The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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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 streets, 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:—1296 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St
Telephone 207. 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.

A. J. MACKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
OFFICE - Corner Mill and Main Streets above Kopman's store, Acton

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Matthews' Block,
ACTON ONT

T. G. MATHESON, & J. B. McLEOD.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
Georgetown and Milton.
Money to loan at lowest rates

JOHN DAY,
ARCHITECT.
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Wyndham Street

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

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

THE 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 728, or telephone 66, 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

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 SELLS CHEAP

WILLIAMS' Boot & Shoe Store

OUR POLICY.

We operate our store on a determined policy of fair, square dealing backed by resources and ability. This means that we give the customers the benefit of the lowest prices possible every time. We do not slaughter our goods, nor sacrifice any special line to bolster up another, but purchase carefully, buy closely, and are thus enabled to sell on narrow margins of profit. We have won a reputation for reasonable prices that we intend shall stay with us and this principle is in operation in every department and on every article in our stock. It pays to trade here, because you get what you like and what you need. It saves you to deal here, because there is a fixed honest system of value

Our stock is complete in every line of the latest and most fashionable styles in
Men's Ladies', Girls', Boys' and Children's
Boots & Shoes
WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Mill St. ACTON.
Custom work and repairing promptly attended to

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 whole 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 gristed of 10 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel
FLOUR,
BRAN,
SHORTS
CHOP FEED
[illegible]
Cash for Wheat
Everton Mills Flour for sale at ANTHONY'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 leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture.
Orders taken at the Mill or at J. V. Kannawin's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.

Capital Authorized	$1,000,000
Capital Paid-up	607,400
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. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

We are just
Unloading
Another Car of
PORTLAND CEMENT.
Can guarantee
Prices right,
Goods right.
Want any?
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 Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING to order on short notice.
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

— ACTON —
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8.18 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met
JOHN WILLIAMS
Prop.

W. H. WALKER,
Painter,
Paper Hanger,
Decorator, Etc.
Returned to Acton [illegible] 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 [illegible] 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 to 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.

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

I don'd vas preaching voman's righdts,
Or anyding like dot;
Und I likes to see all beoples
Shust gondented mit dheir lot.
Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap
Dot made dis little shoke,
"A voman vas der glinging vine,
Und man, der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may pe drue,
Budt, den dimes off der nine,
I find me oudt dot man himself
Vas peen der glinging vine;
Und he vas shust "toad proke,"
Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in,
Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der pase-pall groundts
Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
All planted roundt ubon der seats—
Shust hear dheir laughs and shokes!
Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
Mit glothes oudt on der lines.
Vhich vas der shturdy orks, mine friendts,
Und vhich der glinging vines?

Vhen sickness in der househoildt comes,
Und vocks und vocks he shtays,
Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt restt,
Dhose veary nighdts und days?
Who beace and gomfort alvays prings,
Und cools dot fefered prow?
More like id vas der tender vine
Dot oak he glings to, now.

"Man vants budt leedle here pelow"
Der poet von time said
Dhere's leedle dot man he don'd vant,
I dink id meens, inshted
Und vhen der years keep rolling on,
Dheir cares und drouble pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
Und don'd so shturdy peen,
Der glinging vines dey haf some shance
To help run Life's masheen,
In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
In calm or shtormy veddher,
'Tvas peddher dot dhose oaks und vines
Should alvays gling togeddher
CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS

Select Family Reading.

Aunt Jane's Hero.

BY CARL BRICKETT.

"Very well, Clare, if you wish me to leave all my money to some asylum, you are going just the right way to bring it about. When I first saw Frank's noble face, I made up my mind that he was the husband I should choose for you."

As Aunt Jane said these words she laid down her knitting and looked over to her niece.

Clare was curled up in an arm chair, with only the back of her sunny head visible, and a soft sound of sobs told what she was doing. Suddenly they ceased, as she sprang to her feet.

"Aunt Jane, I don't want your fortune, if Frank Aimes is to go with it! I hate him! the great, awkward—"

"No, no, Clare, don't call him names. He's one of the noblest men God ever made and if some day you do not discover it for yourself, you are not what I think you. Never mind saying any more on the subject now, but bear in mind that I shall never give my consent for you to become that supper snapper Clarence Holland's wife."

Then she got up and going to Clare, put her arms around her and drew her close to her kindly heart, in a manner quite at variance with her harsh words. Clare was only a little woman, but nature had made up in quality what she had withheld in quantity, for a prettier, daintier, sweeter little thing, with her sea blue eyes and rings of yellow hair, it would have been hard to find. She had only been with her Aunt Jane a year, and it was while at boarding school she had met the man to whom she had given her girlish heart.

Clarence Holland was a ladies' man in the fullest sense of the word, although why a perfumed exquisite, who can only boast of a 'lovely' moustache, and whose soul never rises above the latest styles, should be called by that title, I for one could never see. However, that was his description, and to little Clare, with her slight knowledge of the world, he was a hero indeed.

Up in her room Clare took a tiny letter from her pocket and opened it. "My adored Clare" it began, and then the foolish child kissed it, while her blue eyes kindled, as she exclaimed to herself

"No one shall ever part us!"

When she went down to the library there was Frank. Clare gave him her hand, and then retreated to her favorite easy chair and watched them furtively, with the words her aunt had spoken, ringing through her mind. "One of the noblest men God had ever made." He was tall, too tall, Clare was thinking, though few would have agreed with her; but she was forced to acknowledge that his face was a good one, as she marked its union and strength, intelligence, and manliness, and the kind tender smile upon his firm lips.

By and by they strolled out into the moonlit garden, and walked three abreast down the broad paths, with their sweet scented border of old fashioned flowers on either side, until Aunt Jane suddenly remembered something to be done, and went in, and there were only two sauntering in the moonlight.

Then Clare began to tremble, for she instinctively knew what was coming, as she saw the absent dreamy look in her companion's eyes quickly change to a bright gleam. He turned and looked down upon her.

"Clare," he said, speaking very softly, "don't you know what I am going to say to you?"

Clare did not answer. Then impetuously sweeping her little figure right off her feet, he clasped her close to his heart as he exclaimed

"I know you must have seen that I loved you, my darling."

With a crimson flush on her face Clare forced herself from him.

"Frank Aimes! you are making a mistake. I do not love you!"

The young man's cheek blanched as he heard.

"Not love me! Oh! Clare can it be that I have been deceived all this time? that what I saw in your eyes was only friendship? Oh! my darling, is there no hope for me?"

Clare's head drooped as she heard the ring of sharp pain in his earnest tones. Then she looked up, and taking his great hand in both her own soft ones, she said

"I am very sorry for this, Frank, but indeed there is no hope for I love another."

There was a deep silence for a while, as Frank Aimes' hopes of happiness ebbed away. He seemed to have taken leave of youth, and all its sweet allusions, before he spoke again

"I never suspected this," he faltered. "I wouldn't have spoken so if I had, though I couldn't have helped loving you."

The honest grief in his face brought tears to Clare's eyes.

"I am so sorry," she said; and then walked into the house together.

Clare went up to her room and sat down by the open window. The shadows grew darker and darker, and still she was motionless. Strange thoughts were surging through the girl's mind. She wondered at herself that Frank's embrace had not made her more angry, and again she felt the clasp of his manly arms, and saw the tender look in his eyes, and involuntarily the question arose in her mind: "Am I making the mistake, instead of Frank?" She had not seen Clarence for a long while and unconsciously her ideas of life were beginning to change, and her growing womanliness to recognize the worth of such a character as Frank Aimes.

But she had given Clarence her promise, and, yes, she loved him as much as ever—so she thought.

Frank had gone, and the weeks went by. Every now and then came letters from Clarence to Clare.

Aunt Jane looked on. Frank had told her of his rejection; but not a word on the subject did she say to her niece. One day, some months after, as they were both sewing in the sitting-room, Aunt Jane said:

"Clare, I'm thinking that this old house must be very stupid for a young thing like you. While Frank was here, of course it was different, but now, how would you like to fill the house with company for a few weeks, and have a gay time?"

"Oh, auntie, that would be fun but whom would you ask?"

"Well, I've been thinking that I should not let an old prejudice stand in the way of my dear niece's happiness. Suppose we say first, Mr. Holland."

"You dear, good old aunty!" exclaimed Clare, springing to her aunt's side, and almost smothering her with kisses.

Aunt Jane smiled a rather peculiar smile, as she disengaged herself and straightened her rumpled cap. Then she went on:

"There are your school friends, Tiny Pateman and Lulu Grant, and we'll send for Frank. Of course, by this time he's gotten over his sore feelings."

She said this looking keenly into Clare's face, which had fallen somewhat at the mention of Frank's name.

"Run off now and write the notes. Ask three more ladies and gentlemen, whoever you choose, and I'll try and make them enjoy themselves."

After Clare had gone the old lady's face still kept its peculiar smile, as she thought; "It may be foolish of me, putting her right in his way. But no. I know his stock, and I guess I run no risk."

The gay company came.

Such lively times as they had! Such glorious moonlight sails on the lake! Such picnics in the woods! Such magnificent tableaux! for which Aunt Jane brought out all her treasures of velvets and satins from their great cedar chests.

Frank had come, and Clare confessed to herself that Aunt Jane was right. No one would have picked him out for a victim of unrequited love as he laughed and jested with piquant Tiny, who evidently looked with favor upon her tall cavalier. Clare knew she ought to be pleased that it was so, but all unconsciously she missed the kindly glances that had once been all for her, and felt something which if it wasn't jealousy, was akin to it, as she would see his tall form disappearing under the trees, with the brilliant Tiny leaning confidently on his arm.

All this time Aunt Jane was not idle, and as she talked with Clarence Holland, and drew him out, she saw that her former judgment of him had been correct. The time was approaching when the pleasant party were to separate, and one morning, Aunt Jane and Lulu Grant and Mr. Holland were in the breakfast room, waiting for the rest to put in an appearance, when the conversation turned upon wills, led that way no one knew exactly how, except perhaps Aunt Jane.

"Well," said Lulu Grant "I for one shan't care if I am not rich, for no one will quarrel about my money after I am gone."

"I shall guard against that," said Aunt Jane "for in my will, I shall endow a worthy charity which Dr. Morse has often spoken to me about."

Lulu looked up into the old lady's face as she spoke and her quick woman's wit understood the quizzical expression she saw there. Not so, however, Clarence Holland. He was very absent all through the meal and after breakfast went up to his room complaining that the heat had given him a headache. The next day he was gone, and a short note on Clare's bureau told the reason. He had been called away on important business, he said, and besides, he felt that it was palpable that her love for him was gone, that it was better he should go and leave her free. It was an incoherent note, but when Clare showed it to Aunt Jane she understood it.

"The mercenary wretch! I read him right. It was what I said about my will that has caused this. Thank you, Heavenly Father, my child, that your eyes have been opened at last."

A bright color bathed Clare's face, as she exclaimed

"Aunty, my eyes have been opened for some time. I knew I did not love him, but I had given him my promise."

The house seemed very lonely when they had all gone, but the loneliness was good for Clare. She grew to miss the familiar form and voice she had been used to notice so little, and to wish that Frank would come soon again.

Then came a letter to Aunt Jane from the far West.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: You will be surprised when you receive this to know that I am out on the plains, fighting the Indians, that is, expecting to, we have had no encounter as yet. I wanted to come and bid you and Miss Clare good-bye, but it was all so sudden. My friend Major Hugh Fielding commands the party, and when volunteers were called for, I was the first he asked, and I was not sorry to go. You have known, my dear friend, of my love for your niece. Of course, all that is past, but, all the same, I feel as if I am just as well here as anywhere else. Nevertheless, wherever I may be, I shall always remember you with the same affectionate respect.

Please give my regards to your niece.

Yours sincerely, FRANK AIMES."

Aunt Jane burst into tears.

"Oh! Clare; see what you have done!"

Clare read the letter in silence, and a pallor crept over her face as she awoke to know what she had suspected for a long time was true, and that the love she had once refused was the one thing in the world that she now longed for.

"If he dies, I shall never forgive myself, aunty," she said, at last, in a choked voice, and they mingled their tears together.

Then how eagerly the papers were scanned. The Indians were causing a great deal of trouble, and news came from time to time of skirmishes, and of officers killed or wounded. And one day, with the letters dancing in fantastic shapes before her eyes, Clare read that a final engagement had taken place, resulting in the victory of our troops; and a little further down, under the list of the killed, the name of Frank Aimes.

For two months Aunt Jane smothered her own sorrow, as she leaned over the bed where her niece lay, and heard the anguished cry:

"Frank! Frank! it is I who have killed you!"

Then the crisis came, and the doctors said their patient would live.

Time passed, till one day Aunt Jane came into the room where, bolstered up in an arm-chair, was Clare, a mere shadow of her former self. All her wealth of sunny hair was gone, and the wan, child-like face seemed almost too spiritual for this earth. She went, and, leaning over, kissed her niece's forehead.

"What are you thinking about, little one?"

A rush of tears burst from the girl's eyes, as she exclaimed:

"Aunty! Aunty! Why did I get better? What use is there of my living, when I wretched I! sent him I loved to his death? Oh, Aunty! It is more than I can bear!"

The tears forced themselves through the thin fingers as she covered her face with her hands. Aunt Jane did not speak. There was a slight movement in the room, and Clare raised her head. Then a piercing cry of unutterable gladness rang out.

"Frank!"

A manly figure knelt by her side; his arms were around her, and Frank (for it was he) spoke:

"Darling, I have heard it from your own lips. You do love me!"

But Clare had fainted; the joy was too much for her feeble frame. When she came back to consciousness, and saw Frank bending over her, regardless of Aunt Jane who, indeed, was too much overcome to notice, she wound her soft arms around his neck, and as he felt the tremulous kiss upon his lips he knew at last the love he had coveted so long was his.

It did not take long to tell of his capture by the savage foe, and of his escape, and joyful greeting from his comrades, who had mourned him as dead.

To say Aunt Jane was pleased would not be enough: and when her lawyer drew up her will I do not think that charity asylum got all of her fortune, although, of course, no one knows yet, for she is still alive, and watches with happy eyes the wedded love of her niece Clare, and the husband she chose for her.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

The great English historian, Sharon Turner, a man of vast learning and of great accuracy, not a clergyman, but an attorney, as well as a historian, gives these statistics in regard to Christianity and in regard to the number of Christians in the different countries. In the first century 500,000 Christians, in the second century, 2,000,000 Christians, in the fourth century, 10,000,000 Christians: in the sixth century, 20,000,000 Christians, in the eighth century, 30,000,000 Christians, in the tenth century, 50,000,000 Christians, in the twelfth century, 80,000,000 Christians, in the fourteenth century, 100,000,000 Christians, in the sixteenth century, 125,000,000 Christians, in the eighteenth century 200,000,000 Christians, while by the usual computation it is hoped there will be, when the record of the nineteenth century is made up, at least 300,000,000 Christians.

Poor Christianity! what a pity it has no friends! How lonesome it must be! Who will take it out of the poorhouse? Poor Christianity! Three hundred million in one century! In a few weeks of the year 1881, 2,500,000 copies of the New Testament were distributed! Why, the earth is like an old castle with twenty gates and a park of artillery ready to thunder down every gate. Lay aside all Christendom, and see how heathendom is being surrounded and honey combed and attacked by this all conquering gospel. *Talmage.*

THE CROWN PRINCE'S PIGEONS

Gen. Von Verdy du Vernois tells a pleasant story about the war of 1870. At Villeneuve le Roi, he was obliged for want of time, to refuse an invitation for lunch. A brother officer rushed out of the house, with a ragout, which Verdy ate with gusto. A few days later, the old Emperor William said to him at dinner: "That is a pretty affair of yours; my son has told me all about it."

"What affair does Your Majesty refer to?" asked Verdy.

It was this. The Crown Prince had received the news that two carrier pigeons had been caught and he ordered them to be sent to Versailles. On returning home in the evening he found the following telegram:

"Lieutenant Colonel Verdy has just eaten them."

They had furnished meat for the ragout at Villeneuve le Roi. —*The Realm.*

NATURAL ENEMIES.

The *Wine and Spirit Gazette* declares "that prohibition and liquor selling are natural enemies." This is an admirable point of agreement, and the only one that occurs to us between the temperance party and the liquor party. It is an opinion that temperance people have long held that prohibition and liquor selling are natural enemies, but our opponents have been quick to declare that in the States that had prohibition "liquor flowed as free as water." If this were true, it seems more than mysterious they should be meanwhile compassing sea and land to make one proselyte in the municipal council and the State legislature. One day they tell us the Germans are all leaving Kansas because of prohibition, and the next they point to the vastly increased facilities for getting drink wherever prohibition is the law.

Now see that your blood is pure. Good health follows the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla which is the one great blood purifier

HUSBAND'S GUIDE TO HAPPINESS.

The man who has taken a life partner for better or for worse, and wishes the former state of things should remember

That cloves deceive no one.

That the little ones like sweets.

That few women care for politics.

That an honest confession is good for the soul.

That there are limits to a woman's credulity.

That after all your wife dresses well to please you.

That no woman ever intentionally burned a beefsteak.

That you had better make the best of your situation.

That it is a woman's way always to have the last word.

That yours was not the first baby ever born in this world.

That you should set the example where there are children.

That your cigars cost more than your wife's perfumery does.

That only a brute remarks, "No one ever died of a toothache."

That an occasional dinner down town is enjoyed by your wife.

That you are not the possessor of the only palate in the household.

That your wife may grow as tired of "the house" as you do of "the office."

That no woman ever grows too old not to enjoy the gift of cut flowers.

That it is well to pretend an interest in the contents of "the letter from mama."

That women have many things to make them "cranky," and you are one of them.

That there are just as good pies turned out to-day as those your mother used to make.

That it is a fine thing to have a wife who cares for anything else but buying clothes.

That it is well to keep your promises to the children, even though it be a promised walloping.

That a reasonable allowance of pocket money does not necessarily make a boy a spendthrift.

That if your boys read trashy novels it is because you do not supply them with better pabulum.

That dozing Sunday afternoon away on a sofa lounge is not "spending the day" with your wife.

That it is a good idea to drop in once in a while upon the public school that your little ones attend.

That your wife will think none the less of you if you raise your hat when meeting or leaving her.

That you should be prepared to offer your visitors the class of refreshments they most desire.

That the wedding anniversary is an occasion for some rememberance, let the token be ever so slight.

That the wonderfully bright sayings of your three-year old are not always sure to "set the table in a roar."

That you have no right to be slovenly in your attire because you are no longer in the matrimonial market.

That when your shirt button holes are big enough to admit of the passage of a walnut, it is time to buy a new shirt.

That it is very bad taste to read mother-in-law jokes to your wife. Remember that your mother is her mother in law.

That you should never shirk the trouble and expense of taking the family into the country whenever you have a chance.

THE TRAVELLER AT HOME

Many people who observe the C. T. on the road with his jolly ways and light heart may suppose he cares not for home or its sacred ties, or at least is indifferent to its pleasures, says a merchant in *Ohio Merchant*. Such is not the case by a large majority. A careful analysis of their character, based on years of experience, leads to the conclusion that the C. T. loves his home as few men do, and it is the Mecca towards which his daily thoughts are directed, and to which he gladly returns at the first opportunity consistent with his business. The mere fact that he is away for a longer or a shorter period only adds zest to the idea of a return, and a better preparation for its fullest enjoyment. I once met a traveller who, by reason of extent of territory, could reach his home but once a year, and that was during a vacation of but a few days. When asked if it paid to keep up so great an expense for such a brief stay, his answer only emphatizes the foregoing, "that as the weary days rolled around he constantly kept in communication with his family, and looked forward with pleasant anticipation to even a remote return, that he knew if taken sick he had a place to go where loving hands would minister to his wants, and a haven to which he could at last retire and pass his declining years when worn out by the routine work of his calling."

Yes, the C. T.'s are seen in the hotel writing room each evening busily writing and the early morning mail trains are freighted with messages to the ones at home, saying "I will be in Saturday night," and the faithful wife and eager little ones count the hours that intervene until papa appears.

What a well earned rest it is to relax from the weekly grind of business and in the home circle once again forget cares, to renew social life for even a brief period, and "rest up over Sunday."

PURE AIR RATHER THAN MEDICINE.

It isn't drugs or medicine that is needed at all, it is plenty of pure air that can be had. Open the windows and doors, clear out the cellar and ventilate it thoroughly, remove the dampness, the mustiness, the ancient odor, the smell of decay which greets the nostrils when one enters from the health giving atmosphere out of doors. Never mind if the outer air bears the taint of the gas house, the manufactory, or some other unpleasant thing, it is also mingled with the health and strength-giving forces of nature, and is certainly better for the human system than the same air which has been shut up and contaminated for an indefinite period, with no chance for purification.

Don't mind, even, if a little dust is brought in; a few minutes with the duster will put the house in good order again, and even at the worst, dust is not half so bad as disease. And as for the fear of draughts, with odds and a thousand resultant evils following in their train, nineteen twentieths of that is imaginary, and the other twentieth is easily avoidable. *Good Housekeeping.*

GRANDPA'S WAY.

My grandpa is the strangest man!
Of course I love him dearly,
But really it does seem to me
He looks at things so queerly.

He always thinks that every day
Is right no matter whether
It rains or snows, or shines or blows,
Or what the kind of weather.

When outdoor fun is ruined by
A heavy shower provoking,
He pats my head and says, "You see,
The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm
For any kind of pleasure,
He says, "The corn has grown an inch—
I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind
Has set my things all whirling,
He looks at me and says, "Tut, Tut!
This close air needs a stirring!"

He says, when drifts are piling high
And fence posts scarcely peeping,
"How warm beneath their blankets white
The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think when on his face
His sweet smile shines so clearly,
It would be nice if everyone
Could see things just so clearly.

WEIGHT OF OUR ATMOSPHERE.

It has been roughly calculated that the weight of our atmosphere is about one ton to every square foot of the earth's surface; 25,000,000 tons per square mile, or 5,000,000,000,000,000 tons on the total of 200,000,000 square miles which go to make the total of the earth's area. Again, according to the estimates of the authority for the above, a cubic mile of air weighs about 10,000,000,000 pounds. This mass when electrified, or put in motion by other forces, develops cyclonic power equal to 4,000,000,000,000 "foot tons" of energy. If you wish to know why the tornado (cyclone) is usually so destructive, figure on the fact that the force of such storms is generally equivalent to more than 2,000,000,000,000,000 horse power. The total horsepower of all the engines now working in the world is only 49,000,000, and of all those in America, both locomotives and stationary engines, only 7,500,000. Compare 7,500,000 with 2,000,000,000,000,000 and see how insignificant it looks! Is it any wonder that the cyclone, "the rushing demon of the air," leaves ruin and destruction in its path? —*St. Louis Republic.*

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."

A busy woman entered her room hastily as twilight shadows were falling, went directly to her desk, turned on the gas and began to write. Page after page she wrote, ten minutes, half an hour. The solitude became oppressive. She wheeled her chair around and with a shock of joyful surprise looked squarely into the smiling face of her dearest friend lying on the lounge by her side.

"Why, I didn't know you were here!" she cried, "why didn't you speak to me?"

"Because you were so busy. You didn't speak to me."

So with Jesus here all the time. The room full of Him, always ready to greet us with a smile but we so busy! But when the solitude grows oppressive and there are heart solitudes that can only be broken as we let this dearest Friend speak—we suddenly turn, and lo, He is at our side. We speak to him, and He speaks to us, and the soul's deepest yearnings are completely satisfied. Selected.

ONLY A LITTLE CORRECTION.

"Here is a poem which you may publish in your paper," said a young man, with eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, as he entered the editorial door. "I dashed it off rapidly in an idle moment, and you will find it in its rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary."

"Ah, much obliged," said the editor. "I will give you a check for it at once."

"You are very kind," said the contributor. "I shall be delighted."

"There you are," said the editor, handing him the check.

"Many thanks!" exclaimed the young man, "I will bring you some other poems."

When he got near the door he suddenly paused, then he came back.

"Excuse me," he said, "but you forgot to fill up the check. You have not written the date nor the amount, nor have you signed your name."

"O," said the editor, "That is all right. You see I have given you a check in its rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary." —*St. Louis Humorist.*

THE FAIRY TALE OF SCIENCE

Sir Robert Ball, in one of his popular addresses, described the diamonds as consisting of an enormous number of separate molecules swinging to and fro among themselves at a rate of some million of vibrations a second, all in action together and quivering with the shocks of impact. If we had a microscope which would magnify a million times, we might be able to see this action; all we can do at present is to believe it. The cause of a diamond's extreme hardness and impenetrability is that when a steel point is pressed against it the active molecules batter that point with such vehemence and rapidity that it cannot get below the crystalline surface. In cutting glass the molecules of the diamond drive the molecules of the glass before them, or mow them down like a mitrailleuse. —*London Pall Mall Gazette.*

HE EXPLAINED.

"You don't come to church very often now," said Rev. Dr. Thirdly in a tone of reproof to Mr. Bloomfield.

"No, doctor. The fact is, your sermons are too short."

"That's an odd complaint. I never heard it before."

"Well, you see I hardly get to sleep comfortably before I am awakened by the singing of the next hymn." —*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

A VETERAN IN THE LATE WAR.

Cured of Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells by Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart—It Always Relieves in Thirty Minutes and thus Saves Thousands of Lives.

Mr. H. H. Musselman, member of the G.A.R., Weissport, Pa., writes: "I have used bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and have been entirely cured of palpitation or fluttering of the heart and smothering spells. I took ten bottles of sarsaparilla but it failed in any way to relieve me. I do not think the value of the Heart Cure can be estimated. It has wrought such a change in my condition that I feel like a new man."