The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXI.---NO. 5. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 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.

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Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

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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, 61 Victoria St
Telephone 2271. 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.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.,
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OFFICE,—Douglas St., Guelph.

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ACTON ONT

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Money to loan at lowest rates

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

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

Cleaning and Dyeing Works

CLEANING, Dyeing, and Repairing. All Orders Promptly attended to. Reasonable Charges. Orders left at R. R. Cook's
W. COOK, Tailor

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. Ushers at the door

Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
J. S. 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, Moulding 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 8.30 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS

There are Others
To be sure, but for the best in our line, without bother, just try us.
Stocktaking finds us with lots of goods, but little money. We've cut the prices to see if we can't make it lots of money and a lighter stock.
3 Leaders 3
Baby Carriages,
Bicycles,
Sporting Goods.
Our Prices on these will astonish you. Just see.

DAY'S BOOK STORE,
GUELPH,
DAY SELLS CHEAP

Trilby's Father

When quite a young man went to Paris and clerked in a shoe store. After being away from his native town for a number of years, he returned home, and as his outward appearance had changed somewhat during the years of his absence, he determined to go to his mother's house, unannounced, and see if the filial affection in the child for the parent would be reciprocated by the parent, and thus lead the parent to recognize her boy—he went to her house as a stranger, and asked his mother for food and lodging, she, not recognising her son, gave him bread, but refused him lodging, thinking that perhaps he might be a robber, but she allowed him to warm himself by the fire, and gave him permission to sleep in the barn

You Must be Known to be Appreciated.

WILLIAMS'
Shoe Store
Is well and favorably known and our goods are appreciated. We have all classes of
Boots, and Shoes,
Slippers, Rubbers,
Trunks, Valises, etc
REPAIRING NEATLY
WILLIAM WILLIAMS
Mill St. - 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 many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c

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

PUMPS
[illegible] able than heretofore. We will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

EVERTON MILLS.
Highest prices of 40 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 40 cents per bushel
FLOUR
BRAN
SHORTS.
Chop [illegible]
Cash for Wheat
[illegible] Mills Flour for sale at A. Hicks & Co's 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 patronise 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. Kauffman'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 677,400
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 speciality.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. E. H. JONES,
Manager

IT'S
HIGH
TIME
YOU ORDERED YOUR
Binder
Twine.
We have already sold
TWENTY TONS.
BOND & CO'S.
GUELPH.

X L Cior
...Bakery
ACTON, ONT.
[illegible] opened up a shop opposite the Jewellery Store, Mill Street, [illegible] keep on hand
Bread,
Cakes,
Biscuits
Confectionery
Also FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, ICE CREAM, &c.
[illegible] thanking the people of Acton and surrounding country for past favors we trust in them for the continuance of the same. All orders promptly attended to and delivered by the old reliable bakers.
T. STATHAM & SON
P. S.—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 to his stock of Cloths to suit.
SATISFACTORY WORKMANSHIP ALWAYS ASSURED
N. J. BONNAR
MERCHANT TAILOR
Mill St ACTON

W. H. WALKER,
Painter,
Paper Hanger
Decorator, Etc.
[illegible] Acton his former home. [illegible] will give the benefit of his large experience [illegible] those who desire first class and artistic work in House Painting, Paper Hanging, or Decorating, in all its branches
Satisfactory work always guaranteed and at most reasonable prices
Orders left at Pearson's Hardware Store or at my residence will receive prompt attention.
W. H. WALKER,
Bower Avenue

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

WANTED.
A GOOD MAN in your district to represent the "Youthful Nurseries of Canada," over 700 acres—the largest in the Dominion. Position permanent. Salary or Commission to right man.
With the increasing demand for fruit, a position with us as salesman will pay you better than engaging in farm work. Send us your application and we will show you how to earn good money.
School teachers! its just the thing for you during the summer. Write for particulars
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Toronto, Ont.

JOB PRINTING,
INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE
Free Press Office, Acton

Poetry.

OH, FOR THE DAYS GONE BY.

Oh, would I were a boy again to roam about the fields
Collecting all the wondrous things indulgent pasture yields
To climb the neighbor's apple trees and rob him of his fruit,
To go on trips nocturnal his strawberry beds to loot;
To play pranks on the policeman, and to put school teachers through
A lovely course of bitter sprouts, as only boys can do.

Oh! I like to visit grocery stores and make my pockets bulge
With raisins hooked and stolen figs my stomachs to indulge,
Steal cherries from the parsonage, rape pantries of their pie,
And swim, when caught, as innocent as angels in the sky.

I'd like to sneak in candy shops and "lift" an ounce or two
Of taffy and of peppermint, as only boys can do.
I'd like to take a huge bent pin and put it on the chair
Of any aged relative who chanced to have gray hair.
I'd like to take an old jackknife and carve up doors and trees,
And not remember anything whose memory failed to please.
I'd like to have the old regard for statements plain and true—
In fact to treat the solemn truth as only boys can do.

Oh, for a try at youth once more! Oh, for the days gone by!
If Time would only turn about, and let me backward fly
For but one year into my youth, when crime was only play,
And all the wicked things I did were but my boyish way!
Oh, for one chance to treat some men I would I never knew,
To decide that with impunity none but a boy can do!

John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Bazar

Select Family Reading.

On The Brink.

BY EDITH L. RICHARDSON.

Mrs. Wilton had never thought that there would be any need that their daughter should earn her own living, and had hoped to be able to give her a thorough education; but when Mr. Wilton died, somehow, as often happens with men who have seemed to be well off, everything went with him. Only a few hundred dollars remained, and the widow knew that this must be kept for a rainy day; and through the influence of a merchant with whom she had dealt in better days, she found Emma a place in a dry goods store. The girls with whom she was associated were very nice, it seemed to the mother, and the proprietor was very kind, and, since Emma must care for herself, there appeared to be nothing better. Indeed, most of these young persons were good, self-respecting, and ladylike, but amongst them was one of a different order. She was handsome, showy, and dressed much more finely than the others. She talked a great deal about things of which the other girls knew nothing, and, as she told numberless falsehoods, had made them to believe her very fashionable and highly connected. In reality, she had been brought up by an aunt who was far from particular in her conduct, had learned the names of people of position from the "fashionable intelligence" in society papers, and really knew only people who would not have been noticed by fashionable folk. This young woman's name was Phœbe Pennington, and it occurred to her to form a close friendship with little Emma Wilton. She wanted a companion who did not know enough to see through her pretences who would not be able to talk about her at the store and she saw in innocent young Emma exactly that person. The first overture in intimacy was a call on Sunday afternoon. Phœbe was going for a walk, and did not like to walk alone.

"I'll ask mother," said Emma.

"Do you ask mother about everything?" sneered Phœbe.

"Oh yes," said Emma. "You would too, if she were yours. She is so nice."

"I never had a mother," sighed Phœbe. "Sometimes I wish I had."

Emma ran to ask leave.

Mrs. Wilton was particular, but at the same time liberal.

"I suppose a walk would do you good," she said, "and if it is a nice girl."

"Oh, such a nice girl," said Emma.

But Mrs. Wilton went herself to see the caller. Phœbe cast down her big eyes, was very modest and very polite.

"I know it is the Sabbath," she said, "but between churches, and we are so confined in doors all the week. Don't you think it is good for us?"

Mrs. Wilton thought it was.

"Your friend dresses a good deal for a poor girl," she said to Emma as she tied her sash.

"Yes," said Emma, "but her people are well off, only she wants to be independent, in case of need."

"Very sensible," said Mrs. Wilton.

Emma found the Park, to which they turned their steps, very pleasant, nor did she know that when, shortly after, they met "two gentlemen" who were introduced as Mr. Morris and Mr. Perkins, it was anything but an accident. The gentlemen took the lead after that. They hired a carriage and rode about; they offered refreshments. The hours passed so rapidly that when Emma found herself at her door, bewildered with fun, compliments and ideas that had never occurred to her childish mind before, it was nine o'clock.

"Did you go to evening church?" asked Mrs. Wilton, as she came in. "I've been sadly worried."

And Emma would have told her the whole story, but it happened at that moment the neighbor on the floor above, a young married woman—came in to ask Mrs. Wilton to come and tell her if her child showed symptoms of croup; and the kind matron went at once. The subject was not renewed; and, after all, how could Emma repeat such compliments, she thought to herself, or tell how Mr. Morris had said that she should have been a princess. She must leave out all that had flattered her so. Without that what was a story of the afternoon?—nothing.

And after this Mr. Morris met her often, came often to the store where she was at the glove counter—and "spending the evening with Phœbe," meant spending it with Mr. Morris, for Mr. Perkins devoted himself to Phœbe, and the girls often scarcely saw each other.

In Emma's estimation, Mr. Morris was elegant and handsome, and he seemed very much in love with her. He quite blotted from her mind her only former gentleman acquaintance, young Reuben Mellish, who was studying for the ministry. Formerly she had been pleased when Reuben came to see her or asked her to attend a concert or a lecture with him. She had felt flattered by his attentions to her, and when once or twice it had occurred to her, in a childish, innocent way, that Reuben liked her very much, it had seemed to her that she could like him very much also, he was so kind, so sensible, so pleasant in every way. But now she thought of him with anything but pleasure. He was "particular" like her mother. He was not amusing, like Mr. Morris. She should never have any fun in all her life, she said to herself, if her mother influenced her to marry Reuben Mellish. What *could* she do? Reuben was well enough dressed, but he had not those elegant garments that she has learned to think the proper things for gentlemen to wear. He did not always use gloves or smoke costly cigars. He had a home in the suburbs. He had said that if he ever married a girl, her mother should be his; and Mr. Morris seemed to think a mother some one who was always finding fault—some one to be deceived—and he had all the old jeats about mothers in law; but he was so lively. When he knew her mother it would change his mind, she was sure, and his wife would live elegantly, keeping fine company, dress as he did, and the poor girl believed her complimented and made love to, every day of her life. Whereas, Reuben Mellish paid no compliments and would probably expect his wife to practice economy. And Emma pictured to herself a wedding in a crowded fashionable church; the bride, the person she saw in her looking glass, dressed in white satin and real lace, and a departure for Europe on a fine steamer afterwards.

After this, could she think of being married to Reuben Mellish in the little poor parlor at home, with a few old friends present, and at most a week away from home, at some little country hotel, for all gayety? When Mr. Morris had "proposed" she would tell her mother everything. Emma decided, and she had no doubt all would come right at last.

"There's to be a ball at Hall," said Phœbe, over their work one day, "and Mr. Morris and Mr. Perkins will come for us. It's Wednesday, so get your dress fixed and you can go from here, the gentlemen will bring a carriage."

"A ball!" cried Emma. "Oh, I should love to go, but mamma never will let me. She disapproves of balls. Mamma says it is not the dancing—for any one might dance at the right time and the right place, for pleasure or exercise, but a ball! Well, she says that a ball such as a plain, working girl could go to, it would not be right that she should attend."

"Oh, this is not a common ball," said Phœbe. "Mr. Morris and Mr. Perkins got the tickets, and they are very fashionable. It's a masked ball. You wear a domino over your dress, and only take off your mask off at supper. And tell your mother I want you to stay all night with me. I do. And you needn't mention the ball."

Emma felt shocked, but Mr. Morris joined her on her way home, and told her he would be wretched if she did not go. And finally she decided to take her new white dress and blue ribbons to Phœbe's house where the gentlemen would send dominoes and masks, and where the carriage would come. It seemed to her that she could not bear to lose the pleasure, but even getting consent to stay at Phœbe's was difficult.

"My dear," her mother said, "I don't like my girl to be out all night. It is not nice, unless she is to be at old friends." If there is to be a little party, you'll be late, of course."

"Yes, there is to be a little party," Phœbe pleaded.

"Then," said her mother, "I am sure, my dear, Reuben Mellish will be pleased to be your escort. I will ask him myself."

"No!" said Emma, hurriedly. "I don't want him. He's not asked."

The mother demurred a long while but finally agreed to let Emma go.

"The child has few pleasures," she thought.

Again she said: "Reuben might go. You are intimate enough with Phœbe to tell her you will bring an escort and come home after the party."

But Emma seemed to dislike this idea so much that her mother did not press it. Phœbe had been kind to her girl, she thought. What harm could there be in it? And never dreaming of the ball, which was one no nice girls should have gone to, the mother saw her child go off with her little parcel in her arms never guessing at her great danger.

While the mother slept with her little children beside her, Emma was dancing in the crowded ball room, arrayed in mask and domino. She was dragged through the figures, and whirled about in the round dances. All sorts of disgraceful persons were about her, but this she did not know. Many balls in New York are elegant and reputable. She believed that this one was. She had had a glass of champagne, and it made her eyes sparkle, and her cheeks glow.

"You're awfully pretty," said Mr. Morris.

"I don't flatter you, you are lovely."

Emma could not answer. She blushed and hung her head.

"We ought to be partners always, don't you think so," said Morris. "Say, shall we be partners always? I'll tell you a secret. Perkins and Phœbe are going to elope from the ball."

"Oh, dear!" cried Emma.

"And I want you to go with me," said Morris.

"Mother," faltered Emma.

"When we're married we'll go home and beg mother's forgiveness," said Morris.

"Indeed, I will not, I—I hope you are joking," faltered the child.

She had been weak and foolish, but to go so far as eloping was not in her. She knew that was wrong, and was strong at once. Elope leave her mother, that way! No, never, never! Her innate purity asserted itself. She took her hand from Morris's arm.

"I don't believe what you tell me of Phœbe," she said, "but she is her own mistress. Do you think I would deceive my mother that way? I won't stay. I must go home."

She turned from Morris, who strove to regain her hand. As he did so, his mask slipped and revealed his face, and on the instant a tall woman in fancy costume dashed toward them.

"Ah! I've caught you!" she cried, clutching the domino Emma wore and tearing it from. "You're the woman that's after my husband, are you! You're a pretty one, gallivanting about with married men. Take that! Take that!"

As she spoke, she wrenched away the frill from Emma's neck, the flower from her hair, the ribbon from her waist, but at that moment one of the policemen on duty at the ball rushed up. But what Emma thought of most was the fact that Mr. Morris made no denial of the enraged female's claim to his protection, but simply remarked, as he stood with his hands in his pockets and made no attempt to rescue the girl:

"Hang me if I will put up with this sort of thing any longer."

Some one led Emma to the dressing room, where the woman in waiting put up her hair, and finding her cheek in her torn pocket, hunted up her wraps, and pinned up the rags of her dress so that she should not trip on them. Her face was covered with scratches; so were her hands. The policeman asked her if she would like to make a charge against the woman, and she answered in horror:

"Oh, no! She was dreadful, but she had a right to be angry. I didn't know Mr. Morris had a wife."

"I guess you didn't know where you were coming, or who you were with," said the policeman. "I've got girls of my own, and I'll see you are taken home safely. Don't pick up acquaintances any more, if you want to stay what you are, and that, I reckon, is a decent girl."

So Emma did not go home in a carriage, but in a very curious manner, by no means as elegant, but, under the peculiar circumstances, much safer.

One policeman took her to the end of his beat and handed her to another; and in this ignominious manner, her best dress in rage, her face scratched in fifty places, a bunch of hair pulled from her scalp, which smarted terribly, and a heart which the poor little creature believed to be broken, Emma returned from her first ball.

"Since he is false, can any man be true?" she thought to herself. "No; life is all wrong; nothing can be depended upon, and I am glad I am going to die."

Her mother, from her nest between the children, only called out in a sleepy, happy tone:

"So glad you came home, dear. I suppose you had an escort?"

"Plenty of escorts," groaned Emma, remembering the five policemen who had handed her along as she tucked her forlorn rags under the bed, and hid her smarting face on the pillow.

It was not until the next morning that she made that candid confession which is good for the soul, to her pitying mother.

It was a week before the scratches healed and the fever left Emma, but when she went to the store at last, Phœbe was not there. Her old companions never saw her again.

As for Emma, her heart healed more rapidly than the scratches; and to-day you may find her in the parsonage which Reuben Mellish calls his own. Her mother is with her, her brothers are at college, and there is no brighter, happier, better woman anywhere than she. That, at least, is the verdict of "the congregation."

Emma alone knows how near the edge she went without slipping over.

MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

How much children are made or unmade by their mother. She not only gives them life in the world, but on her depends most largely what their life is to be. It is the mother heart and head which realize the dangers which over hang the children. A father needs to be taught what must not be given to an infant to eat; the mother knows by intuition. A father will sleep on until it cries aloud, the mother wakens at the first whimper. Children are almost always indulged to do what they will twice over by the father, to the indulgence that is freely granted once by the mother, because her quick eye and deeper perception see the dangers which lurk in the path of youth. There are very few good men who did not have exceptionally excellent mothers. And multitudes of those who are only middling men, mentally and morally, owe their mediocrity more to their inferior mothers than to any other original influence. The ardent interest in our day over woman's elevation seems to lack one essential element, that is, an interest in how to provide society with worthy mothers. Jochebed did not cut much of a figure as a platform speaker, but as the mother of Moses she stands immortal.—J. J. Witmow, D. D.

WHY HE WAS AN EXCEPTION.

It makes me tired to see the manner in which these newspapers are run," said the man in the smoking car as he took off his glasses and let his paper drop across his knees.

The man who sat next to him had one look of hair on oasis in a desert of scalp which he spent most of his time in smoothing reflectively.

"I s'pose," he said slowly, "that you could give 'em all points?"

"I'm sure of it. Couldn't you?"

"No, I don't think I could."

"Do you mean to say that you couldn't tell the editor how to run his paper?" exclaimed the kicker in a tone that had also little dismay in it.

"I do, indeed," replied the man with the oasis earnestly.

"Well, I must say there are not many like you you."

"I know it. I used to be like you are. But now I'm trying to run a newspaper myself, and I'll tell you my friend, I'm not saying a word, not a word."—Washington Star.

A REASONER.

"There, Willie," said the lad's mother, "is ten cents for you. Now, what are you going to buy with it?"

"Save it up to buy firecrackers for the Fourth of July," replied the boy in a tone whose positiveness was almost defiant.

"Why, Willie, you know you are saving up your money to give to the heathen."

"Yes'm, but the Chinese are heathen, aren't they?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the Chinese make the firecrackers, don't they?"

"I am told they do."

"Well, then, the heathen'll get my money just the same, so it's all right."

The best is what you want when you are in need of a medicine. That is why you should insist on Hood's Sarsaparilla.

WHAT IT COSTS TO RUN A SHIP.

The cost of running a big ocean greyhound to Europe and back reaches into the thousands. A trans-atlantic liner is really a floating hotel, and everything on board is conducted on the same scale of lavishness that is found in a Fifth avenue hotel, New York.

Clement A. Griscom, jr., son of the president of the line controlling the *St. Louis*, now on her maiden trip, agreed to give some figures covering the expense of her voyage to England and back. He figured for some time, and then said that the expenses of the round trip of a steamer like the *St. Louis* average between $60,000 and $80,000, according to the season.

This is the busiest time in the year for the big liners, and when the *St. Louis* gets back from Southampton her maiden voyage both ways across the Atlantic will have cost fully $80,000. The voyage between the two ports will take a trifle more than seven days, making the cost of operating something like $5,500 per day.

No single individual of the *St. Louis* gets a large salary. The captain heads the list, getting about $5,500 a year. Captains on smaller passenger steamers only receive $3,000 a year. The chief officer of a ship like the *St. Louis* gets $1,500, and the bulk of the heavy work really falls on his shoulders. The second officer's pay ranges from $900 to $1,200, according to the size of the ship, while the third and fourth officers only get from $600 to $900. All of these men have to perform duties of a responsible kind, and as there are no bonuses attached to their work it can be seen that they are not overpaid.

The crew of the *St. Louis* numbers 410 men. Two hundred of those are in the engineer's department, and all of them are directly under the authority of the chief. The steward's department is the next largest, numbering 170 in all. The sailors, including the deck officers, number but 40.

The engineer's department is the most expensive on the ship, owing to the immense coal bills. The *St. Louis* burns more than 360 tons a day, or about 1,500 tons the round trip. This means an expenditure of $15,000 alone. The salaries of the men, the engineering supplies, including the thousand and one things needed for the vast machinery of a great ship, will require an expenditure of $5,000 every round trip.

The chief engineer draws $3,000 a year, and his immediate assistants receive $1500, $1,200, $1,000 respectively. The stokers or fireman average about $30 a month, and the furnaces of the *St. Louis* require 180 of them working in different shifts.

The purser, who is a most important person on board, does not get much in the way of salary, as the company, in fixing his pay, figures on the large bonuses he receives for changing money and performing the little services which the wealthy traveller does not hesitate to pay for liberally. His salary is only $1,000 a year, but he makes another $2,000 in fees and sometimes considerably more.

The ship's surgeon only receives $900 a year for the same reason. He is brought in contact with numerous real and fancied invalids of the wealthy class, and, although no one is compelled to fee him, few fail to do so, and a big, popular ship like the *St. Louis* is worth to him at least $3,000 to $4,000 a year.

The steward's department is one of the costliest on the ship. The provisions for the round trip cost in the neighborhood of $12,000, and the salaries of the steward's men amount to $3,000 more. The stewards are the least paid of any on the ship, for the reason that in the fees of the passengers they collect a considerable sum annually. All the pay they get is $20 a month, but they take in $40 a month in tips. The seasick man and woman are always willing to give their last cent for some little service.

The chief steward received $1,500 a year, and also comes in for his share of tips, as it is within his power to place many delicacies in the way of the liberal tourist. The chief cook is a great man on the ship, almost as great as the captain, and in all makes $3,000 a year out of his job.

The breakage and wear and tear on the ship and its furniture is very heavy, requiring an expenditure in incidentals of about $5,000 each round trip. There are countless things to be replaced and a comparatively little thing like the washing of the ship's linen means an expenditure big enough to support a man for a year in the lap of luxury.

Here are some odd facts about the *St. Louis*. There are fully 1,000 tons of piping of various kinds in the ship. The condensers will pump up at least 50,000 gallons of cool water a day. The furnaces will consume no less than 1,500,000 cubic feet of air an hour. The boiler tubes, if placed in a straight line would stretch nearly ten miles, and the condenser tubes more than twenty five miles. The total number of separate pieces of steel in the main structure of the ship is not less than 40,000 and the total number of cubic feet of timber used in the construction is more than 100,000. The total number of rivets is not far from 1,250,000.

A distinguished marine engineer of England once estimated that in a ship of this size, if all the steel which composes it were made into needles and placed in a line they would reach more than ten times around the earth, or the distance to the moon, 238,000 miles. Another expert has estimated that if the ship were propelled by galley oarsmen, as in ancient times, it would require a force of 117,000 men continuously at work to develop the same power that the engines of the ship will produce.

GOOD MANNERS WIN.

Good manners are a winning force in life. "Manners make the man," and a man's manners are often the making of him. They determine his reception among his fellows. Nopolicy pays like politeness. Unmannerly actions are among the most expensive luxuries of life.

Keep your engagements. If a man's word cannot be depended on when he makes an engagement, he will be mistrusted.

Never disregard appearances. The apparel often proclaims the man! Dress affects a man's manners and morals. A general negligence of dress very often proclaims a corresponding negligence of address.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy—rich, not gaudy.

What foreign country does a fat man put you in mind of? Why, Greece, of course.

WHY WOMEN TALK.

BY JOEL BENTON

One curious fact, beyond dispute
Is this, that men are often mute
Apart from business topics they
Find very little bright to say.

The opposite we all perceive
Marks the long line which starts from Eve.
We cover what their tongues can do,
Sometimes admire and often rue.

With woman nothing seems to talk
A fluent witchery of talk,
Though proud or humble, old or young,
The muses sit upon her tongue.

Why this was so, a fable old
Of Persian story shall here unfold:
"When the first pair arrived on earth
The power of speech thus had its birth:

"To soothe their care, their sorrow drown,
Ten baskets of bright talk came down.
But while the man was sipping wine,
The woman took for her part, nine!"

SCHOLARSHIP AND BRAWN.

The other day while the journals of this country were filled with the news of the athletic contests being held between our various colleges, and the wrangling concerning them, while the cheers that followed the Cornell crew down the harbor had not yet died out, the English papers were printing the portraits of the young men who had won the senior wranglerships and other scholastic honors in their great universities.

It may not be wise or timely, or sportsmanlike to suggest that men with trained minds ought to play a larger part in the world's economy than sprinters, jumpers, oarsmen, and ball players, but it may not be taken amiss if we say that in giving recognition to the young men who win scholastic honors the English papers are not wholly wrong. Certainly most of the students of a university are there for the improvement of their minds, and the ostensible object of a university is teaching.

The sound of the modern college, and the tone of the modern inter collegiate discussion, are beginning to resemble too much swagger of professionalism. A little more of this spirit, and these manners would put an end to inter collegiate sport altogether. And this would be regretable. The body of the young American of to-day has been greatly bettered by the athletic contests in which he has engaged as a student. The stimulation which inter-collegiate contests have afforded to physical exercise has been so marked that the physical condition of the whole body of students has been greatly improved. Rather than have inter collegiate contests abandoned, we would have them extended, but they must become once more the recreation of amateur gentlemen, or they must be abandoned. There is a tendency to make the track, the ball field, and the boat house the school of professionalism. Manners ought to be and are softened by generous rivalry, and manliness and self-respect are thereby increased. Properly conducted contests develop character as well as muscle, and there is no reason why the danger that threatens should not be averted before the inter collegiate games bring about that boastfulness and that trickery which inevitably character professionalism, and that thoroughly unsportsmanlike feeling which puts the prize of victory above the pleasure of a fair contest for it.

But all this good cannot be gained unless the athlete is taken down from his pedestal and put upon a level with his fellow students. When he goes out into the world, if he has been an athlete and nothing else in college, he finds that many a classmate whose name was never in the newspapers in youthful days is vastly his superior in the important affairs of life. Why should not the real student have some recognition in undergraduate days? Why should he wait until he is a judge on the bench to find himself on a par with his old time muscular demi god who possesses his old age as a judge of bhat races? Even more important, however, than the rights of the scholar are the fine results in athletic contests themselves that would follow their proper subordination to the real work of the universities.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE WESTERN FAIR

The annual advertisement of Canada's Favorite Live Stock Exhibition, the Western Fair has been received and appears in another place in this issue.

The Directors are determined to give the people of this province such an advanced and educative exhibition as has not been witnessed upon their grounds.

It is in their aim to so change the Fair in every possible particular that it shall be devoid of any stale or worn out repetition of former years, but on the contrary to make it a live progressive show, replete with new and interesting exhibits, and special features that are pleasing and entertaining because of their immense proportions and rarity. The Prize List has been carefully and thoroughly reviewed, revised and amended, and is now complete and exhaustive. The wants of the Exhibitors have been carefully studied, and concessions made wherever the Exhibition could be proportionately strengthened, liberality being displayed in the prizes offered with a view to the expansion of the number and quality of the exhibits. It is therefore reasonable to expect the Show will be one of unusual high order and merit.

The accommodations provided for buildings, this Fair are second to none, plenty of well arranged stalls and pens, good water and plenty of straw for exhibitors of live stock, spacious buildings for other displays and exhibits, and the most beautiful grounds, with the best arrangement for public comfort, cheap railway and express rates, electric cars to the grounds, live stock, machinery and goods of all kinds delivered by the G. T. R. cars in the grounds, the very best live stock market available, the choicest animals for sale, and a large number of buyers in attendance.

The Secretary states that Special Attractions have been carefully selected and contracted for without regard to cost, procuring the very best available, the aim of the managers being to satisfy the people and though they may expend more for the pleasure and education of their patrons than may be directly returned this year they know it will result beneficially in the future.

Those who desire Prize Lists or Programmes giving full information of the attractions, and conditions of sale of privileges should address the Secretary, Mr. Thos. A. Browne, who will be pleased to send them free to any address.

Envy is a robber.