The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick sts, 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 6 p. m.

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GEORGETOWN ONTARIO.

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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—1206 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 51 Victoria St
Telephone 27. TORONTO
JOHN DOUGLAS A. 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.

GUTHRIE, WATT & GUTHRIE
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC
D. Guthrie, Q. C., James Watt, Hugh Guthrie
OFFICE,—Douglas St., Guelph.

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
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JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT.
OFFICE:—Wyndham Street.

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Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

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REV. J. E. HOWELL, M. A. Pastor
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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. Active ushers at the door.
Epworth League of Christian Service. J. R. COLEMAN, President. Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

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PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Moulding in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING to order on short notice
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
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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
ATTENTIVE DRIVERS. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8.30 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
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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

Come With the Crowd.
It will pay you to do so, for at our present prices, the value we give in
- - Wall Paper - -
is unexcelled, and with the
Newest Styles,
Largest Stock
AND
Lowest Prices
not forgetting our great
CUT PRICE SALE.
We can save you time and money.
DAY'S BOOK STORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

Miss White..
has now a full display of
French Patterns,
Hats & Bonnets.
I have decided to reduce all my Trimmed Stock.
LOOK OUT FOR GREAT BARGAINS.
Miss White with her experience as fitter is confident she will be able to give satisfaction to every customer.
Please Remember the Place
Mrs. Secord's Block, Acton

Dress 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
WHILE returning thanks to our numerous 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 full line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1.50 per M
UMPS
Cheaper and better than heated tubs. Supply either wood or iron pumps for them. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

EVERTON MILLS.
Highest price of 10 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel.
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS, CHOP FEED
Cash for Wheat
Highest cash price paid for Fall Wheat at the FEED Store, Acton
HENRY HORTOP

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. Kannawin's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

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

J. H. HAMILTON
Granite and Marble Dealer,
GUELPH, 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 20 per cent below others. Superior work guaranteed. Marble at half others' prices. Call early for bargains.
J. H. HAMILTON.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
Capital Authorized $2,000,000
Capital Paid up 607,000
Rest 85,000
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. F. H. JONES,
Manager

WE WANT
A GHOST
Of a show to prove that it will pay you to buy your
Hardware
—Builders or any other kind—from us.
WE KNOW
we can save you money
Why not give us a trial?
BOND'S
HARDWARE
GUELPH

GOOD
VIOLIN
STRINGS
Finest in the world
Being made
We supply all players in Guelph
Write and we will tell you more
Savage & Co.
Jewellers
GUELPH
Large Sacrifice
Wall Papers
Window Poles
Window Shades
AT
SMITH'S Book Store,
GUELPH
The large block must be cleared this month, and the price of goods is not so much as to accomplish it. To house holders this sale presents an opportunity seldom offered.
Books, Stationery, etc., at very much reduced prices.
Public and High School books at a reduction of one fifth till 30th May.
JOHN SMITH

SEED CORN
Mammoth White, 75c Bushel
Yellow Horse Tooth, 70c Bushel
All the new early varieties for sale cheap, too
CALL AND EXAMINE
Turnip Seed
The finest in the land. All imported himself. Fifteen varieties to choose from. Twenty cents a pound or six pounds for $1.00
Rape Seed.
GENUINE DWARF ESSEX
Tested at the O. A. College again this year. Five lbs for 25c or 1 lb for 6c.
Also in stock the New Socialist Potatoes, Hungarian, Millet, Sugar Cane, Tares, Flax Seed, Buckwheat, Chicks, &c. &c.
GEO. J. THORPE,
The only practical seedsman and direct importer in Guelph
I WANT 10,000 LBS. OF WOOL THIS YEAR

It Will Pay You
TO VISIT
THE
WALL PAPER
Department
—OF—
WATERS BROS.
Guelph, Ont.
Prices from 5c to 75c per Roll.
About 3,000 Rolls Last Years Gilts at Half Price.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE.
DO NOT MISS IT.

Poetry.

COMFORTED.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD

I took her hand in mine, and said,
"I pray thee, child be comforted.
For time is but the common lot
And there will come to thee a day,
It may be near or far away,
When all these trials that dismay
Will be remembered not."

Yet still she wept, the while I sought
With words from holy Scriptures brought
Her wounded spirit to console
"To the Lord's will be reconciled,
And bear up bravely, nor, my child,
By hope and confidence beguiled,
This flood of grief control."

I quoted all the Psalms I knew,
Recited poems not a few,
Hoped would sweet submission teach
Her restless spirit will soothed,
And all the passages I read,
Never once touched or comforted
The heart I longed to reach.

What should I do? In what sweet way
Could I my sympathy convey
To one so overcome with grief?
My prayers but little had availed,
Since she so bitterly bewailed,
And all my best endeavors failed
To give it a least relief.

Powerless to mitigate such woe,
In meek despair I turned to go,
And, turning, saw her tear stained face
It moved my heart with sudden thrill,
My eyes with tears began to fill,
And I was sorrowful until
My steps I could retrace.

I had no thought of prayer or psalm,
Nor voice, indeed the storm to calm,
So not a single word I said,
But round her waist my arms I threw
And gave her kisses not a few,
And, ah! by many a sign I knew
That she was comforted!

Select Family Reading.

"Though China Fall."

BY CLARA BARLAY

"For my part," Miss Wight said it was to her other part or parcel of mortal possession were comparable in value "for my part, I have no sympathy and little tolerance for the super refinement (or disease) of nerves which annihilates self control. There is a want of balance somewhere when a grown woman does Miss Muffet at the sight of a spider or goes into hysterics at the touch of a mouse. If not, pausing long enough and speaking lowly enough and to italicize the addenda "a lack of breeding. The true patrician is never off guard."

"Mistress of herself, though China fall," quoted Frank Pryor, in the lazy drawl that could be insolent when he willed.

Some of Mr. Pryor's auditors felt the reply to be a retort, although his eyes were sleepy, his tone impassive.

Only a week before, an awkward guest at Miss Wight's had kicked down an old jar into a dozen pieces across the brass fender. The hostess said a frostily civil word to the agonized blunderer, but her brow was not clear for the rest of the evening.

To night, Sara Logan, a bright, vivacious little thing, with a marvellous voice, that accounted for her frequent presence at Miss Wight's famous "evenings," had severed her song with a stifled shriek and fallen, half fainting, against Frank Pryor, who chanced to stand nearest to her. A mouse, mad with fright and blinded by the light, had run right across her feet. Like the domestic fly, the Arab rodent is no respecter of place and person, and Miss Wight, the accomplished belle and heiress of four seasons should not have been chagrined by the incident. Yet the edge on the accounts that supposed, after the bustle subsided, that "Miss Logan was hardly equal, after such a disaster, to finish her song," justified Pryor's "aside" to a group in passing him on his Pryor's return to the drawing room when he had seen Miss Logan and her mother to their carriage.

"Isn't *langue de femme avec sauce piquante* rather a plebeian dish for a fashionable reception?" said the audacious favorite. Nobody had, thus far, been able to determine whether or not he knew himself to be that with the young mistress of the mansion. He was always at her house on "At Home" evenings and occasionally appeared as her escort in public. When conversing with her he behaved as though she were the only woman ever made, but that passed for little when one noted the catholicity of his homage.

"It is my duty!" he plagiarized. "I implore, by saying, when rallied upon this one of his "ways."

The gentle resignation of the dead almost celebrated as was pure Travers's stammer, converted the quotation into a *bon mot*. It was nearly midnight when Miss Wight adroitly brought the talk around to the unfortunate escapade of the mouse. A dozen people, grouped about the library fire, were the flotsam and jetsam of the brilliant tide that had ever swept the superb spaces of the drawing-rooms earlier in the night. Pryor called the conversazione of selected and assorted spirits, convened thus at the close of each weekly reception, "the gilt edge of the evening." Miss Wight's widowed chaperon had a seat in a shadowed nook. The belle leaned back in a deep arm chair in the full but mellowed light of the wax candles. Frank Pryor stood at the corner of the hearth facing her, his broad shoulders against the mantel. He was straight, tall and well made with gray eyes and brown hair. His face was too gaunt to be handsome, his nose too prominent. A heavy moustache veiled the corners of a somewhat large mouth and gave opportunities of effects to white teeth. His eyelids drooped slightly when he was not speaking or listening to a woman, the weary lift of his brows, when he chose to be cynical or incredulous, was inimitable by art. With all of what would be esteemed, abstractly considered, his physical disadvantages, he contrived to be the most distinguished looking man of the Wight clique.

The hostess colored faintly, yet perceptibly.

"It is evident that our views clash here," she answered his tone, not his words. "It is rather uncommon to meet a man who admires the heroic element in a woman. Your sex covets a monopoly of the trait. However you may sneer at Lydia Languish on the stage, in real life she has more adorers than Di Vernon."

"There we are at variance," the dawn of something in his eyes and smile untranslatable by her unless she admitted a probability which fanned the flicker of color into a glow. "Even while you talked of the number of timid women you know, my mind was contrasting my estimation of them with the intensity of admiration I feel for the heroine of a true story one of the fellows was telling in my room the other night. A tale that fairly froze my blood. I labeled an I laid it aside to repeat to you at the first favorable opportunity."

Pryor's stories were the greater treat because he seldom volunteered a recital. Miss Wight would have pawned her finest diamond to know that she was the heroine of one. To be told in others' hearing that he had treasured his or anything else he valued for her, was distinction.

She did not join in the demand raised at once that she should consider this the favoring opportunity, and that the rest might share the narrative reserved for her. When he yielded gracefully, being too well bred to feign diffidence, she sat with downcast lids, toying with her fan while he recited, a beautiful study of modest attention.

"It happened two years ago, when the heroine was a mere slip of a girl, only nineteen years old. A gay little creature who had never known a real care, or faced an exigency. Her father owned a semi-country-house in New Jersey. I think it was near Morristown. A trim, ultra modern villa, with as many 'improvements' in and about it as a Fifth Avenue brown-stone front. As nearly as I can make out, the inmates of the villa (semi rural) were as comfortably and incorrigibly commonplace as their house. They had plenty of money lived affectionately with one another and socially with their neighbors; had a tennis-ground out of doors, and a billiard room indoors, a coachman who slept over the stable, and a gardener (married) at the lodge. Altogether the conventional thing, you see, including a pair of carriage horses and a pony phaeton, with a coach dog to run between the first named and a poodle to be aired in the last. My heroine was the middle child always an uneventful position and had two brothers older, and two sisters younger, than herself.

"One night it was late in August and rainy she went to her room at the usual hour; read her usual chapter in the Bible; said her usual prayer (sweet saint!) and was soon as sound asleep as if the wicked godmother and the spindle had set her up or down as a modern edition of the sleeping Beauty.

"She thought it was daylight when she became vaguely aware that she was not alone in the room.

"Miss Wight! your royal indifference to the first thrilling point of my story is depressingly uncomplimentary. Were it not for Miss Styles's dramatic sigh and Miss Rayner's opportune shiver, I should not have the heart to proceed.

Miss Wight glanced up slyly and answered languidly.

"Conventional still, she and the disturber of the Sleeping Beauty scene was, of course, a burglar, enterprising or otherwise. The gleam of light was a dark lantern. The retting is picturesque, but hackneyed. It is novelty, and of bold order, that makes us thrill in this blase age.

"Pryor's sybilines expressed a high degree of admiration.

"You are right as to motive, but little off as to detail. The intruder was not a common burglar, but the new coachman who had that day assisted in removing the silver trunk from a small closet in her mother's chamber to a larger one in The Heroine's own room. She knew him instantly, although he wore a shade over his eyes and his face was blackened. He was turning down the gas burner to a dim and most unholy light. Before he looked toward her she did what every discreet (and conventional) person, in a story or out, does in such circumstances. She shut her eyes and feigned to be asleep. I do not know whether or not it is also the conventional thing for the pretended sleeper to fancy that her eyelids are transparent. The conceit may have been original with My Heroine. But she saw, as well as heard him come to her bedside and stand there motionless. The only sound in the room was the thud of her racing heart beats. He must hear them, she feared. She controlled her breathing by a powerful exercise of will, taking in regular inspirations somewhat long, like one in heavy slumber and respired as regularly. The time and rhythm of the lungs were perfect. The heart was a different matter. The machinery of a young woman's heart is usually an exception to the prevailing conventionality of her system. It was almost a relief when the slight rustle of his hand in moving to his pocket drowned the agitated 'beat' beat' beat' of the lawless organ.

"The man drew out a handkerchief and a small bottle. She heard him draw the cork, the gurgle of the contents, even the soaking of the liquid into the linen; the replacement of the cork, heard him set the vial upon the light stand at the bed head. With the first spill of the volatile fluid, she smelled the chloroform. She had known what was coming when she heard him open the bottle. In the instant that elapsed before he lowered it to within a quarter inch of her face she had drawn in a long, long breath. She held it until he let down the wet linen upon her nostrils. Then she gave it out as a miser lets go of his hoard—a nickel at a time, we will say.

"Or, it was more like the way rations are given out to the shipwrecked crew of a longboat. When that was exhausted there was no more where it came from, you see. The supply of oxygen lasted a fearfully short time, dole it out as she might. When no air remained in the collapsed lungs, she held her breath again until her chest ached to agony. In spite of her heroic efforts the deadly fumes were gaining upon her.

"Miss Wight! if your respiration is so utterly normal, I have mistaken my vocation, and shall abjure story telling hence forward. Allow me."

Before she could anticipate the movement, he stooped to lay his finger on her pulse. A mere touch—a light one, but the color leaped hotly up to her forehead. In the eyes, suddenly uplifted, there was an anomalous mingling of surprise, timidity and pleading.

"Thank you!" said Pryor, with an odd little smile. "My Heroine had to breathe again by and bye, of course.

"I must take to as little as I can," said the shrewd brain within the curly head.

"Did I tell you that her hair was golden and curled naturally? She lay on her right side, one hand partly under her cheek a circumstance to which she probably owed her life, as we shall see. The anesthetic was dizzying her slowly, but inevitably. As the spice of one a long way off, she heard the man mutter:

"By George! she's off already!" He was not an expert, or the work of deception might have been more difficult. He turned to the stand, struck a match and lighted a wax taper that stood there. In so doing, he removed his hand from the cloth he had applied to her nostrils. In a quarter-second she slipped the forefinger of the hand on which her cheek rested under the edge of the handkerchief, and let in a tiny stream of fresh air.

"Her head was preternaturally clear when the ugly mouth muttered again: "We'll see how sound you are, my lady!"

"He lifted the other hand which lay on the coverlet. How was she, an ignorant, untried child, to know that it ought to be limp and nerveless, if she were insensible? That she made it so is the highest proof of the superiority of human instinct above that of the brute creation I ever heard of.

"The cool devil (excuse me, ladies! The fittest word will escape the best regulated lips at times!) held the pretty, taper, rosy tipped forefinger of this lax left hand in the flame of the candle."

A shuddering groan escaped the audience. Only Miss Wight uttered no sound. Her fingers were interlocked, the blood pressed back from her lips.

Pryor watched her curiosity, in continuing:

"She did not flinch. When he let go the hand, it dropped limply back on the coverlet. Still carrying the taper, he passed around the foot of the bed, beyond it into the spacious closet where stood the big trunk.

"My Heroine waited until she heard him raise the lid, and, then, the faint jingle of silver. She turned her head and saw him bending over the trunk, his back to her. With the bound of a young chamois, she sprang across the room, locked and bolted him into the closet, and screamed for help.

"When her brothers rushed into the chamber, she was leaning with all her weight against the door, the panels of which were already split by the shoulders and foot of the imprisoned burglar.

"As I said the story is too true to be artistic, and I should have made more of the most dramatic point if the narration had not been the means to an end. I designed it as the preface to the announcement of my engagement to the heroine."

He could not be heard for one clamorous minute. It was Miss Wight's voice, clear in tone, refined in quality, measured and true in articulation, that finally made itself distinct.

"When are we to see the bravest of her sex, and take our part in awarding her the honor which is due?"

She faced him as they stood on the rug, the chastened lustre of the wax lights showed each the depths of each others' eyes, as she replied:

"You have already met and known her. She fainted this evening at the sight of a mouse."

BY THE WAYSIDE

Never loses by being tested.

The christian has too much business and when he becomes too busy to pray.

Jesus never tried to make a disciple by argument.

It is not enough to look upon Christ as he walks. We must walk with him.

The right kind of religion never has to run away from home to find something to do.

If we would be more careful where we step those who follow us would not stumble so much.

We can make any kind of hard work easy by doing it for God.

When Christ enters the heart it must be by the front door.

The man who gets rich at the expense of his conscience, pays too much for his money.

Our hardest battles are those we fight with ourselves.

There are men who repeat the Lord's prayer almost daily, who never think it worth while to raise a hand against the whiskey business.

To close the heart against a brother is to shut the door against God.

If we have a heart to give, God will give us the ability to do it.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A couple of pick pockets had "pinched" a fine gold watch from a victim who offered a reward of $100 for its recovery, and no questions asked. The notice fell under the eyes of one of the gentry before the watch had been disposed of and he took it to his pal.

"I say, Bill," he said, "here's a chance for us to get a hundred dollars for the ticker."

"It's worth four hundred," replied Bill.

"Yes, but you see we get this hundred and no questions asked."

"And we lose all the balance," suggested the thrifty William.

"Perhaps, but we get the hundred straight."

"And that ain't what we want."

Bill's pal rubbed his chin and contemplated his partner seriously.

"You're a great deal worse than I am, Bill," he said in a tone of sorrow.

"I guess not," protested Bill. "It's a stand-off between us."

"Not much," responded the pal. "I'm willing to be honest when I get the chance, but you ain't."

AN "OPERATION"

The child of a friend had a great way of profiting by the conversation of his parents, while apparently busily engaged with his toys, and would startle them not infrequently by reciting it at the most inopportune moments.

One evening while company was present, of course, he turned to his father and asked:

"Papa, do you think that cousin George will die?"

"Die? Why, what do you mean, Tom?"

"Nothin', only I thought Miss Agnes caught her know," (Miss Agnes was George's fiancee, and present), "an' Cousin George has looked so dreadful pale since the operation was performed."

"Operation? Why, Tommy, you're dreaming."

"No, I ain't neither! I heard you tell mamma about it yourself! You said it would have hurt him dreadful to have his arms cut off. I don't know what part of him that is, but I thought Miss Agnes ought ter know 'bout it anyway!"

Time is the surgeon who sets broken hearts.

DON'TS FOR BICYCLISTS.

Don't take everybody's advice as to the very best country roads.

Don't go on a journey without route mapped out. Remember Livingstone in Africa.

Don't enter a village with the air of one about to confer a great favor.

Don't talk bicycle at table d'hote. Even the weather as a topic is preferable.

Don't loan your wheel, even to your uncle. It has the disappearing trick of the umbrella.

Don't think every girl sitting on the piazza has never before seen a man on a wheel.

Don't ride to church on a wheel, unless in need of the prayers of the congregation.

Don't have too many ribbons on the handle. It is regarded as rather ostentatious.

Don't disparage makers of all wheels except your own. There is good in Israel.

Don't ride at night without a lantern, unless you have an accident policy.

Don't imbibe on the eve of that journey. There is no sympathy for whiskey on wheels.

Don't exhaust yourself trying to ride up hill. A little walking is a relief to the legs.

Don't expect every country tavern keeper to cash a check on some remote bank.

Don't lose your railway release check. The officials dislike to give duplicates.

Don't ride in a crowded thoroughfare unless you are fully competent to do so.

Don't undertake to teach others until you know how to ride yourself.

Don't ride over railway crossings. It is easier and safer to walk.

Don't imagine it adds to your appearance to be smoking a pipe while riding.

Don't stoop too much. It is an affliction to be called a "regular rounder."

Don't tell fairy stories about your runs. Remember George Washington.

Don't go too far from home without money or facilities for securing it.

Don't ridicule those who are trying to learn. Had you immunity from falls?

Don't take general advice as to the care of your wheel. If you do it will be ruined.

Don't be prejudiced against a man who has a more expensive wheel than yours.

Don't undertake to doff your cap to a girl unless you can do it without falling off.

Don't be dissatisfied with your wheel every time you hear about a new one.

Don't leave any but good impressions behind you when you depart from a town.

Don't ask geographical questions that even local school masters cannot answer.

A SHOCKING STORY

Are too familiar and common are the stories of brutal deeds and fearful outrages committed by men under the influence of liquor. But nothing of this kind has come under our observation recently so shocking as the story told in the New York *Tribune*, of April 23 of the conduct of a drunken father in his home, where the body of a young daughter lay waiting burial. The father was not present when the daughter died but he came home after the body lay in the coffin and friends were weeping around. This was the scene as described in the *Tribune*. "He was drunk, and his clothes were covered with mud. He stared around vacantly for a few minutes, looking aimlessly at the crowd. Then he began to make a noise. "Can't you see, Bob," cried his wife, "Mamie's dead?" "You're a liar," shouted King; "she ain't nussin of the sort." Then his temper got beyond bounds, and King struck his wife a terrible blow in the face knocking her across the coffin in which lay the dead body of her daughter. Then he drove the guests out of the room with a chair, and ending by knocking the coffin down from its rest, and breaking it all to pieces, while the body of the young girl rolled out on the floor. Even that sight did not sober him, and King turned his attention to his daughter who was alive, hitting her in the face and kicking her." The police arrived just in time to prevent the drunken fiend from braining his remaining daughter with a club. This is what drink did for one man and one home." How is it possible to read and know of deeds like these and not be possessed with a consuming desire to overthrow and destroy the traffic which makes such deeds possible? *Christian Work.*

SATISFIED

A story of a little [illegible] age is a student family, and [illegible] goes this way.

The little girl is as polite a little midget as you will find anywhere, and has been admirably trained.

She went out to luncheon the other day with her mother, at the house of an old friend of the family.

There was a dish of beautiful jelly on the table, molded in the form of a pyramid, and the little girl looked at it with longing eyes, far too polite to ask for it.

At length the hostess nothing loth admiration, asked mamma's permission to give her some.

It was a generous helping, and the little maid ate it all, but after the first spoonful her look of delight disappeared. When she had finished it, "Won't you have some more?" asked the hostess.

"No, thank you," responded the little guest shyly. "It isn't nearly so nice as it looks." *Washington Post.*

THE BEST LEMONADE.

"I learned a new thing," said a woman recently, "while visiting an English friend who is living in the country. My hostess served the most delicious lemonade I ever drank. I spoke of it next day, and she told me it was made with freshly boiled water—the secret, she said of thoroughly good lemonade. "I have a regular rule," she further informed me, "which insures success if I am making a quart or a gallon. For a quart I take the juice of three lemons, using the rind of one of them. I am careful to peel the rind very thin, getting just the yellow outside, this I cut into pieces and put with the juice and powdered sugar, of which I use two ounces to the quart, in a jug or jar with a cover. When the water is just at the point of boiling, I pour it over the lemon and sugar, cover at once and let it get cold."

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear wee woman of four
Her feet in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor
She meant to be good, she had promised;
And so, with her big brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting house windows
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey bees
Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees
She thought of the broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusky heap
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringy ears
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft warm bodies to cuddle,
Such quiver little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling cushiony feet!
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
She dimpled under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips
The people whispered, "Bless the child!
As each one waked from a nap,
But the dear wee woman hid her face
In her mother's lap.

New Orleans Times Democrat.

HOW TO GET RID OF THE BLUES.

The blues make the person suffering from their presence extremely uncomfortable, and her discomfort in a subtle way acts upon others, so that nobody is quite cheerful in her neighborhood. People who are "blue" are quite often cross as well, and are unable to accept pleasantly the up and downs of every day. Now, when you think of it, you must admit it is very humiliating experience to be cross, for dress people are disagreeable, and none of us wishes to be that.

The best way to get rid of the blues is not to own that they have you. Put on your hat and go for a walk. Call on a friend and take her the piece of music you are to try together, or the book you have just finished, which you would like to lend her. Do something kind for somebody, and stop thinking about yourself. The greatest waste of time in this world, dear, is to think too much about one's self. Mrs. Browning gives the right idea in her poem, "My Kate," where she says,

"Twas her thinking of others made you think of her."

Don't laugh at me, girls, when I tell you that half the low spirits one hears of springs from a very prosaic source. That pound of chocolates, that rich pudding, that piece of frosted cake, all of them very delicious, but all of them very indigestible, are to blame, in most instances, for a young girl's depression. Try what Emerson called "plain living and high thinking," and see how cheery life will become.

Harper's Weekly.

WHAT IS AN AD

The shrewd business man sees a number of things in it.

A lever of trade.

The dealer's sure [illegible] success.

The life blood of modern business.

A money maker getter and saver.

The electric power controlling trade.

An infallible bait to catch customers.

A helpmeet to prosperity in business.

A flash of information to all the [illegible].

A medium for the increase of business.

The [illegible] of the Empire of Fortune.

The "[illegible]" to the road to success.

The power that [illegible] and keeps it in motion.

The keystone of success to the mind of success.

The mine that yields the gold in large dividends.

A notice that brings best results for the least money.

An electric current that propels the wheels of commerce.

That which booms the place and enriches the advertiser.

An indispensible medium to success and business enlargement.

A means of communicating items of interest to wide awake people.

Personal and public benefits are derived from its judicious application.

An intelligent message to intelligent people profitting sender and receiver.

New York *Commercial Advertiser.*

HIS REASON FOR SILENCE

Why are you so late, Willie?" asked the mother.

"Kept in," returned Willie.

"Didn't you know your lesson?"

"Yessum, but somebody sent the teacher a comic valentine, and she got mad. She asked me if I knew who did it, and I said I did, but I didn't want to give the fellow away. So she said I could stay in all the afternoon and take the punishment."

"Why didn't you tell her?"

"Twouldn't have made any difference," said Willie. "She'd have punished me just the same."

"Oh, I guess not."

"Well, I guess yes. I was the teacher."

PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

Crack Boat Builder. "Ah! How do do, Mr Richman? How did that row boat we made you last summer suit?"

Mr Richman. "Perfectly."

"Ah! I'm glad to hear it. I always like to give satisfaction. Suited perfectly, eh?"

"Yes. I left it in front of my boat house all summer, and every scalawag who tried to steal it got upset or drowned."

VERY HELPFUL TO LADIES

Quick Relief With no After Unpleasantness, Comes to Those Who Use South American Kidney Cure.

Whilst both sexes are sufferers from kidney trouble, in many respects women are liable to peculiar weaknesses and pains because of disorganization of the kidneys. Objection is taken, and rightly, to many remedies because of methods of use, as well as after unpleasantness. This is never the case with South American Kidney Cure. It is a remedy for the kidneys and bladder only—not a general specific that is supposed to cure everything and ends by effecting no cure. South American Kidney Cure does its particular work and does it well. Sold by J. V. Kannawin.

The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla, once fairly tried, becomes the favorite spring medicine, speaks volumes for its excellence and merit.