The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIX.—NO. 18. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1894. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods.

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.00
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

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,—Kaufman's Block Acton, up stairs

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

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors &c.
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices,—Crossland's Block, Georgetown and Traders' Bank Chambers, 53 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. L. CHARLES,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office Charles & Cox Grocery, Mill Street.

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

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

HENRY GRIST,
IAWA, CANADA
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention sis
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.

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

THE PALACE BARBER SHOP
MILL STREET
H. H. WORDEN, Proprietor
At easy shave a stylish half cut a great success in 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 68, will be promptly attended to
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.
Guelph

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON's Block (formerly Hatch's Block) the gore, corner of Woodwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor.
The only direct importer in Guelph. Dealers in 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. It 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 or 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.

The ELECTIONS are on

And Day has elected to stand or fall by his record, and if

Good Goods at Low Prices.

Are taken into account, we'll win, hands down. To any charges of

BRIBERY

We must plead guilty, as we are always giving goods below value, even now we're giving Wall Paper at our cut price sale—away below value

DAY'S BOOK STORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Day.

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
GEORGE RANDALL, Vice-President
C M TAYLOR, Secretary
JOHN KILLER, Inspector

A. C. BIGGS, Agent,
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,
Leading Tailor and Gents Furnisher
99 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

Being in a position to manufacture we can supply other wood or iron pumps promptly All work guaranteed satisfactory
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere

THOS. EBBAGE Manager
Acton

ACTON
MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.
GRINDELL & WRIGHT

We are equipped with all the machinery necessary to do all repairs to

MACHINERY
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

We do all kinds of
STEAM FITTING
HORSE SHOEING and
GENERAL BLACKSMITHING

And workmen's repairs performed in a first class 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.

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 the stables A comfortable bus runs to and from all trains between 7 & 8 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Careful attention given to every order The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met

JOHN WILLIAMS

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 short notice
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA

Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 687,000
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. F. H. JONES,
Manager

YOU MAY BE
Interested.

GENTLEMEN

We respectfully invite your attention to our assortment of Tweeds and Cloths 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

See the Novelties in Footwear, at

THE LEADING SHOE STORE

W. McLaren & Co.
GUELPH.

Turnip Seed.

All the standard kinds at
20 CTS. PER LB.
Special quotations to associations.

Rape Seed
tested at Agricultural College
10C. LB., 11 LBS. $1.00.

Seed Corn
White or yellow ensilage
65C. PER BUSHEL.
All the new Silo Corns on hand also

Geo. J. Thorp,
Direct Seed Importer
GUELPH

OUR PRICES TALK

We don't spread out space over a whole page, 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.

JOB PRINTING,
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
H. P. MOORE,
Free Press Office, Acton.

Poetry.

OUTSPOKEN LOVE.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER

The farmer's daughter,
O! how fair
She, with her sweetheart,
Standing there
What makes her blushes?
Hollered her,
Afid he told her so.

Ah! that is just
As it should be,
When love is sure
And hearts are free,
No anxious doubt
Finds hope deferred
The courtship of
Each happy bird

O! love is sweet!"
The proud swain cries,
Yes! love is sweet!
The maid replies
"To her he seems
A king below,
He loved her,
And he told her so.

And she to him
Is more than queen
This little love
Of sweet sixteen;
With bashful ways,
And lips that vie
With damask roses
Blooming nigh

The farmer's daughter,
Sweet and fair,
How light each task,
How small each care,
She knows the world
Full soon will know,
He loved her,
And he told her so.

Select Family Reading.

His Awful Mistake

Capt William Barton, of the ship King Arthur, had but one great fault, a violent temper. His young wife Mabel, who had accompanied him for a voyage to Java, often begged him to control himself, declaring that such a temper would lead him to the perpetration of some deed he would bitterly repent of

Not that he was ever otherwise than kind and gentle to her It was against his men that he sometimes became enraged They all liked him notwithstanding, for, except when they made some blunder, he treated them like brothers

Her own brother Jack Wilton a youth of 19, was cabin boy His relation to Mabel, however did not prevent his sometimes being the object of the captain's wrath

One evening, on an occasion when Jack was slightly ill, he stumbled against a bucketful of tar, spilling the latter over the deck

"Confound you youngster!" roared the skipper "I'll make you stand on the lookout four hours to-night for your awkwardness"

Mrs Barton pleaded with him She had sat up nearly all the previous night nursing her brother, and she was sure he had not slept ten minutes during that time It would therefore be cruel to make the poor boy, who was not quite well, remain awake so long But he now resisted all her appeals, and at dark made little Jack get into the long boat and there seat himself to keep a lookout

"And mind that you keep a good one," said he "Don't let me catch you dozing!"

"Have you put Jack on the lookout?" inquired his wife, when he joined her in the cabin

"Yes"

She nestled in his arms, coaxed him and pleaded with him about Jack, but in vain Then she became very still and thoughtful All at once a singular expression flashed into her dark eyes

A few minutes later the captain retired to his apartment, adjoining that of his wife He soon fell asleep, but awoke three hours later and went on deck The captain looked leeward, but through the gloom he could see nothing of an island the ship had been approaching when he went below On making inquiries of the officer of the deck, however, he learned that the island one of the Fiji group lore about a mile off the lee quarter He now walked toward the long boat in which he had stationed Jack Wilton to keep a lookout

It had been a restless and wakeful night but he must have his watch below he muttered gently, the dark pleading eyes of his wife haunting his mind

"Hullo!" he suddenly added to the sailor, as he approached the from seated in the boat

In fact the head of the lookout was bowed and the deep breathing that saluted the captain was indicative of profound slumber

Barton's quick temper was aroused He sprang towards the unduly revealed form in the boat, clambered into the vessel and rushed at the sleeper, intending to seize him by the shoulder and give him a merciless shaking

But at that moment the ship plunged heavily, and in his haste the captain caught his foot against the boat mast, rolling it half out of the craft and falling almost prostrate in the boat As he fell, his outstretched hand struck violently against the back of the slumberer, who, thus pushed over the gunwale struck against the mast which at once dropped into the sea

The young lookout went with it, pitching head foremost into the dark waters

"Man overboard" shrieked the captain to dismay, as he staggered to his feet "Lively there, back the mainyard and down with the boat" he added, leaping to the deck

But just then a loud buzzing noise was heard Struck by a sudden, terrific gale, the ship went over on her beam ends and tore through the waters, with the spray sweeping her fore and aft.

An attempt was made to lower the boat, but it was dashed to fragments against the ship's sides

"Lost! The boy is lost!" groaned the captain. "What will she say when she hears of it that I pushed her brother overboard!"

Hours passed, and he walked the deck like a madman. By this time the storm had abated

"I cannot tell Mabel I cannot wake her yet! She will learn the dreadful truth soon enough!" muttered the wretched man

Nothing after, the dim light of coming dawn struggled through the gloom. A solemn look rested on the faces of the sailors. Every eye was turned toward the miserable captain.

All at once from the steerage emerged a slender youth. The captain stared aghast. Then he started back with a terrible cry. It was Jack Wilton.

"What does this mean? Speak, speak!" he gasped "I pushed you out of the long boat into the sea, and here—"

"What? Oh, Mr. Barton? What!" interrupted the youth, turning as pale as death. "You don't mean I I— No, it was not I. My sister came and said she would take my place. She insisted, and putting on my hat and cloak, so that no person might guess it was she, sat down in the boat and sent me below to sleep. You do not mean it!"

"What have I done?" screamed the miserable man, almost frantic. "I see it now! It was my own wife I pushed overboard!"

"He leaned against the rail for support. He wring his hands and tore his hair

But at length the captain became calmer although his face was as ghastly as that of the dead. He reversed ship and retraced his course toward the island. When within a mile of it he ordered a boat to be lowered He had manned it and was pulled to the beach A group of wild islanders stood there

"I want my wife!" cried the captain

"Wife?" what mean?" inquired one of the savages, who could speak a little English

"She fell overboard last night, but she is a good swimmer, and I think she must have reached the beach," said the skipper confidently "She is here! I am sure of it!" insisted the captain

"Mad! mad!" muttered the mate who had accompanied him

All that day the skipper searched about the island for his wife, but no sign of her could be found The moment he reached the ship Barton was stricken down with a raging fever

When he recovered he was a mere wreck of his former self, but his mind had recovered from the shock it had received He could now talk in a rational manner about his wife

"She is lost! Lost! But I will soon join her," he said, mournfully "I am not long for this world"

In due time the ship reached Java, the port of her destination The vessel was not long anchored when the skipper went below and took from a pantry some prussic acid, with which he intended to put an end to his wretched life

He was about raising it to his lips when a light form descended the companion steps He turned, still holding the cup, to behold a most unexpected vision

For a moment, he stared wildly as if looking at a ghost It was his wife his own beautiful wife he saw before him!

A wild cry escaped him, and the two rushed into each other's arms Then from the deck there rose a cheer that seemed to split the very skies The crew had seen Mrs Barton when she came aboard from a shore boat

Explanations were soon made by the happy wife The moment she struck the water on that night when she fell overboard she woke, and instinctively throwing out her arms she had touched the boat mast, which had fallen with her

To this mast she clung Her skill as a swimmer assisted her in keeping her position

She was carried past the island Ahead of her approaching she beheld a small schooner It passed so near her that by shouting she attracted the attention of the crew

A boat was lowered, and she was picked up, half senseless As soon as she could speak, she told her story

But she could not make herself understood by the wild crew, who were natives of some neighboring island and did not understand a word of English At dawn she looked about her, but owing to the intervening headland she could not see her husband's ship

The schooner kept on, and in a few days arrived at Ternoeil's island There to Mrs Barton's joy, she found a small steamer bound for Java She took passage aboard of it, and thus arrived at that port forty eight hours before her husband

A happy day for the captain For Jack Wilton, too, who again and again embraced his noble sister From that hour Barton was never known to give way to hasty temper

MAKE FRIENDS.

It is a sad job to be thoughtlessly impolite to a coward. The most resolute and determined aspirant to wealth or position may stumble as he climbs and if he can stretch out a finger to save him may roll headlong to a depth far below the point from which he started

An eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth was the old law in Judea A lift for a lift is the business rule of to-day and if sometimes broken by the ungrateful who there is most need of its observance it certainly works better than the principle that a man should care utterly for himself, neither giving nor receiving assistance

But it is not from prudential motives merely that energetic and persevering men assist each other All men of vigorous minds and elastic temperments sympathize with effort They honor the individual who has fought gallantly the battle of life though reverses may have overtaken him, they recognize him as a kindred spirit, though he lies on his back they are willing to give him a "boost," because they feel that he needs but a very foothold to assure his ultimate success These are among the reasons why men who are true to themselves, are almost invariably true to each other, and why their friendship and sympathy mean something more than words

Let no one whatever his talents his opportunities or his confidence in his own powers despise the alliance of such men No human being ever was or will be capable of achieving eminence in the business world without at least the indirect help of others Therefore let all young men who are entering business life labor in a manly and just way to make friends and of the right sort

Little Listeners.

If we stop and think how every word spoken in the presence of a little child affects its future, for good or evil, we would all be far more considerate in our speech It is astonishing how, for days, children ponder over a careless word or sentence which no one supposed that they had even heard, and at some critical moment use it themselves, with a most startling and horrifying effect. "Then, alas! we see and deplore its real deformity, and realize how potent is our influence over these observant innocents.

SPEAKING SLIGHTINGLY OF WOMEN.

When a young man habitually speaks slightingly of women, one may feel that a moral blight rests upon his own character. A scathing rebuke was once conveyed to a man of this class, who, at a public dinner at which no ladies were present, was called upon to respond to the toast "Woman." He dwelt almost entirely on the frailties of the sex, claiming that the best among them are little better than the worst, the chief difference being in their surroundings. At the conclusion of his speech, one of the guests arose and said, "I trust the gentleman in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters and not to ours." This young man in his low estimate of women unconsciously verifies a sententious saying by the author of "Youth": "The criterion of a man's character is not his creed, religious intellectual or moral, it is the degree of respect he has for woman." As a contrast to the light and flippant tone in which too many young men of the present day speak of the other sex, is the noble tribute from an eminent clergyman, who says: "I am more grateful to God for the sense that came to me through my mother and sisters of the substantial integrity, purity and nobility of womanhood than for almost anything else in this world." *Christian at Work.*

ORIGINAL PROVERBS.

Vice rarely lingers round the wash tub.
A barroom light is the wrecker's beacon
Some men can't even take the advice they pay for.
Medicine makes as many fatal diseases as it cures.
A man who is his own doctor never asks for a patient
There is no such master of speech as a woman in a few words.
Even an allopath prefers philosophy in homeopathic doses
A drunkard can swallow more money than a family can earn
If there were an exhange of breaths, more men would seek divorce.
The worst of cannibals is the monster who feeds upon a good wife's heart.
When a man turns hog he more than makes up in bristles what he lacks in hams.
A blackmailing sheet is the only place in which to advertise for a best reputation.
Some folks make the painful mistake of thinking they can't get the dirt off without taking the skin with it
If you are as good a judge of human nature as a child or a dog you won't climb into the wrong lap or growl at a good friend

A NOVEL POCKET LAMP

A novel pocket lamp can be made as follows Get an ounce vial, a small piece of phosphorus that will go in the vial, and some olive oil Heat the oil to the boiling point, fill the bottle one third full and cork tightly. When you wish to use the lamp pull out the cork and admit the air, then cork the bottle again All the space above the oil will glow with a soft bright light, which will last from two to five minutes. When the glow fades if you want more light, at once pull out the cork again. As soon as fresh air is admitted the light will be as bright as ever By this light you can see objects two or three feet distant, and it is perfectly safe as there is no possibility of flame

This is the kind of lamp that is carried by the watchmen in English and continental cotton mills and in powder mills, and they carry no other They are carried in manufactories where inflammable explosives are handled, this light, only on a larger scale, is used

AFTER DINNER STORIES

There was an old Dutchman, a farmer thrifty and prosperous, who had been carefully saving for many years. Finally he was elected to the Legislature. It was a peculiarly profitable session There were several railroad charters up for consideration Hans served faithfully, never broke silence, and always voted, and after the Legislature had adjourned, surprised his friends at home by laying the foundation of a $10,000 house, while there were rumors of a $20,000 bank deposit

"Have you had a legacy Hans" asked a neighbor, at last

"Oh no, was the reply, only I have just been saving a little"

"But how could you manage to save $30,000 on a fifteen months salary of $3 a day?"

"Well responded Hans, comfortably, that was very easy, it was just dis way You see, last winter my wife she didn't keep no hired girl"

A VERBATIM QUOTATION

A country clergyman kept a young man lad One Sunday morning before setting he gave him his orders about the dinner and said

"Go to Neighbor David and ask him from me to let you have some tripe on credit and then prepare me a nice plateful"

The lad did as he was told and the clergyman went to conduct the service As he stood in the pulpit he called out in the middle of his sermon

"And on this subject brethren what does David say?"

At that moment his messenger stepped into the church, and, in the belief that his master was addressing him, he replied

"Please, sir, he says, 'No money no tripe'" *Ly Bulletin*

Particularly in dull Times

To make money now you must be willing to spend some Many seem to think that it is only a new article that needs advertising, but that is a great mistake

Let the shoe manufacturer advertise his shoes, others have made fortunes doing it

Nothing is too common to have its sale increased by newspaper publicity

Judicious advertising is not only the best way to make customers, but it is the cheapest as well It gets them and it keeps them for you

There is a strong competition now in all lines of business You need advertising to give you your share of the trade, and you need it done in the most skillful and intelligent way

The liquor business lives, moves and has its being in an atmosphere of vice and crime, and it cannot help being a law breaker any more than a tiger can help liking the taste of blood.

No other medicine has equalled Hood's Sarsaparilla in the relief it gives in severe cases of dyspepsia, sick headache, etc.

GRANDMOTHER KIRKE.

"How do you like it?" said Charley Clare to Melicent Kirke, as he pointed to the cottage he had selected for them to keep house in when they should be married, in a few weeks.

"Oh, it is beautiful!" she whispered. "But, Charley, don't you think it's rather small?"

"Well—yes—perhaps so, but what do we want of anything larger? The bedroom over the hall is really quite a good size, and—"

"But is there a bedroom on the ground floor?" asked Melicent, anxiously.

"No. Why?"

"For grandmamma, you know."

Mr. Clare's countenance fell slightly.

"I have made no arrangements for your grandmother, Milly."

"But, Charley, she brought me up. Oh, Charley, we can't keep house without her."

"We can't keep house with her, you mean?" said Clare, imperatively. "When a man marries a girl, he doesn't contract to support all the relatives she happens to have!"

"I am all that grandmamma has," said little Milly, her face all in a glow, her eyes darkly contracting. "Grandmamma has loved and cherished me more years than you have, and I will not leave her to want, and, perhaps, suffering, in her old age."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Clare, quietly, "it is settled?"

"Yes," said Melicent, "it is settled!"

And Grandmother Kirke, sitting alone by her fire, was astonished, some five or ten minutes later, by the sudden apparition of little Milly, flinging herself upon her shoulder and sobbing most bitterly

Grandmother Kirke listened to the poor little girl's story with an odd working of her toothless jaws

"I don't ask this sacrifice of you, child, said old Mrs. Kirke, stroking down the lustrous masses of dishevelled brown hair "I dare say I shall do well enough, and it's hardly fair for the old to stand in the way of the young."

Milly looked up, loving and indignant in the same breath.

"Do you suppose I could leave you, grandmamma?"

Mr. Charles Clare was somewhat surprised at the turn events had taken, it had never for an instant occured to his mind that any girl in her sober sense could prefer the society of a crooked old woman to that of himself.

"She'll come to her senses after awhile," was the reflection with which he was consoled "All girls indulge in heroics now and then, but it won't last long"

Mr Clare, however, was destined to disappointment.

"Engaged to Frank Blakeslee" he cried about two months subsequently "Why, he's been courting her this long time sending her flowers and books and music, and all that sort of thing. And the old Witch of Endor is to live with them, I suppose I wouldn't have stood it!" went on Clare, growing more heated and angry as he talked, "but Frank Blakeslee never had any mind of his own Well, I wish them joy, that's all."

And the tone of voice in which Mr Clare spoke indicated anything rather than the benevolent aspirations shadowed forth by his words

Frank Blakeslee and Melicent Kirke had not been married more than a year when a dark messenger came to the door of their humble, yet infinitely contented little home

Azrael, the mighty and relentless!

"You've been very kind to me, Frank and Milly," said Grandmother Kirke, "but it's well nigh over now I only wanted to live long enough to see my little girl confided to the care of some good man who would value her as she deserves, and, I've got my wish!"

And Grandmother Kirke, whose old eyes were growing dim, fumbled under her pillow for the old calico work bag with leather strings and outlandish little pockets, which with its paraphernalia of antique housewives bodkins, scissors and thimbles, was her constant companion

"The needle book, Milly she said faintly

"But, grandma, the leaves are all sewed tightly together"

"Cut them open child but be careful I'm going to give that needle back to you, Milly It was one I bought when God were a wee baby All my treasures belong to you child."

Frank Blakeslee stood looking over his wife's shoulder as she obeyed the old lady's behest deftly passing the scissors points between the flannel leaves scalloped and embroidered, and faded silks which had once boasted all the colors of the rainbow Suddenly he uttered an exclamation and in the same instant Milly dropped the scissors

"Grandmamma there is money here" sewed to the inside of each leaf hundred dollar bills"

Grandmother Kirke smiled serenely

"How many, Melicent?"

"Ten, grandmamma"

"Yes, yes, I thought so," said the old lady, nodding her head "It's all right Take them, Frank, and spend them as you and Milly please They are the old grandmother's gift

"A thousand dollars Oh grandmamma," cried Milly, with a long breath, "you never told me this!"

"Because I wanted you to depend on yourself, my girl But I always meant it for you Now leave me in quiet a little while I want to sleep

And half an hour afterward Grandmother Kirke died

"It's always my luck" said Mr Charles Clare, when the strange story reached his ears, as of course it was not long in doing "Blakeslee always seems to have all the luck If I'd known about the thousand dollars, I don't know that I should have objected to the old lady"

But Grandmother Kirke's money was better invested in Frank Blakeslee than in Charley Clare Melicent did not regret her choice.

HE NEVER FAILETH.

An old Scotch baron was attacked by his enemy, who encamped before his gates and would allow no provisions to enter them. He continued the siege long enough to have exhausted the supplies within, but there were no signs of the capitulation. Weeks and months passed away, and yet no surrender. After a long time, the besieger was surprised one morning to see a long line of fish, fresh from the sea, hung over the wall; as much as to say "We can feed you; and surely you cannot starve us out, so long as there are fish in the sea, for we have an underground connection with it, and the supply is exhaustless!"

THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm a kettle
And lifted its shining lid,
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this"
And upon his toil worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron,
And dined in a happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food,
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss,
But he never thought of the magic
In his daughter's kiss

While she, with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away:
Stopped at the sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay,
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate she would miss
If all our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss

Waterloo Times

NEW BONNETS THE AGONY OF GETTING ONE TO SUIT.

Choosing a bonnet is not an unmixed joy, though men who write on the subject speak as though it were.

It is quite as rare for any woman to feel perfectly contented with the bonnet just sent home as it is for any one to draw the capital prize in a lottery.

Men believe that bonnets grow upon bushes, and that all we have to do is to gather them.

Just the right bonnet can seldom be found ready made by a woman of taste. If the shape suits her the colors do not.

Try buying your own materials and making a new bonnet. There again, you want to match your dress or its trimming a process which means going from store to store with a small bit of material in one's hand, and with the perpetual question, "Have you ribbon of that color?" on your lips, until you begin to wonder if the words really mean anything

At last, in the elegant regions of a milliner's show parlors, where the windows are draped with yellow lace and a gentle twilight prevails, you are assured by a charming little French saleswoman that "zis is zo perfect match," and though you pay twice what you intended to pay, you rejoice until, on the morrow, the garish light of day informs you that the ribbon is not even the same color as the velvet, which is four shades darker than your sample

Made at home, a bonnet is not the sort you wish to leave on the bed in the dressing room when you go to the Misses Prys, who leave the parlor one by one for the purpose, as you feel certain, of examining it. Besides, the amateur generally robs the flowers of their freshness, and uncurls the feathers in the process of ripping, which is part of home-made millinery work.

Stamping upon a bonnet is not good for it. I regret to say that there are emotional ladies who generally do this to every bonnet ordered when sent home Miss Frisby has forgotten that you wanted ostrich tips, and has put in a breast, Miss Frisby has forgotten that you wanted lace strings, and has given you watered ribbon Miss Frisby in fact, has not followed your order at all, and if you were Miss Spazzams you would cry "The thing shall never go on my head, and dance upon it as she does

A few days after this violent outbreak the "thing" is picked up bent in shape, altered and worn, but I think it always shows the effect of its first reception somehow

A bonnet that suits the wearer, and meets with the approval of her friends, is not the easy and blissful acquisition one might fancy it, by any means Thought has gone to the making of that bonnet, and at best, it never became what it is until the feather was moved a little back, and the bow set a little forward, the ornament changed for another one, the crown lifted, the brim bent, the lining altered, and the original strings replaced by others

After this has been done, the wearer of the new bonnet may go abroad with a placid smile upon her lips, and make every man she meets believe that she picked her head gear from a bonnet bush that grows in her garden, when, really, it has been more trouble to get it into working order than if it had been a steam engine

THE RETIRED MONEY GRUBBER

Rich men who retire from business to enjoy life sometimes discover, when too late that they have retired from enjoyment and made a very melancholy piece of it It drives our active career the merchant has four times to cultivate his tastes and expand his mental faculties as well as to fill his pockets he may find happiness in retirement But let no man, the sole aim of whose existence has been to accumulate money delude himself with the idea that seclusion could be anything but a penance to him He may try fashionable life and if he has the golden master key Fashion will open all her doors to him but the result will be the same He belongs, body and soul to the world of bargain and sale, he understands no other; and place him where you will outside of it, he feels like an exile On "change" or in his warehouse he may have been even tempered and of pleasant address, in the home to which he wended after business hours to concert new schemes for adding to his shining heaps he may have been civil and amiably disposed but go and see him in his retirement reposing on his well gilded commercial laurels, and you shall find him as morose as Caliban or as melancholy as a prisoner of war And why? Simply because his occupation's gone and wedded to it as he was by habit, he has no inclination for any other

A YOUNG MERCHANT'S DEBT

Some years ago a young man, now a prosperous wholesale merchant on Front street started in business He had plenty of money, and laid in a stock of goods as fine as any of his neighbors While trade poured into their places it seemed to light shy of him Dust lay upon the door sills and clerks stood about idle.

After a month of business depression, the young man got an idea He hired a number of drays, backed them up to the front, and put his clerks to work getting down goods from the shelves, which were packed in cases and loaded into the vehicles. Other drays drove up and discharged their contents, which were carried inside. The same goods were being handled over and over, but there was an air of business about all this and after a few days customers began to come Then the drays carried only goods which were sold, and the merchant prospered until he is a leader in the grocery line in the city at the present time.

Victory belongs to the persevering!