# The Acton Free Press.

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## The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT THE

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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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| 20 inches | $60 00 | $35 00 | $20 00 | $7 00 |
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| 5 inches | 20 00 | 12 00 | 7 00 | 2 50 |
| 1 inch | 6 00 | 3 50 | 2 00 | 1 00 |

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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 sts, 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

**M**cLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors Notaries Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall Acton
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO A McLEAN

**D**OUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC
OFFICES—Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 9½ 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

**G**UTHRIE, 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

**J**OHN DAY, ARCHITECT
OFFICE:—Wyndham Street

**H**ENRY 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.

**W**M. HEMBSTREET,
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.

**F**RANCIS 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 the works over Arthurs Feed Store, will receive prompt attention
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. B. 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 at ways be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus stops trains between 9 a. m. and 8.15 p. m
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers carefully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS

## SCHOOL BOOKS.

We have all the text books used in the City and County Schools. Go direct to Day and do save time and money.

Biggest Exercises,
Biggest Scribblers,
Best Paper in Them
Pens, Ink,
Copy and Drawing Books.

**No Waiting For Books Here.**
**DAY'S Low Prices win Every Time.**

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 recognizing 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 DONE
WILLIAM WILLIAMS
Mill St. ACTON

**J. H. Hamilton,**
DEALER IN
Marble and Granite,
Hamilton's Block
GUELPH

New Designs
Just Received

Granite
Norway, Sweden, Russia, England, Ireland, Scotland
OF BEST QUALITY

SEASON---1895

While returning thanks to our many customers 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**

Of every description, cheaper than ever before. Call and see them. Pumps for deep wells, either wood or iron pumps a specialty. All work guaranteed satisfactory
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere
THOS. EBBAGE Manager
Acton

## EVERTON MILLS.

Custom work of 10 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel

FLOUR
BRAN
Shorts
Chop

Cash for Wheat

A little Flour for sale at Archibald & Co's FEED Store Acton

HENRY HORTOP

**Acton Flour Mill.**
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.

We have our rolling 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.

Orders 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. Y. Hannawins 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 $2,000,000
Capital Paid up 1,807,000
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. P. H. JONES,
Manager.

We Want Your Trade in
**Portland Cement.**
New Stock
- of -
Best Quality
Just to Hand.

PRICES VERY CLOSE.

WRITE OR CALL ON
BOND & CO'S.
GUELPH.

**X L Cior**
**...Bakery**
ACTON, ONT

Bread,
Cakes,
Biscuits,
Confectionery

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

Thanking the people of Acton and surrounding country for past favors we trust in form for a continuance of the same. All orders will be 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 inquiries relative to prices, styles, etc.

**Call To-day**

And you will no doubt find something to suit

SATISFACTORY WORK ALWAYS ASSURED

N. J. BONNAR
MERCHANT TAILOR
Mill St ACTON

**W. H. WALKER.**
Painter
Paper Hanger
Decorator Etc.

Opposite Acton Hotel. Orders left at my residence will receive prompt attention. Anyone who desires 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 Guelph Nurseries of Canada. Over 200 acres the largest in the Dominion. Better than 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! this 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.

*CANADA.*

WRITTEN FOR THE FREE PRESS

O Canada! land of our birth, how we love thee!
Thy bright sunny skies and stone laden air,
Thy valleys and mountains,
Thy pure gurgling fountains,
The picturesque scenery, varied and rare
The deep rolling rivers, thy lakes' broad expansion,
And landscapes enrapture the sight to behold,
And ere the bright day is done,
The glory of setting sun
The mountain side paints with vermillion and gold

How lily they seem to wander abroad in the spring time,
To breathe the pure air and the perfume of flowers,
To hear the birds singing,
All nature now springing,
To life and exuberance freshened by showers.
The bright glorious summer with sunshine and showers
Comes on with the growth of the waving grain green,
O'er which the clouds scudding,
Through light the earth flooding
Cause picturesque chasing of shadow and sheen

The autumn advances with ample development
Of all that's nutritious and luscious for food,
The soul with abundance
Of fruitage redundant,
Might well praise the Giver and source of all good

The mild Indian Summer so dreamily greets us,
As the last day of season is seemingly set,
But summer departing
With last look ere starting,
Bids the lingering adieu of a friendship's regret
What exhilaration on steamer palatial
To tread the proud deck as she parts the wave pure
The fresh air inhaling,
The spirits regaling,
Infusing new vigor good health to ensure.
The perfect appointments the main saloon vista
The art decorations produce on each hand
Indolence delectation
Above expectation
In him who has never before spent one cent to
The falls of Niagara with reactions and majesty
Down, down their waters incessantly pour
Like enormous lace curtain,
Full of white foam jets spurting,
Continuously falling with deep sullen roar

O God of omnipotence awful and glorious!
We gaze upon this Thy work transfused with awe
Emblem of certainty
Fat and eternity
Thyself Thy decrees and Thou subject to law

How thrilling to the heart many a one to-day
Past green shady forest past home food and tea
In scrubbed palace car
In luxury passing far
Ah upon rail that in oddity excels
The view from the window O! can you
The prospect revolving like long chain attached
The rear side retreating
Remote side competing
With our rapid rush forward on the smooth sliding steel

O tourist survey the lake rail in connection
The diligent populace reckless of toil
Performing life's drama
The whole panorama
Delighting the eye and intoxicating

The street car in use now is not with
fatigue
The absence of horse of steam power
observed
For with thy compare
Of electricity
Ends they were ancient

We strike with the lightning, we make it labor
on
The school, all that can be taught under the sun
With slight ease or lassitude
Amid the bright flashing
Like prophet of old in a chariot of fire

Our vast trading limits and interests such
The still passing rich of our position of gain
Invite population
Through immense emigration
Relieving congestion of older districts

We welcome their immigrant with
and smile
With hearts all aglow and attend the right.
The noble industrious
Obscure or illustrious,
Through countless we welcome you all to our strand

But the idle and vile to whom from birth
culture
Who seek position emotion and count it base
glut
Whose whole life is current
And influence pernicious
To such we want that our

The traffic in liquors of all nations
Is a nuisance in wealth of the home and the state
But we'll have prohibition
Despite opposition
Dust out some may be interested in the traffic
and fate

We welcome to our midst the industrious
Though the craft be conventional for ease of self
But to full competition
And we'll make an eruption
And the sooner he quits it the better for us

The government winks at the traffic and readily
To a commission at heavy expense,
To give a schooling,
But we'll have no immoral feeling
The majority they must obey or

The men who solicit our votes at election
Must exalt public interests above those of
For up want honest dealing
And no party feeling
And he who's a rogue

That she may have justice as I have of
worst

The franchise must no longer be
So just as we legislate
All may participate
Of whatever color sect or no degree

Our proud institutions of learning are
And churches elect admiring regard
With asylums for lunatics
And prisons where knavish tricks
Meet with their just recompense of

We cordially entertain the friendly
With American cousins the nearest of
But for annexation
We've no negotiation
As they have their

With obedience faith we
Blessing.
The grandest dominion
The boast of Victoria
The empire's chief glo
And prize all the blessi
begets

Acton Aug 26 1895

W. H.

## A WORD TO CLERKS

The argument held before young men to draw them to the city is the better chance there for rapid advancement. I have some doubts, remarks a writer in the *Badger State Grocer*, as to the soundness of this argument. In one of the towns where I used to sell a great many goods were a couple of young men who were clerks in the two leading stores in the place. They had many consultations with me over their chances of getting situations in the city if they should move that way, and my constant advice to them was to stick where they were. Some business called me to their town a few months ago, and I found these two young men at the head of the two leading stores there, and each of them was well fixed in money matters. I am confident that had they gone to the city they would be working on small salaries to day

## Select Family Reading.

### A Rope of Milkweed.

"Indeed, Mrs McLaughlin, it is not only possible but easy of accomplishment."

"I think not. The attempt would be hazardous. No one should endanger his life in such a way."

The afternoon sun shone warmly on Bridgewater Cliffs. The soft murmur of the sea fell faintly on the ear. There was peace in the air and upon the sea.

Mark Hilton's usual clear headed judgment was somewhat disturbed this afternoon, for was not Kitty McLaughlin with him? It was not every day that he had her all to himself three miles from human habitation. However he might strive to conceal it, his elation would show itself in face and speech. Nature was in opposition with his mood.

The subject which Mark Hilton and Kitty McLaughlin were discussing so earnestly was the possibility of safely reaching a certain tiny blue flower which grew far out on the rugged face of the cliff. Kitty had discovered it in its isolated position a few minutes before and, remarking that it was unlike any they had seen that day, wondered what it could be. The distance was so great she could not decide, although a good botanist Mark, with more enthusiasm than judiciousness, volunteered to get it for her, a proposal she would not listen to.

"Nonsense!" returned Mark. "There is no danger worth mentioning. Don't you see there is a line of shelving rock jutting out from the cliff, which leads directly to it."

"But you might slip or become dizzy. It must be a hundred feet to the bottom," she said with a shudder.

"Slipping is impossible with these sound Mark, calling attention to the rubber soled lawn tennis shoes which he wore, "and my head was always a steady one."

"But you shall not imperil your life in such a foolhardy attempt, said Kitty decidedly.

"Oh, yes I will. You don't know what a determined fellow I am when I get started, answered Mark with a laugh; and in a second he was several feet out on the face of the cliff.

The shelving rock along which he undertook to make his way was barely four inches in width. A difficult pathway. There was nothing to cling to except occasional sharp points which jutted out from the mass of rock.

Slowly and carefully he advanced.

Kitty watches him intently put not breathless with suspense.

A few steps more and he will reach.

Ah! he has it and holds it up triumphantly to her view.

She waves her handkerchief and motions, to speak for fear of startling him.

Now for the return. He starts back along the precarious pathway. He sudden ly stops and hesitates. Why so long? Is it to rest? No, he is cutting a portion of the rock with his foot. Has he become suspicious of his highway? Yes, and with good reason. A large portion of the rock is loose. He bears on it harder when a sudden tear followed by a terrible crash reverberates from cliff to cliff.

A deep silence follows. What has happened? Has Mark Hilton passed forever from human eyes? No, there he is on his narrow pathway, clinging closely to the ledge. A huge piece of rock, constituting part of his perilous road has scaled off, leaving the cliff nearly as smooth as glass for six or eight feet in his front.

His return is cut off.

The sun has become obscured by heavy dark clouds. A wind has arisen. The sea no longer murmurs softly but sends forth a sullen, ominous roar. How suddenly everything has changed.

Mark Hilton realizes his position. He cannot go forward he cannot go back except a few feet. Above him the perpendicular rock rises to the height of ten feet before the top of the rock is gained. It is smooth except a few slight projections here and there. No mortal could climb it. Mark knows this and yet he feels that he must try. He cannot long remain in his present position.

Were this beautiful day not the last to end together? Had he brought this girl whom he had intended soon to ask to be his wife to this lonely, isolated spot only to witness her exit from the world? the world in which he had hoped to accomplish so much. The thought of death when in such proximity to it is a dreadful thing especially to a young person.

Kitty at length observes the dreadful catastrophe which has taken her lover was so appalled that she could neither speak nor move. She stood like one paralyzed until the voice of Mark calling to her not to be alarmed brought her back to this world of reason.

Kitty was not one to remain long inactive if there was anything she could do. Coming to the top of the cliff above his head, she cried

"Oh, Mark! Where was he Mr Hilton now. On the verge of death as he was Mark noted this with a thrill of pleasure. Can you hold on till I can get assistance?"

Mark made a rapid calculation. Three miles to the nearest house and the roughest possible path. It would take at least an hour for help to reach him. Too well he knew he could not retain his hold for half that time. He was already much exhausted and becoming dizzy. It required a great deal of effort to keep from falling.

"No," said Mark mournfully. We must shout for help and I'm sure some one must attempt to scale the cliff."

The clear, agonize of voice of the girl rose on the air, but was soon drowned by the ever increasing roar of the sea. Mark's deep voice joined as if it little further. Neither could be heard a mile. Their cries re echoed from crag to crag until there seemed to be a score of voices calling. A score calling, but not on replying.

After a few minutes spent in this way it became evident to both that it was useless. Mark was growing weaker. He felt the necessity of making his perilous effort before losing more strength.

Without a word he lays hold of some sharp points of rock above him and attempts to ascend. When up about three feet his foot suddenly slips, and he is unconscious, he feels himself roughly scraping down the face of the cliff. Throwing out his arms by instinct, one of his hands reaches a fissure in the rock and he finds himself, faint and breathless, in his original position. Noth but a miracle saved him from going over the precipice.

Kitty hearing the noise, cried out in an agony of apprehension.

"It is no use," called poor Mark; "a cat could not climb it—much less a man. I must remain here until I fall from exhaustion, unless somebody comes. And what could they do if they did?"

Kitty was in despair. Must she remain there doing nothing and see her lover perish? She never realized before how she loved him, or, indeed, that she loved him at all. Now it was all revealed to her. And she was the cause of his peril! A pang of anguish passed through her when she thought of this.

What should she do? She looked about wildly.

Ah! the milkweed!

The hill was covered with with it. Her knowledge of botany was not useless.

Running to the verge of the cliff, she cried out:

"What is the longest possible time you can hold on?"

"Twenty or twenty five minutes" said Mark, feebly.

"Then for Heaven's sake cling!"

Rushing back she pulled up a score of the largest stocks of milkweed. Selecting one she rolled the fibre into a cord or string. How often she had seen her teacher do this when botanizing! She knew the cord thus formed formed to be very strong, capable of supporting at least twenty five pounds. Four of these twisted together make a substantial rope, but they were so very short—not more than two feet in length!

Milkweed after milkweed succumbed to her deft fingers, until at length, by frequent splicing, she had a rope ten feet long and four strands strong. It would easily bear 100 pounds. This was enough his own efforts, aided by the projecting rocks and fissures, would accomplish the rest.

Kitty, in spite of her celerity was nearly twenty minutes manufacturing the rope. She knew that Mark's strength must be almost gone.

Hearing her approach the brink alone the poor fellow lost all courage, supposing her unknown mission had failed.

"Good-bye, Kitty, I."

"O Mark! Hold on! Hold on a minute longer" and she flung him the rope.

He summoned up all his strength. Seeing the rope he took it in his hands and said with surprise

"Will it hold?"

"Yes, your whole weight probably. But that will not be necessary. Let me know when you are ready."

"Brace yourself! If I am not much of a burden let go instantly, for Heaven's sake don't let me pull you over the precipice. Ready!"

"I'll up he goes for hope lent him superhuman strength. He makes every projection and depression of the rock contribute to his support. His feet often slip, but the rope, with the strong, brave girl at the farther end upholds him. A moment more and he falls fainting at the top of the cliff.

Kitty is about to faint but seeing his condition recovers herself and hastens to a neighboring spring for water. Mark soon revives, but his mind is clouded. Looking around he says

"The flower! Where is the flower?"

"Never mind that dear he thought she said 'dear,' but was so nearly unconscious as never to be sure. "It is safe. Don't talk now until you are feeling better."

A few minutes and he is to rock again. Holding up the flower he used and broken which he has clung to with a lover's care through all his peril, he says

"Not much of a gift, but I got it for you."

"Why, it is a forget me not," cries Kitty.

"Yes a forget me not and its language is 'true love.' Oh, Kitty! let it be an emblem of the love I bear you," presenting it to her.

As such I accept it," she replies softly.

### FATHER'S HOAX

A Scotchman a widower recently created a quite a sensation in his household which consists of seven grown up daughters. The reverend gentleman was absent from home for a number of days in an adjoining county. The daughters received a letter from their father, which stated that he had "married a widow with six children and that he might be expected home at a certain time."

The effect of the news was a great shock to the happy family. There was weeping and wailing and all manner of naughty things said. The house was lugubrious, and when the day of arrival came it was anything but inviting.

At last the Rev. Mr. [illegible] but he was alone. He greeted his daughters as usual and as he viewed the neglected apartments there was a merry twinkle in his eye. The daughters were nervous and evidently anxious. At last the eldest mustered courage and asked

"Where is our mother?"

"In heaven, said the good man.

"But where is the widow with six children whom you married?"

"Why I married her to another man my dears," she replied.

### A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE

Mrs Gradley (tearfully) "I don't know what to do! My husband has taken to give up either me or his lodge! He gets worse and worse. I don't believe he'll ever be any account, the worthless brute!"

Neighbor (soothingly) "I didn't think it was so bad. But Mrs Gossiper did tell me yesterday that your husband was a poor creature at best."

Mrs Gradley (flaring up) "Oh she did! did she? Well, I'll just let that backbiting gossip know she can't run around slandering the best man in this town!"

"Poor creature, indeed! He's worth a thousand Tom Gossipers, and I'll let her know it! Wait till I get my bonnet."

### WORK A BLESSING.

I claim that no person can be strong without taxing his strength. I think women would be stronger if they did hard work. But it is also opposed to nature to work too many hours without rest. The old country folks among whom the women get up early to get breakfast, hurried out to the field, coming in early to get dinner, and working into the night. This is not right. Those women grow up strong and lovely, but they age early. Hard work with a purpose is better than gymnastics. Work is a blessing if rightly understood.

### WHEN SPURGEON WAS A YOUNG MAN.

A writer in the *Belgravia Magazine* tells how on one occasion he was met by a hoary headed pastor who "despised his youth," and muttered of "boys going up and down the country preaching before their mother's milk was well out of their mouths." The lesson for the day provided him with an apt text for his reply. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." Of this the bold youth made such use as won him the pastor's parting greeting as "the sauciest dog that ever barked in a pulpit." At another village he was received by a gentleman, who brought his equipage to conduct the guest to his mansion, but seeing a small, slender boy with cherubic cheeks, the family carriage man put up at his gardener John's, and deputed the servant to entertain the lad. This latter accepted the situation, and next day was accompanied by his humble host to the house of prayer. After hearing him the gentleman was thoroughly ashamed of his mistake and eager to repair it. But no importunities would tempt the intractable junior to taste the great man's salt, save upon the hard conditions that John should be invited to supper too!

### PAYING A KING'S DOCTOR, 1540.

The first notice we find of royal payments to a physician was when Nicholas de Fornham was called to the court of Henry III at a salary until he became bishop of Durham. To the accounts for the royal household, which date from the thirty third year of Henry VI and continue during the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII, we find no regular allowance was made to the royal physicians. They were given their "reward" i. e., honorarium. The royal apothecaries, however, were paid as in the form of a legal demand. Among the Cottonian manuscripts in the British museum are the accounts of Henry VIII. On May 16, in the twenty first year of his reign, we note, "To Cuthbert, the king's apothecary, in full, xxx l. xiis vi. d."

On Oct. 13, "To the sergeant apothecarie, his bill xxvii. li. iiis x. d."

In the twenty-third year of his reign on Feb. 1, "In reward to Dr Yakesley and another physitian, iiii li."

On March 30, "Paid to my lady princess physitian, in reward, xxvi li. xiii s."

On Oct 5, "To Dr Butts, physitian for ye use of Dr Thurlsby, bishop of Ely by king's command, x li." *Gentleman's Magazine.*

### SHE RESENTED THE INSULT

"I couldn't help it papa!"

She looked up into his face with [illegible] ank blue eyes, and it was impossible to doubt her.

"But you did not seem to be protesting very much," said the old gentleman.

"But it was so sudden papa that I couldn't," she insisted.

"Tell me about it," he said.

"Well, he adopted a very clever [illegible] you see. He got me to look the other way, and then before I knew it he had kissed me on the cheeks."

"The scoundrel!"

"It was wrong of [illegible]"

"What did you do then?"

"I was very angry. I told him [illegible] insult."

"Indeed it was, and you [illegible] ordered him to leave the house, [illegible] you?"

"N-no not exactly."

"Well what did you?"

"I told him it was [illegible] not take it back."

"And then?"

"He was taking it back when [illegible] it and saw him." *Chicago Tribune.*

### A MILE DOWN IN THE EARTH.

The great novelty at the Paris exhibition of 1900 will be, it is expected, a dive into the bowels of the earth.

M. Grousset's plan which it has been announced, has been approved by the management, is to dig a series of eight vertical shafts each six hundred feet in length one beginning where another leaves off.

Two passenger elevators are to run in each shaft, and there are to be galleries or stations at the end of each elevator journey where refreshments will be served under the blaze of electric lights.

The excavations will be thoroughly ventilated and the traveller who descends to the lowest gallery depth will be 4,000 feet below the surface from which he started. The estimated cost is 1,000,000 which one would think is quite moderate for so large an undertaking.

### QUICK WIT

A [illegible] in a French [illegible] made a great hit out of a pat bit [illegible] one day while indulging in a bit of horse play on the stage he hit his head violently untimely an accident against one of the pillars of the scene on the stage. On hearing the third every body uttered a cry. "No great harm done," said the comedian. "Just hand me a napkin, a glass of water and a salt cellar." These were brought, and he sat down folded the napkin in the form of a bandage dipped it in the glass, and emptied the salt cellar on the wet part. Having thus prepared a compress according to prescription and when everyone expected he would apply it to his forehead, he gravely rose and tied it on the pillar. The effect of his action was such that everyone set him down as the readiest and wittiest man in his profession. *Harper's*

### HIS PRESERVER

There are many varying ideas of what gratitude is and to what way it should find expression. It is reported that a soldier in the civil war, it matters not whether he was of the north or the south meeting his former commander, expressed gratitude to him.

"Don't you know me?" he asked eagerly.

"No my friend," said the former officer.

"Why, sir, you once saved my life" exclaimed the other.

"Ah, how was that?"

"Why, sir, I served under you at the battle of [illegible], and when you ran away in the beginning of the fight I ran after you, else I might have been killed. I've always thought of you as my preserver my bone factor bless you!" *Youths Companion.*


In your blood is the cause of that tired, languid feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes rich, red blood, and gives renewed vigor.


### IN IT I.

"Laborers wanted!" The ripened grain
Waits to welcome the reaper's cry,
The Lord of the harvest calls again,
Who among us shall first reply
"Who is wanted, Lord? Tell I!"

The Master calls, but the servants wait
Fields glean white neath a cloudless sky
Will none seize the sickle before too late
Ere the winter's winds come sweeping by?
Who is wanting? Is it I?

*Southern Christian Advocate.*

### PATRIOTIC TO THE LAST.

A couple of Englishmen, on route for Rome, were joined by an American, whose blatant patriotism first amused, then bored them. No matter what was admirable, rich, or rare, there was always something in America to eclipse it, according to our countryman. The Britishers determined to teach the Yankee a lesson, and taking advantage of the chronic thirst of their companion, they plied him with all the liquor that he could be induced to absorb, and then proposed a visit to the Catacombs. Before they reached their destination they were obliged to guide his errant steps between them, and at length, overcome by drowsiness, the American begged to be left alone to lie down at his ease. When sounds as of a discharge of musketry issued at regular intervals from the nose of the prostrate patriot, his companions concluded that he was dreaming of the Fourth of July, and would therefore be oblivious of anything nearer at hand. Producing a sheet, purloined from their hotel and until now carefully concealed, they wrapped the sleeper like a mummy in its folds, and then left him to "do" the Catacombs on their own account.

Returning an hour later, they found him still sleeping. One of them then drew from under his coat a tin fish horn, and blew upon it a blast that only elicited a grunt and produced a fluttering of the eyelids of the sleeper. A second blast, however, longer and louder, brought him to a sitting posture, with eyes wide open and senses all alert. A moment of bewilderment, and then he exclaimed, joyously, "Gabriel's trump! Resurrection day! First man up! Hurray! America still ahead!"

### THE OLD HYMN

A boy at Scotland learned to sing the old psalms that were as household words in the kirk and by the fireside. When he grew up he wandered away from his native country, and was taken captive by the Turks and made a slave in one of the Barbary States. Eighteen long years were passed in slavery in a strange land and among heathen people. But the captive never forgot the hymns he had sung in his old home, and often he would sit and sing over the words he had learned from his pious mother.

One evening some sailors on board an English man of war were surprised to hear the familiar tune of "Old Hundred" come floating to them over the moonlight waves.

At once they suspected that one of their countrymen was pining away in bondage. Quickly arming themselves they manned a boat, and pushed off to shore. They found the captive and succeeded in getting back with him to their vessel without creating an alarm. The old hymn was the means of his restoration to home and friends.

### His Vacation Season.

"There are some people who make [illegible] business cannot run long enough without them to take a few days fishing, or a couple of weeks change of air once a year. When a man's affairs get into this shape, it is time he looked into them. What would he do if he were suddenly stricken with paralysis? It is never a wise thing to have one's affairs in such shape that no one could be found to handle them in an emergency. Moreover, it is necessary to stop the engine and clean up once in a while, or she will wear out. The man who can take time to cultivate the other side of his nature is solving the problem of true life. There is too much of this everlasting grind without giving the inventing a chance to balance up occasionally. Take a holiday, business man. Don't leave it until the undertaker steps in and takes you off to permanent retirement from business anxiety."

### AS MANY LAUGHS AS THERE ARE VOWELS.

Laughter has long been recognized as the sole property of man and as that divine virtue of much suffering humanity which separates it distinctly from the lower beasts. No scientist has hitherto sought, however to analyse this peculiar noise of mirth. It has remained for a Brussels investigator to decipher the philosophy of laughter. "There are as many laughs as there are vowels," he declares. "Persons who laugh on A laugh openly and frankly. The laugh in E is appropriate to melancholy persons. The I is the habitual laugh of naive, slavish timid or irresolute persons. It is also the laugh of bounds. The O indicates generosity and hardihood. Shun like a pestilence those that laugh in U. It is the tone of misers and hypocrites. Beware, by all means of the laugh in U. It is thus that one may laugh and laugh and be a villain still."

### Playing For Company.

"If you know how to play do so when asked by friends who are your guests or whose guest you are. Remember in this, as on other occasions others are not thinking half so much about you or your performances as you are yourself. You feel that you are not doing well. Musicians will make allowance for your nervousness, and those who do not understand music will probably not hear the mistakes. A brilliant woman says: 'I always do what I'm asked. If the company do not like it and are honest I shall not be troubled again. If they do not like it and yet ask me, they shall suffer the penalty of their hypocrisy.'"

### An Improvement.

"Jeweler "Here, sir, is a clock which will, I think, please esthetic taste. At precisely 10 o'clock every morning a chime of bells ring, and a bird leaps out and sings a carol."

Customer "I will take that if you will make a few changes in it."

Jeweler "With pleasure."

Customer "I have a daughter, and I wish the clock for the room where she entertains her company. Make it so that at 11 o'clock at night a milkman's bell will ring and a newsboy will skip out and yell, 'Morning papers!'" *Jewelers Circular.*