If you can't call
Drop us a card.
BOND'S
Hardware Store,
GUELPH

YOU MAY BE
Interested.
GENTLEMEN
We respectfully invite your attention to our assortment of Tweeds and Coths for this Season's trade, that it will compare favorably with any in the city we feel quite confident.
Although we do not advertise ourselves (in print) as the "only first class tailors in Guelph," we think that our record justifies us in claiming to be tailors whose goods and work are eminently satisfactory
We do not allow any of our competitors for your patronage to outdo us in any creditable particular
We have done and are doing as good work as any in Canada and court comparison.
YOURS TRULY
SHAW & TURNER
Merchant Tailors and Furnishing Dealers GUELPH

New Arrivals
OF SPRING SHOES.
Ladies' Newest Shapes in Patent Leathers, at
THE
LEADING
SHOE
STORE.
W. McLaren & Co
GUELPH.

OUR
PRICES
TALK
We don't spread our advertisement 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—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

Poetry.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, IN HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

This little girl is very poor,
She had troubles, she finds, she can scarce endure!
And yet, my dear, she has playthings plenty
Dolls as many as two and twenty,
Houses and Arks and picture books,
Something pretty wherever she looks.
But half the time she's puzzled to know
What to do with the wonderful show,
Tired of dollies two-and-twenty,
And bored with her various toys aplenty.

That little girl is very rich,
With an old doll like a perfect witch,
A broken chair and a bit of delf,
And a sore cracked cup on the closet shelf.
She can play with only a row of pins,
Houses and gardens, arks and inns,
She makes with her chubby fingers small,
And she never asks for a toy at all.
Unseen around her the fairies stray,
Twining her bright thoughts every day

Poor little girl and rich little girl,
How nice it would be if in Times' swift whirl
You could perhaps not change your places,
But catch a glimpse of each other's faces,
For each to the other could something give,
Which would make the child life sweeter to live,
For both could give and both could share
Something the other had to spare.

Select Family Reading.

An Awful Time.

It was an awful time! In the first place it was in the middle of July, and we had to move. Old Mr. Townsend died and every brick and stone that he owned in Dolliver was sold. His heirs, two sons (Oh! how we hated their very names, knowing no more of them had been abroad and come home intending to divide their time between their New York residence and the old family estate at Chester Grove. But they didn't want to be bothered with a lot of rented houses in Dolliver, and these were peremptorily doomed to be sold.

Old Conway pounced upon our's at once. Of course he did. Mrs. Conway and her two homely daughters had been hankering for our house for years, for, though we did "only rent it," we had lived there for thirteen years, and, oh, the additions and improvements we had made to it! We had doubled its value, I am certain, we beautified it, inside and out, we lavished our artistic tastes upon the panels, we adorned the walls, we had had the floor pattied, painted and polished, and Teddy had actually painted the most beautiful border and cornir pieces of oak leaves and acorns round the entire sitting room, and now to give it all up! Oh! those hateful Townsends!

What added to the distress was the fact that the only house we could find in all Dolliver to rent was a little two story cottage, quite a distance from all the neighbors to whom we had become attached, and in a locality we detested.

However, there was no help for it, and as I said before we had an awful time. It was bad enough to know the dear, old home was lost to us, and that the Conways were to enjoy all our labors of love on the walls and floors, it was sufficiently exasperating to be compelled to take up our abode at Jank's Corner, a locality so abominated, but these were only the beginning of our tribulations.

The day we were to move was hot, oh, so hot! and the dear mother having done the work of about three men, the previous week, and weighing at her best about 91 pounds, broke down with a blinding nervous headache. Martha, a treasure of a servant had already laid herself up by spraining her wrist, in moving a trunk, so there were Teddy and Jim and I to "do" the moving.

Teddy is my eldest sister Theodosia, and Jim is Jemima, my youngest sister, I am Thomasine, always called Tom in the bosom of our family. We are all young we are all blondes, we are all small, we have incomes of our own of $300 a year, so we can live very nicely, indeed, in a quiet little place like Dolliver.

When mother patiently fainted away just as the first furniture van drove up to the door, Teddy and I detailed Jim for active duty in the hospital department, and and promised to have mother's room made ready the first thing. In the meantime she was made comfortable in Jim's room, and Martha undertook to superintend the loading of the vans while Teddy and I scampered off to the new house, to see to receiving the furniture.

It was clean as a new pin that was one little ray of comfort, and we hung up our hats, and put on the largest of aprons and Lady Washington caps, and were ready for action.

Even in my misery I noticed how unusually pretty Teddy looked. Her hair is the purest gold color and makes hundreds of little rings around her face, and she has a color like a rose on each cheek. But on that day the excitement, the hurry and the indignation combined had made her cheeks as brilliant as carnations and every little curl bristled in defiance of the Townsends and our wrongs. But more was to come.

Up drove the first van with one man. Both Teddy and I were at the door and exclaimed:

"Where's the other man?"

"Sure marm he was sint for by his old woman. One of the clubbers shaddled his self, and in a half over Dolliver I've been trying to found somebody to take the job and niver a one is there doin' nothing at all, at all."

Here was a dilemma.

"Well," said Teddy, "these things have got to be taken into the house. You and I can carry some of the light ones."

Neither Teddy nor I knew that we had an audience. Not until long afterward were we aware of the wicked trick that was at that instant devised. From round the corner of the house appeared two men in flannel shirts, minus collars, neck ties or hats, with hair in wild confusion, and extremely dirty hands and faces. In the richest of brogues one of them respectfully addressed Teddy and requested work.

I really wonder now that we did not embrace them. But we engaged their services and how they worked! They did a considerable amount of laughing whenever they were alone, and they required the most minute directions for everything they undertook, but they put down the carpets and put up pictures and carried in furniture and unpacked glass and china, in fact worked with might and main, leaving to the driver of the van only the task of going to and fro with the goods which he managed to load with Martha's assistance.

At noon we unpacked a substantial lunch and as Bill and John, our new help, showed no signs of going home, we spread out a meal on the kitchen table and sent them in to it. I never in my life heard men laugh so much over sandwiches, hard boiled eggs and coffee.

In all this time you may be sure Teddy and I were berating those horrid Townsends at every turn. We called them all sorts of names expressive of meanness and selfishness, hoped their own house would burn down and let them know how pleasant it was to be turned out of a home they loved. We were sure they were sour, grumpy old bachelors and we hoped they would never marry unless it was to some old witch who would worry them all the year around.

All this we said in confidence to each other, never heeding those quiet, modest young men who were so meekly obeying all our orders.

The house was really in very nice order, and mother's room as homely as we could make it, then at last the carriage drove up with our dear invalid, Jim and Martha. Mother was very pale and propped up by pillows, and I was worrying over the necessity of her walking up stairs, when, out walked our two hired men, without any orders whatever raised her tenderly and gently, pillows and all, in their arms, and carried her upstairs as carefully as her own sons, had she ever had any, could have done.

Jim stared, as well she might, and Martha made a dive for the kitchen.

Teddy paid the men, Jim and I did the last few things necessary before resting, and then we all gathered in mother's room.

Such a chattering as followed, the dear mother laughing and talking as merrily as any of us.

"But, oh, what guys you two are!" cried Jim. "Tom, you've torn yourself as usual wherever there was the smallest opening for a rent, and your cap is hanging half way down your back, while your hair defies description. Teddy always does keep nice, somehow, but pow even Teddy will bear an application of soap and water."

"Same to yourself," said Teddy. "I guess you rent all the mirrors away before you washed your face. You've got what Martha calls a smooch right across your nose."

"Don't be personal, young ladies," said mother in a tone of extreme gentleness, "but perform your ablutions, and see if Martha can make out a tea."

In a fortnight we had settled down in the house, but we did not occupy ourselves as of old, in beautifying our home. We were advertising far and wide for a house such as we wished, and we hoped to purchase one. The price of the one we had left was beyond our reach, but we thought we could hear of one at a more reasonable rate.

During this time of waiting, feeling as if we really had no home, we had gone out but little. Mother was not well and the heat was very oppressive, while Martha's lame wrist threw considerable housework on our hands.

But one evening there came an irresistable invitation from mother's dear friend Mrs. Raymond of Chester Grove, to a garden party and entertainment.

"You will stay all night, of course, and I will send the carriage for you at two o'clock. Be sure you all come I cannot spare one of you!"

But we did not all go. Mother was not equal to the eight mile drive, and Jim stayed with her. We all wanted to stay, and finally we drew lots and it fell to Jim.

"I'm not really out anyhow said that young person philosophically, "and as you and Teddy seem awfully slow about leaving the family nest, perhaps it is just as well that I am not brought forward just yet."

"The effect will be overwhelming when you are," said Teddy, laughing, but secretly we all thought Jim the beauty of the family, for with the golden hair, she had soft brown eyes and dark eyelashes.

It was with the utmost serenity that Teddy and I accepted Mrs. Raymond's invitation to stroll about the grounds a little with her and see some new neighbors only lately come to live at Chester Grove.

We were arrayed in the finest of linen lawns, white, with a small blue figure with bide belts, and white muslin shade hats with blue bows. Blue scarlets, knots of blue in our curls, and blue trimmed white gloves constituted our costumes, and I can answer for Teddy's being exceedingly becoming.

Strolling leisurely we met two gentlemen in white linen suits and straw hats, we heard Mrs. Raymond say

"Allow me to introduce the Misses Townsend, lately returned from Europe. Mr. John Townsend, Miss Theodosia Brent, Mr William Townsend, Miss Thomasine Brent."

I thought I was going to faint. I heard Teddy gasp. I saw Mrs Raymond sailing majestically away, and then I looked again.

Yes, it was "Bill," and Teddy was blushing, with drooping eyes, before "John."

"Would you please forgive us?" said John, presently. "We had just come over to Dolliver, and had heard for the first time that there was any personal feeling involved in the selling of our father's property which we regarded as a mere business transaction. We were coming up the street beside the house, when we saw your distress, and having nothing to do, we took off our coats and vests and hats and rubbed a little mud on our faces and hands and"

"It was just for a lark, you know," pleaded Bill, as his brother paused, "and you did look just ready to cry you know."

"It was very good of you," said Teddy looking very much as Bill had just described her.

"Yes, we are very much obliged," I said, thinking of all they had heard us say about them and wondering how much they remembered.

But, somehow, just then we all looked up, and in another second, the air was filled with laughter. It was irresistible. The whole affair was too funny for anything.

After that, we were the best of friends. The Townsends come often to Jank's Corner, and when Jim comes out regularly, next winter, she will have no sisterly compunctions about Teddy, or me, because there will be a double wedding in about two weeks. Teddy and I are going to marry those horrid Townsends.

The several cases of rheumatism, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Now is the time to take it. Hood's cures.

Germany has 313,000 railroad employes.

AN EAR FOR MUSIC.

In the good old times they used to speak of a person who did not readily distinguish tunes as having no ear for music; and the child of whom this was said was never given any opportunity of acquiring such a thing, his development as regards music being considered hopeless. But in these days it is declared that no child with a normal physical ear—that is, with one meeting the usual requirements of hearing—is hopelessly deficient in the matter of music. The total absence of the power to discriminate between tones, or to give pitch correctly, will always argue either an ill-formed ear, a species of deafness, or a deficiency somewhere in the brain; and, at any rate, an abnormal condition in that respect. When it is observed that a child does not try to hum to itself, does not make little attempts at song when about a year old, it may then be suspected that the sense of melody, the power to distinguish tunes, is absent or dull, since most children almost as soon as they can walk, will make melodic sounds that can be recognized as the fragments of tunes that are sung to them.

Most generally, when one has reached maturity, and still has no ear for music, it is owing to neglect in childhood—neglect so far as there has been wanting any endeavor to stimulate the appreciation of tone and to exercise and develop that part of the brain to which the ear conveys its sensations. This can be done only by reiterated effort, by the repetition of a few tones till the ear has become able to discriminate between them and carry the sense of their differences to the brain, and the brain has in turn, learned to order the voice to express them. Sometimes the brain never learns this last perfectly, even when it enjoys and recognizes tune itself. When the voice is able to express the tune it does not signify if it be weak and harsh or sweet and strong, since that belongs to another organ, the ear having to do only with discrimination of tonal difference. The effort should not be given up till practice has shown that there is positively no sense for melody, no observation of the succession of the various tones.

Very possibly a child who never heard music might never sing a child whose mother never hushed it with lullabies or amused it with gay songs. Music, then, may sometime come to the grown person as a revelation of delight, and the development of the ear would take place at a later period. We often find a child who cannot "turn a tune" in the beginning gradually acquire the power to do so as well as any. But where it is a possible thing to avoid, no child should be left in such forlorn beggary as never to hear music. If a mother cannot sing herself, she should see to it that the nurse she employs can sing, and if she is unable to hire a nurse she might find it possible, through exchange of work or kindness, to procure singing of some sort enough to give her child the opportunity of comparing tones and of acquiring and understanding of them, since it would seem as palpable a duty to develop that as any other of the child's powers. It is fortunate that almost everywhere the Sunday-school, with its singing of elementary tunes, is ready to supplement this deficiency, among others of the home life.

Harper's Bazar.

WHY I RETURNED TO SCHOOL.

When a boy one day I received a severe cut on the instep of my foot. Of course no more school followed for a while, to the envy of the other boys, not one of whom but would have risked a little wound for the sake of a holiday. I had decided, as a vacation medium to work the wound for all it was worth, but in spite of all it healed rapidly. I knew an early return to school was inevitable if I could not persuade my mother to allow me to attend to the bandaging and dressing alone. In this I at last succeeded, and matters went on swimmingly. One morning, after hurriedly and carelessly bandaging the foot, I proceeded to the breakfast table, hopping along on the other foot in a most dexterous manner.

"Rufus, said my father, "how is that wound?"

"Pretty bad pa," I replied.

"But you seem to move about very nimbly."

"On the other foot, pa," stamping heavily to prove it's soundness.

"Well!" continued the old gentleman, whose suspicions were somewhat aroused, "you'll sprain it hopping about in that manner. Just let me look at the wounded foot."

My father's command was law. There was no escape. My brothers crowded around. At any rate, I thought hoping against hope, the wound is not entirely healed, and I may have a few days yet. So I presented the wounded member for examination. My father proceeded to unwind the bandages fold after fold, amid profound silence and accumulating excitement among the boys. I closed my eyes awaiting developments. The unwinding continued, the last folds dropped to the floor. There was a roar.

I had bandaged the wrong foot!

AFTER THE ANTHEM

The choir was singing a new arrangement of the beautiful anthem, "Consider the Lilies." The pure, sweet voice of the soprano rose clearly and distinctly in the solo

They toil not, neither they spin
They toil not,
They toil not,
Yet I say that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

The tenor paused, and the basso, a solemn faced young man with a somewhat worldly looking eye and a voice like a foghorn broke in

"Nay, nay, they do not spin,
They toil not, not, not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Nay, nay, they do not spin."

Then the voices of the three were lifted up in a grand chorus

"Nay, nay, they do not spin,
They toil not, not, not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Now see ye how they do they spin.
"Nay, nay, they do they spin,
They toil not, not, not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Ny-y-y-they do they spin
Now see ye how they do they spin
"Nay, nay, they do they spin."

"Brethren," said the gray-haired, old-fashioned pastor, when the choir had finished "we will begin the service of the morning by singing the familiar hymn:

"And am I yet alive?"

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

An insurance agent, albeit a useful and at times attractive person, is not always a welcome visitor. To some people, indeed, he is a decided bore. One of this class owns a handsome residence, and even the thought of an agent provoked his ire. One evening recently he was enjoying his otium cum dig, when a man walked in on him very unceremoniously. The visitor was a total stranger to him, and before he had time to throw an inkstand at him or to ask him to sit down he began quite calmly and in a most business-like tone to talk.

"Have you any insurance on this house?" said he.

Well, Mr Otium cum dig was afire in a minute.

"What do you mean, sir," he stormed, "by breaking into my house, sir, in this manner breaking into my house with your infernal insurance business? It is no concern of yours, sir, whether this house is insured or not. Get out or I'll throw you out."

The visitor was as calm as a May morning.

"It is no concern of mine whatever," he replied, "but I thought——"

"You have no right to think of what does not concern you, sir" interrupted the house owner. "I want no insurance agents forcing themselves upon me, sir."

"I understand that perfectly, and I am no insurance agent. I was merely passing your house, and I observed it was on fire in the rear, and it occured to me that if you had no insurance on it perhaps you did not wish it to burn down."

That's what the visitor said, but Mr. Otium cum dig didn't hear it all. He had gone to the fire, and the visitor smiled and followed him. Detroit *Free Press.*

IT CURED THEM

This is the story of the way in which a Boston man cured his children of a senseless habit of speech:

One evening this gentleman came home with a budget of news. An acquaintance had failed in business. He spoke of the incident as "deliciously sad." He had ridden up town with a noted wit, whom he described as "horribly entertaining," and, to cap the climax, he spoke of the butter which had been set before him at a country hotel as "divinely rancid."

The young people stared, and the oldest daughter said: "Why, papa, I should think you were out of your head."

"Not in the the least, my dear," he said pleasantly. "I am merely trying to follow the fashion. I have worked out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labor. It seems to me rather more effective than 'awfully sweet.' I mean to keep up with the rest of you hereafter. And now," he continued, "let me help you to a piece of this exquisitely tough beef."

Adverbs, he says, are not so fashionable as they were in his family.

TO BENEFIT FRUIT ORCHARDS

The travelling diary conducted by the Ontario Government has done an immense amount of good for the farmers and is, perhaps the most effectual method that could be adopted to convey to farmers and their wives practical information to enable them to supply a product that will compete in the British market with Danish butter.

On the same principle, the project for establishing experimental fruit stations should be of benefit to the fruit growers. This is good so far as it goes, but should be extended, and more money provided to go into the diseases of trees.

The proposal to group counties and establish these experiments in many sections is wise, to have one central farm would scarcely spread the information so well, for many farmers would travel a short distance who would not go across the province.

The government is to be strongly commended for its decision. Toronto *Evening Star.*

Ben Franklin Recalled

In the Washington *Post* the other day there was an interesting account of some money which that many sided man, Benjamin Franklin, left in the people of Boston 100 years ago.

He directed that the $5,000 he bequeathed to the town should be put out at interest and left to accumulate for a century. Then half of the amount accumulated in that way was to be taken and given to some good purpose for the benefit of the people of Boston. The other half was to be kept at interest for another century at the end of which time the State and the city were to be equal shares of it. Benjamin Franklin evidently did not believe that the world was coming to an end in 1894.

From his original $5,000 there are now $700,000. The half of this is now to be taken to build and equip an industrial training school.

TWO GREAT DAYS.

The teacher was instructing the arithmetic class in history.

"On what day is Washington's birthday?" she inquired.

"Twenty second of February," answered the class.

"And Independence Day?"

"The 4th of July."

"What is the difference between the two days?"

This seemed to be a puzzler and a reply was forthcoming. Finally a youngster, who had been scribbling on a piece of paper, held up his hand.

"Good for you, Johnny," said the teacher encouragingly, "now tell us what the difference is between those two of the greatest days in our national history."

"Four months and twelve days ma'am," and the teacher was shocked, because she had forgotten that there was an arithmetic side to the question, as well as a historical one.

An Unexpected Invitation.

"I merely called, madam," said the tramp at the back door, "to again express my thanks for that delicious piece of mince pie that you favored me with just seven weeks ago to-day. I remember it still as the best flavored and most appetizing piece of pie that I ever ate in all my life. That is all that I wished to say, madam. Pardon me for troubling you. Good day."

And he acted as if he was surprised when she called him back and asked him if he wouldn't wait and try a piece of one of another batch of mince pies that she had just baked that day.

WRITE ME A LETTER.

BY EMMA F. CLARCHY

Write me a letter my dear old friend,
Say that you love me yet,
I know you are true, but I wish that you
Would say that you never forget
The springs, all budding, and sweet and song,
The summer's blossoming rhyme,
The orchard talks, and the woodland walk,
In the golden autumn time.

Write me a letter, my dear old friend,
Write me a sunny June,
Meet me again in a fairy glen
In the glow of an afternoon.
Read me the "Idylls" over anew,
Your voice has a charm that rings
Its rhythm, chosen through the vibrant years,
Allows all other things.

Write me a letter, my dear old friend,
Leave out the years between;
The ways have been rough and thorny enough
Which twixt us intervene
Sing me a song of the long ago,
Ere I knew the world could cloat
Of moonlight gleams and fond day dreams
That were so divinely sweet

Write me a letter my dear old friend
I love you more and more
As farther apart we drift, dear heart,
And nearer the other shore
The dear old loves, and the dear old days,
Are a balm to life's regret,
It is easy to bear the worry and care
If the old friends love us yet.

A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

The following is sent to the Free Press from Sudbury, by Mr H. B. Henderson, who vouches for the authenticity of the statement, having been present and assisted in taking the records referred to:

For the past week or two there has been in our town a young man whose wonderful memory stamps him as one of the greatest curiosities of the present age. His name is Thomas Leo, of French and Indian percentage. For years he was employed on the C. P. R., and lately has been engaged on the Great Northern Pacific, until the recent strike. He can stand on the station platform, watch the longest freight train pass and then slip into the office and give an accurate record of the number of every car. He can go through a yard containing hundreds of cars, on the several sidings, then come back and write down the numbers of each car, what siding it is on and what line it belongs to. On Monday he looked through the yard at Sudbury, and afterwards wrote out the numbers of 110 cars, the total on the various sidings, without a single mistake, giving also what track they were on. Twenty three of these cars were out on the Stobie Branch, and all but two contained five figures, the highest being 30,666, and the lowest 9,510. As a further test some hours after he made out for us a duplicate sheet of these 110 cars, which we compared with the original and found correct. The highest number, he says he has taken down is 297. Leo is a brother-in-law of Mr Levesque, of this place. He left for the east on Tuesday.

DANGEROUS WHEN HE ATE CHEESE

Sam Pemberton, who had been in his younger days captain of a whaling vessel, was invited with his wife to take tea at a neighbor's and during the meal someone passed the captain a plate of cheese, whereupon his wife became much excited and exclaimed:

"Sam Pemberton you be very careful how you eat cheese, you know how I have to suffer whenever you do!" All who were seated about the table were curious to know how it was that Mrs. Pemberton should suffer when Mr Pemberton ate cheese, and so the captain explained after this manner.

"I'll tell ye what Martha means. Ye see about a week after I'd left the ship we were visiting our daughter Jane down in the city, and one night we had for supper some cheese er good deal like this and as I like cheese I ate quite er a lot of it. Well, after I'd gone to bed I had the greatest dream you ever heard tell of. I dreamed that I was aboard the old ship, and there cum up such a storm as ye never see. I tell ye there wasn't but one thing ter do so I yelled ter the first mate "Heave over the bow anchor." Wall he tried, but somehow he couldn't do it whereupon I sprang up and yelled "Stand aside, ye land lubber and see me heave it, and after tugging a good deal over it went. But would ye believe me, thet old bow anchor began to holler "Sam Pemberton! Sam Pemberton, what be you er doin' of?"

"Thet waked me up and what dew ye s'pose I did?" Instead of throwing over the bow anchor I'd pitched Martha cum off bed!"

HOLIDAYS IN ITALY

In Italian life pass the opportunity for taking a holiday are the Milan correspondent for the Chicago *Herald*. The slightest pretext is seized upon to don his best clothes, and, with a silk hat upon his head, a flower in his coat lapel, fare his belle figura on the principal thoroughfares to see and be seen. Silence and be admired.

"Ah, those were happy days. I heard an Italian book keeper say "when I received 150 lire a month. Then every Sunday, for twenty cents an hour, I could drive up and down the Bastioni in a cab, with a cigar to puff a carnation in my button hole, a friend beside me. How happy I was! I enjoyed it all day Sunday and enjoyed thinking about it all the week."

The holidays are denoted on the calendars by red letters, and in glancing over a calendar one is led to think there are more holidays than workdays. I desire a piece of work done and called to the proteuse and told her to do it immediately. But she informed me that she could not do it that day because it was a festa. Well, to morrow then, I said. But to morrow was a festa also. "The next day." But that was a festa too. Three holidays in one week, and the woman refused to work on those days, even though she might starve in consequence.

THE LADIES FIRST

A class of boys in a boarding school were being examined in Scripture. "What can you tell me about Moses?" asked the inspector, "what sort of a man was he?"

"Please, sir, he was a gentleman," piped forth a pale faced, bright eyed lad of eleven or thereabout. "Gentleman" repeated the inspector, with a look of surprise, "what do you mean?"

The little boy replied, "Please, sir when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds came and drove them away, and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds: "Ladies first, please, gentlemen."

Can anybody give a good reason why clocks should not strike when they are required to work over time?