The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXI.---NO. 1. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1895. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
—AT THE—
Free Press Steam Printing Office,
MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.00
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.00
1 inch	8.00	5.00	3.00	1.00

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

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

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

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick roads, Acton.

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S.
DENTIST.
OFFICE—Over the Drug Store, ACTON

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.—1296 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 51 Victoria St
Telephone 227. 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
Money to loan at lowest rates

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT
Queen St East
OFFICE:—Wyndham Street

HENRY GRIST
OTTAWA, CANADA
Solicitor of Patents, for Inventions etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

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

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

THE 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. Attentive ushers at the door

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

Main Street
PLANING MILLS.
ACTON, ONT.

John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.

Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
to order on short notice
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8.15 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS

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

Bicycles
...Below Cost.

We are going out of bicycles, and to clear out at once, offer the wheels in stock at these prices:

$115 00 New Howes	$65 00
125 00 Whitworth	68 00
85 00 Stearns (24 lbs.)	68 00
110 00 Stearns (22 lbs.)	90 00

NOW, BOYS, THERE'S YOUR CHANCE
(Class "A" or nowhere!)

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

WANTED ....
2,000 FEET
TO FILL
Williams' Shoes

JUST NOTICE

People's Feet, and see if you can find any that look nicer or more comfortable than those encased in a pair of our

$1.50, 2.00 or 3.00 SHOES

Ordered Work and Repairing receive best attention
Good Assortment of Trunks and Valises.
WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Mill St. ACTON

Dress and Mantle Making
Miss Armstrong
LATE OF TORONTO,

Has opened Dress and Mantle Making rooms in Mrs. Becord'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

Returning thanks to the public for their liberal support during the past season, I 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

Pine Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1 50 per M.

PUMPS
We are also still manufacturing the celebrated Acton pumps. We can supply other wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

EVERTON MILLS.
Highest price of 10 bushels of our ground Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel
FLOUR
BRAN
SHORTS
CHOP FEED
Cash for Wheat
Cash paid for Barley
CHOP 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

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA

Capital Authorized	$1,000,000
Capital Paid up	687,400
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. E. H. JONES,
Manager

Prices - - -
....ON....
Binder Twine
For this year are cut to the lowest possible notch
LET US QUOTE YOU
BOND & CO'S.
GUELPH.

X L Cigar
...Bakery
ACTON, ONT

Just received a fresh supply of Jaffray, Sharp, Mill Street candies, always keep on hand

Bread,
Cakes,
Biscuits,
Confectionery

Also FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, ICE CREAM, &c.

Thanking the people of Acton and surrounding country for past favors we trust to merit a continuance of the same. All orders promptly attended to and delivered by the old reliable bakers
T. STATHAM & SON
Fruit and Wedding Cakes a specialty

BARGAINS.
N. J. BONNAR
Has a few lines of Spring Goods still left in stock which he has determined to sacrifice at very low prices.

He considers it no trouble to show goods and answer any questions relative to prices, styles, etc.

Call To-day
And you will no doubt find something in his stock of Cloths to suit.
SATISFACTORY WORK AND PRICES ALWAYS ASSURED
N. J. BONNAR
MERCHANT TAILOR
Mill St. ACTON

SEED CORN
Man. South White, 70c Bushel
Yellow Horse Tooth 70c Bushel
All the new early varieties for Silos, Fodder, too

CALL AND EXAMINE
Turnip Seed
The finest in the land. All imported stock. 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 15 lbs. for $1.00
Also in stock the New Excelsior Forage Plant, 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.

A RAIN SONG.

Tinkle, tinkle,
Lightly fall
On the peach buds, pink and small,
Tip the tiny grass, and twinkle
On the willows green and tall.

Tinkle, tinkle
Faster now,
Little raindrops, smite and sprinkle
Cherry bloom and apple bough!
Pelt the elms, and show them how
You can dash!
And splash! splash! splash!
While the thunder rolls and mutters, and the lightnings flash and flash!
Then oddly into curls
Of a million misty swirls,
And thread the air with silver and embroider it with pearls!

And patter, patter, patter
On the mossy flags, and clatter
On the streaming window-pane.
Rain, rain,
On the leaves,
And the eaves,
And the turning weathervane!

Rush in torrents from the tip
Of the gable peak, and drip
In the garden bed, and fill
All the cuckoo cups, and pour
More and more
In the tulip bowls, and still
Overspill
In a crystal tide, until
Every yellow daffodil
Is flooded to its golden rim, and brimming over and over!

Then as gently as the low
Muffled whir of robin wings,
Or a sweep of silver strings,
Even so
Take your airy summer flight,
Through the pleasant evening light
And melt into a mist of rainy music as you go!
—KATHLEEN STYRS, in St. Nicholas.

Select Family Reading.

A Woman's Memory

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

Dr. Bold, familiarly known as Tim Bold, and sometimes as Dr Tim Bold, not unfrequently received letters addressed, "Dr Timbold," or "Timothy Bold, M. D.," which he threw into the waste basket. For he had been christened Philip, and the Tim was not an abbreviation of Timothy, but of Timid, a nickname he had won at school from his shyness, retiring manners, and diminishing to engage in a quarrel. But he was plucky enough on occasion, as a little incident during his school days may serve to show.

The school was one of those rural academies common enough previous to the coming of the common school system, made up of pupils of both sexes, and children of both rich and poor. The master was one of the old kind, harsh and crabbed, ruling by fear of the rod, but was a good Latin and Greek as well as a fair English scholar. Most of the pupils were small, and were there for the rudiments, but there were two big boys, each over sixteen, whom he had to charge to prepare for college. One of these was Joseph Lomax "Lummicks," as the boys nicknamed him behind his back. He was the son of the richest man in the country, so rich, indeed, that, besides his country seat outside of the village he had a residence in New York city, which he occupied about five months in the year. Lomax was stouter and heavier than Philip Bold, but less wiry and active. Philip could out run, out jump and out wrestle him. But Philip's father, the leading physician of the neighborhood, though possessed of a comfortable fortune, and constantly adding to it, was not so rich as the elder Lomax. On the strength of his size and money, Joe domineered over the smaller boys, and even over Philip, who gave way to him on most occasions with a calm indifference which the rest thought to be fear.

One day we had a new pupil, and a very little one, a child of eight years, a winsome blue eyed, golden haired lassie, who became the pet of every one except Lomax. Her mother was a poor widow, named Thorne, who had come to the village the year before, whence no one knew. She was respectable, for she had brought letters to the rector of the parish, who vouched for her, but he was reticent. She had been bred a gentlewoman every word and feature showed it. It soon became rumored that she was the daughter of a rich man, had married against his will had been disowned, and that her husband had proved to be worthless and drunken, and then had died. There was no foundation, possibly, for the rumor, but there it was. However, she strove to earn a living at dress making, having taste and expertness in fitting, and eked out her subsistence by keeping a little shop where she sold needles, thread, tape, and such things, along with molasses candy, which had a great reputation with the boys for its brittleness and toothsomeness. She was a meek, sad eyed woman, frail and weak, but devoted to her handsome and healthy looking little daughter.

Joe Lomax, who carried his bullying way around with him, had been so offensively insolent in his visits to the widow's shop that she plucked up spirit enough to order him never again to enter it. He thought to get satisfaction by picking at the child. His Thorne, as she was called, and one day during recess carried it so far on the playground that the girls cried out "Shame." This only made him go on. The child ran from him in fright, and tripped on a stick, fell and cut her head on a stone, and the blood trickled down in a stream. Philip washed off the blood, and staunched the flow by pressure. It was merely a skin wound though an inch more would have brought the blow over the temple. We were all shocked, and frightened at first, and so I think was Lomax, but when he found the trifling nature of the cut he began to chaff the child again, and tell her it was bad blood being let out of her. This made her tears flow afresh. Philip stooped down and kissed her, then, turning around, he said

"Joe Lomax, I think you are the biggest brute and meanest coward I ever met."

Everyone was surprised to hear Timid speak up in that way, and we grouped around the two at a respectful distance. Joe reddened and slapped the other in the face. Out shot Philip's right fist, and I never saw any one drop quicker than Joe. He was up in a second, and made a rush at his antagonist, but went down again, and this time with such effect that the fight ended. The master came out, and heard our version of the difficulty. He decided not to decide, and went in again. But he lost his new pupil. She went to school farther off, for an old gentleman came to the place shortly after, and carried mother and child away. The shop was closed, and the whole affair forgotten.

The two boys entered afterward at the same college. Lomax in time pulled through, after a fashion. Philip was graduated more creditably, taking one of the college prizes, and began the study of medicine. When he was twenty-six he obtained his doctor's degree.

Philip's father was very proud of his son, as well as fond.

"Now," he said, "I'll pave the way for your future, Phil. You know I have the leading practice here, and I will take you into partnership until I retire."

"My dear father," replied Philip, "it is very kind and thoughtful of you; but, if you reflect, you will own that it will not do. Everybody has known me as a boy; and if I had the skill of a Hippocrates or a Physion, they would remember me as a boy, and as nothing else. Nobody has even called me doctor since I have been back. It has been 'Phil' or 'Tim,' according to his taste or fancy. Let me go to New York, and work my way up."

"I have no objection," said his father, after a little thought, "to let you try; though you'll be back in a year or so. If you only walk the hospitals there, the experience will be of service. As you are not extravagant, I'll let you have twelve hundred a year, and if it be needed, may stretch it a little."

"Twelve hundred is liberal, thank you, sir. I can get on with that easily."

So Dr. Philip Bold went to New York City, hired an office in an out-of-the-way quarter, and divided the time between his den and the hospitals. He got a patient now and then, but of the poorer kind, and at the end of the year counted his professional income at thirty five dollars. But he kept heart. His time would come sometime, he said. So it did. At least a change in his life came, and a step for him. It seemed to be accidental, and came through an accident.

Philip was sitting in his office one day, examining some notes of a recent clinique, when he chanced to look up and out, and saw an old, white haired gentleman fall suddenly on the opposite sidewalk. He ran out, bare headed, crossed the street, and raised the other, who seemed helpless.

"Are you much hurt, sir?" inquired Philip.

"Jarred a good deal. That banana skin intended I should break my arm, but merely jarred," he continued feeling his left arm "yes it has compromised by throwing the head of the humerus into the arm pit. The bone seems to be intact."

"You appear to be a doctor," said Philip.

"Then you know how much easier it is to reduce a luxation early. I am Doctor Bold, and if you will come to my office across the road, I will put the head of that bone where it should be."

"Doctor Bold! Not Dr. Tim Bold?"

"Philip Bold, sir, but 'Tim' is a boyish nickname that I had thought nearly lost."

"Such things stick a long while. Doctor, and it was a good thing sometimes that they do."

It was not long before the sign of Dr Barton for that was the old gentleman's name was in its proper place. A cab was sent for.

"Now," said Dr. Barton as he was going, "here is my card. You will come to me to-morrow morning, look wise at my shoulder, order a cooling lotion, if required, and then we will settle about the fee."

"No fee on my account. The code of medical ethics"

"Does forbid a fee demand. I'll be a professional plunderer but not the acceptance of *honorarium*, when the colleague has means. And the other doctor chuckled as Philip helped him into the cab.

The next day Dr. Bold called on his patient. He had often heard of Dr Barton as one who had retired from practice years before, and had swelled his fortune by fortunate investments, and as having the reputation of being eccentric. He had a granddaughter a beauty and a belle. Her father and mother were both dead, but she was the pet and presumptive heiress of the grand father. Philip did not expect to see her, but got himself up, nevertheless, in the most becoming way which, as he was a handsome fellow, was proper enough. He was ushered into the library, where he found his patient seated, duly dressing gowned, and with him a girl of about twenty, who rose as Philip entered.

"I am glad to see you Doctor, said the old man, heartily. "Let me present you to my granddaughter, Miss Barton. This, my dear Cecilia, is Dr Tim. I beg pardon Doctor Philip Bold, who put my arm in place yesterday easily and scientifically."

Philip bowed, rather awkwardly for him, for the young lady looked at him rather curiously, and rather admiringly, and he was smitten breathless with her beauty, which was of a perfect blonde type, set off by irreproachable grace of manner. The old doctor, for some undefinable reason, possibly because his arm began to feel comfortable, seemed to chuckle occasionally, and his eyes had a gleam of amusement. In the conversation that ensued, he pumped Philip, in a cheery way, about the latter's professional prospects. Philip admitted them not to be very brilliant, but said he was not without the hope of his years, and had confidence in his own energy.

"You know the old proverb, said Barton 'Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better.' It takes time to build up a practice in a great city, but when a man has skill, perseverance and tact, joined to sympathy with suffering, it will be built in time."

The talk became general, and Philip was charmed by Miss Barton's share of it. In the height of all, a servant brought to a card for Dr Barton, who took it, and threw it back on the salver.

"Your big admirer Cecilia. Ask Mr Lomax up, James."

Lomax! Yes, it was Philip's old college mate and quondam antagonist. The two know each other at once. There having been little change in both since they parted. Lomax was as big and as blustering as ever, but the redness which had extended from his cheeks to his face showed that he was fond of the pleasures of the table, especially the after dinner part of them. Miss Barton and her grandfather received him with courtesy rather more formal than that dealt to Philip.

"I heard of your accident, sir, said Lomax, "and my interest and sympathy led me to call and inquire. I hope it is not so serious as reported."

"Thank you, Mr. Lomax, I am doing quite well, and all will be right in a day or two, owing to the skill and attention of Dr. Bold, here. I congratulate myself on my good fortune."

"Good fortune?"

"Yes. At my age I am over threescore, you know," said my bones lack gelatine. My good fortune is that my arm was not broken. It might have snapped like a pipe-stem. A banana-peel has no conscience, and never looks out for consequences, no more than the brainless fool who drops it on the pavement. It was fortunate for me, also, that the man trap was on the other side of the way from the doctor's office, so the luxation was reduced at once."

Lomax laughed.

"I really beg your pardon," he said, in reply to their looks; "but I was thinking of the needy surgeon who used to hire boys to drop orange-peel near the surgery so as to bring him patients."

Philip was not disturbed by the ill timed jest, but the eyes of Miss Barton flashed, and the brows of her grandfather knitted for a moment.

Lomax saw his error, and in attempting to retrieve himself, made it worse.

"Of course," he said, "no one would attribute to Tim—Dr. Bold—anything like that."

"No one," returned Dr. Barton. "At least no gentleman would make such a charge, or insinuate it."

Lomax had sense enough to change the topic.

"While I am here," he said, "let me ask of you a favor. My mother is making up an opera-party for Thursday night, and if your arm should not interfere, and I think not from what you have said, there are two seats vacant in the box, purposely held open for Miss Barton and yourself."

"We are very much obliged Mr. Lomax," replied Barton. "It would be very pleasant; but we have already a box for that evening, and a party."

After a little while Lomax left.

"Doctor," said the old man, addressing Philip, "frankly, now, did you feel no inclination to knock that fellow down?"

"Not the slightest," responded Philip. "I knew him when a boy. I think he is improved, and means well enough. There is less malice than bad address."

"And, by the by," continued Barton, ignoring Philip's excuse for Lomax—"have you an engagement for Thursday night that you can put off?"

"I have none at all, sir."

"We have just one vacant seat in our box, and I wish you to fill it, come and dine with us at five, an hour before our usual time, and you can go in our coach. You will? All right. What! Are you going? Here is something in an envelope. No! not a fee—merely *honorarium* which is your duty to accept. Don't forget to look in to-morrow."

Philip did not think of the envelope on his way home. His mind was full of Cecilia Barton, and her grandfather, mainly Cecilia.

"Certainly," he said as he shifted his coat for his office gown "the doctor is very kind and courteous, but it will not do to see too much of the young lady. He means her, no doubt, for mate to a millionaire. But, isn't she delightful?" As he lifted his coat from the chair back in order to hang it up, the envelope fell out of the breast pocket. He tore open the inclosure.

"Oh! this is preposterous!" he ejaculated.

"A cheque for three hundred dollars! Hang it! I am at a loss how to act. The old man don't know that I have an allowance, and keep within it. He has a notion that I am in want because of my poor practise. I must disabuse his mind.

And he did so the next morning, and offered to return the cheque. Dr. Barton shook his head negatively.

"My dear young friend and colleague, that cannot be. It would disarrange my bank account. The amount has no reference to your circumstances—not the slightest. It is fair—no more. Put it in your pocket, and say no more about it, though I like you no less for your offer."

At the opera Philip saw Lomax's party, which sat directly opposite, and recognised Lomax *mere*, magnificently caparisoned. He conjectured that they were talking of Cecilia or himself, or both, as the lorgnettes from that quarter made the Barton box a target. He cared nothing for that. He sat beside Cecilia, who looked "more dazzling, daring in full dress."

The light will draw the moth despite the peril to its wings, and so Philip drifted from acquaintanceship into intimacy. He became a constant visitor and a welcome guest, at least to Dr. Barton. Cecilia received him courteously, but there was at times a shyness at variance with her usual self poise that somewhat embarrassed him. But he could see her, and hear her, and admire her. Lomax came frequently. he was an avowed suitor. Without specially favoring him, Celia was more at ease in his presence, and poor Philip felt it would be a match after all. Lomax had wealth, and prospects of more. Philip had fair prospects, but was poor. So it went on for months. At last Philip plucked up resolution, made his visits less frequent, and then dropped off altogether.

About two weeks after this, Philip sat in his office over a medical journal, trying to disentangle Cecilia's face from the printed lines before his eyes, when the door opened and Dr Barton came in.

"What has been the matter with you young man—sick?"

"No, sir; but I"

"Have either Cecilia or I displeased you. Why haven't you been to see us?"

"Doctor, the fact is"

"Well, what is the fact?"

"I have seen too much of late of Miss Barton, for my own peace of mind. I thought it better to get out of the sphere of her attraction while I could," said Philip, with an affectation of gayety.

"Indeed! Is she so very repulsive then?"

"You know better, sir. I love her as much as any one can, but I have but a limited income, and I would not abuse your hospitality by an endeavor to gain her affections without your consent. It is true that I have fair expectations, but my father is a hale, vigorous man, and long may he live to enjoy his well earned competence. Mr. Lomax is wealthy, as well as a rich man's son, and"

"Lomax! is it he, then? If it be any particular interest to you, I may tell you that he did me the honor to propose for Cecilia's hand last week. As I knew what the result would be, I sent him to her, and she sent him about his business. Mr. Lomax need not be a source of trouble."

"Dr. Barton, why I hope"

"Don't get into ecstacies. Of course I would not have admitted you to my house had I any particular aversion to your falling in love with my granddaughter or she with you. I do not know anything about Cecilia's feelings—at least, she has given me no confidences in the matter that is your lookout. But I miss you a great deal. You needn't desert the grandfather because of despair about the granddaughter. Come to dinner this evening, and plead your own cause."

Philip went. What else could he do? He found the two in the drawing-room. Dr. Barton excused himself on the plea of having letters to write. It was evidently a predetermined opportunity. Cecilia remained standing, with her eyes cast down. Philip trembled like an aspen leaf, but he took her hand.

"Cecilia!"

"Philip!"

Now my experience as an old man is or rather, as a young man, was—and my memory is keen for a veteran, that when two of marriageable age, a young man and young woman, hand in hand, murmur each other's names in that way, popping the question formally is a waste of words; the mischief has been done.

Dr. Barton was still writing in his library when the two came in, looking sheepishly happy.

"Well?" said he, inquiringly, looking up.

"Miss Cecilia has done me the honor to accept me, sir, with your approval."

"Oh, I gave my consent in advance."

"I hardly realize, Doctor, how I have come by this happiness."

"Let me enlighten you, Philip. Come to me, Cecilia. My only daughter was married without my approval, sir, my only granddaughter will be married with it. My daughter died three years since, but she often spoke of you. Observe this faint scar, when I throw back the locks, on Cecelia's forehead. There, now that she is blushing to the roots of the hair, it shows quite plainly. That is the mark from Joe Lomax's brutality. This is Cissy Thorne, though she has taken my name while with me. The little girl never forgot it, nor you. The story has been told me so often that I know it by heart, and how you trounced the cur. And when I brought your name home"

"Oh, grandpa!"

"Be quiet, I am only anticipating you, Cissy. You'd be sure to tell him yourself. You were just wild to see him again Philip, I have seen and had a talk with your father. He will double your allowance, and Cecilia will draw on my check book *ad libitum*, as usual. When you two are married, you may go off for a month, billing and cooing, elsewhere. But I can not lose my little girl entirely, nor do I wish to lose you. This house is very large, there are enough servants, and, if you continue practice, it will be good exercise for you to walk or ride between this and your office. There I haven't finished my letters. You both go to the drawing room and gabble till dinner is read. I'll see you at table."

I DIDN'T THINK

I am getting to hate amiable people. I didn't think" is fat, serene, jolly and smiling. It never troubles itself about anything, but if your head aches, and the door is slammed continuously, be sure that "I didn't think" has done it.

If pencils, paper, stamps, pens blotting paper, or scissors, are missing from your desk, you can always find them in "I didn't think's" premises. If your needles, pins, combs, gloves, and slippers have absconded look in the same place. Of course "I didn't think" is always "so sorry" and able people always are, but meantime they keep on doing it all the same.

"I didn't think" is remarkable for a conveniently poor memory. When your hair is standing on end, and cold drops of perspiration ooze from your brow, and the precious moments are flying, "it never has seen" what you are hunting for, oh, no! it "never has the least idea of what you mean."

It hands you a chair, and begs you sweetly "not to worry," when you'd just like to smash it over its "amiable" head. It softly commences humming some little namby pamby tune when your soul is wound up to screaming pitch, and you feel as if little ants were creeping from under your finger nails, and as if somebody were boiling a tea kettle on the top of your head.

I had rather see "cloven-foot" himself horns, hoof and tail than your "amiable person." I should feel a certain respect for him. He'd probably say

"Fanny, I did take your pen, or your paper, and mislaid it, I don't know what the dickens I did with it, and I don't care, you may make the most of it."

Now he'd be an enemy worth fighting, one could match claw for claw with him, but your amiable smirk, who sneaks out of a dilemma with a Chesterfieldian smile and a fib well, I don't know what choice specimens Lucifer may have in his keeping but I query if, in cool diabolism, he can rival the amiable "I didn't think."

FANNY FERN.

OUR NAVY

We read in our morning paper a long article by a prominent naval officer, in which he tells of the great damage our navy might do to any foreign nation whom we should see fit to go to war with.

Two important points seem to have escaped his notice.

First, the great damage which the navy of a foreign nation might do to our commerce, and

Secondly that in going to war with a foreign nation we occupy one of the most unfortunate positions of any nation in the world, inasmuch as while the most foreign nations have comparatively little sea coast to defend we have two enormous sea-coasts, separated by a continent, and reaching on one side from Northern Atlantic to Mexico, requiring in case of war, two navies for their protection, and in case of war with Great Britain which may the good Lord forbid ever to occur, a third navy to defend the shores of our great lakes and the St. Lawrence River.

We cannot afford to go to war with any nation in the world so long as it is possible to settle difficulties by arbitration, and all naval officers who are anxious to involve us in any such war had better be dismissed from the navy and sent to cultivate land in Oklahoma.—Boston *Herald Democrat*.

Burns' first volume was published at 27. At 30 critics conceded him to be the most richly endowed by nature of any living poet.

A good appetite and refreshing sleep are essential to health of mind and body, and these are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A DAY DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE FREE PRESS.

I see, as in a waking dream,
The phantom boats adown Life's stream
I sit and watch beside the shore,
The boats that go, but come no more

I see them drifting, drifting by,
As steadily the oars they ply
The old and young, the grave and gay,
Who journey to the far away

Whilesome begins with mirth and song
The voyage, as they speed along,
Yet others wear a mournful mien,
As though their lives had troubled been

I see in some a holy calm,
As if they sought a healing balm
For all the ills and woes of life,
And they had conquered in the strife

But, whether grave, or whether gay
With raven locks, or tresses grey
They forward press to reach the goal,
The far off palace of the soul

'Tis thus we journey, journey on,
Until at last, our course is run
When we have reached the further shore,
In boats that go but come no more

HEATHER BELL.

DEFINING ELECTRICITY.

"No other subject is being so earnestly studied and yet no subject is such a mystery as the power we call electricity," said an electrician. "For convenience we will call it a fluid, yet it flows through solid metal. I doubt if it ever will be really understood. Ten years ago, when I began working with it, I was impressed with its mysterious character, and I am more mystified every day I continue. Then I thought I understood it; now I don't know a thing about it, and am hopeless of ever learning. Yes, it is very simple. A child can create it by rubbing glass with a silk handkerchief, but what is it? There's the rub. There are millions of people using it every day, and not one of them knows any more than the child who sees it in the lightning. It is the most erratic of all materials, its manifestations bordering on the sensational. For instance, a globe of fire came out of the sky last night, struck a pole on Government Square, rolled down it across the pavement. Now, no doubt, people who never saw globe lightning believe such stories fakes, but globe lightning is only one of the wonders of the mysterious fluid."

WHAT GOODNESS AND GOOD MANNERS CAN DO.

A merchant in the suburbs of Chicago found a ragged tramp sitting on the front steps of his private door, eating.

"Here! What are you doing here?" he shouted.

"Partaking of a slight lunch. Will you join me?" the tramp politely responded.

"No. I don't want any of your villainous food."

"Right you are. It is pretty tough kind of fodder! I just got it out of your kitchen your wife must be doing her own cooking now."

"What's that you say?" exclaimed the angry man, starting towards the tramp, still sitting quietly on the step.

"Don't get excited, sir, don't get excited, think a minute! Aren't you mistaken in calling me a cur?"

"No. I'm not, and I'll"

"But, my good sir, you are mistaken. I am no cur. I'm a setter."

The merchant gazed at the tramp in admiration, and left him to finish his lunch.

POINTS FOR PREACHERS

Jesus didn't do his best preaching to the largest audiences.

St Paul never carried any sermon notes with him.

Daniel is still preaching because he wasn't afraid of the lions den.

The prophet who turned back to eat and drink was killed by a lion.

Elijah didn't depend on a committee to build up the broken down altar.

The Lord charged Peter to feed his lambs before he said anything about the sheep.

When Isaiah said "Ho, every one that thirsteth," he had something in his pitcher.

It was because the Lord blessed the bread that He was able to feed the five thousand.

Peter once toiled all night and caught nothing, but he made up for lost time at Pentecost.

The angel called Gideon a mighty man of valor. Gideon called himself the least in his father's house. *Iowa Homes*.

READY FOR HIM

A little while ago an amorous young man sent a letter to a German lady and this postscript was added:

"That my darling may make no mistake, remember that I will wear a light pair of trousers and a dark, cutaway coat. In my right hand I will carry a small cane and in my left a cigar. Yours ever. Adolphe."

The father replied courteously, stating that his daughter had given him authority to represent her at the appointed place at the time agreed on. His postscript was as follows:

"Dot mine son may make no mistakes, I will be dressed in mine shirt sleeves. I will vear in mine right hand a club, in my left hand I will vear a six shooter. You will recognize me by de very I hate you on de head a goodie of tickes twice mid de club. It's for me at de corner, as I have somedings important to inform you mit. Your frent, Heinrich Muller."

STOPPED HIS LAUGH

A man began to laugh immoderately over some amusing narrative and finally, to his dismay, was conscious that he could not stop. The doctor had given him up and the family were gathering around in expectation of the end when a telegram arrived saying that his wife's mother was coming to make a short visit. He was saved and has laughed no more. London *Tit Bits*.

TRIED, TESTED, AND TRUE.

Thousands Know of the Quick and Certain Relief That Comes From South American Kidney Cure.

This medicine will not cure all the ills that flesh is heir too, but it will cure kidney trouble of whatever kind no case too aggravated. It will cure speedily—sure relief in six hours. It is rich in healing powers, and whilst it quickly gives ease where pain existed before, it also gives strength to the weak and deranged organs making the cure complete and lasting. Thousands who know what South American Kidney Cure has done for them will tell you so. Sold by J. V. Kannawin.