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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5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	1.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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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 roads, 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.
Ope every day from 8 a.m. to 8 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.

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
OFFICES:—1626 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St
Telephone 2071. TORONTO.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A G MURRAY

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

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

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.
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.

E. W. BOYD,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Conveyancer, MONEY TO LOAN
Office—Booth's Block, Main St., Milton
Office at Streetsville each Wednesday afternoon.
—Palace Bakery Block, Queen Street.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the PRESS Printing 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, ACTON
H. H. WORDEN, Proprietor

An easy shave, a stylish hair cut, a good shampoo an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HALTON BLOCK (formerly Hatches 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

THE METHODIST CHURCH
ACTON.
REV J E HOWELL, M A Pastor
Parsonage, Bower Avenue
Public Services 10:30 a.m. and 6:30 p.m. Sunday school 2:30 Bible Class conducted by the pastor All cordially invited
Strangers and visitors always welcome At entire ushers at the door
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
J. S. CHLMAN, President.
Meets every Tuesday evening All Young People invited

Guelph Business College.
Stands head and shoulders above all its rivals. It is not only a fashionable 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 Curriculum, mailed free, address,
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont.

Money means Life. Time is Money.
Don't waste you life Dipping Ink.
Get a FOUNTAIN PEN
The best
Caw's Dashaway.
Every Pen Guaranteed.
DAY'S BOOK STORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

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
GEORGE RANDALL, President.
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C. M. TAYLOR, Secretary.
JOHN KILLER, Inspector.
A. C. BIGGS, Agent,
BURLINGTON P. O

NEW FALL GOODS
Very choice Scotch and West of England
Suitings
—AND—
Trouserings
Complete range of all the Leading Shades in
Overcoatings
All new, at close prices
See our new Fall Neckwear
Try our Unlaundried Shirt at 50 cts
R. E. NELSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR AND GENTS' FURNISHER
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph

EXCURSION
every Saturday.
ACTON to SPRAGGE'S
Popular furniture Store,
GUELPH.
Every Saturday is our
BIG BARGAIN DAY
And on a purchase of goods that would cost you $5 00 at anyother store you will save your railway fare if you buy from us, and I will give you a few examples.

1 Extension Table	$4 25	former price	$6 00
2 Sideboard	7 50		9 00
3 Dining Chairs	3 75		5 00
4 Parlor Suites	20 00		30 00
5 Parlor Suites	25 00		35 00
6 Baby Carriages at net cost.			
7 Bicycles at net cost			
8 Bedroom Suites from $15 00 up.			

Try us once and you will never leave us.
P. SPRAGGE,
The Peoples Popular Furniture Store
Upper Wyndham St.
Guelph.

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
We have our roller mill now in complete and satisfactory running order, and are in a position to supply the wants of the public with
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
and all kinds of Feed,
AT RIGHT PRICES.
Every order will receive prompt attention and will be delivered to any part of the town
Our terms are cash and one price for all
Don't forget to patronize home industry Give us a fair trial and we will leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture
Orders taken at the Mill or at J. V. Kennedy's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

- - 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. EDBAGE, Manager
Acton

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid-up 807,400
Rest 83,000
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.

Your Wife
Would be more than pleased if you brought her home a nice new lamp. —We have a splendid stock to choose from and the prices are away down. Give us a call.
BOND & CO.
"Everything in Hardware."
GUELPH.

THE LEADING SHOE STORE, Guelph.
The Leading Shoe Store is to the front with every desirable line of Shoes for Fall and Winter Wear.
Our store is thoroughly renovated and made new.
New Shoes and New Prices, Lower Prices.
A real reduction in prices has been effected We have the most expensive kinds, but you don't need to buy them. We have put in a large stock of staple goods, such as any one can afford to buy Shoes bought at the Lowest Cash Prices. These will be sold at very Small Profits, and we are not afraid to warrant every pair The following list gives you an idea of the substantial reductions

Children's Buff Button	25c per pair
" Lace Boots	45c "
" Patrolio Butt., Heel or Spring	at 65 cents per pair
" Laced	80c per pair
" Butt.	75c "
Boys Laced Boots from 75c to $1 00	
Girls School Shoes, No. 11 to 2, $1 00	
Ladies' Dongola Butt.	$1 25
" Pinar Dongola Butt.	$1 50
" Pol. Calf Laced Boots	$1 00
" " Button	$1 25
Men s Long Top Boots, $1 50 to $2 50	
" Buff Bals Pegged	$1 25
" " Sewed, $1 75 to $2 00	
Fine Welted Bals $2 25 to $4 00	
Gaiters the same	

The Leading Shoe Store
W. McLaren & Co.

OUR STOCK of
Fine Hats and Furnishings is exceptionally large and choice this season, and at the prices we are quoting they are remarkably good value
The best way of judging as to the truthfulness of the above is to compare the quality and prices of our goods with those of our competitors
We want your custom and will make it worth your while to deal with us
Yours respectfully,
SHAW & TURNER,
Merchant Tailors and Clothing Dealers. GUELPH.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan Any communications for wardsd to my address, Box 720, or telephone 98, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent
Guelph

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

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

Poetry.

THE LAND OF 'PRETTY SOON.'

I know a land where the wishes are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve,
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the profits broken,
And many a coveted boon
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—
The land of 'Pretty Soon.'

There are great jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust.
And oh! this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon,
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
The land of 'Pretty Soon.'

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks,
It is further at noon than it was at dawn,
And further at night than at noon,
Oh! let us beware of that land down there—
The land of 'Pretty Soon.'

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Select Family Reading.

The Boy at Home.

SCHOLL CONTRIBUTION.

The following are the contents of an interesting letter written by a lady to her friends whose guest she had been for some time. Every mother will read it with profit:

"You looked very much troubled as you wondered why it was that your boy, your only boy, seemed to have no love for his home. We were having one of those cosy chats that woman love, when one after another all the little strands, that woven together make up the cable along which our lives run, were singled out and discussed. You had been telling me about your pretty little daughter, how well she was doing at school, how she excelled in music, and the dainty bit of embroidery in your hand was something that you were making for her nest of a room. Evidently your little Florence satisfied every desire of your heart. And then I had asked:

"And Harry?"

It is my weakness that a boy has a charm for me that no one else can possess in my eyes.

"Harry is doing very well at school," you answered. "He is well, and quite large for his age. Indeed it makes him awkward. In fact he is just at the awkward age, when he is all arms and legs. You know how clumsy boys are when they get at this stage. But I feel worried sometimes when I see how little he cares for his home. He seems fond enough of us all; it isn't that he doesn't love us, but he is always restless when he is at home, and wants to be off somewhere else spending his evenings."

"Where does he go?" I asked, with a little anxiety.

"Oh, he is safe enough," and you laughed. "He goes to see his Sunday school teacher, and I suppose he is just exactly as well off there, if not better, than he could be at home. I don't mind his being there. In fact it is rather a relief. It is only the knowledge that he doesn't care anything about his home that troubles me. Mrs. Warren is very fond of boys, and all her class seems to find the same fascination in being at her house that Harry does. I wonder sometimes how she can be bother with them so much, but tastes differ of course. I confess that sometimes it is a great comfort to know that Harry is so well taken care of without any trouble to me. Now when he got the photograph craze last winter, I just put my foot down on it. His Uncle sent him a camera, and of course Harry wanted me to rig up some kind of a dark room for him. I knew just what it would amount to, stains and messes all over the house, so I told him that if he had to have a dark room he must find some boy who had one and use his. He fretted over it for a day or two, and then discovered that Mrs Warren would just as soon have him use her dark room as not, for she is quite an amateur photographer and has everything of that kind ready for use, so he goes over there with his plates, and fusses over them, perfectly happy with his messing, and I am clear of it all. Boys are queer things. If he was only a girl now, I would enjoy him so much more. There comes Florence from school." I did not wonder, at your pride in your graceful little daughter who came sedately into the room, knowing that I had arrived when she saw my umbrella in the hall rack. She spoke politely to me when her mother introduced her and sat down and began to talk with the ease of any grown up woman. I did not wonder at her self possession and gracefully assured manner, as I noticed how courteous you were to her, how, underneath your love, there was a recognition of her individuality, her right to the courtesy which is too often forgotten or ignored. I was charmed with your little daughter, but even beyond that I admired the wisdom and tact in the mother which had developed the child. She would not have expanded so naturally if there had not been an atmosphere of appreciation and sympathy about her continually.

Florence took me up to see her room after a while. On the way we passed a small hall bedroom. I had a whimsical fancy that it was a convict's cell. It was perfectly bare and cheerless. The walls were white and bare of ornaments of any kind. There was a small iron bedstead, a chair, a table with the necessary appurtenances upon it and a glass hanging over all. This was all, absolutely all. There was not even a pretence at beautifying it.

"That is Harry's room," explained Florence, and then she opened the door of the large sunny room over the porch, and I uttered an involuntary exclamation of of delight. It was such a dainty nest for the young girl. The walls were a delicate blue, and the dado was decorated with trailing vines of morning glories, painted by your own skillful hands. I recognized your touch as soon as I looked at the graceful saintly tinted bells. The little bedstead was an iron one, but it was painted with white enamel touched up with gold, while a pale canopy over it made it look like a Sleeping Beauty. I need not tell you all the trifles that went to make up the beauty of the room. With skill, taste and love, one does not need a very long purse to make a charming boudoir. It was in perfect order, and here and there were little corners where the child's individuality had asserted itself. I admired it to her heart's content, but when we went downstairs again I could not help a little jealous feeling for the son of the house, as we went past the cheerless slip of a room.

"Oh, Harry doesn't care about his room," Florence said lightly, as I made some comment. "Boys don't, you know. I am so glad I am not a boy. They are so different from girls."

My admiration of the little lady suddenly had a cloud pass over it as I noted the light superciliousness in her tone. Was that the prevailing sentiment of the house? "Boys are so different," with the difference by no means in favor of the boy. If so, it was not strange that home had no special charm for the boy.

We were sitting downstairs when a merry whistle came up the street. A boy's whistle is so like a bird's song and overflowing into music of content and joy in life. I always like to hear it, and it starts the blood through my veins with new energy as my heart throbs responsively in sympathy with the boy's musical notes. The lilting of a bird in spring-time is no sweeter to me, than the gay whistle of a boy.

"That must be Harry." He is late to day," you said, glancing at the clock. In another moment the gate was opened and shut vigorously, and a boy's step came bounding up on the porch. He dashed into the hall and came into the sitting room with a rush that instantly slackened when he saw a stranger there. Evidently he had forgotten that I was expected, and had come in overflowing with some plan or bit of news.

"Harry, that isn't the way to come charging into a room," you said, in annoyed tones, looking at the flushed face and tumbled hair, which clung in soft curls about the boy's forehead. "Why don't you go upstairs and make yourself presentable first?"

"I didn't know there was anyone here," he answered, coloring vividly with embarassment, and then as he underwent what was evidently to him an ordeal of introduction I could see why his mother had said that he was all legs and arms. He had become conscious of them, that was all, and found them in his way when he had no use for them.

As the boy turned to go out of the room his foot cut in the edge of a large rug, and he nearly lost his balance, throwing out his arms to steady himself, he knocked over a vase that stood on the edge of a small table. Poor boy, it would have been trying enough to a grown person had such a chapter of accidents happened before a stranger, but he did not need the reproof for awkwardness that you gave him to complete his misery. Being a loving boy and wanting to deserve your commendation and be a credit to you, it was a hard trial to find himself in disgrace, and to be conscious that you were ashamed of him before your friend.

All the enthusiasm the eager light, had gone out of his face, and when he came back after a quarter of an hour, irreproachably neat, he was very quiet and subdued. Once I tried to get him to talk to me but he glanced uneasily at you, and had so evidently been brought up on the principle that boys, at any rate, "should be seen and not heard," that I forbore to trouble him by trying to draw him out. I made up my mind that before my visit was over, how over your bright faced boy and myself should be friends.

Before I had been twenty four hours in the house I did not wonder that your boy did not love his home. By the time I had been there a week I marvelled at the patience, the forbearance of the boy with you, his mother. I wondered that he tried so patiently to please, you, when you were so hard to please, and being pleased, so often failed to express it. I wondered why he wanted the love which could disguise itself so completely, and while lavishing itself upon your other child, withheld itself from the boy who strove so earnestly to be worthy of it. For he loves you dearly, that boy of yours, and if he could give you a moment's pleasure by staying at home, and know that he could, I doubt if any magnet could be strong enough to draw him away. Still more I marvelled that he did not entirely withhold his confidence from you, that he kept on trying to share his joys with you, that being snubbed mercilessly and invariably when he came to you with a bit of triumph over a successful negative, a rare stamp, or a game of football, he should ever run the risk of a rebuff again. Yet his love was strong enough to stand all this. But he was glad to be away from you. It was very true that as soon as the evening meal was ended and we sat down in the cosy sitting room, where Florence could bring her dainty work, but his stamp album his paste and mounts and photographs were forbidden, that he begged to go over and see Mrs Warren.

"You will tire her all out going there so often," you exclaimed, one evening. "Do give her one evening to herself for once. She always has a lot of boys bothering her, and she must be thankful to have a rest once in awhile."

I was looking at your boy as you spoke and I saw a beautiful thing. He drew himself up proudly, the consciousness of his legs and arms were forgotten, the handsome curly head was erect, and a look of love fairly illuminated the boy's countenance.

"Mrs Warren always wants me," he said with a ring in his voice that was good to hear. "I don't tire her. She likes me to come, and she likes me to know every thing. That's why we go. We wouldn't go if she didn't want us to come so much."

"Well go along then if you are so sure that you are wanted," you answered, "but get home by half past nine."

You do well, my friend, to give such love and tenderness and sympathy to your daughter, and oh, what you lose when you exclude your boy from all that makes such perfect confidence between your daughter and yourself. You do not want his boyish confidence now, but the day may come when you will on your bended knees pray with tears, for power to touch the heart which you are repelling now. I count your boy's friend a rich woman, for she has the place that ought to be yours."

Intermt

SHORT SUGGESTIONS.

Eat plain food.
Be regular in your habits.
Begin your morning meal with fruit.
Don't go to work immediately after eating.
Rise in the morning soon after you are awake.
Be moderate in the use of liquids at all seasons.

SAMANTHA ALLEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

There was some little pictures there about six inches square, and marked:

Little Pictors for a Child's Album.

And Josiah sez to me, "I believe I'll buy one of 'em for Babe's album that I got her last Christmas."

Sez he, "I've got ten cents in change; but probable," sez he, "it won't be over eight cents."

Sez I, "Don't be too sanguine, Josiah Allen."

Sez he, "I am never sanguinary without good horse sense to back it up. They throwed in a chiropo three feet square with the last calico dress you bought at Jonesville, and this hain't over five or six inches big."

"Well," sez I, "buy it if you want to."

"Wall," sez he, "that's what I lay out to do, mom."

So he accosted a Columbus Guard that stood nigh, and sez he: "I'm a-goin' to buy that little picter, I want to know if I can take it home now in my pocket?"

"That picter," sez he, "is twenty thousand dollars. It is owned by the German National Gallery, and is loaned by them;" and sez he, with a ready flow of knowledge inherent to them guards, "the artist, Adolph Menzel, is to German art what Meissonier is to the French. His pictures are all bought by the National Gallery, and bring enormous sums."

Josiah almost swooned away. Nothin' but pride kep' him up. I didn't say nothin' to add to his mortification. Only I simply said;

"Babe will prize that picter, Josiah Allen."

And he sez, "Be a fool if you want to. I'm a goin' to git sunthin' to eat." And he hurried along at a dog trot.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS

Love always weeps when it has to whip.

Love never bestows a burden that is heavy.

We are joking God when we fear to do wrong.

Faith in Christ changes the coffin into a chariot.

To believe the devil is to lose the peace of Christ.

One symptom of backsliding is a lack of thankfulness.

Religion pure and undefiled never works by the month.

Law wears iron shoes, and don't care where it steps.

There are no real strong people in this world but good people.

The truth we hate the most is the truth that hits us the hardest.

It is not what you put into your pocket, but what you take out that will make you rich.

The buster a man is the harder it is for the devil to get into conversation with him.

There are some people who are ravens at home who pass for doves at camp meeting.

The man who would go to heaven alone if he could, is the very one who ought to be kept out.

The devil is not much concerned about the influence of the christian who does not pray in secret.

BEST NOVELS

The following is an excellent though limited list of the best books for one to read:

The best historical novel "Ivanhoe."
The best dramatic novel "The Count of Monte Cristo."
The best domestic novel "The Vicar of Wakefield."
The best marine novel "Mr Midshipman Easy."
The best country life novel "Adam Bede."
The best military novel "Charles O'Malley."
The best religious novel "Ben Hur."
The best political novel "Lothair."
The best novel written for a purpose "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
The best pathetic novel "The Old Curiosity Shop."
The best humorous novel "The Pickwick Papers."
The best Irish novel "Handy Andy."
The best Scotch novel "The Heart of Midlothian."
The best English novel "Vanity Fair."
The best American novel "The Scarlet Letter."

HOW TO READ A BOOK

The first thing to do in reading a book or a story in a magazine or any other thing worth reading, is to ascertain who wrote it. An author talks to us in his books, and just as we like to know the friends we talk with, we should like to know the name of the man or woman whose published thoughts are entering into our daily lives. Therefore make it a rule, girls, to read the title page of the volume in your hand, and if there be a preface, unless it be a very long one, read that too. You will in this way establish an acquaintance with your author and you will know him by sight, and soon you will know him more intimately. Every author has little ways and words of his own, and you will find yourself recognizing these very swiftly and lovingly. By and by, when you happen in your story on some phrase, or turn a sentence, or little jotting mannerism which belongs to the author you are growing well acquainted with, you will feel pleased, and the story will mean a great deal more to you than if it were simply the work of an unknown person, whose tones and looks were quite unfamiliar. *Harpers.*

A VERY POLITE UMPIRE.

At a cricket match played in the park of a well known baronet in Sussex there was a scarcity of available talent. It was necessary, in consequence, to secure the the services of one of the footmen of the hall as umpire. In due course the baronet his master, went in, and the village bowler was put on. The second time he bowled the baronet stopped the ball with his leg, and the cry of "How's that?" was raised.

It was the footman who had to answer and, turning to his master, he exclaimed, in a half apologetic tone. "I'm afraid I must say 'Not at home,' Sir George."

"Not at home'" cried the baronet "What do you mean?"

"Well, then, Sir George," James made answer, "if you will have it, I mean that you're hout'".

Rheumatism is primarily caused by acidity of the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus cures the disease.

BE KIND TO MOTHER.

It is said of one of the monarchs of Germany that he was one day annoyed at ringing his bell more than once without receiving an answer. On opening the door of his cabinet he was surprised to find his page fast asleep in a chair. His first impulse was to awaken and rebuke him. On approaching the sleeper, however, a playful thought seized his majesty (for kings are but men), and he resolved to amuse himself a little at the page's expense. Seeing a paper projecting from the boy's pocket on which something was written, his curiosity was excited. So he quietly leaned forward, stealthily extracted the letter and retreated into the royal apartment. Taking his seat he opened it, and with a gleam of amusement in his eye he commenced reading it. The letter was from the boy's mother, and was as follows:

MY DEAR SON: I return you many thanks for the money you saved from your salary, and sent to me. It has proven a great help to me. God will certainly reward you, my dear boy for it, and if you continue to serve your God and your king faithfully and conscientiously you will not fail of success and prosperity in this world.

From your loving mother,
MARY ———

By the time the king had finished the letter his amused look had given place to an expression of admiration, justice, and benevolence.

"Worthy boy!" he exclaimed, "and equally worthy mother! The act will be rewarded." And then, stepping softly into his closet, he fetched a number of coins, and put them with the letter, into the boy's pocket. After this he rung the bell violently, which brought the page into his presence.

"You have been asleep, I suppose," said the king.

The page stammered out an excuse: and in doing so he put his hand in his pocket and felt the money. Pale, and with eyes full of tears, he looked at the king imploringly—

"What is the matter?" said his majesty.

"Oh," replied the boy, "somebody has contrived my ruin. I know nothing of this money!"

"What God bestows," resumed the king, using a German proverb, "He bestows in sleep. Send the money to your mother, and tell her that I will take care of both her and you."

WHY EXERCISE.

Ten reasons for the necessity (of muscular activity:—

1. Any man who does not take time to exercise will probably have to take time to be ill.

2. Body and mind are both gifts, and for the proper use of them our Maker will hold us responsible.

3. Exercise gradually increases the physical powers, and gives more strength to resist sickness.

4. Exercise will do for your body what intellectual training will do for the mind educate and strengthen it.

5. Plato called a man lame because he exercised the mind while the body was allowed to suffer.

6. A sound body lies at the foundation of all that goes to make life a success. Exercise will help to give it.

7. Exercise will help a young man to lead a chaste life.

8. Varied, light and brisk exercise, best to sleep, will rest the tired brain better than anything else.

9. Metal will rust if not used, and the body will become diseased if not exercised.

10. A man "so busy" to take care of his health is like a workman too busy to sharpen his tools.

FRIENDLY ADVICE

Burglar "Don't shoot!"

Householder (angrily)—"Why shouldn't I shoot?" You came here to rob and, if necessary, to murder."

"Just so. I ought to be shot and you've got the drop on me, you can do it, but for your own sake, I advise you not to."

"Why not, pray?"

"First the shot will call the police who will rush in, smash whichever head they find up, and that will be yours, second, you'll be hurried off to a filthy cell, full of disease and bedbugs, and kept there until the day for trial, third, although you will be declared not guilty, of course, you will have to pay the lawyers. Better let me carry off what I've got, and sleep in peace and comfort. I'll thank you for your purse."

"Here, take it. Burglars' union cheaper than lawyers."

DEATH

Ninety nine of every hundred human beings, says Dr. Cyrus Edson, ar. unconscious for several hours before death comes to them. All the majesty of intellect, the tender beauty of thought, or sympathy, or charity, the very love of those for whom love has filled all waking thoughts, disappear. As a little baby just born into the world is but a little animal, so the sage, the philosopher, the hero, the statesman, become but a dying animal at the last. A merciful unconsciousness sets in, as the mysterious force we call life slowly takes leave of its last citadel, the heart, and what it has becomes what was. This is death.

A NEW KIND OF MOTHER

Some fifty years ago, a certain lady in the Pine tree State found herself arrived at the age of two score years. She called her daughters around her and said "My dears, I have borne the heat and burden of many years, I propose now to cultivate my mind and taste, and let you do the work." She stuck to it, and the girls had to take hold. The sensible old lady is now ninety, with a good stock of health, intelligence, and cheerfulness, plus several industrious children, grand children, and great grandchildren.

SOME THINGS WOMEN DON'T LIKE.

An editor out west having been asked if he ever saw a baldheaded woman, replied "No, we never did. Nor did we ever see a woman waltzing around town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar between her teeth and run into every saloon she saw. We never saw a woman go fishing with a bottle in her pocket, sit down on the damp ground all day and go home drunk at night. Nor have we seen a woman yank off her coat and say she could lick any man in town. No, God bless her, she isn't built that way."

THE TELEGRAM.

"Is this the tel'gram office?"
Asked a childish voice one day,
As I noted the click of my instrument,
With its message from away.
As it ceased, I turned, at my elbow
Stood the merest scrap of a boy
Whose childish face was all aglow
With the light of unbidden joy.

The golden curls on his forehead
Shaded eyes of the deepest blue,
As if a bit of the summer sky
Had lost in them its hue.
They scanned my office rapidly,
From ceiling down to floor,
They turned on me their eager gaze,
As he asked the question o'er.

"Is this the tel'gram office?"
"It is, my little man,"
I said. "Pray tell me what you want,
And I'll help you if I can."
Then the blue eyes grew more more eager,
And the breath came thick and fast,
And I saw a mite of humanity heave
A folded paper grasped.

"Nurse told me," he said "that the lightning
Came down on the wires some day.
And my mamma has gone to heaven,
And I'm lonely since she's away.
For my papa is very busy,
And hasn't much time for me,
So I thought I'd write her a letter,
And I've brought it for you to see.

"I've printed it big, so the angels
Could read out quick her name
And carry it straight to my mamma,
And tell her how it came.
And now, won't you please take it,
And throw it up good and strong
Against the wires in a funder shower,
And the lightning will take it along."

Ah? what could I tell the darling?
For my eyes were filling fast,
I turned away to hide my tears,
But I cheerfully spoke at last.
"I'll do the best I can, my child,
Twas all that I could say.
"Thank you," he said, then scanned the sky,
"Do you think it will funder to-day?"

But the blue sky smiled in answer,
And the sunshine dazzling bright,
And his face, as he slowly turned away,
Lost some of its gladsome light.
"But nurse," he said, "if I stay so long,
Won't let me come any more;
So, good-bye. I'll come and see you again
Right after a funder shower."

THE MONTREAL "WITNESS."

One of the sights of Montreal is a visit to the *Witness* office, which, for internal elegance, convenience and completeness of equipment has few rivals anywhere. One's attention is arrested on the sidewalk by seeing through a window a Chinaman patiently turning a crank with the air of one who has a contract for a century of faithful labor, and means to fulfil it. The Chinaman is made of wood and for steady, patient, endless toil commend us to a wooden Chinaman. Making bold to go in we find ourselves in an enviable public office with tiled floor, hot-house flowers and what not. Then we were piloted up a spiral stair, through the great editorial room, to the battery of linotypes which are the marvel of the nineteenth century as Gutenberg's movable types were of the awakening life of the fifteenth. The great Hoe press of the *Witness* which prints almost any number of pages, from two to thirty two, is the very whost complete machine anywhere. Close beside it you are shown on enquiry a patch on the floor which marks the spot where exploded the famous bomb some months ago, which the *Witness* doubtless owed to its active and effective war against gamblers and bunco steerers, a class which by exposure and clever caricature it has managed to drive from the city, or at least to deprive of the open tolerance and public freedom which they before enjoyed at the hands of sympathetic officials. The stand for law and order taken by the *Witness* lately resulted in an investigation of the police and detective system of Montreal, which has revealed the need of some revolutionary change. The paper is devoted to temperance and all good things. It claims to be independent in politics and has certainly opposed with equal vigor the Conservative government at Ottawa and the Liberal Mercier government at Quebec. It is at all events a clean family paper, very carefully edited and one of the prettiest to get up and typography that comes to our office.

THE POST OFFICE AT SEA

The system of railway post offices has been found so successful and a means of saving so much valuable time, that it has been extended to the transatlantic steamships. This was begun under Mr Wanamaker's administration as Postmaster General but so far mail clerks have only been placed on the American ships running to Southampton and on the German ships that go to Bremen and Hamburg.

On each vessel of the lines mentioned large state rooms have been set aside and fitted out for the use of the postal clerks. Big racks of pigeon holes stand up against the walls, and the mail pouches hang from stands in the centre of the room. In these post offices the clerks work from eight to ten hours a day during the entire voyage, distributing the mails by cities and States, when coming away, and by railroad lines when going to Germany. On each ship there is one American clerk, one German clerk and a German assistant. The American is in charge going eastward, and the German has charge of things coming this way.

These clerks, of course, are men of energy and intelligence. They are the best material taken from the postal services of both countries. The Germans wear gaudy uniforms with military caps and swords, and are called by the big sounding name of "Reichs Post Secretaer." The American calls himself a "sea post clerk." In spite of the lack of gold braid and side arms, however, the Americans are the most reliable men. It is said that when the *Ender* went on the rocks on the coast of Ireland last year the "Reich Post Secretaer" grabbed his sword and made for the life-boats. The American stood to his business and did not leave his post until he had overseen the transfer of the mails from the leaking ship to a tug. These sea postal clerks handle about 1 10,000 letters and 60 sacks of papers each trip, but in December and January their work is almost doubled.

HOLLINRAKE & SON, MILTON
Close cash prices are telling. We are bound to make things rush from now till the New Year. We believe in a live trade and in making prices interesting to the consumer. Everything is moving out and we are in the race to give you Bargains. Extensive stock of Boots, Shoes and Slippers. Hollinrake & Son, for slanties fine stock. Who would be without a Lady's Coat when you can get one for $5, worth $7.50, $7.50 worth $10, and $10 worth $15. Lovely Millinery at close prices. Unheard of value in Men's Wool Tweed Suits, $3 worth $5. Heavy Tweed Overcoats $3 worth $4.50. Boys' Overcoats good, from $3.75. Boys' Suits as low as $2.50. Special close prices in all our pants, for we can do it. Goods bought right and for cash, we can give close cut prices and make them an interest ing as any city establishment. Heavy Tweed Pants at $1.25. All Wool Men's Sox 12½ cts pair. Woollen Yarn, a new lot, 2 & 3 ply, 25c lb., all colors. Extraordinary value in Flannelette, 5c a yard. Wonderful fine linen, very wide, 10c yd., 11 yds. for $1. Heavy Mantle Cloths worth $1.25 yd. Special prices in all wool heavy Shirts and Drawers this week worth 75c. Heavy Ribbed Shirts and Drawers 35c. each.