The Acton Free Press.

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SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
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5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
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
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

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.
OFFICES:—1256 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St.
Telephone 297. TORONTO
JOHN DOUGLAS A. G. MURRAY

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.

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

T. G. MATHESON, & J. B. McLEOD
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
Georgetown and Milton
Money to loan at lowest rates

JOHN DAY,
ARCHITECT,
OFFICE:—Wyndham Street

HENRY GRIST.
OTTAWA CANADA
Solicitor of Patents, for Inventions, &c.
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. (Over Williams Store)
Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound Ruling neatly and promptly done

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 Classes conducted by the pastor All cordially invited.

Strangers and visitors always welcome An active usher at the door

Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
J. B. COLEMAN President
Meets every Tuesday evening All Young People invited.

IT PAYS

To patronize the

Guelph Business College,

As the following extract from our Catalogue for 1895 clearly shows

"The high reputation of the Guelph Business College and the superiority of the thorough training received under Principal MacCormick sake have again received emphatic demonstration. One of his lady graduates has just been appointed to a responsible and well paid position, over the heads of three hundred and four other applicants."

There is always room and remunerative situations at the top, and that the

Young Men and Women

trained at Guelph Business College are not a day there is amply proved by the evidence.

The present is a good time to enter the College and ladies are admitted to the same advantages as gentlemen. Full information sent to any address

M. MacCormick, Principal,
GUELPH, ONT.

Mamma,
Buy Me a
Baby Carriage
is what all the youngsters in Acton would be asking for if "they could only talk," and the chorus would be
"Buy it at
DAY'S."
A Car Load
Newest Styles
Panic Prices
A Pleasure to show these Goods.
DAY'S BOOK STORE,
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

NEW
MILLINERY SHOW ROOMS
Mill Street, Acton.
Miss White
has her Millinery Show Rooms now open to the public, and extends a cordial invitation to the ladies of Acton and vicinity to favor her with a call at any time.
THE NEWEST STYLES
OF
MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS
will be shown and Miss White, with her experienced assistants, feels confident she will be able to ensure satisfaction to every customer.
MISS WHITE,
Acton.

Dresss and Mantle Making
Miss Armstrong
LATE OF TORONTO,
Has opened Dress and Mantle Making rooms in Mrs. Secord's Block, next door to Miss White's millinery rooms, Acton, and invites the patronage of the ladies of Acton and vicinity
Having had experience with the best classes of work I feel that I can confidently assure all who favor me with their orders the best of satisfaction
MISS ARMSTRONG
SEASON 1895

Thanking the ladies of Acton 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. Mouldings always in stock. Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks &c
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1 50 per M
PUMPS
Any other kind of iron pumps (not Canada Wonders) always in stock. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere
THOS. EBBAGE Manager
Acton

EVERTON MILLS.
Best grade of 10 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 40 cents per bushel
FLOUR
BRAN,
SHORTS,
Chop Feed
Oats and Wheat
Custom work will be done at the Everton Mills on Saturday, as usual.
HENRY HORTON

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
We have our roller mill now in complete order, running night and day in the above line, 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 good we manufacture
Custom taken at the Mill or at J. D. Kennedy's Drug Store
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

Now is the time
to come to
GUELPH
for special low
PRICES
PICTURES, FRAMES,
ARTISTS' SUPPLIES
WATERS BROS.
The Picture Gallery.
St. George's Sq. GUELPH.
Our new season Wall Papers are beginning to arrive.

WANTED.

A SMART AND Travelling Salesman, to handle our Hardy Canadian Grown Nursery Stock. We guarantee satisfaction to representatives and customers. Our Nurseries are the largest in the Dominion, over 300 acres. No substitution to orders. Exclusive territory and liberal terms to whole or part time. Apply, Write us.
STONE & WELLINGTON,
(Head Office) Toronto, Ont.
The only Nursery in Canada having testing orchards.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 607,400
Rest 80,000
GUELPH BRANCH
3½ PER CENT INTEREST paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal or compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November
Deposit Receipts issued.
Farmers notes discounted
The collection of sales notes a specialty
A general Banking business transacted.
A. E. H. JONES,
Manager

We Don't
Want the Earth.
But if you intend to build this Spring, we want you to write us for prices on
"BUILDERS' HARDWARE"
We know it will pay you to deal with us.
BOND & CO'S.
Hardware.
Guelph.

Snaps 2nd EDITION
We are prepared to offer some great inductions in all lines of Winter Goods and beg to draw your attention to the following prices: Three thirty three dollar Overcoats for twenty five dollars each; nine twenty five and twenty six dollar overcoats for twenty dollars, and seven twenty two dollar Overcoats for sixteen dollars.
Thirty of thirty five suit lengths of Heavy Scotch Tweeds worth from twenty three to thirty dollars, for from sixteen to twenty dollars
Also and this is a special line four suit lengths of the celebrated fine dress suitings ever brought into Guelph at thirty dollars per suit, we can make a good dress suit for twenty five dollars
Remember this any order, may be entrusted to us, will be completed first class in every particular
All prices quoted above are for cash only.
Yours respectfully
SHAW & TURNER
Tailors and Furnishing Dealers GUELPH

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

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 one of the above mills
WM. BARBER & BROS.

SELLING OFF
BOOKS STATIONERY
FANCY GOODS, ETC.
Owing to the above with a view to discontinuing the business I am selling off my large and varied stock of the above goods at a large reduction from current rates, during the month of March. Storekeepers and others who buy in larger quantities will have special inducements offered them, and to all material reductions will be made
SCHOOL BOOKS,
COPY BOOKS and
DRAWING BOOKS
are to be sold at 10, 15 & 20 per cent. off according to amount of purchase made.
Foolscap at $1.00 per ream. Note Paper 40 cents and upwards per ream. Envelopes a great bargain and 24 envelopes in a neat box for 5 cents, and better qualities in proportion
School Maps 3 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. for $1.00
JOHN SMITH.
Guelph, 20th Feb., 1895

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any business transactions forwarded to my address, Box 798, Telephone 58, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph

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

J. H. HAMILTON
Granite and Marble Dealer,
GUELH, ONT.
Purchased while in Europe one of the best stocks of
Norway, Swede, Russian, Irish and Scotch
GRANITE
Ever imported and is selling at present 30 per cent. below others. Superior work guaranteed. Marble at half others' prices. Call early for bargains.
J. H. HAMILTON.

Poetry.

QUESTIONS.

Who tells the swallows when to fly
And seek a warmer home?
Who paints the clouds in crimson dye
As night shades gently come?
Who gives the bow its brilliant hue,
Its shades of violet, red and blue?

Some claim that chance has formed all things
The sun, and moon, and earth;
They think that out of Nature springs
Man's origin and birth
They doubt divine, eternal love,
They doubt the God who rules above.

O man of books, thy wisdom's vain,
Thy reasoning lacks in weight,
Blind to the truth thou dost remain,
Thy words are errors great.
Look and behold the watchful care
Which blossoms in the daisy there.

Go, learn of Nature's changing scenes,
The lessons constant round,
And ponder what the lesson means
Which in their laws is found.
Go, ask the waters of the deep
What mighty power their borders keep

Go, ask the stars of diamond hue
Who hung them in the sky,
And how they keep their courses true
As months and years go by.
Or, what power holds all things in place,
And where the bounds of time and space

Go, man, and learn the tiniest blade
That sparkles with the dew,
And when thou this small thing hast made
Give it the bright green hue.
Or, failing, know God rules above,
And works these wonders through His love
—ALICE BISSET

Select Family Reading.

George Meredith's Boot-black

"Black, sir boots, sir?"

It was a childish voice, sweet and pleading, most unlike the usual shrill, half impudent tone of the boot black army, and George Meredith looked down to see the speaker. Being a tall man, over six feet, and somewhat portly, with fifty-five years of life, mostly of prosperity, he looked quite a distance downward before he saw the little fellow who spoke. Such a very little fellow! He did not look more than six years old, and had close clustering curls of fair hair, and big blue eyes like a baby. But the small face was pale and thin, the limbs, but scantily clad, were far too slender, and the low sweet voice had an unchildlike pathos in its tone.

"No," said Mr Meredith, before the look. "Well, yes you may," he added afterwards. "What's your name?" he asked presently.

"George Scott."

"Hm. Orphan."

"No, sir. Mother died—she was hurt—slipped on the ice abo—I was—week ago, and broke her arm. She did not think I was big enough to work before that, but she had to let me try then. I don't make out very, well. Gentlemen think I'm too little. But I can make boots shine, can't I?"

"You have certainly made that one shine," was the reply, while Mr. Meredith thought: "Here is something rare, indeed a boot black who talks correct English. Has he stepped out of a novel?"

In a moment he spoke again.

"What work did your mother do?" he asked.

"Embroider for a living at—she couldn't work very fast, because she isn't very strong. But we didn't eat a great deal, that is one comfort."

"Sorry comfort!" muttered the gentleman. "Any brothers or sisters?"

"All dead sir. Mamie was the last—kept me, and she died in consumption. She was sixteen and helped mamma sew and keep the rooms in order. Oh, dear!"

It was just a child's sigh, coming from a full heart to answer the look of interest and sympathy in the gentleman's face.

"Do you like blacking boots?" was the next question.

"No, sir!"

"Would you like to—something else?"

"I think I should."

"How much can you make a day?"

"The most I ever made was forty cents—this is my first job to day."

"Can you read?"

"Why yes, sir. I can—some."

"You come to-morrow morning to—address on this card, and I will try you for an errand boy."

Then giving the lad a fifty cent piece and refusing to wait until he went to get change for it, George Meredith strolled off to his hotel his solitary dinner and bachelor apartments.

"Odd," he thought, "how much that boy reminds me of some one, I can't think who it is. Some one who had just such big blue eyes, at once shy and frank, drooping most of the time, but candid and truthful when they did meet your own. Hm, it is very vague, but somebody I once knew had just such eyes. Poor little chap! I'll give him a decent suit of clothes and pay him enough to live on until his mother gets well. It won't ruin me!"

And considering that the speaker counted his money by hundreds of thousands, it seemed likely it would not.

The little, eager lad who walked into the rich lawyer's office the next day was an improved edition of the boot black of the night before. He had on his "best" suit, well worn, but whole, and his linen was white, his hair nicely brushed, and his boots shining.

"Mother better?" asked Mr Meredith.

"No, sir," was the sad, quiet answer. She couldn't get over to the dispensary this morning to have her arm dressed. She was so dizzy she had to lie down."

"That's bad. Suppose you tell me where you live?"

"No. 17 Merriam Court, six back of street."

"Hm! Well, I'll give you your first errand."

He wrote a note, directed it to "Dr. James Turner," added the address and gave it to the boy.

"Are I to wait for an answer, sir?"

"No. Leave it, if the doctor is not at home."

"Now," he thought, "I shall know if he is an impostor, at any rate. By Jove!" he exclaimed aloud, "it's Agnes Welldon!"

Then clients and friends came in, and the business of the day commenced. But the boy was not forgotten. Errand that were not too far away to tax his strength were provided, a hearty dinner at a restaurant was given him, and he went home with a steady engagement at five dollars a week promised him.

In that home a sad-eyed woman, in a shabby widow's dress, her face lined with pain and sorrow, but yet a sweet, tender face, had been all the weary day lying in her father's pleasant home, where there was never great wealth, but every comfort and an atmosphere of love around them all. She saw herself a young, pretty girl, with many friends, and some lovers. One of these was a man older by fifteen years than herself; grave and tender, but who seemed in her girlish eyes too old and solemn to think of love. When her father told her that George Meredith had asked her to be his wife, she was frightened. It seemed as if it would destroy her youth, take all joyousness from her life, to marry this stately, reserved man, already a lawyer of standing.

So she refused him, never appreciating the value of the heart that had been taken captive by her brightness and sweet girlish ways. How could she know that it would have made the happiness of the grave, lonely man's life to surround her with all that could keep her as joyous and free as a butterfly?

He left his old home after his love-dream faded, but he left pleasant memories. Even after Wm. Scott wooed and won the woman he had lost, she could not quite forget the grave man who had loved her.

Sunny days of wedded happiness follow of her happy girlhood. Children came to bless her, and when her parents died, her husband, her sons and daughters consoled her. She was past thirty years old when troubles came, thick, fast, overwhelming. Two children died on the same day, of a prevailing fever, and before the month was over, her husband followed them to the grave. He had been a clerk, on a moderate salary, and the nest egg in the bank was very small, yet the widow looked at the little ones left her and strove to face her future bravely. It was the pitiful story to be heard every day: irregular work, poor pay, sickness, death! The removal from a country home to a crowded city, in the hope of better work and wages, proved a failure, and the air of a crowded tenement house dwarfed and injured the children, who died one by one, till only her baby, George Meredith Scott, was left to console the widow.

While she mused and wept over this panorama of her life, wondering a little that some long past memory had made her name the boy for her old friend, never hoping to meet him again, Dr Turner called.

He explained very cautiously that Mr Meredith had requested him to see if his professional services would not help her, and examined the arm. His directions were brief, and he left her to wonder if indeed her old friend was the gentleman who was helping her boy, and whose card lay between the leaves of the Bible.

Dr Turner's report to Mr Meredith was:

"Delicate woman evidently a lady. Arm doing very well, but general health at the lowest ebb. Wants good food, better air, and, above all, mental quiet. Fretting herself to death."

George Meredith, being one of those rare philanthropists whose left hand knew not the good deeds of his right hand made no parade of generosity. If Mrs Scott guessed, she never knew whose came an envelope with a generous gift of bank notes. It enabled her to make George neat, to add to her own scanty attire, and to provide the medicines and food Dr Turner no longer hesitated to order.

In three weeks that followed George's engagement as errand boy to Mr. Meredith, the boy won his way far into the heart of the bachelor lawyer. For years after his rejection by Agnes Welldon, he had lived a busy life, trying to forget the pain of his broken love dream in his ambition. A man always reserved, caring nothing for society, he had given to his old friend's child the one love of his life, never striving to replace her image in his heart, never seeking to add family joys to his scheme of life. It would be too much to say that he had not recovered in the years that followed his disappointment from its sting. As time rolled on there were often months when he never thought of his old love and when he took George Scott into his employ, her image was entirely buried under the varied interests of his career of professional usefulness and political interest.

But the boy stirred new, soft springs in his heart, of love and gentleness. He was a quiet, gentle child, with an active brain, but delicate constitution one of the frail little ones who seem utterly unfit to cope with the trials and sorrows of this hard world. Willing, respected and grateful, only he was trusted with many errands that Mr Meredith would have hesitated to give to a boy of less refinement and intelligence and his gratitude made him ever eager to do his best to please his kind friend.

Winter was over, and April winds sweeping over the city when one day Mr Meredith sat waiting an answer to a note. In a state of wondering impatience. It was something altogether new for George to loiter on the way, or to neglect any detail of an errand. Yet he had been sent on an mission that need not occupy twenty minutes, and three hours had elapsed without his return.

Impatience was giving way to uneasiness when a policeman presented himself.

"Had employed boy name of Scott?" he asked.

"Yes. What has happened?"

"Knocked down by a runaway team—badly hurt. We took him home, and he wanted me to let you know why he was away."

"Thanks. I will go to him."

He took up his hat as he spoke, wondering himself at the thrill of pain at his heart. He knew then that he loved the boy as he had not loved anyone for many long years. The lad's own sweetness, with the eyes that were a memory of his mother, had endeared him to the world worn lawyer, till it was with positive pain he bent over the bed and saw the little face white and drawn with agony.

"My poor boy!" he said, tenderly, "what can I do for you?"

"Did mother go away?" the child whispered. "She said I might see you alone."

"There is no one here but ourselves."

"Maybe I'm wicked," the child said, "because mother told me not to tell you now. No please, don't stop me. I'm bad ly hurt, sir, and I may die, and mother will be alone, and as I want to tell you that she know you once, many years ago, and that my name is George Meredith Scott. I was named for you, sir, and mother's told me much about you, and how good you always were, that I am sure you will be kind to her if I die."

"You may be sure, George, that your mother will never want a friend while I live."

Presently she came in, a pale shadow of his brilliant young love, and yet when they greeted each other the voices of both were unsteady, and in each heart was a memory that made the meeting at once a pain and a joy. Over the little bed where George lay for weeks in patient suffering, George Meredith once more let his heart expand to new hope, loving with deep, protecting affection his love of long ago.

And the woman who had once thought life was to be all brightness, and who had shrunk from even a shadow on her path, knew at last what a heart she had once rejected. That he could love her again, with her beauty faded, her life broken by sorrow, did not occur to her, though she know that her passionate gratitude to him had long been love, deep, sincere love, such as she had thought buried forever in her husband's grave.

It was in their first grateful joy over Dr Turner's assurance that George was out of danger and would entirely recover, that these two long separated hearts met at last.

They scarcely could have told themselves in what words they exchanged vows of fidelity and love, but in Mrs Scott's heart there was not one thought of the worldly gain that would follow her marriage, and George Meredith knew that for love, and by love alone, his wife was won at last.

METAL MONEY AS CURRENCY.

Metal money is often inconvenient. It is too heavy, for one thing, to be used in large quantities. When this is true it is open to all the objections that are made against barter. It will not serve for currency in some transactions. By currency, I mean money and its representatives that pass from hand to hand in daily transactions. Suppose, for example, that A should purchase property of B for $100,000. If A had nothing but gold in which to pay B, he would be obliged to buy a wagon and carry the price to B in this expensive and troublesome manner. If there were nothing but gold in the world, the man who goes into the central part of this State to buy butter and cheese, or to the wheat farms of the North west, would be obliged to carry with him chests of gold and an arsenal for his protection against robbers. Therefore paper currency and other representatives of money have been invented. And this paper is not confined to government notes and bank notes. It does not necessarily represent gold or silver, but it must be good for every dollar that it promises to pay, and more than that, it must be believed to be good by those who are asked to part with their goods for it. It includes promissory notes, drafts, bills of exchange, and the checks of individuals. All these things pass from hand to hand, and the paper obligations of private persons, it is estimated, furnish the tools with which nine tenths of business transactions are carried on. All these paper obligations rest on coined money or property of some other kind. They pass in trade because it is believed that they will be redeemed. Paper representatives of money must be honest just as money itself must be honest. *Harper's Weekly.*

WHY MEN SHOULD MARRY

It was clearly meant that all men, as well as all women, should marry, and those who, for whatever reason, miss this obvious destiny, are, from nature's point of view, failures. It is not a question of personal felicity (which in eighteen cases out of twenty may be more than problematic), but of race responsibility. The unmarried man is a skulker, who, in order to secure his own ease, dooms some woman who has a rightful claim upon him, to celibacy. And in so doing he defrauds himself of the opportunities for mental and moral development which only the normal experience can provide. He deliberately stunts the nature of his manhood, impoverishes his heart and brain, and chokes up all the sweet potentialities of his soul. To himself he is apt to appear like the wise fox that detects the trap, though it be ever so cunningly baited, that refuses to surrender his liberty for the sake of an appetizing chicken or rabbit, which may after all be a decoy, stuffed with sawdust, while as a matter of fact his case is that of the cowardly servant in the parable, who for fear of losing his talent, hid it in a napkin and in the end was deemed unworthy of his stewardship. *North American Review.*

SOME FAMOUS WIDOWS

There is a Hebrew tradition that Arvited Adam and was therefore the first widow.

The list of successful rivals of the army of three hundred and twenty six widows who either reigned in their own names or as regents.

The mother of the Grecchi remained a widow that she might give her whole time to the education of her sons.

Mrs Aphra Behn was a widow when she wrote the dramas and poetry which excite the disgust of every present day reader.

Empress Dowager Augusta was, in early life, a musician of marked ability, and composed many marches for the Prussian army.

Boadicea was a widow when she led the great revolt which nearly rode the Roman power in England. She committed suicide after the defeat of her army.

Ex Empress Eugenie, of France, lives in retirement in England, with occasional visits to the Continent. She and Victoria are warm personal friends.

Andromache, the widow Hector, was tall, blonde and blue eyed. After the capture of Troy she was married to Pyrrhus surviving him to take a third husband.

A SLIGHT OFFENSE.

An English tourist arrived in an Irish town, where a man was about to be hung for shooting his landlord. Ignorant of the cause of the gathering, he questioned one of the peasants.

Englishman "What is going on to-day, my man?"

Peasant "They're going to hang a man, sor."

Englishman "What is he to be hanged for?"

Peasant "Just for a bit of a joke, sor."

Englishman "Hang a man for a joke! A lord! What did he do?"

Peasant—"He just made game av his landlord, sor."

Love is the only thing that more than pays for all it gets.

Controversy in religious matters pays no spiritual dividends.

A MOUNTAIN PREACHER'S ILLUSTRATION.

Like any other unlearned people, those mountaineers like illustrations drawn from things with which they are familiar.

A group of young men were assembled near where there had been preaching one Sabbath, when the following dialogue occurred:

"See here, John, why didn't you bring up my rifle when ye come to preachin'?"

"Well Sam, I 'lowed 'twan't right to bring it up on the Sabbath. I might see a varmint on the road and get a shootin' and forgit it was the Sabbath."

"Huh! there is no use being so awfully particular as all that. I think its all right to do little turns on a Sabbath; even a little shooting won't hurt, if ye happen to see game."

The discussion was joined in on either side by those around, and it was finally decided to leave it to the preacher. He was called and the case stated.

"Look yar, boys," said he, "s'posin' a man comes along here with several handsome gray horses, a ridin' one and the others a pullerin'. You all like a pretty beast and you know 'em all over. You can't see that one is better than another. They are all as pretty critters as ever were seen among those mountains, though there will be difference in horses' boys. When you come to know 'em no two is alike. Well that man says, "Here, boys, I'll just give ye six of these beasts for your own," and he gets on the other and rides off. I s'pose, now, you'd mount your horses and ride after him, and make him give ye the other horse, or at least make him let you keep it till yer craps was all in."

"No, we ain't so ornary mean as all that, preacher."

"Well, thar, can't ye let the Lord's day alone?"

A blank look at the preacher and at each, then Sam spoke out:

"You've treed us, preacher. I'm mighty right glad you didn't bring that gun."
American Missionary.

A UNIQUE AMBULANCE SERVICE

The establishment of an "ambulance street car" service in St. Louis is the putting into effect of an idea long contended for by the health commissioner of that city, Dr George Homan. Efforts to secure legislation having failed, Dr Homan succeeded in interesting a street car company, who have built an ambulance car after a plan made by the doctor. This vehicle in itself is only a modified street car, especially constructed for easy and relatively noiseless running along trolley lines, and fitted up with such apparatus as might be needed by invalids who temporarily occupy it while *en route* to a hospital. But the plan on which the ambulance car is to operate is believed to be altogether unique. It will pass over regular routes, including, presumably, all trolley lines of the city, for the exclusive purpose of conveying sick or injured persons to and from hospitals. As it runs according to schedule, patients may be in readiness at any given locality at the time when the car is due there. It is expected that hospitals not on a trolley line will build terminals connecting them with the nearest railway, that patients may be brought by the ambulance car to their very doors.—*Harper's Weekly.*

USES FOR A HAIRPIN

Instead of a hook it buttons boots and such like.

Instead of a bit of wire it will mend a broken bicycle.

Instead of a needle and thread it will fasten together a ripped seam.

Instead of mucilage, it fastens together the woman reporter's sheets of copy paper.

It is so useful the wonder is how men get along without 'em. And they don't very well.

Instead of a corkscrew it will open a bottle, instead of a paper knife, it will cut open magazine leaves.

Instead of a candlestick it does good service straightened out, with one end jabbed into a candle the other into the mantel.

It will pick a trunk lock, fish a wedding ring out of a washbowl waste pipe, jab a pickle at the tin bottom of the bottle, untie shoestrings, dig dimes from between the slats on a street car floor, prick a blister, drive off mashers, intimidate bad dogs, fasten unhooked windows and open oven doors.

LANGLEY'S PROWESS

The amusing story is told of Old Langley, the veteran Worcester cross man, by the *Gazette* of that city. One day he called at the store of a tailor and stated in his usual loud and emphatic way that he "wanted a pair of breeches. And I want the best stuff in the store, no matter what the color." The tailor was a little bewildered, but finally showed Langley the most costly material in the shop, a beautiful silky broadcloth. That this was unsuitable for trousers made no difference to him. "I want it," said he, "and I want it made up wrong side out." The tailor expostulated in vain, and the trousers were made and delivered. A friend called on Langley and remarked on the trousers to uncomplimentary language. Langley said he was satisfied. More money remitted to the old man offering to bet $2 that the cloth cost more a yard than that in his friend's trousers. The bet was taken and the tailor was to decide it. He named the price. The friend would not believe that the rough goods could be so costly until he was shown the shiny, silky other side. Then he paid, as did other men on similar bets. That was what the old man had bought the trousers for.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser.*

SIMPLE

A conjurer is naturally supposed to be the cleverest man in the company. Sometimes, however, he is only next to the cleverest.

One evening a man was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a pocket-handkerchief, when he remarked to a little boy in fun:

"Say, my boy, your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"

"Of course she can!" replied the boy.

"Why, how is that?" asked the conjurer.

"She keeps ducks!" replied the boy, amid roars of laughter.—*Harper's Young People.*

Thousands of cases of rheumatism have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is abundant reason for the belief that it will cure you.

OBSERVE.

Observe a man with used up clothes.
Observe a man with carefully made.
Observe a man with a hostile swagger.
Observe a man with lurching gait.
Observe a man with bleary eye.
Observe his shirt—observe his tie.
Observe his tie tied at right angles.
Observe his hair that something tangles.
Observe his clothes don't seem to fit him.
Observe the spot where some one hit him.
Observe his wife—observe her dress.
Observe his household in distress.
Observe his children all in rags.
Observe him classed among the "vags."
Observe him placed within the dock.
Observe the Colonel "taking stock."
Observe His Worship when he says
"Observe you're doing for thirty days."
Observe the slab within the Morgue.
Observe him lay there like a "clorgue."
Observe the water dropping upturned down.
Observe that life's not long and skittles.
Observe he's taken "Licensed Victuals."

CROWNED BY FAME.

Wilde was famous before 20.
Everett was a noted orator at 30.
Wilberforce entered Parliament at 21.
Whitney at 18 invented the cotton gin.
Edison was famous for his inventions when 23.

William of Orange commanded the army on the French frontier at 22.
Bacon was a member of Parliament at 23; at 26 one of its leaders.
Poe was a poet at 16, at 31 he wrote "The Raven." He died at 38.
Hayne at 22 had the best paying law practice in South Carolina.
Tennyson at 33 took that high stand among the poets he held till his death.
Byron's first poems appeared at 19. At 24 he reached the highest pinnacle of his literary fame.
Bryant wrote poetry at 9. At 18 his masterpiece, "Thanatopsis," was published.
Longfellow's first poem was published at 19. At 32 he was ranked with our best poets.
Napoleon at 24 commanded the army in Italy. At 35 he was Emperor. Saw Waterloo at 46.
Scott entered the fair realm of literature at 25. At 34 he was the most popular poet of the day.
Choate entered college at 16. Began practising law at 21. At 30 was peer of any practitioner.
Washington was prominent at 21. At 17 commander in chief of the American army. At 57 was President.
Galileo discovered the isochronism of the pendulum at 19. When 36 was the most famous astronomer in Europe.
Alexander was King of Macedonia at 20, at 25 Lord of Western Asia, at 30 master of the world. He died at 32.
Hamilton began his public career at 17. At 27 was one of the best known lawyers and statesmen of his day. At 32 was Secretary of the Treasury.
Pitt, the younger, was in Parliament at 21, Chancellor of the Exchequer at 23, at 25 First Lord of the Treasury, and for 17 years was the most illustrious and powerful uncrowned head in Europe.

HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"Yes father," said small Mr Van Dam, all upon his return to the old farm after having been in New York several years, "I am one of the Four Hundred now. I am a favored guest in Fifth avenue homes, and at social functions I shine as brightly as the titled nobs of Europe. Why, dad," continued Chappie Van Dam, self-proudly, "I am considered the best leader of cotillions in our set, and as for booting a four in hand over fancy figures the other swells are not in the same class with me."

"My boy," spoke up Dan Boswell, pere, "I am as proud of you as a peacock is of its feathers. I always knowed you was cut out for something great, and if you don't mind I wish you'd go out to the stumpy field beyond the meddler and tool that four in hand ox team to the side hill plow while your brother Ike comes in and gets his shins bandaged." *New York World.*

THE BICYCLE MANIA

The medical journals are discussing the interesting subject of bicycling, and they agree that when a man once falls victim to the bicycle mania he does not recover until the period of three years has elapsed. There are exceptions to this rule, and these exceptions are those men and women who take up bicycling as a means of recovering and conserving their health. Those people practise the exercise temporarily and modestly, they are to be met with in the by ways rather than upon the highways, they do not seek to acquire speed and they unite with the physical delights of the exercise the keen appreciation of those beauties of nature which are presented in the course of their excursions into the country.

LEE BUTTS WAYS

[illegible] jests behind them as well as in front and that, too, without turning around. The common hare or rabbit has this power in a marked degree. His eyes are large prominent and placed on the side of the head. The deer is another example of an animal of this class. The power of rabbits and deer to see things in the rear is very noticeable in greyhound coursing, for though that species of dog is mute while on the chase the rabbit is able to judge to a nicety the exact moment which will be best for "doubling" on the trail. The deer, too, can run at high speed and will just exactly when to increase its gait to full speed without once turning to measure the distance between itself and the mute pursuer.

WHAT NONSENSE IS

"Nonsense, says Hudibras, is that which is neither true nor false. Those two great properties of nonsense, which are essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities in all elaborate and well-written piece of nonsense than in the most abstruse and profound tract of school divinity."—Addison.

WINDS

The movements of air commonly called winds are due to the heat of the sun. The warm air, being lighter, rises, and the colder air flows in to take its place. This principle is beautifully illustrated at the seashore in summer, where the daily breezes are due to the air over the heated land being displaced by a current of cooler air from the sea.