The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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

A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B. Acton
OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, 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:—1256 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 51 Victoria St.
Telephone 977. TORONTO.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. MURRAY

E. W. BOYD,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer
MONEY TO LOAN.
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Office at Streetsville each Wednesday afternoon
Palace Bakery Block, Queen Street.

A. J. MacKINNON,
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OFFICE—Corner Mill and Main Streets above Kopman's store, Acton.

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FRANCIS NUNAN
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(Over Williams' Store.)
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 796, 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 $300 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. 4t 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.

We have about
200 Teachers' Bibles,
assorted sizes, which will be sold off
AT COST
And some of them away below cost.
First come gets the best value.
DAY'S BOOK STORE.
GUELPH.
DAY BELLS 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 recognise 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 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.
The stock to be sold at prices never before 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
Hay at 5 cents per ba.
Cash for Wheat
Everton Mills Flour for sale at ARTHUR'S 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 keep the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture.
Orders taken at the Mill or at J. V. Kanawin'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 $2,000,000
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 specialty
A general Banking business transacted.
A. P. B. 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 6.15 p. m.
Careful attention given to everyone
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Proprietor.

W. H. WALKER,
Painter,
Paper Hanger,
Decorator, Etc
Has removed to Acton his form, and will give 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 Jewellery Store, Mill Street, now 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.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Now tell me the difference," the thoughtless boy said,
"'Tis only just one little sparrow that's dead!
There's plenty more sparrows all over the world,"
And lightly his hat in the sunshine he twirled!

Behind my closed blind, and the clear window pane,
Safe hid from the sun and the pattering rain,
Two sparrows had builded a snug little nest
Of straw, strings, and cotton, and feathers the best!

Then five tiny eggs, speckled over with brown,
Were secretly laid on the softest of down.
Then patiently sitting with twitterings low,
They waited and watched for the babies to grow.

Soon five pretty yellow throats crowded the nest,
And the dear little mother was doing her best
To find a nice worm, or fat bug, on the ground—
A dainty repast for her babies all round.

"'Tis only a sparrow!" a naughty boy said,
As he hurled a small pebble over his head;
And the pretty brown bird, for her little ones bound,
Fluttered slowly to earth, and lay dead on the ground.

They waited in vain for their mamma to come,
And wondered and wondered what kept her from home!
Till, starving and cold and all trembling with fright,
They were dead in the nest, a most pitiful sight!

The father-bird, too, he had shared the same fate
As that which had come to his dear loving mate!
So five little orphans were starved in their bed,
And all because one little sparrow was dead!

If you are as bright as good children should be,
The difference you'll surely be able to see!

Select Family Reading.

Walter Cole's Strike for Freedom.

BY SARAH E. BILLMAN

Augustus Cole and his son Walter stood gazing admiringly upon a fine, high spirited horse which had lately been purchased. He was, indeed, a magnificent animal, of deep bay color, with a proud neck and swift feet.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Walter, eagerly, "I want to get on Don's back now, and have a ride."

"No, not yet," answered Mr Cole, decidedly, "you must not ride him till we are better accustomed to his ways. You might be thrown and get hurt. Remember, Walter, you can have no horseback ride till I give you permission."

Mr. Cole then walked away to a rich grass lot, where his men were making hay.

Hardly was he out of sight, when John Lay, son of their next neighbor ran up.

"Father's fallen from the barn roof!" he cried, excitedly. "He's all smashed up. Our horse is lame. Won't you ride for Dr. Loomis on your horse? Be quick, he's bleeding to death!"

Mr. Cole's imperative refusal to allow Walter to ride the new horse darted into his mind, and threw him into harassing perplexity. To go to the field and ask his father's permission to ride Don, or to go a mile on foot after the doctor, would be fatal to Mr. Day.

"Don't wait a moment," pleaded John, in pitiful distress. "Father will die if you do."

Walter wavered no longer. Quickly he put a bridle on Don, and leaping upon his back he started off on a rapid gallop towards the the village to summon Dr. Loomis.

In a quarter of an hour Mr Cole returned, intending to ride into the next town, but the horse was not to be seen. He looked for him in the yard, and in the stable and was greatly surprised to see Don was was gone.

Soon the sound of clattering hoofs fell upon his ear, and Walter came in view on the road riding upon a hard run, and dashed into the yard, and jumped from the horse.

"Didn't I tell you not to get on that horse?" demanded Mr. Cole, angrily.

"Yes, father; but—but—"

The explanation he tried to give was stopped by terror. Mr. Cole, though an excellent man in the main was at times the victim of an ungovernable temper, and Walter saw, with horror, the storm cloud rise on his face.

"You young rascal! you've deliberately disobeyed me!"

"I rode Don. I'm not to blame because Mr Day—"

"Stop!" thundered Mr Cole.

"I didn't mean to dis—"

"I'll teach you obedience hereafter!"

Seizing the trembling, terrified boy, he dragged him into the barn and with a large whip showered blow after blow upon his helpless son. Then Walter was left alone.

An hour afterward he cautiously slipped into the house, up to his room. His flesh was quivering and smarting from the cruel blows but that was nothing compared to the pain in his heart. Three times within the past few weeks he had been whipped by his father, when furious from hot anger for trifling offences, and he was now desperate in agony. A purpose to emancipate himself from his father's tyranny was quickly formed, and he took a pen and wrote

AUGUSTUS COLE. You are an unnatural father. You will never get a chance to beat me again. To-day I will strike for freedom. The great world is before me, and will be kinder than you. W. C.

Walter pinned this letter to a conspicuous place on the curtain. His next step was to put on his best suit of clothes, and with a little money in his pocket he succeeded in reaching, unobserved, a back road, and following the byways, he walked several miles, spurred on by violently agitated feelings.

He found lodging and breakfast in an obscure farm house, and the next day pursued his journey.

He gave his name as "Joseph Rollstone" and travelled on foot over one hundred miles, into another State.

He inquired of people, in the villages and towns he passed through, where he could find employment; but times were hard, many hands idle, and he could not get even a job. At the close of the fourth day, as he was resting by the roadside, a good looking, well-dressed man was going by, and Walter said:

"Sir, I am out of money. I must work or starve. Do you know of any one who wants to hire a boy?"

The man asked several searching questions, as if he had a purpose in mind, and then said:

"I want to hire a sharp witted boy—one who will obey my orders exactly and hold his tongue."

"Do try me!" exclaimed Walter eagerly. "I will obey every order, and be dead as a door nail with my tongue."

"Well, well I reckon you are the right kind of a youngster. I see you have pluck and sense. What is your name?"

"Joseph Rollstone," hesitatingly.

"I will give you a trial, and pay you well if you suit me."

"What am I to do?" with a suddenly brightening face.

"Be at Hollowell station at half past ten to-morrow. Get into the same car I take, and do just what I tell you, but do not speak one word. Take a seat separate from mine. Just before the train gets to a station I want you to get in front of such people as I shall tell you, and stand still, and keep them from going out till I call to you to go on."

"That's a queer kind of business," said Walter, laughing; "but I'll do my best."

"If there is anything you do not understand, ask your questions now. There is to be no talking or looking at me on the cars—remember."

"Yes, sir; I understand."

"My name is Dinkle. Here is a dollar to begin with, just to show you that I don't want a boy to work for nothing."

He went away, leaving Walter wondering if his mind was not a little out of order. The money gave him a good bed and breakfast, and he was at Hollowell station at the appointed time in the morning.

Mr. Dinkle was there and when the train arrived both took the same car, but had seats quite a distance apart.

Mr. Dinkle appeared engrossed in his newspaper. He approached Walter once, and said, in a low voice:

"Woman in black, stout man, with eye glasses, in gray clothes."

Then he returned to his seat and resumed his reading.

The train slackened its speed before reaching the next station. Several of the passengers arose and started to go out. Walter placed himself directly before a pale woman in mourning clothes, and hindered her progress till Mr Dinkle came up, and called out:

"Boy, go on! Let the lady pass."

She left the car, and three of the passengers followed her. The stout man, wearing glasses, in gray clothes, was making his way towards the door, when Walter succeeded in getting in front of him also, but in a moment another imperative command came from Mr Dinkle.

"Boy, go on! What do you mean by stopping up the way so people can't move? Go on!"

Walter hurried out of the car, and the stout man was behind him.

In the confusion of the crowd on the platform Mr Dinkle slipped a two dollar bill into Walter's hand, and said in an undertone:

"You've done well. Be at Rockwell station this evening at seven o'clock," and went on.

The people now dispersed.

Walter saw the stout man walk leisurely up the street and stop on the corner suddenly, and then heard him say something excitedly to a man he met about "losing his watch," and a moment after a boy came up bringing the news that "a woman had been robbed of her pocket book."

Walter gave little heed to them. He felt rich with the money Mr Dinkle had paid him, and he loitered about the town, and then sat down on a seat on the common and thought over the strange events of the morning. He felt suspicious that all was not right with Mr. Dinkle—thought, in fact, that his mind was a little shattered, and so determined to drop all further association with him. About the middle of the afternoon he entered a small restaurant and ordered a dinner. While he was eating, a young man spoke to him.

"I think I have met you before. Your name is—"

"Joseph Rollstone," with a flushing face.

The young man hurried out of the restaurant.

Walter had paid his bill when an officer of the law walked in, and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Joseph Rollstone, come with me. I am going to take you into custody."

"Take me into custody? You don't mean me!" burst from Walter in cowed embarrassment.

"Yes, I mean you."

"Why—what for?" in a fearful and trembling voice.

"For being the accomplice of a pickpocket."

Walter saw resistance was useless, and he walked beside the officer till they reached a brick building with an iron door, used as "the lock up." It was a temporary prison for offenders and Walter was forced into a cell and the key turned upon him.

He was a prisoner, and the horror of his situation almost paralyzed him. He was frantic and desperate, and it was not till after midnight that he could think calmly.

His thoughts went back to the hour when he left his father's house and made a rash strike for freedom. He thought of his dear tender mother who was ill of a sick headache in her room when he ran away. What suspense and torture she must have endured for him. His father, too, had noble qualities. He was honest, generous, and devotedly indulgent to his family. It was very seldom his fiery temper got the best of him, and it was not now the terrible whipping Walter had received from his hand that he remembered, but the months and years of his loving watchful care.

Great tears flowed down Walter's face, and long, pitiful sobs and deep groans filled his prison cell. How he wished he was back at home again. He saw clearly he had been the innocent accomplice of a pickpocket. A criminal charge would be brought against him, and what defence could he make?

One course he resolved to take—to tell the whole truth.

The next forenoon the door of the prison was opened, and Walter was conducted by the officer of the law into the court room, where the trial justice was seated. A curious crowd was there. Esquire Reading said, in a loud voice:

"Joseph Rollstone, charged with being the accomplice of a pickpocket."

The stout man had angrily declared on his oath that the accused was the boy who stopped his exit from the car by getting before him, and he found his watch was gone in about five minutes afterward.

The pale woman in black testified she had discovered her pocketbook, containing two hundred dollars had been stolen, just after the train had moved on, and the prisoner had also held her back while some associate pickpocket had robbed her.

Esquire Reading then asked steadily:

"Joseph Rollstone, what have you to say?"

Walter was white and haggard. He knew, unless he could make satisfactory defence, his case would go before a higher court, and he would perhaps receive a heavy sentence in prison. The terrible emergency stimulated every mental activity. In a clear voice he said:

"My name is not Joseph Rollstone. I am Walter Cole, son of Augustus Cole, of Dunbarton.

He then made a full and touching confession, stating the unfortunate circumstances of his running away from home, and that he had fallen in with Mr. Dinkle, and been employed by him without his having the slightest suspicion he was a pickpocket. He was the innocent tool of a villain, but not guilty of being his accomplice, because he was ignorant of his real character and business.

"A well-invented story!" exclaimed one and another indignantly. "The young rascal plays his part perfectly."

The faces of Esquire Reading and all about him wore a hard, merciless expression. Walter saw this, and began to feel dizzy and faint, when Mr. Dexter Wells, a well-known merchant from Dunbarton, pressed forward, and, after casting a look of courage upon him, asked permission to speak.

"The prisoner is Walter Cole," he said, emphatically. "I have been acquainted with him all his life. We are from the same town. I believe every word of his defence. He left his home four days since, and his disappearance has thrown his parents into agony. Up to the day of his running away no boy in town could show a better character, and he is not to blame for being the dupe of a scoundrel he had never seen before."

The testimony of such a reliable man as Mr. Wells conquered at once the charge of crime against Walter. Esquire Reading promptly gave him a full discharge. Walter left the court room with Mr. Wells, and it seemed as if the full brightness of Paradise had been ushered into his soul.

They went immediately to a telegraph office, and Mr. Wells sent a message, addressed to—

"AUGUSTUS COLE. Your son is well. Will go home with me in next train. D. WELLS."

An hour later they were homeward bound. As they sat side by side, Mr Wells said, seriously:

"Walter, I hope you will profit by this sad experience. I ran off when I was young, and I soon found myself in a thicket of difficulties. I have have never yet known of a boy who fled from his parents, even if unjustly treated, who did not come to grief, and make his trouble double. It is far better, in the end to suffer wrong than to do wrong."

When the cars reached Dunbarton, Mr. Cole was waiting at the station for them. He was pale and haggard, with an expression of grief on his face touching to behold.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Walter hoarsely, "I have done very wrong."

"My dear boy," burst from the sorrow stricken man, "the blame was all mine. I would not let you tell that you rode Don to call the doctor to save Mr. Day's life. My terrible severity drove you off."

Mr. Cole met them at the door, and kissed her precious son again and again, and, oh, what a sumptuous supper was ready for him!

Walter never suffered afterwards from his father's ungovernable temper. This union was complete.

CHEERFULNESS.

But cheerfulness is always in place, except at a funeral or a dying bed. The house of God should be a cheerful place and people should come with a grave but cheerful mien before the Lord. Rights in the home, in the presence of father, mother all the children and servant, is where good cheer should be manifest in looks and speech. So in God's house the same thing is becoming. Under the beams of divine love coming into the heart there should be light and comfort and peace. The situation justifies good cheer in the soul, and there is nothing out of harmony with the occasion.

OIL FROM CORN

One of the latest of the products of modern science every now and then throws upon the world is corn oil. The maize, which is now grown in the United States at the rate of some 2,000,000,000 bushels per year, has been experimented with and found capable of yielding 31 per cent of its weight in oil, the germ of the kernel being the part of which the oil is extracted. The new material, explains a Minneapolis paper, is of a pale yellow color, somewhat thicker than either the olive or cotton seed oil and does not seem to be readily available as a subtitute for them, but it is well adapted for fabricating purposes, and may be used as a salad dressing while it seems to be desirable for liniments.

GOLDEN RULE PROVERBS

Heart pure, strength sure.
Make sin your guest, become sin's slave.
Prone to passion, by passion placed prone.
Who weeps for others will be glad in himself.
A deep heart is rather to be dreaded than a broad mind.
Better a sentence from the heart than a sermon from the head.
Evil doers fear loss the resolutions of a convention than the revolutions of a crank.
Remorse no more insures repentance than tilled ground a harvest.

ORDERED OUT HIS AD.

Once on a time a man there was
Who strongly did desire
A rest to take from business cares
In short, get out, retire.
He told his friends of his intent,
He got out, in very fact,
To close his stock and business out
He used his utmost tact.
But, strange to say, his trade held up,
New goods he had to buy,
It looked as if he couldn't quit,
No matter how he'd try.
Until one day a friend explained
Why he such trade had had,
And now he's out of it for keeps
He ordered out his ad.

THE GUEST'S PART.

The ideal guest ought to bring something new and entertaining to the family resources from books, or thought, or observation, and not be so selfishly absorbed in her own enjoyment as to fail to do her part toward brightening the breakfast table chat and the fireside gatherings.

It is related of an American girl that she was once in such a tremor of delight at being assigned a place at table to a great English poet, that she could scarcely keep from tears, but the only word which the great man addressed to her during the meal was the remark that he "liked his mutton in chunks." On the contrary we continually have new stories of the gracious affability and delightful companionship of Phillips Brooks, and his genial qualities as a guest, which endeared him to every member of the happy households that received him into their circle.

The wise guest knows when to be blind and deaf, when to ignore things, and when to disappear. She respects the family privacy and preserves her own. She knows when her visit is ended, and does not allow herself to be persuaded into vacillation.

An amusing story is told of Miss Mitford, who, with her sister, had been making a lengthy visit to some friends. After the ladies were actually in the coach, their host, in taking leave, expressed polite regrets that they could not remain longer.

"Oh," said Miss Mitford, "but we can, just as well as not," and to the dismay of the too courteous host they descended and the visit was prolonged for weeks.

One thing is so obvious it seems incredible that well-bred people should neglect it, and that is the courtesy of immediately writing to your hostess on reaching home, announcing your safe arrival, and expressing your appreciation of her hospitality.

A colored brother once prayed with much fervor that he and his fellow supplicants might be forgiven for "the sins they had committed, and the sins they had omitted." When we look back over our summer visits, and are compelled to acknowledge that we have come short of being ideal guests, let this last at least be among "the sins we have omitted." *The Chautauquan.*

SUCCESS.

The majority of those who have been successful in any business of life have undoubtedly experienced many difficulties at the beginning of their career. They have had the patience and good sense to be content with small things until success crowned their untiring efforts and led them by the force of circumstances into spheres of operations of which they at one time never dreamt. Few there are who have not, at one time or other, experienced adversity. Those who have plenty of money have had to encounter opposition to their pet schemes and the thwarting of their dearest plans. They have felt the sting as much as the less-endowed with gold man has in receiving a terrible blow at approaching prosperity. Many have benefitted by adversity, whilst not a few have remained stationary, with all the bitter reminiscences attached to an untoward event. There is no use bewailing your bad luck and envying the good fortune of others. The successful merchant is he who is governed by business principles. He knows no friendship in business. He insists on others meeting their bills promptly, as he does his. He will not undertake an order that there is not some profit in. You might just as well get right down to rock bottom first as last. Keep your expenses down to the lowest economical point and get right down to the lowest notch in buying and manufacturing; then, if you are underbid, find out how it is done. If your competitor cannot buy closer or work cheaper than you, then he is losing money and cannot last long. Do not take work at a loss, with the intention of making it up on future business, because the customer who buys from the lowest bidder is sharp enough not to let you get even. The way to success is a difficult road to tread at the commencement, but pursue the path honestly and with the best intentions, when all that is desired will be attained.

A CRY FOR HELP IN THE TELEPHONE.

"We sometimes hear some queer things over the wire," remarked a police telephone operator a few evenings since. "But the strangest occured about a month ago.

"Calls were coming in slowly that night, and between switches I was reading a very interesting and highly exciting novel from the French. I had come to a passage where the hero was about to be discovered in his hiding place and put to death, when with a whir and a rattle the exchange shutter dropped. I closed the circuit and yelled "Hello,' and a man's voice in pleading and wild tones came forth from the receiver.

"'For God's sake send some policemen here, quick, quick, they'll kill me—'

"Just then I could hear another bass voice howl:

"'Here's the—; He's calling for the police. Let's give him—!' and I heard a sound like something coming in forcible contact with something fleshy, and the crack that peeled from my receiver nearly deafened me. I knew the first speaker's head had come against the instrument. Then with a rattle the wire was cut off.

"I called up the central exchange again but they had forgotten where the connection had been. I have often wondered what the strange midnight message meant, and several times I have endeavored to find the station where perhaps a murder was committed, or at least a murderous assault occurred.

A UNIQUE DEFINITION

Teacher (to class in philosophy)—"What are the properties of heat, Willie?"

Willie—"The properties of heat are to bake, cook, roast."

Teacher—"Stop—next. What are the the properties of heat?"

Johnny—"The properties of heat is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them."

Teacher—"Very good. Can you give me an example?"

Johnny—"Yes, sir. In summer, when it is very hot, the day is long, in winter, when it is cold, it gets to be very short." *Harper's Round Table.*

To start right in any undertaking is the initiative of success.

Hot weather proves depressing to those whose blood is poor. Such people should enrich their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MOTHERHOOD.

One morning fair, my baby
Clifflsed up into my lap,
And down upon my shoulder
She laid her little head.

She had her precious dolly—
Clasped in a close embrace—
She told me how she loved it,
She kissed its battered face.

I asked her if she couldn't
For only one short day,
Give me her precious dolly
To take with me away.

She slipped her arm about me,
And tears came to her eye,
She battled with them bravely
And sweetly said, "I'll try!

"But, mamma, while my dolly
Is gone away from me,
Is there some other dolly
Whose mamma I can be?"

I wondered if as bravely
My sorrow I could bear
If asked to give my darling
Back to my Father's care.

Midland Monthly.

DOG EAT DOG.

The street fakir was stationed on the corner of East and Maine streets yesterday with a machine that an investor could spin around and "if it stops at a watch yer get the watch, but if it don't yer sure of a smoke." Such was the language of the fakir.

A man stood by and watched things for a few minutes. He saw several cigars given to speculators, but the bright steel index never stopped on the watch or the revolver. He carried a very stout cane.

Going up to the turntable he stood abreast of the watch, and held his heavy cane fairly up and down. He put down a nickel, gave the index a twist, and to the surprise of all it stopped right over the watch. The crowd cheered and jeered, and the fakir tried to look as if he liked it. After depositing the watch in his pocket the stranger edged around the table till he stood abreast of the revolver. The cane was again held straight up and down, and another nickel was thrown on the table. The index was sent flying around and it stopped right over the revolver. The crowd was too surprised to cheer any more, and before the fakir had recovered his composure the stranger walked off.

An officer from one of the ships near by had watched the whole proceeding and going after the stranger asked permission to see the cane. The stranger handed it to the sailor, who found it weighed eight or nine pounds. It was a powerful magnet.

"It was one of the cleverest bases of dog eat dog that I ever saw," said the navy officer.—San Francisco *Examiner.*

YOUNG MAN, YOU WILL DO.

A young man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one. He was a member of a Christian church, had pious parents, brother and sisters, his family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines.

Full of courage and hope, he started out on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world. The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell into the company of older men. They liked him for his frank manners and his manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath one of his fellow travellers said to him, "Come, let us be off for a drive and see the sights."

"No," said the young man, "I am going to keep the Sabbath, and I promised my mother to keep on in that way." His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and then slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Right, my boy. I began in that way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words, and you will win." The boy went to church, all honor to him in that far away place, and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence, and won their respect by his manly avowals of good obligations.

Already success is smiling upon that young man. There is no lack of places for him.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A very interesting and highly interesting book has just been issued from the presses of Fleming H. Revell Company, entitled "Aspiration and Achievement." It is a young man's message to young men and is by the popular author of "Moral Muscle, and How to Use It," by Frederick A. Atkins.

This book is a volume of 100 pages and every page is crowded with logical thoughts clothed in attractive language and calculated to create the aspiration within the breasts of young men to achieve good character and become useful and respected members of society. It answers the question "What is it Makes a Young Man?" sets up a high ideal, but at the same time one to which the average young man is fully competent to attain to. Stumbling blocks to success in life and popular errors into which many young men fall are vividly pictured. The closing sentence is an index to the author's conclusions "That man is the true christian who lives and loves that he may save human hearts from despair and human lives from degradation." To be had from all booksellers at 50 cents.

The Rev William Wye Smith, who has come to the front of late years, as an authority on Scottish language and literature, has prepared, with long and painstaking labor, a Scottish Version of the New Testament. Whether such a publication will be as well accepted as its merits deserve, will depend upon the action and good will of the lovers of the Scottish tongue in the United States and Canada. Copies of this unique work should be ordered of the author, St. Catharines, Ont.

DOUBLED UP WITH RHEUMATISM.

A Norwood Citizen Praises South American Rheumatic Cure.

William Pegg, Norwood, Ont.—"Last Christmas I could hardly walk, and was nearly doubled up with rheumatism. I procured three bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure from W. Rutherford, druggist, of Norwood, and found it the best and quickest acting medicine I ever saw. The first dose gave relief and the three bottles completely cured me. I have had neither ache nor pain from rheumatism since." Sold by J. V. Kanawin.