The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick ressts. Acton.

A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B.
Acton.
OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

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DENTIST.
OFFICE: Over the Drug Store, ACTON.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
OFFICES:—1206 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St
Telephone 597. TORONTO.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. MURRAY

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MONEY TO LOAN.
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Money to loan at lowest rates.

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Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

THE PALACE BARBER SHOP,
Opposite Drug Store,
MILL STREET, ACTON
THOS. MORTON,
Tonsorial Artist.
Open from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday evenings later.
Ladies' hairdressing in any style.

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

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 798, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

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. Fees reduced to
$5.00 FOR FARM SALES.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

WANTED.
A GOOD MAN in your district to represent the "Foothill 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

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 Endeavor
MISS MAGGIE H. MATTHEWS, President.
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

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

SCHOOL BOOKS.
Full Stock
all the new Books
for High and Public Schools.

Six New Large Scribblers
and Exercise Books.
The biggest Scribbler in town.
Our 84 page Exercise Book is the best.
Don't waste time. Go straight to Day's, for your School Books. His books are the best value and he has plenty of stock for all at

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.
Large New Consignment
Just Received a Large Consignment of
Granite | Norway, Swede, Russian, English, Irish, Scotch
OF BEST QUALITY
Has made to be sold at prices never known in Ontario
Call and inspect.
J. H. HAMILTON.

- - 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
Being better 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.
Wheat grists of 10 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel.
FLOUR,
BRAN,
SHORTS,
CHOP FEED
Cash for Wheat
Everton Mills Flour for sale at ARTHURS FLOUR & 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. Y. Kennedy'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 607,400
Rest 65,000
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. P. H. JONES,
Manager.

Do You Want . . . .
To Please Your Wife?
Of course you do.
Then buy her a beautiful
Lamp.
We've lots of them
Just in from U. S.
Latest New York styles
Prices right
Lamps right
Everything right.
BOND & CO
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

GUELPH
CLOTH HALL
We are doing the same creditable class of business that we have always been noted for, and will be glad to see our Acton friends who are in need of good Fall and Winter Clothing.
Yours respectfully,
Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors.
Railway Fare Cheerfully Refunded.

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 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Phone.

W. H. WALKER,
Painter,
Paper Hanger
Decorator, Etc
Has purchased of Acton, his business, and gives the benefit of his large experience, to 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.

X L Cior
...Bakery
ACTON, ONT
Having opened up a shop opposite the Town Jewellery Store, Mill Street, we will keep on hand
Bread,
Cakes,
Biscuits,
Confectionery,
Also FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, ICE CREAM, &c.
In 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.

Poetry.

MY PLAYMATES.

The wind comes whispering to me of the country green and cool—
Of redwing blackbirds chattering beside a reedy pool;
It brings me soothing fancies of the homestead on the hill,
And I hear the thrush's evening song and the robin's morning trill.
So I fall to thinking tenderly of those I used to know
Where the sassafras and snake root and checkerberries grow.
What has become of Kate Marsh, who lived on Baker's Hill?
And what's become of Noble Pratt, whose father kept the mill?
And what's become of Lizzie Crum and Annie Louisa Snell,
And of Hoxie Root, who tended school in Boston for a spell?
They were the boys and they the girls who shared my youthful play:
They do not answer to my call; My playmates—where are they?
What has become of Levi, and his little brother, Joe,
Who lived next door to where we lived some forty years ago?
I'd like to see the Newton boys and Quincy Adams Brown,
And Hepsy Hall and Ella Cowles, who spelled the whole school down!
And Gracie Smith, the Cutler boys, Leander Snow and all
Who I am sure would answer could they only hear my call!
I'd like to see Bill Warner and the Conkey boys again
And talk about the times we used to wish that we were men!
And one—I shall not name her could I see her gentle face
And hear her English treble in this distant, lonely place!
The flowers and hopes of springtime perished long ago,
And the garden where they blossomed is white with winter snow
O cottage 'neath the maples have you seen those girls and boys
That but a little while ago make, oh! such a pleasant noise?
O, trees, and hills, and brooks, and lanes, and meadows, do you know
Where shall I find my little friends of forty years ago?
You see I'm old and weary, and I've travelled long and far,
I am looking for my playmates I wonder where they are!

EUGENE FIELD.

Select Family Reading.

An Amateur Forger

Miss Jocelyn is looking out of the window. It is a drenching day, and there is nothing to be seen but the garden, with its heavy headed roses drooping under the downpour and the village street beyond, now fast becoming a rapid watercourse.

"I call this the dullest place in existence," says Miss Jocelyn, half aloud "the very dullest."

She does not finish her sentence, but turns to the massive pier glass to look at the reflection of herself: a handsome girl in a smart frock. After one glance she turns back to the window with a sigh.

"What a fine one? One might as well wear sackcloth trimmed with ashes in this place, for all the people there are to see one's gowns. It was much more fun at school, after all.

"Why" suddenly crossing forward "if that isn't that frumpy little Miss Blake with Mr Stanford, and he is holding his umbrella over her! She has got his arm, too! I wonder how he likes it? Poor man, I wonder if he ever notices whether a woman is old and plain or young and pretty?

"Now he's gone splash into a puddle and she is actually looking up at him and laughing and blushing. Oh, what a poke! Fancy her blushing? Why, she must be forty if she's a day—quite forty! And those little curls bobbing about as she goes!

"I wonder if her sister makes her wear her hair like that? I wonder if she is in love with him? Poor old soul!"

Mr. Stanford is curate, but he is a man first and afterward a cleric. Strong, manly gentle, he plays cricket with the village boys, is ready to gossip for a few moments with the old gaffers, is a member of the debating society as well as the rowing club.

But Miss Jocelyn is young, and is not yet able to grasp more than the fact that she is better looking and better dressed than most of the girls whom she knows.

So to her Ruth Blake is a ridiculous sight, and Mr Stanford's quiet courtesy, which he would extend just as readily and as pleasantly to his washerwoman, is a "good joke."

She watched their part at the Misses Blakes' little green gate, and thinks she can see Miss Ruth's upward glance and smile at the fine face above her before Mr Stanford turns and comes striding and splashing back through the puddles.

Then, having nothing else to do, Miss Jocelyn plans a pretty little piece of mischief, which she promptly sets about carrying out. She has one gift, this handsome Miss Jocelyn, she is very skilful with her pen, and after a little practice can imitate almost any handwriting.

And now she remembers that there is in the study a letter of Mr Stanford's to her father, and her eyes sparkle with delight.

What fun to send poor old Miss Blake a love letter! Perhaps she had never had one. It will be a kindness, positively! How she will blush and simper silly old thing! Well, serve her right! When there are so few young men in the place, what business have old maids strolling round with them under umbrellas?"

. . . . . .

"Miss Cornelia's a lying dawn, Miss Ruth. She has one of her bad headaches, and she says as no one is to disturb her. And your tea is waiting, Miss."

Ruth Blake turns into the prim little dining room, seats herself upon one of the straight backed chairs and begins to draw her brown cotton gloves.

She is an odd little figure, small and pressed in a hideous antiquated plaid, with shades of blue and green; yet her hair which the wind and rain have ruffled and made to look like a halo about her meek, small face, the patient curve of her lips, and her slightly flushed cheeks redeemed her appearance not altogether unpleasant.

She eats her simple tea quickly, glancing from time to time at a book which she has propped up against the milk jug, a book Mr Stanford mentioned accidentally one day, and which she had obtained from the village library.

The next morning Miss Ruth gets a letter. She knows the handwriting upon the envelope before she opens it.

"Parish matters, of course," she says to herself. "Perhaps it's about the school treat."

She opens the envelope, unfolds the note within and is reading it slowly, when suddenly she utters a low cry, her breath comes fast and the familiar world 'about her in a moment is strange and unreal.

For it was a love letter. She is 53, and this is her very first.

And from such a man—the man whom she has looked up to and reverenced and followed so humbly and modestly ever since she first saw him? She goes down to breakfast with a flushed face and quivering lips and radiant eyes.

"Miss Cornelia's just on the ramp this morning, miss," says the little maid warningly, as she meets Ruth in the narrow passage that does duty for a hall.

Miss Ruth nods and smiles as if this were the pleasantest intelligence possible Cornelia's diatribes this morning fall upon headless ears.

Ruth answers at intervals, "Yes, dear," and "No, dear," and "I will see to it, sister," as duty bound, but her heart and soul are filled with one thought—that wonderful letter.

After breakfast, Miss Cornelia goes out to visit her district. Then Miss Ruth takes up her pen and writes tremblingly out of the fullness of her heart:

DEAR MR. STANFORD—Your letter has surprised me very much. I scarcely know what to say, except that I am most grateful to you. It is so good of you to love me as you say you do, and love has always seemed such a beautiful thing to me, though I never thought that it was likely to come to either my sister or me. But I am very, very glad to have had your letter, and shall always be so, even if you change your mind for indeed, I am not worthy of all the kind things you say of me. Still, whatever happens, I shall always feel happy to know that you once thought as you have written. And I beg you will think the matter over well. Though it seems impertinent for me to advise you, yet I think only of your good. And I am always your faithful friend. "RUTH BLAKE.

She reads the letter over several times, and then shakes her head.

"How poorly I have said it!" she thinks. "But he is so kind; he will understand that I mean well."

The curate when he received the gentle, humble epistle, is filled with dismay. He paced wildly up and down his small sitting room.

"Somebody has played a cruel, heartless trick upon the poor little woman, and I have to face her and tell her so. I would rather be shot."

He drinks his scalding tea in great gulps and is glad of the pain it gives him.

"But what am I to do? Go and tell a woman a kind, gentle, little lady coarsely and brutally to her face, that she has been played with and insulted, that I never dreamed of loving her, that it is impossible for me to do so? Oh, cruel and cowardly! How can I strike a gentle woman, or indeed, any woman such a blow as that?"

He rests his head upon his hands and groans.

After a while he reads the letter over again slowly. He reads between the lines and seems to see a soul laid before him. She loves him, and he realizes how much that means to her. What a new flood of light has been poured so idenly upon that sad, unselfish life.

And there was no other help for either of them. He must do it! Well, then, let it be done at once.

Mechanically he takes his hat down from its peg and goes out into the street, walking with his head bent down, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, until he is close to the little green gate, then a child's clear high voice reaches his ear.

"My g'annie made it," she says. "Aint it pitty?"

"It's a beautiful doll," a gentle voice answers. "Is it a good baby?"

"Welly good," the child said, tucking the rag doll under one chubby arm, "dive me a wose, please."

Miss Ruth plucked one of the remaining June roses, one of the prettiest, and put it into the little outstretched hand.

As she turns to look after the child Miss Ruth sees him and pauses shyly. Something has to be said, so he comes forward.

"What a lovely evening!" he exclaims, though he scarcely knows whether it rains or the sun shines.

"Yes," she answers. "Won't you wait you will you come in?"

He follows her into the house with an intense longing for something, however dreadful, to happen to him, and save him from what is to follow.

Ruth takes him into the dining room. He feels vaguely that his task is becoming more difficult. In the bare, chill little drawing room he could have said his say better. But she brought him straight into the sanctuary of her home, and again he feels oddly that her life lies open before him.

There is her work lying folded together. What a tiny thimble! He glances down at her small bare hands. She has taken off her ugly gloves. What a bit of a woman for a strong man to fight! What a gentle life to be marred and shattered by a bitter shame!

Still Mr Stanford does not speak, but stands before her, looking very pale. His back is to the window, and she cannot see his face well, but the light shines full upon hers.

"I did not show my sister your letter," she begins hesitatingly. "I thought you might change your mind, think differently about it all, and then it would be best that only we two should know."

She does not say not say a word about changing her own mind. She stands there before him, a sweet fair woman, in spite of her old fashioned gown and her oddly arranged hair.

She looks at him with smiling, steadfast eyes, and bids him take or leave her as pleases him best, and his courage to hurt, wound, perhaps kill her, fails him. In a moment his resolution is taken. He strides hastily forward.

"Ruth, do you love me?" he asks, holding out his hands. And the calm of her face breaks up as she sinks into his arms.

"Oh, so much, so much," she almost sobs. "But I am not worthy of you. You should marry some one better, ever so much better and younger and prettier than I. Do you know" bending her ashamed face and confessing it as she would have confessed a sin, "I am 53?"

"I am 54," he answers. "Dreadful, isn't it?"

When Miss Jocelyn hears the news, she goes away suddenly on a visit to some friends.

Three years have passed, and Laura Jocelyn is older, sadder, wiser. She has loved and suffered, and learned to sympathize with others. But she has never seen Mr. Stanford or his old maid wife again.

When she returned home the marriage was over, and they were gone to his new living.

"This was the worst thing I ever did," she says sadly to herself. "I will go and confess, and tell him how sorry I am. What a horrible thing to have ruined two lives!"

She goes on her penitent errand to the small town forty miles away. On getting out of the train she asks the way to the vicarage, and walks there slowly.

A child's laugh startles her from her bitter musings, and she looks up and across the sweet briar hedge that is in bloom at her side, for it is July again.

She sees but dimly an old fashioned garden, a quaint rambling house, for there is Mr. Stanford himself standing so close to her that she could almost touch him.

And who is that lady, the pretty little woman in the dainty gray gown, her fair wavy hair knotted close to her head, and her eyes shining with happiness?

With a gasp Miss Jocelyn recognizes her. That is—no!—that was Ruth Blake!

"Now let him come to me," the little woman cries gayly. "Harry, you are spoiling the child. Let him come to his mother."

Ruth stoops down and holds out her arms and the tiny figure in white rushes widly for a little distance toward her, and then totters unsteadily, and finally sits down plump upon the grass, the performance being hailed with a shout of laughter from the father, echoed more softly by Ruth.

Under cover of their mirth Miss Jocelyn steals away. She has received forgiveness unasked, and she has the sense to see that to apologize to either of these two happy, blessed people would be an act of impertinence.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE FLOWER GARDEN.

The flower garden is not the least important auxiliary to the home. What satisfaction is derived from the result of labor bestowed upon it! While viewing the delicate sweet peas, the flaming nasturtiums, the stately dahlias and hollyhocks; while bending low to examine the rich velvet pansies, the verbena and phlox, and inhaling the fragrance of other and rarer bloom; the housewife in her admiration forgets the hurried, busy season of the spring, when stern duties met her face to face, that almost forbade thought or attention to aught that savored of sentiment or adornment. She now loses sight of the moments which she might have stolen for rest, which her weariness so much demanded. But her instinctive love for the beautiful and her desire to cultivate it in the hearts of those around her, prompted her to the sacrifice, which for weeks, yes, for months, shall bring her sweet reward. Wives, mothers, daughters, we oftentimes build better than we know. We must disapprove the neglect of real duty, but by encouraging an appreciation of the beautiful in nature, hearts are often inspired with love for her God. The flower garden furnishes teachers and delightful companionship. It disseminates refining influences. It engenders holier thoughts that should lift us above the level of those who toil and drudge, with an eye single to earth's sordid gain. MRS. C. F. UNDERWOOD.

HE "TELLS HIS TALE."

Everybody remembers the lines in Anilon's "Allegra,"

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorne in the dale.

What kind of tale do shepherds tell beneath the dale in summer dell? Of love, be sure, the shepherd sings, and lovely ways and lovely things; of maiden coy and wooer shy; of whispered word and speaking eye, of songs and games at Christmastide, when mummers mock the hobbies ride; of maypole mirth and Whitsun gale; of dark December's ghostly tale; and kisses snatched. Love's daring theft—the more you take the more are left; such things the poet saw and heard, such songs, such simple tale, such word, what time the hot sun overhead made welcome all the hawthorne shade, and while the swain in sunny June beguiled the summer afternoon.

I believe the above represents accurately what we understand by those two lines. A friend, however, whom I call the Destroyer, because he takes a fiendish pleasure in shattering these pretty looking visions of fantasy, tells me that Milton meant nothing of the kind. He simply alluded to a custom common in some parts of the country, of driving the flock through a gap in the hedge on the other side of which the shepherd counts his sheep—"tells his tale." I hope the destroyer is not right, but there is his theory.

THE SCHOOL INSPECTOR'S OPINION.

At a recent county institute the inspector asked the teachers who took their local papers to hold up their hands, and out of one hundred present only six responded. Thereupon he said: "You don't spend one dollar with these papers yet you expect them to print, free of charge, notices of institutes, take full reports, advertise you and your ability in your chosen profession arousing you to climb the ladder to higher positions and better salaries, without a cent's patronage in return. You also think that if he does not visit your school and exploit your methods and the progress your scholars are making, which is to your manifest personal advantage, that he is derelict to duty, never stopping to think that you are starving him all you can, and he owes you nothing, as his newspaper is a private concern and every kindness is a generous gift." He closed by saying: "Your conduct would lead me, were I an editor of one of these papers, to promptly throw into the waste basket any communications sent me by any society, the members of which were too proud and too stingy to subscribe for the paper, or if I inserted it to demand full advertising rates for every line inserted."

DUTY AND SUCCESS.

The thoroughly successful man is he whose labor is of real value to the community, who has formed the habit of doing what is before him, unhesitatingly and manfully quite independently of whether he likes it or not. He has chosen his work, and takes it just as it comes, if it chance to be agreeable, so much the better; if not his energies do not swerve. His question is, not How much shall I enjoy doing this piece of work, or carrying out this new plan in my business? No question of like or dislike comes in to interfere.

OPENING THE GREAT LAKES TO THE SEA.

From Harper's Weekly.

The boldest plan hitherto offered for a ship canal between Lake Erie and the sea board have none of them contemplated less than thirty-five locks, and one of the most feasible would have required fifty-five. To be adequate for the traffic they would bear, these locks would have to be as capacious as the new lock at Sault Ste. Marie, the largest and finest in the world. The latter is 800 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 22½ feet deep, and is costing more than $5,000,000. With locks like the Sault, the cost for lifts alone for the contemplated ship canal would be at least $175,000,000 on the St. Lawrence route, and upwards of $250,000,000 on what is known as the Oswego route, that is to say, from Oswego to the Hudson. So long as nineteenth century engineering was unable to advance beyond the lock invented by Leonardo da Vinci, about the time that Columbus discovered America, the problem could not be solved. The cost would have been too great for even governmental undertaking.

It has remained for an American engineer to cut the Gordian knot by the invention of a new lock, exceedingly simple in design, easy and cheap of construction, and quickly and inexpensively operated. In 1890 Chauncey N. Dutton, a young Pittsburg engineer, took out in the principal countries in the world letters patent for what he described as a pneumatic balance lock. His design, revolutionary as it was, seemed, on the whole, so simple that engineers stared in wonderment that no one had thought of it before. Colonel Haskell had already applied the compressed air principle to the pneumatic dry dock, now in use in all countries. Mr. Dutton proposed simply to make the pneumatic dry dock into a wet dock by building up the side walls and putting in end gates between them. Simple as this device appears, it puts navigation by hydraulics upon an entirely new basis, and in the judgment of the most eminent engineers, must revolutionize canal construction all over the world.

Merely to indicate the meaning of this new invention, it will now be possible to construct huge ship-lifts of equal size, and at least eight times as high as the greatest lock now in existence. Two locks, each lifting 160 feet, could replace the twenty five locks now required along the Welland Canal. The cost of these new locks, built as large as the new lock at the Sault, would not be more than $3,000,000 each. They would pass a ship from Ontario to Erie in an hour, where it now requires a day.

It is from the invention of the pneumatic balance lock that Mr. Dutton has developed his huge scheme for a maritime canal, which has recently been before Congress and the Legislature at Albany. It will extend from the mouth of the Welland Canal on Lake Erie, utilize a portion of that canal, descend, by a pair of locks set tandem, into the Niagara River at a point about opposite Lewiston, utilize and enlarge the present Canadian canal system along the St. Lawrence River as far as Lake St. Francis, and there fork in two directions; one arm will reach by a new canal to Montreal, and thence by the St. Lawrence River to the sea, while another will extend from Lake St. Francis to Lake Champlain, reversed the current of that lake, and reach from the lower end of Champlain to Waterford, on the Hudson River. It will involve only about ninety miles of artificial canals, and afterwards fifteen miles of this will be cut out by the construction of a new canal from Lewiston, on the Niagara River, to a point above the Falls on the American side. The project will require the expenditure of a vast sum of money, but Mr. Dutton has associated with him some of the best known engineers in the country, together with a number of heavy capitalists, and it is proposed to construct this gigantic system without a dollar subsidy from either the Canadian or United States Government. The Canadian Parliament, in chartering the North American Canal Company two years ago gave it the right to use the summit levels of the Canadian canal system along the St. Lawrence and across the Welland Peninsula, to acquire and enlarge any present locks, and to construct such new locks and canals as will be required to complete the enterprise. Such national legislation as is needed in this country has been introduced in Congress by Senator Allison, of Iowa.

Specifically, Mr. Dutton proposes to build a canal equipped with locks of sufficient size so that an ocean freighter like the *Cevic* may sail at river speed from New York to Chicago, and that without material interruption. He proposes a canal system with locks of 26 feet draught, 65 feet wide, and 510 feet clear length, which will lift vessels carrying 12,000 tons of freight. In place of the thirty five to fifty five locks required in any other plan yet proposed for a similar canal, this project involves but five. In a word, instead of an estimated expenditure of at least $200,000,000 for locks, the latter un for the new construction, will not require more than $15,000,000. The projector estimates that to carry the first ocean steamship from New York to Chicago will require the expenditure of $100,000,000, and to complete the canal to enable vessels like the *Cevic* to make river speed through the dredged channels will require the outlay of as much again, in all, some $200,000,000.

VERY MUCH OUT OF PLACE

No limit has ever been found to the use of a small boy's pockets. One day at school a little girl put up her hand to attract attention.

"Teacher, Johnny's got a caterpillar."

Johnny was of course called to the desk, made to surrender the cherished possession, and sent to his seat with a reprimand. In about two minutes the same small hand waved in the air again, and the same small voice complained.

"Teacher, Johnny's got another caterpillar!"

A second surrender of the caterpillar and a second admonition followed.

Hardly had silence once more settled over the room when a frantic waving of the hand was followed by a perfect shriek of dismay:

"Teacher, Johnny's got a whole pocketful of caterpillars!"

This time the teacher's dismay equalled her pupil's and Johnny was promptly sent home with his brood of strange pets.

You cannot do well unless your blood is pure. Therefore purify your blood with the best blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SING THEM TO ME.

One day, by the easy fireplace,
A-weary with household care,
I had opened the latest paper
And thought, as I rested there—
"I will lose myself in the forest
Of tuneful, sparkling rhyme,
Step out in the world of fiction,
Be free for a little time."
But the hands of my baby daughter
Were clasping about my knee,
And she cried: "Do look at the pictures
An' mamma, sing them to me."

"Run back to your toys," I answered,
"For mamma is tired to day."
But she sobbed, "I is tired, too, mamma,
So tired at I cannot play."
Yet I gazed on the printed pages
That told me of other lands,
Till the feet at my side turned slowly
And loosed were the baby hands.
Once more did the low voice whisper,
In the ears that ignored the plea
"I is tired, 'os look at the pictures,
An' mamma, sing them to me."

There's a chair to-night by the fireside
And a paper, yet well I know,
I could not rest for the heartache
Nor read for the tears that flow.
Oh, Father, I am not weary
Of aught but the ceaseless pain!
Then why is she gone, my baby?
And why do I call in vain?
"Come back from across the river
For nothing so sweet could be
As to hear, "Os look at the pictures,
An' mamma, sing them to me."

—*L. Mitchell in Housekeeper.*

JOSIAH ALLAN'S WIFE IN EUROPE

Samantha has been to Europe. She that is Josiah Allen's Wife has once more turned her back, and her faithful partner's back, on Jonesville and all the Jonesvillians, and has ventured boldly over the threshold of the Old World. That same faithful partner of hers had a good deal to do with it. After seeing the splendors of the World's Fair, his soaring ambition could not long be content with the honorable office of Path master, or even the exalted position of Salesman of the Jonesville Cheese Factory. He insisted on their going to Europe and paying their respects to the crowned heads who had been represented at the Fair.

"You know," sez he, "that if We don't do as well by them as they done by Us, it'll make trouble. It would be simply ruinous to Our reputation and My official aspirations. We can't afford to slight 'em," sez he.

"I haven't heard that any of them crowned heads wuz a-ahin' to see us," replied Samantha, calmly, "and besides, look at the expense."

"Expense be that is, never mind the expense!" exclaimed Josiah, made all the more determined by opposition.

The end of it all was, that one day all the Jonesvillians, and even from Loontown and Zoar, everybody who could leave their work, came to see Josiah Allen's Wife and her faithful partner off for Europe.

Their adventures in strange cities and royal palaces were most strikin' and skairful, and also comical in the extreme. Their visit to the tomb of the immortal Shakespeare shook the soul of Samantha and filled it with Or. The Duke of Veragus, whom she met at Chicago's World's Fair, was delighted to see her again, and Eulalie was dretful glad, too. Samantha wanted to know if she had left off smoking cigarettes, and she said she hadn't smoked any since she saw Samantha at the World's Fair. What with seeing sights, and hobnobbing with crowned heads, and getting her partner out of some ridiculous plight almost every five minutes, Samantha's sojourn in Europe was one round of excitement never to be forgotten.

"I tell you, Samantha," exclaimed Josiah, on the steamer homeward bound, "We must make a book of it. My! what a sensation it will make."

"What a sensation your crazy antics will make, you mean," replied Samantha, with unrelenting scorn. "You, a deacon of the Methodist Meetin' House, and old enough to know better! But I'm a goin' to put 'em all in, every one, even if they do make a sensation. It will teach you a lesson."

"You don't mean to, Samantha!"

"Yes, I do."

The worst of it is (for Josiah), the great and inimitable artist and caricaturist, Baron C. de Grimm, followed the famous couple all over Europe, and has drawn scores of comical pictures of Josiah's adventures. The Jonesvillians and the rest of the world will split their sides laughing when they see them. And they will have a chance very soon, for the publishing house of the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and Toronto, has purchased both book and pictures, and will have them ready in book form for the public in a very few weeks. It will be sold by subscription. Keep a sharp lookout for this latest and greatest of Josiah Allen's Wife's books.

HIS GREATEST PLEASURE

At a dinner party in Baltimore many years ago, at which were present among the guests George Peabody and Johns Hopkins, some one inquired:

"Which did you enjoy most, Mr. Peabody, making your money or giving it away?"

"Well," answered Mr. Peabody, slowly, and Johns Hopkins was observed to be deeply interested in the answer, "I enjoyed making money. I think it is a great pleasure to make money. And when it was first suggested to me that I give money away it did not please me at all. In fact, it distressed me. But I thought the matter over, and concluded I'd try it on a small scale. So I built the first of the model tenement houses in London. It was a hard pull. But after it was done, I went around among the poor people living in the rooms, so clean and comfortable, and I had quite a new feeling. I enjoyed it very much. So I gave some more and the feeling increased. And now I can truly say that, much I enjoyed making my money, I enjoyed giving it away a great deal better."

TRIALS MAY BECOME BLESSINGS

Our severest trials are not to be spoken of to others, yet they are never for ourselves alone. When we have a peculiarly trying experience we ought to ask ourselves how we can improve this for the benefit of somebody else. It ought to make us wiser and more sympathetic in behalf of those who are suffering because of one through which they have passed. Personal disappointments that we must keep to ourselves are not to be kept for ourselves. While saying nothing about them, we ought to feel and speak more tenderly in view of them, and so our trials may become a blessing to others.