The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence Corner Mill & Frederick roots, 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.
OFFICE:—1826 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 51 Victoria St.
Telephone 297. TORONTO.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. MURRAY

E. W. BOYD,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer
MONEY TO LOAN.
Office—Booth's Block, Main St., Milton.
Office at Streetsville each Wednesday afternoon—Palace Bakery Block, Queen Street.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
OFFICE—Corner Mill and Main Streets above Kopman's store, Acton.

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ACTON ONT

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
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Money to loan at lowest rates.

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OFFICE:—Wyndham Street.

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Solicitor of Patents, for Inventions etc
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BOOKBINDER,
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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 736, or telephone 65, 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.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor.
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery, and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine, or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

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 Irish, 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. Assistive ushers at the door.
Epworth Leaguer Christian Endeavor.
MISS MAGGIE H. MATTHEWS, President.
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

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 activity. 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.
Fine 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
at 75 cents per 100 lbs, or 5 cents per lb.
Cash for Wheat
Flour Mills Flour for sale at ACTON MILLS 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. E. H. JONES, Manager.

Next Time
In Town . . . .
Drop in and see our
LAMPS.
See the prices.
Open your eyes at the values — Maybe you don't want to buy—All right—
Come anyway — Always pleased to show you goods.
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

FALL SHOES . . . .
NOW IN STOCK
Water Proof Boots
Every Pair Guaranteed
We will pay the Acton people for buying your shoes in Guelph.
Leading Shoe Store
W. McLaren & Co.
GUELPH.

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 seasoned stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

ACTON
LIVERY
and
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits a share of 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 77.

W. H. WALKER,
Painter,
Paper Hanger,
Decorator, Etc,
Has returned to Acton his former home 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.

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

Poetry.

PUT ON THE SHOE.

Have you heard that old saw of the Persians,
That saying both witty and true?
"The whole world is covered with leather
To him who is shod with a shoe."
Fine calfskin or kid or Morocco,
Great cavalry boots armed with steel,
The daintest, jauntiest slippers,
Coarse brogues tumbled down at the heel
What matter the different fashions?
The richest and poorest of you
Will find the whole world clad in leather
As soon as you put on your shoes!
Before, it was cold and uneven,
Rough pebbles and sharp bits of glass,
Now, presto! a smooth and warm pavement
Wherever it please you to pass.
But, ah! there's a maid—have you seen her?—
A little maid cheery and sweet,
Who daintily trips, yet I see not
What leather she wears on her feet;
For I know by her sunny eyes' sparkle,
And by the calm curve of her mouth,
And by the kind grace of her manners,
Like warm breezes fresh from the South,
I know that wherever her foots falls
On loving task speeding or sent—
The cobbler may laugh but I care not—
She is shod with the shoe of content!

And, little maid, Cinderella
Might claim your shoe for her own,
But borrowing's out of the question
For me, with my sevens outgrown,
Just whisper the secret I pray thee,
Come, what is the shop and the street,
And where is the cobbler who fashions
Such beautiful gear for the feet?
I'll go and I'll offer a treasure,
Will make his big spectacles shine,
If only two shoes—somewhat larger
Like your little shoes, can be mine.

And then I will don them, and leaping
Off over the world I will go,
Off over my feets and my worries,
Off over my aches and my woe,
And loudly to all limping grumblers
My shoemaker cheer shall be sent
"The whole world is covered with gladness
To him that is shod with content!"

—*The Congregational*

Select Family Reading.

He Forgot.

He was fine handsome boy, tall, straight and manly, and with an honest look into your eyes. He was so bright and promising, too, and there was such a future before him, if only

And just at that point people always sighed and shook their heads. Ah, that troublesome "If! How many a young man might have made something of himself but for an "if" that hung about his neck like a millstone and dragged him down

You couldn't have been with Roy Dalton very long without finding out just what the trouble was. He was always genial and friendly. It was no fault of temper you may be sure. Sometimes his friends thought that his temper was too easy, and in his careless gaiety their warnings and remonstrances made no impression on him, and were forgotten as they were uttered. You see, that was Roy's trouble—he forgot.

"Going fishing, Roy?" his father said to him one morning. "Well, be sure and shut the pasture gate as as you go through. You left it open the last time, you remember."

"All right, sir," he called back, with the frank smile that made his mother think him the handsomest boy in the world; and presently his merry whistle was making the woods and valley ring. He came home that evening with a basket of fish, and cried enthusiastically

"Oh, I've had the jolliest day! I never did have so much fun!"

"I am glad you enjoyed it," said his father, grimly. "My day has not been quite so pleasant. I have worn myself out trying to remedy the results of your carelessness. You left the pasture gate open this morning, and all the cattle got out Dick and I had to quit work and spend the entire day getting them back."

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry!" exclaimed Roy with a dismayed look. "I fully intended to shut the gate, but I must have forgot ten it

"Roy, did you fasten the door of the corn crib? asked his father one evening, when he had come in from his evening work

"Yes, sir—that is, I think I did—was the ready answer

"You had better go out and see, urged Mr Dalton, but Roy replied in his careless confident fashion

"Oh, I'm pretty sure I closed it How ever, I'll go out and see before bedtime"

But the next morning, there was the crib door wide open, and there was one of the best horses in the agonies of death because it had helped itself to corn and had eaten too much

"I don't know why father should be so angry with me, Roy said to his mother "He ought to know that I didn't do it on purpose, I simply forgot

Mr Dalton came in at that moment and heard the last words He was very angry and it must be acknowledged that he had sufficient reason

"That is always your excuse, he said "You forgot Does that remedy the evil, or keep you from repeating it? You are always doing some mischief by your carelessness, and then you say 'I forgot, as though that settled the whole matter I can't help thinking that such conduct is the result of pure selfishness and utter disregard of others."

Roy stared at his father with widening eyes Never before in his life had such things been said to him, and he was deeply mortified and considered himself aggrieved and humiliated. For two or three days afterwards he went around with a cloud on his face, and at last he told his mother

"I suppose father thinks I am not fit to stay on the farm, where my mistakes do so much mischief The best thing I can do is to accept Captain Ritchie's offer and go into the telegraph office."

And though the subject was discussed with great earnestness for two or three weeks, Roy finally had his way, and went. His father was very grave through it all, and just as Roy was starting he took the boy aside and said, more seriously than he had ever spoken to his life

"Roy, your mistakes have hurt me a great deal, in time and work as well as in pocket. They have caused me a great deal of anxiety and annoyance. Never mind about that now I shall never mention it again. But there are vocations in which mistakes cost more than money. They cost human life The railroad business is one of them."

Roy went away, but that little speech went with him He thought of it all the way to town and it was with him many a day afterwards, as he sat in the telegraph office at the station and learned to manipulate the key. For once in his life he remembered a warning, and it gave him a sense of his own responsibility that he found very irksome. And yet, strange to say, he felt quite triumphant because he made no mistakes now.

"Father was very impatient and never did me justice," he said to himself. "I suppose he sees by this time that I am not so bad a fellow after all"

He was so bright and so full of energy that learning was like play and he soon had the business mastered, and, as he wrote to his mother, was "only waiting for an opening" In a short time the opening came. A station agent was wanted for a little town up the road and Captain Sinclair recommended Roy for the position.

"He is very young," he said to the superintendent, "but he is a bright fellow and understands his business. I think you may trust him."

And so Roy found himself in charge of an office where he shipped and received freight, sold tickets and was express agent telegraph operator and everything. That is what he wrote his mother.

The letter that came back was very kind and encouraging, but through it all ran an undertone of anxiety. The position was a great honor for a boy like him, but so much depended on being careful, and now he must not forget.

"They must think I am a child," Roy muttered impatiently.

The dignity of the position had made him more confident of himself and more restless under advice. He was not the first young man that became arrogant over his own success. Such arrogance sometimes needs a severe lesson, and Roy's lesson was coming.

An excursion train went down the road one morning to a town forty miles below, where there was to be a great pic nic Half of the townspeople at Roy's station joined, all in holiday attire, and with a tumult of happy talk and laughter. While the young station agent stood on the platform looking up at the coach windows regretfully for he was young and he loved fun and holidays some one leaned out and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Roy Dalton, as I'm living!" cried a familiar voice, and Roy recognized one of his old time chums at school, who had gone out west with his family years ago.

Almost before they had clasped hands, the train began moving, but the friend shouted back

"Say, Roy! I'll stop off when we come back this evening and spend to morrow with you!"

And then the train rounded the curve and was out of sight

All that day Roy thought of nothing else but the pleasure of meeting his old friend and the many things he would have to say to him when he came back Old Percy King! What times they had had together!

He grew very impatient as the time approached for the train to return and was so preoccupied that he scarcely comprehended a message that came clicking over the wires,

"Side track 48, excursion train, and wait for northbound special"

He answered with the usual "O K" and then hurried out to meet the train and Percy King

Such handshaking and rejoicing as there was. While they walked about, with their arms over one another's shoulders, the train moved out and Roy went on talking of what he had done He was talking about his father then, and he said.

"I used to think father was hard on me, but I was rather careless, I suppose. However, I'm well over that now"

And then he remembered!

Percy was amazed to see him fall back into a chair with a ghastly pallor on his face. Almost instantly, however, Roy sprung to the key and called up the next town in feverish haste.

"Forty eight passed here by mistake Detain special, was the message he rattled off The next moment came the answer sounding like a thunderbolt in the quiet office.

"Special passed fifteen minutes ago

Without a word the young telegraphist turned and went into the inner office and locked himself in He would not listen to a human voice or look into a human face He had dropped into the first chair, and he sat there pale to the lips, and chilled as though he were turning to stone. His friend was outside knocking on the door and imploring to be let in, but he did not hear him. He heard instead, over and over again

"There are vocations in which mistakes cost more than money They cost human life The railroad business is one of them

A horrible picture was before him a picture of toppling engines and crushed cars full of mangled human bodies He could hear the shrieks and groans as plainly as he could hear his own name ringing round the world in accents of execration He could see his own ruined life, and his father a bowed head, and his mother dying broken hearted.

And yet he had only repeated the offence that had spoiled his youth He had intended to do right, but he forgot. Strange that a moment's forgetfulness should be fraught with such consequences! If only he had trained himself to remember before forgetfulness became a crime!

He had been sitting there how long he knew not, when the shrieking of whistles and the rumbling of car wheels aroused him

Were more trains passing to rush into that awful scene awaiting them up the road? He arose, weak as an old man, and tottered out upon the platform And there backing slowly into the station, came the excursion train with the special following it. Not a car was shattered, not a wheel was broken The excursionists looked curiously from the windows, and a golden haired baby leaned out and threw a kiss at him with her dimpled hand

One of the trainmen was hastily explaining, but the young station agent was dazed and scarcely understood. He heard something about a "hot box" which had stopped the special, and so the excursion train had time to work the air brakes, though there was not a distance of six feet to spare between the noses of the two engines.

"Somebody has made an awful blunder, it will be all day with him when it comes out who he is," the man added significantly

The next day a young man, with a face so haggard that he looked ten years older than his age, called into the office of the superintendent.

"My name is Roy Dalton," he said. "I am agent at Grovetop. I made a mistake yesterday that might have cost two or three score of lives. I have come to resign my place and you may do what you please by way of punishment."

And then his overwrought nerves gave way, and he fell at the superintendent's feet.

An illness of several weeks followed, and two or three weeks elapsed before Roy knew that he was in the company's hospital, with his mother always near him. During the days of convalescence he did a great deal of thinking, and once he said somewhat sadly:

"I never realized it before, mother, but now I know its no excuse to say 'I forgot.' People have no right to forget, whether it's a case of shutting gates or of stopping trains. And the worst of it is that the little things, such as gates for instance, finally grow into big things with human life involved in them, and the fellow that forgets finds himself ruined

Perhaps it was a good thing, after all, that the superintendent happened to be visiting the hospital that morning, and that he was standing near the door of the ward and heard the little speech. At any rate he went in and said very kindly for him:

"Young man, you may report at my office as soon as you are able Your lesson has been a severe one, but I think you have learned it. At any rate, I'll try you again."

ELI PERKINS' LITTLE TALK.

I was lecturing out in Kansas last spring, where they have prohibition. An intemperate man came to me one day and said:

"Yes, Mr. Perkins, this prohibition will bring ruin to the State."

"It will, will it?"

"Yes it will impoverish us and destroy our business houses."

"Now," I said, "if a Kansas farmer brings a thousand bushels of corn into Topeka, he gets how much for it?"

"Four hundred dollars," answered my friend.

"Now, if they take these thousand bushels of corn over to Peoria, how much whiskey will it make?"

"Four thousand gallons."

"And whiskey is worth how much?"

"Oh, after they have paid four thousand dollars revenue tax on it to the other states, it would be worth about $4,000."

"And if this whiskey should come back to Kansas you would have to pay about $4,000 for it?"

"Yes, more too We'd have to pay about $5,000 for it."

"Would it be worth anything to your citizens?"

"No, I suppose it would cause a great deal of idleness and crime. It would hurt us. I never did think whiskey a positive benefit. I"

"Well how much would it hurt you?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll don't tell! I"

"Well, I'll tell you," I said "it will hurt you directly about five thousand dollars' worth. You would be directly out of pocket just $4,000. And indirectly it would cost Kansas in idleness and crime—caused by the four thousand gallons of whiskey $20,000. It would take 10,000 men a day apiece to drink it up, if they drank a quart a day each The loss of 10,000 days' labor to Kansas would be $20,000, wouldn't it?"

"I declare!" exclaimed my friend, "I never heard it put that way I see it all plainly now. I'll never say anything about prohibition damaging Kansas again."

"Yes," I said, "Kansas, before she had prohibition, used to send about $10,000,000 a year to Peoria and Kentucky for whiskey and how much does she send now?"

"Oh, I suppose she sends out about $1,000,000."

"So by prohibition Kansas really saves $9,000,000 a year or $90,000,000 in ten years. If saving $9,000,000 a year dam ages Kansas or Maine, I think they can stand it a good many years, and the longer they stand it the richer they get"

RETALIATION.

A little negro gamin passing along Bay street yesterday morning saw the stump of a cigar fall on the sidewalk in front of the store of Ellis & Husey He made a second base slide for it, and when he had it safely corralled beneath him he rolled his eye around the points of the compass to see if another gamin had also seen the stump fall

"Dat war in Cuba is making Havanas shace, an' you can't take no chances," he remarked, as he brushed off the ash and blew away the sand and dust from the coveted stump Going into the store he said to Charley Ellis

"Boss, gimme a match please sah

"Matches are not here to give away but to sell," said Mr Ellis assuming a look of intense severity.

"Deh is, eh?"

"That's what they are"

"Well, how much is dey er box?"

"One cent."

The gamin tilted the stump in one corner of his mouth, held to the hand of his pantaloons with one hand, ran the other hand in his pocket, and pulled forth a copper.

"Gimme a box," and he laid down the cent

He got the box, struck a match, lit the stump so well that it poured forth volumes of smoke, and then handed the box back to Mr Ellis, assumed a look of intense severitude, and said

"Put dat box on de shelf, and the next time gommun come in hyar to ax you for a match, you git him one outen fiy box"

"SILENCE!"

The readers of Shakespeare will recognize "Silence," as a family name in old England, and it still exists, though it is not usual. An English judge in a provincial court recently called up a simple looking lady as a witness.

"Madam?" cried the judge, pompously.

"Thir?" (Sir)

"What is your name?"

The woman lifted her eyes.

"Silence, sir"

"Madam there is no need of any evasion. I repeat, what is your name?"

"I said Silence, thir."

"I know you did. Now no more trifling, instantly give me your whole name."

"Sally Silence, thir.

IT TAUGHT HER A LESSON.

True Courtesy May Exist Under a Rough and Homely Exterior.

One day a beautiful young girl rustled into a cable car and sat down with her companion. Her dress was fresh from the dressmaker's. Her gloved hands held a parasol tied with a knot of yellow ribbons. The car was crowded, and among the passengers were some Italian laborers, such as now do the rough work of great cities.

Some one of them arose, and, leaning forward to catch the strap, fairly bent over her.

"I am sure he is very impertinent," she said. "I have half a mind to call the conductor."

When the conductor came around she motioned him.

"Won't you make that man move?" she said.

"Move up."

The words were said in a sharp tone.

"Yees," the Italian answered "but see so oil! Ze bootiful lady, see?"

The lady looked up. She saw the oil lamp had sprung a leak and would have dripped over her had not the man, stretchout his arm over her, formed an umbrella which had protected her dress and bonnet.

A blush came into her face as she bowed her thanks to him and she murmured to her friend:

"It makes me ashamed to think that while I was scorning him and he knew it he should have taken such pains for me. It's a lesson I will not forget, that at least some of those poor laborers have bigger souls than I have. I'll never be scornful to one again, I'm sure."

THE PHONOGRAPH EXPLAINED.

It appears that the Knowles Pump Works, of New York, put up one of their pumps for the Ricks Water Co., at the Elk River pumping station in California. The pump was in constant use for some years and the makers heard no complaint until a few weeks ago, when they received a novel communication from H. L. Ricks, the manager of the pumping station.

There was no doubt in the minds of those at the station who were best acquainted with the mechanism that something was wrong with the pump, that they were unable to fix on the defect, and as the dismemberment of the pump would involve much loss of time, and as a visit by an expert from the East, would mean a considerable expense, the phonograph was resorted to. The manager spoke into the receiver, describing the symptoms of the ailing pump, and further to indicate the case he placed the receiver so that the pulsations of the pump would be recorded on the roll.

Just as the physician listens to the action of the heart or lungs in the human body by means of a stethoscope, so the pump doctor listened by means of a phonograph to the throbs and pulsations of the pump thousands of miles away, and was enabled by that means to diagnose the disease.

The New York *Tribune* tells how a reporter listened to the strange communication at the New York office of the Knowles Co. The voice of the Californian is heard first giving in clear precise, and distinct way the symtoms of the pump's action. Then one hears the b r r r bang! b r r r bang! of the pump and an occasional wheezing sound which might be made by escaping steam.

The engineer to whom the phonograph was submitted said that the whole record was so perfect and the speaking so plain that he felt tempted sometimes to interrupt and ask additional questions.

The experiment proved absolutely successful, and by means of the roll the disease was diagnosed. The proper remedy was suggested, and the pump is running once more "good as new."

TODDLETUMS HAS A DREAM.

"Oh, papa, I had a bully dream last night. Want to hear about it?"

"Why, yes, Toddletums Let's hear what it was."

"Dreamt I was dead, and playing ball among the stars."

"Well, Toddletums, I am sorry to hear you speak of that as a 'bully dream.'"

"But it was, papa I was no more than dead when I got among a lot of spunky, big fellows all dressed in white, and they knowed right away 'bout my being the best catcher on the Rangtown nine, so the first thing they said was "Hurray! here's our great catcher at last," and before I knew it I was catching back of one of those big white fellows, and, what do you think, he was using the tail of a comet for a bat. 'Way off in the distance (say, they have awful big diamonds up there) was another fellow pitching, and all he did was to pluck one of the stars out of the Milky Way and throw it at me for a baseball Say, papa, you've seen those falling stars? Well, they say they're meteors. Now that's nonsense, cause they're the balls the catchers up there missed.

"By and by our side (that's the Comets, you know) got in, and the score stood 16 to 0 in favor of the Milky Ways. By-and by it was my turn at the bat, and I felt kind of afraid, 'cause the comet's tail looked awful bright, but I seized it and swung it round two or three times, and it didn't burn a bit 'One ball!' cried the umpire as the pitcher sent a star singing past me (and it wasn't fair, either, 'cause they pitched it when I was trying the bat) I braced myself for the next one, and then that pitcher thought he'd fool me Making out to snatch a ball from the Milky Way, he turned round, and, reaching 'way out, what do you think he did? Why, he grabbed our world, that we're living on, and threw it at me with all his might. Well, they couldn't knock out the Rangtown catcher that way, for I just swung the bat around, and hit the old world an awful crack. I bursted that comet bat all to pieces and hit a foul. I looked up, and there was the world a comin' right down into my hands. It was a fine chance, and I couldn's let it pass, and I just caught it.

"All of those fellows began yelling 'foul!' and then I woke up. And, papa, what do you think? I had fallen out of bed, but I had a bully time, though." *Harpers.*

"I thought you said this horse you sold me was an intelligent, reliable animal." "It is." "Why, it tries to get over the fence every time it sees a girl in bloomers." "Yes, that's what shows its intelligence."

Hood's Sarsaparilla, taken at this season, will make you feel strong and vigorous and keep you from sickness later on.

AN AUTUMN LEGEND.

BERTHA EVELYN JAQUES.

Dame nature set her palette full of color in the fall
For she had grown so weary of the summer green over all.

With yellow chrome she spatters thick the plumes of golden-rod;
And crimson dashes, the flame like tips of sumac wave and nod.

The woodbine drips its lil. ol red drops all down the tree trunks gray,
While other oaks their browns and tans and Indian reds display

The elms and birches, beech and walnut, poplars and the rest,
Dame Nature touched with color as her fancy might suggest.

Upon the maple, which she loves, she lavished every hue
Of which her palette boasted, then declared that she was through.

Black ashes! One tree she missed but now her palette's clean
And that is why thy year around we have the evergreen

HE STOPPED THE SALE.

"Study the mysterics of nature," said the man with the microscope.

"Learn what the old mother of us all has in the mysteries of her inner nature," and he passed a slide and a microscope out for the inspection of a sad looking gentleman. The slide had a bug on it and the sad looking gentleman tipped back his faded hat and gazed long and earnestly on the wriggling legs of the insect

"Startingly wonderful," soliloquized he.

"Yes, sir, wonderful," returned the vendor. "One of those in your family will be a continual source of pleasure and instruction. Shall I do one up for you, sir? Only a quarter, twenty five cents."

The sad looking man, with his face full of wonder, was just putting his hand in his pocket when a florid gentleman from the country placed his hand on his shoulder.

"A word with you, said he solemnly. "Are you going to buy that microscope?"

"Yo yes, thought some of doing it that is to say

"Do you realize what you are doing?"

"Well, well—I that is, I thought I was buying a microscope, just as you say. But you are instead buying misery and guilty knowledge. Sir, last year I purchased one of those fiendish toys, fiendish inventions for my son Israel, who was anxious to study the secrets of nature

"The first day he informed me that strawberries looked just like flies. The next day he scraped some sugar out of a box of prunes I had just bought and went round with it on a slide and showed it to the hired men.

"Periently that sugar was alive with some of the dirtiest looking worms you ever did see, and I couldn't get a man to eat prune sass that summer. You can realize how tough that is if you've ever hired men and was hunting for cheap sass

I hoss whipped Israel and he kept quiet for two days. But he evidently had something on his mind. I could see he was like to bust and he looked at me so mysterious like that I couldn't hold in any longer.

"Sez I, 'Israel for mercy sake's what's ailing you what's on your mind?"

"Dasn't tell," says he

"Yas you will," says I "Ef you don't I'll hoss whip yer"

"An' yer'll hoss whip me if I do

"I'raps," sez I.

"He hollered and hoodooed but he had ter tell and what do you s'pose 'twas? Wal, sir, he showed me a drop er water right out in a well that I have used for 22 year An in that water there was more n nineteen million snakes an' scorpions an' stingarees an' such like. Cuss it if that warn't the crownin' p'int! I ain't drunk nothing but milk sence with any relish, but I knocked the everlastin' stuffin out er that microscope Don't fergit that! Are you going to run into the sxme snare?"

"The sad faced man withdrew his hand from his pocket and it was empty. Then he moved on and was lost in the crowd"

THE LAWYER'S PLAN

A gentleman once asked a lawyer what he would do provided he had loaned a man $500 and the man left the country without sending any acknowledgements

"Why, that's simple, just write him to send an acknowledgement of the $500 you lent him, and he will doubtless reply stating it was only $500. That will suffice for a receipt, and you can proceed against him if necessary"

A GREAT FAMILY NEWSPAPER

No family is so poor that it need go without a weekly paper No family is so rich that it can afford to do without one No family rich or poor can afford to forget that the best paper is the cheapest and the one that brings big returns on the investments The ideal family paper makes itself indispensable to every member of the household It interests, helps, amuses and instructs, makes itself invaluable, and once taken is never abandoned. There is one such paper in Canada the *Family Herald and Weekly Star*, of Montreal, which circulates in every known part of the Dominion, and is everywhere acclaimed as the greatest weekly published.

Every subscriber to the *Family Herald* is insured for five hundred dollars against railway accidents free of cost

Splendid as were its qualities as a family journal before, it has recently been enlarged from twelve to sixteen pages, and interesting new features and departments have been added Each issue is a wonder, and is received by the reader with amazement that so great a paper can be published for the price If you don't know the *Family Herald* you should send at once for a sample copy

The *Family Herald and Weekly Star* is only a dollar a year We hear from those who have seen it that the *Family Herald* has a premium picture! entitled "Little Queenie," this year for yearly subscribers, worth five times the whole subscription. This is verily an age of wonders.

More Kind Words From Hamilton Regarding the Great Remedy which Cures Rheumatism in One to Three Days.

Mrs. Phillips, sr., corner Hunter and Grath streets, Hamilton "Several months ago I was afflicted with rheumatism, which completely crippled me. South American Rheumatic Cure being recommended to me, I procured a bottle and obtained perfect relief from the first few doses. It is without doubt the quickest relief for rheumatism I have ever seen, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from this disease."